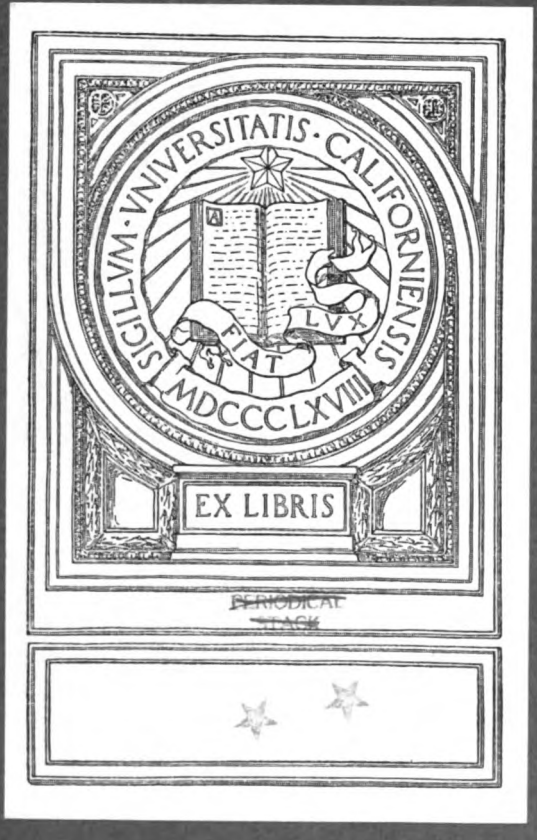

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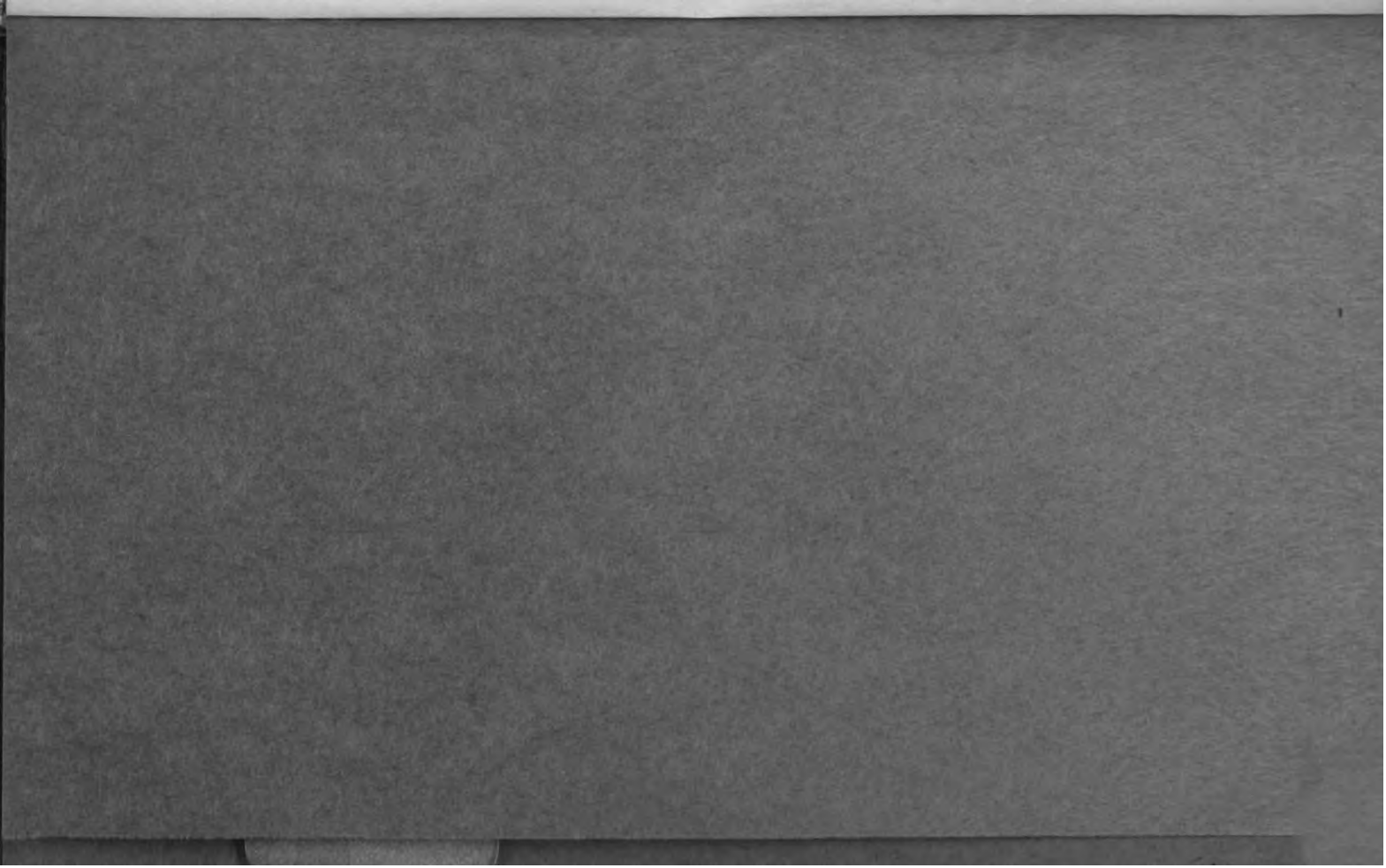

# THE DARK BLUE

VOL. I.

MARCH TO AUGUST

1871

*EDITED BY JOHN C. FREUND*

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET

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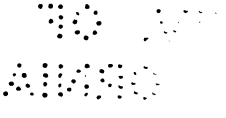

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE FIRST VOLUME

*March to August* 1871.


PAGE

'Lost:' a Romance. By John C. Freund. Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson and D. T. White 1, 129, 257, 401, 529, 657

Théophile Gautier. By Andrew Lang 26

Shelley's Heart. By W. M. Rossetti 35

The Influence of the late Prince Consort on Art in Common Life . 36

The Story of Frithiof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by William Morris . . . 42, 176

Recollections of American Universities. By Thomas Hughes, M.P., and W. D. Rawlins . . 59, 183, 316

The Sun of my Songs. By Theo. Marzials . . . . . 68

Dramatic Art Representation. By W. Bodham Donne . . . 70

Take Care whom you Trust. By Compton Reade. Illustrated by Miss Edwards, W. M. Ridley, and W. J. Hennessey, 82, 197, 322, 494, 597, 718

An Apology. By A. J. Beglie . . 96

France and Prussia. By an old M.P. 97

Tom Poulton's Joke. By W. S. Gilbert 107

In Town . 114, 241, 374, 511, 642, 781

Oxford Chit-chat, 119, 245, 369, 516, 638, 786

Reviews:—The Works of Alexander Pope . . . . . 124

Ugone, a Tragedy . . . 251

The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham . . . 253

Mr. Weatherly's Poems . . 255

Professor Jowett's Plato. By F. Arnold . . . . . 378

The Georgics of Virgil. By Israel Davis . . . . . 392

PAGE

Recent Poetry. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L. . . . . 395

Mr. C. Reade's Pictura Picturae. By Israel Davis . . . . 520

Mr. Asgrimsson's Lilja. By Mathilda Blind . . . . 524

Professor Lonsdale's Virgil and Mr. King's Ovid. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L. . . . . 646

Tyrrell's Bacchae. By R. C. Jebb 651

Paddy on Parnassus, a Review of Irish Classical Verse. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L. . . . . 791

Poets and Prophets. By W. H. Mallock . . . . . 152

Tragedy. By Heine. Translated from the German by Franz Hüffer . . 163

The Education of Scepticus. By H. D. Traill, B.C.L. . . . . 164

The Song of the Sirens. By A. Strachan . . . . . 189

France Rejuvenescent. By an Old M.P. . . . . 190, 352

The End of a Month. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Illustrated by Simeon Solomon . . . . 217

The People's Education. By Amelia Lewis . . . . . 221

Alcibiades. By T. H. Gibson . . 226

Petty Parnassus. By Tom Hood . 228

The University Boat Race. By R. C. Marsden, late President of the O.U.B.C. . . . . 234

The Lay of the Seven Oars. By Henry Hayman, D.D. . . . . 238

Three Poets of French Bohemia. By Andrew Lang . . . . . 281

Under the Bark. By Rev. J. G. Wood 294

PAGE

Spring Song. By Rosamund Perceval . 201

Jackson of Paul's. By Henry Kingsley . . . . . 302, 456

The Musical Frogs. By Professor Blackie . . . . . 314

On the Beach. By C. S. Calverley . 344

Recreation a Religious Duty. By Amelia Lewis . . . . 346

Spring. By A. P. Graves. Illustrated by Cecil Lawson. . . . . 351

Auf Wiedersehn. By E. Weatherly . 355

In Memoriam. By P. M. Cantab. . 356

Song. By Israel Davis . . . . 356

Musæus. By T. S. Omond. Illustrated by A. W. Cooper . . . . 357

Song. By A. Strachan . . . . 400

Life and Poetry of the Troubadours. By Franz Hüffer . . . . 421

A Worthy Memory kept Green. By Tom Hood . . . . . 433

An Exalted Horn. By H. Schütz-Wilson. Illustrated by T. Hennessey . . . . . 434

Modern Socialism. By H. E. P. Platt 446

The Auto da Fé. By Ernest A. Bendall . . . . . 455

Extract from 'Mrs. Rose's Diary. (After John Leech.) By Frederick Locker . . . . . 465

The Royal Academy. By E. B. Shuldham, M.D. . . . . 466

The Rose of Kenmare. A Song by Shiel Dhuv . . . . . 473

Modern Art-Science and Art-Criticism. By Edward Dowden . . 475

From the German of Heinrich Heine. By F. E. Weatherly . . . 486

Life in Trinity College, Dublin. By J. P. Mahaffy . . . . 487

Anacreontic. By J. Ashby-Sterry . 509

Tasso to Eleonora. By Professor Sylvester . . . . . 510

Panslavism and Pantеutonism. By F. H. O'Donnell . . . . 549

Three Days at Sedan. By John O'Connor . . . . . 556

Simeon Solomon: Notes on his 'Vision of Love' and other Studies. By Algernon Charles Swinburne . 568

Satis. By John Whitcher . . . 577

Kit Carson's Ride. By Joaquin Miller, Author of 'Songs of the Sierras' . 578

PAGE

Eye and Ear Impressions. By the Rev. St.-John Tyrwhitt . . . 582

A Miracle Play in the Nineteenth Century. By Karl Blind . . 587

The Story of Europa. By Professor Sylvester . . . . . 595

The Lass o' Logie Lea. By the late John Lyall . . . . . 610

Painting at the International Exhibition. By Sidney Colvin . . 611

Supernatural Oddities. By Gilbert Venables . . . . . 620

The 'Tatler in Cambridge.' By W. D. Rawlins . . . . . 628

Amour qui sourit caché. By W. H. Pollock . . . . . 629

The Twenty-fifth of May, 1871. By Eugène Ponsard . . . . 630

A few Thoughts on Republicanism and Monarchy. By Rev. H. Wace . . . . . 677

On the Advantages of Dying in a Ditch. By B. M. Ranking . . 685

The Vision of the Isles of Immortality and Death. By G. F. Armstrong. Illustrated by E. F. Clarke 688

Mrs. Coates's Bath. By Rev. J. G. Wood . . . . . 693

Pondicherry; or, the French in India. By Col. Laurie . . . 703

One Swallow maketh not a Summer. By W. F. Stewart . . . . 710

Matthew Arnold's Poetry. By E. S. Nadal . . . . . 711

With a Wedding Present. By W. H. Simcox . . . . . 717

Irish Characteristics. By Nicholas Flood Davin . . . . . 732

The Song of the Willi. By Mathilde Blind . . . . . 741

The Theatre in England: Its Shortcomings and Possibilities. By Tom Taylor . . . . . 746

Athanase Coquerel and Art Protestantism. By the Rev. St.-John Tyrwhitt . . . . . 755

In August. By Aureolus Paracelsus . 763

My Sketch-Book in China and Japan. By E. Hepple Hall. With an Illustration . . . . . 765

The Colonial Empire of England. By E. D. J. Wilson . . . 770

Dawn. By Alfred P. Graves . . 780

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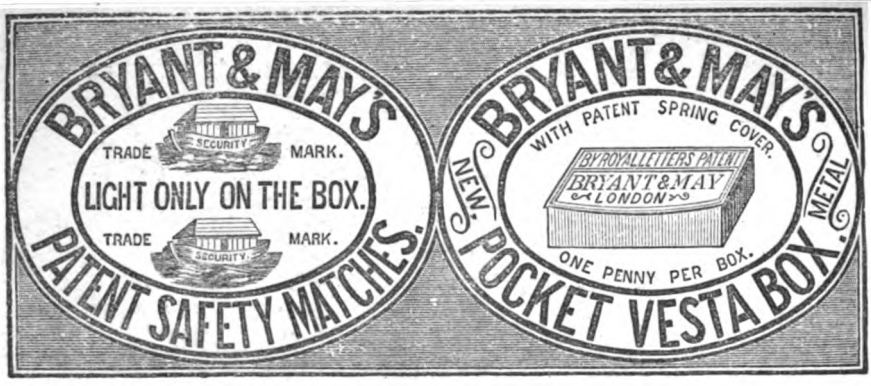


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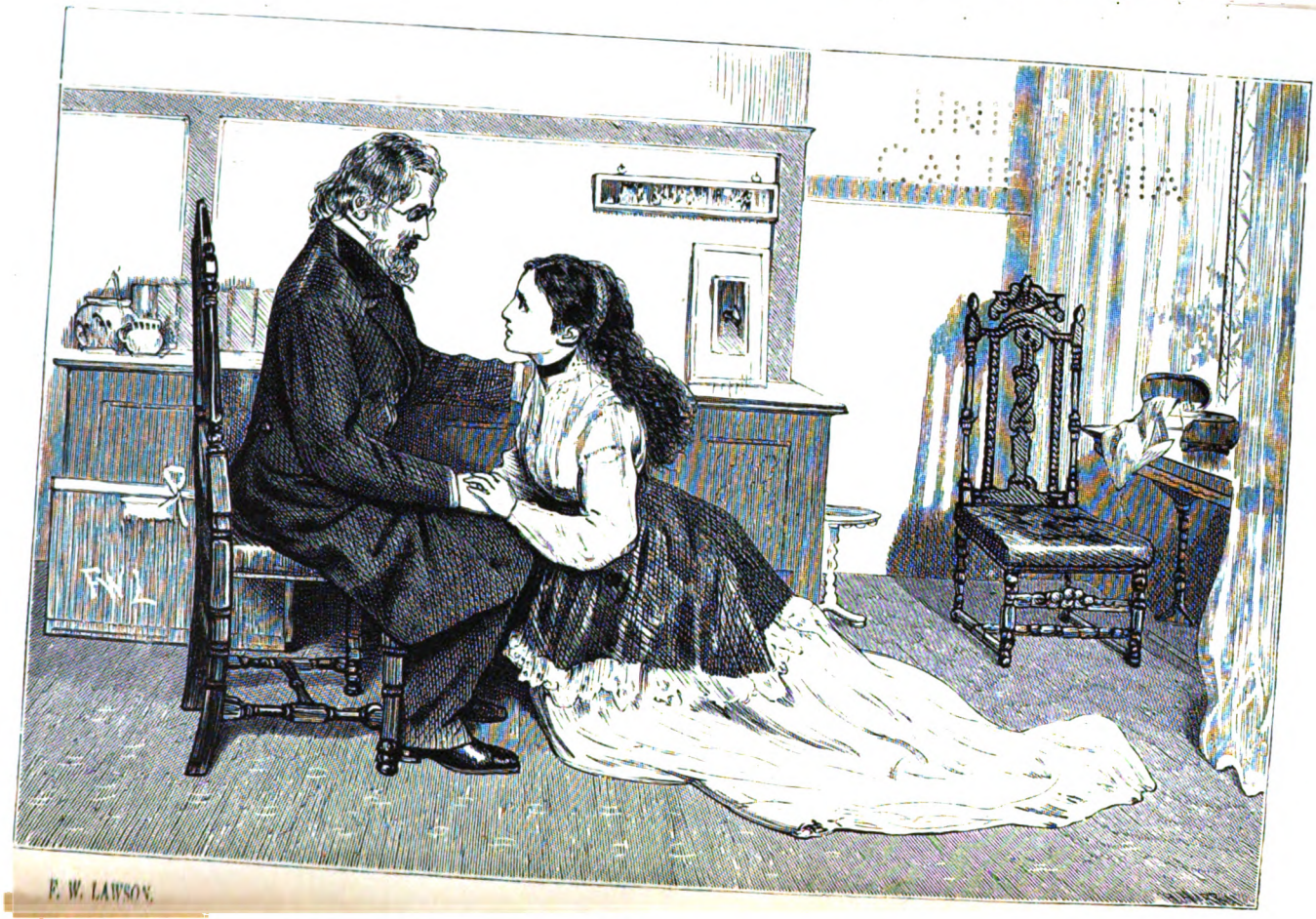


F. W. LAWSON.

"LOST."

THE

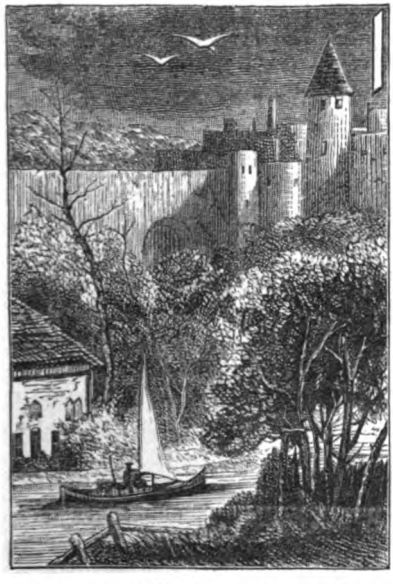
# DARK BLUE.

MARCH 1871.

## 'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

*APOLOGIA MEA.—IN TRIBULATIONE.*



SIT and think. My purpose is to write a work of fiction—a romance—to bring forth as living figures those men and women that have for months surrounded me, walked with me, and spoken to me; whose course has shaped itself in my imagination to its end—a course I could not have altered, even had I wished. *I* understand my imaginary scene-paintings, *I* see them, I can interpret them for *myself*; but to interpret them for *others*? There lies the difficulty. I love my companions. I have felt their joys and sorrows, I have searched their hearts and weighed their motives, I have lived their life over again, and now I am to give up my friends to the public gaze, perhaps to be misunderstood, to be severely dealt by, or, worse still, to be ignored. I must say I almost dread to lay open this cherished intercourse of ours, and have those mysterious forms of mine roughly handled; but as my under-

taking must be bravely carried out, I'll try at least and give my imaginings the brightest clothing I can, endow them with clearly defined outlines, and with the great characteristics of truth and reality. And thus, while searching for these same, for truth and reality, I sweep in thought the distant ages of life, love, and death, the three mighty corner-stones of being, and review in fancy the romances of those great painters who lived before me, to take but one draught of inspiration from that precious well of life-representation.

Beyond modern periods and middle ages I wander, back into those classic regions of time, when the southern peninsulas harboured all the refined thought and elevated intellect which Europe had as yet developed. Here in the Peninsula of the East—which juts into the smooth waves of the Mediterranean, while yet clinging to its antique soil—I find my Muse, the well-poised figure of Prosaic Romance.

From pretty but unfortunate Miletus I see the youthful ideas of romantic prose wafted over to Greece; I see the Milesian tales in the early centuries of our era develope into the full-grown shape of the first continuous romance by Antonius Diogenes, 'On the Wonders in Thule;' I behold Eros, the boy god of love, and the wonders of foreign countries become the theme of romance writers for centuries, and I mark the bright and vivid colours with which Diogenes, the first of the Eroticians, paints the astounding adventures of his Dinias and Dercyllis; I admire Heliodorus as he elevates the erotic theme to Christian modesty, while he describes in almost epic prose the love passages between Theagenes and Chariklea; and I wander with Longus, the sophist, about delightful Lesbos, while he weaves the sweetest expressions of love into his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe; later still I travel with St. John of Damascus into India and Egypt, and witness the fantastic scenes he describes in his spiritual romance of 'Josaphat and Barlaam.'

I see these Milesian tales wander further, and land at exotic Sybaris, give birth to the Sybarite fables, and grow, trained by the national characteristics of the Roman, into the hardier form of satire and satirical romance. I note romantic prose art, as it yet lingers in Italy and in Greece, in a poorer form: but I turn from these puny children of a great national genius to refresh myself at the sparkling life-fountain of those healthy, strengthful peoples of western Europe among whom my Muse has now wandered.

Here I see Romance in national and poetic guise appear in fantastic Spain, in sprightly France, in brave England, and sober Germany. In 1140, I note how Gualtier, Archdeacon of Oxford, urges Geoffrey Monmouth to make a Latin collection of the legends of Armorica, Brittany, and Wales—the first prose form of western Romance. I behold these early figures of romantic chivalry remain still bright in our own time; I see Arthur and Merlin, Perceval and Launcelot, Tristan and Yseult, Ysaie le Triste and Genevra, shine then

and now. In the thirteenth century I mark how Charlemagne and his Paladins, Amadis of Gaul and his exploits, furnish substance for semi-prose romance for Fabliaux, Contes, and Geste, and, formed by the description of all these national heroic characters, I behold prosaic romance take shape at last in Italy, give numberless tokens of vitality in the Cento Novelle Antiche, then rest in the fourteenth century on the artistic pedestal of Boccaccio's Decameron.

From Boccaccio's Decameron I see prose-tales of chivalry, romance, and love, spread over the whole of civilised Europe, rise in Spain to Montemayor's 'Diana,' in France to Honore d'Ufré's 'Astrée,' in England to Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and bring in their train innumerable Contes Devots, Heptamerons and classical love-stories; till Rabelais, by the end of the sixteenth century, clothes Romance in the broad colours of real life. I see him break through the golden net of chivalry and love-romances, and give his realistic descriptions a dash of political satire in the famous 'Gargantua and Pantagruel;' further on into the seventeenth century I see the great Spaniard Cervantes adorn my Muse with one of her sweetest romances, his 'Galatea,' then tear, in his wonderful 'Don Quixote,' the last shreds of outworn knight-errantry from the figure of prosaic Romance, and so give impetus to the representation of reality in satirical form. I behold a whole host of imitators follow him and Rabelais: Mendoza, in his charming 'Lazarillo de Tormes;' Quevedo, in his sarcastic 'Gran Tacano;' Scarron, in his slangy satires, and Lesage in his sparkling 'Diable Boiteux' and 'Gil Blas de Santillane;' the German Fishart in his 'Grandmother of all Practice,' and Grimmelshausen in the 'Faithful Simplicissimus.' Then I turn my mind's gaze from these romances of varied genius, and encounter here in England, at the decline of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries, so bright a constellation of stars over my Muse, that I am almost dazzled with their splendour. Defoe shines first with his adventurous 'Crusoe,' and Richardson follows with his pictures of family life; then I see Swift, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollet offer my Muse the most exquisite satirical prose, and glow around her graceful head in the images of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Tristram Shandy,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Humphrey Clinker.' There follow suite, broad Johnson, with his 'Rasselas,' and Goldsmith with his delightful 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and a whole host come close upon them; Godwin brings his clever 'Caleb Williams,' Walpole his romantic 'Castle of Otranto,' and imaginative Mrs. Radcliffe, with sensitive Miss Burney, worthy Miss Edgeworth, bright Mrs. Opie, and delicate Miss Austen, close the train.

In France I perceive my Muse decked, in the eighteenth century, by names that give her still greater lustre: by Voltaire with his 'Candide,' Rousseau with his philosophical 'Modern Heloise,' Diderot with his 'Rameau's Nephew,' and St.-Pierre with his 'Paul and Virginia;' and I see Madame de Staël by her renowned 'Corinne,'

Madame de Genlis, and other romance writers, bridge the distance to the nineteenth century. In Germany I find Richardson imitated by Hermes in 'Sophy's Travels,' and by Lafontaine in many a family picture; I behold Wieland offer his classical 'Agathon' at my Muse's shrine, and near him I see Jean Paul Richter with his humoristic fancies, Schlegel, Tieck, Fouqué, and Chamisso with their artistic paintings, while Göthe with his art-loving Wilhelm Meister towers high above them all.

I behold Spain lie far behind, Italy outrun long ago, and England lie somewhat becalmed, till I see in our century, one after the other, those great romantic prose-painters arise, whom we still call our own: Walter Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, and Dickens, Currer Bell, Bulwer, and Disraeli. I see them take up every phase of life, and carry in their wake those thousands of imaginative minds who paint for us in our day and are living among us.

I see in France, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Vigny, Balzac, Sue, Sand, Souvestre, Karr, Soulié, Janin, and Dumas, each give a flower of genius or talent to my Muse; and the more earnest Germans, Gutzkow, Laube, Auerbach, Hackländer, König, Freitag, and Lewald, present her with graphic romances. I look around and see other countries send messengers to her; I see America become prolific in romance, and Italy revive; Spain and Portugal follow; Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Russia send contributions; and I see arise doubly, trebly, and fourfold, the English artists of my own time, whose names are known so well and are so dear to us.

The weight of all the great minds that have been content to influence mankind by imaginative prose presses on my consciousness of intellectual poverty, and, as I review this bright vista of genius, I think that after all I can learn nothing, that the power of a romance writer must come from his own inward vision, from his outward experience, and his ability to give the expression of life to both; and if my vision be weak, if my experience be faulty, if I still cling to the soft, undulating forms of humanity, and will not yet attempt the harsh lines of its angular sides, I would ask my readers to remember that it is but the highest musical art which can manage discords and form even them into harmony.

As I write, I feel a heavy grasp on my shoulder, and I know that behind me stands that tempter 'Success,' whispering evil counsel into mine ear: 'You will miss me,' he hisses, 'if you go on pondering thus. Never mind the Muse, come, dash along; paint some fine exotic women; paint men whom they lead by the nose with their arts, use bright strong colours for them; describe impossible scenery fantastically; define immoral niceties under a philosophical cloud, and over all throw the tint of the little learning you have got, and call it a "Romance!" It won't last, but it may tell; and the public may call you a smart new writer, not knowing the sub-

stance, till they feel the bitter after-taste, when the twelve numbers shall have run their course.'

I shiver at the tempter's touch, and am about to put my hand to the pen and follow his advice, in utter agony at my own helplessness, when I feel something soft on my knee, and, turning, I meet the honest brown eyes of my bull-terrier, who has become anxious at my silence and abstractedness, and wants to know what is the matter. That bright sympathetic look gives me strength; I shake off the tempter, and guided by a loving and experienced hand, elect rather to be judged by my own unworthiness than by the false means of apparent cleverness and superficial results.

And so, my Readers, accept 'Apologia Mea.'

## CHAPTER I.

### *TORGAU.*

WHAT is a fortress? A tightly-laced town, cramped and pressed down at every turn, unable to bend its body gracefully or stretch out its arms freely. Circumvallated by ramparts and bastions, flanked by forts, encumbered with a citadel, surrounded by a ditch, and hemmed in by a final glacis—such is a fortress. The poor image of a former free congregation of human dwellings, now under military control and rule, having generally lost its trade, its thriving burgher condition, its easy *nonchalance*, and having mostly earned naught in return but stiff pride, great self-importance, and that something more —so dearly prized in this mortal condition of ours—a name in history.

Now, Torgau is a fortress and has a name in history. Napoleon made it a fortress in 1807, a name in history it gained for itself during the varied episodes of its life. If you look at the map of Germany, it lies on the left bank of the river Elbe, a little below the second southerly curve, not in a particularly romantic situation, but in realistic truth and existence.

Glance up from the borders of the river to the rising ground beyond it, where you can see the town in the torpor of a lazy September afternoon, lurid in the yellow haze. The old streets round the market-place look dull in very weariness of life, and the castle at the eastern end looms heavily against the brownish sky. Those streets and that castle have something to tell; those tough old stones carry you back, back for centuries, and cry with the voice of human suffering: 'Here blood flowed; here man and horse charged old and young, male and female; here the starving lay; here the dying groaned; here the sick crouched; here, here in Torgau have we seen war's death-struggles; the throes of our country's development, both spiritual and temporal;

and this our site is for ever marked by the cross of the invader, for Napoleon first made us a fortress when he held sway over the land!'

The town held its siesta on this sultry September afternoon, and the stones, hot and aching from the sulphurous glare of the autumn light, were turning back their memories to old times, as stones and human creatures will, when the burden of present life troubles and chafes them. Learned whispers went round of Torgau's antiquity as a town; something about Ptolemy having called it Argelia in his geography; but that, the wiser stones said, could not be proved and must remain a faint glimmer of possible glory on the Torgau horizon. So the stones traced back a far more tangible origin to brave Henry I., the first German emperor of the Saxon line, who erected here, near the Elbe, one of his town-burghs; it was but a wooden tower, with a ditch and an earth-wall round it; but it proved, nigh thousand years ago, an attraction for peace-loving folk, who came and dwelt under the shadow of the wooden tower, formed soon a hamlet, in time a town, and called it Torgau. The stones winked and said, 'No Roman origin for us; we are of true German build.' On they went in their memories, counting them century by century: first they thought of the times when they held their own against those unruly Slavonians on the other side of the Elbe; then, how they rose to importance, had Counts of Torgau, and formed a small sovereignty in the Saxon province of the empire; further on still, how they became incorporated with Saxon Meissonia, and were a favourite place of residence for the Electors. And then, having got to the sixteenth century, the memories of the stones became loud and proud; those of the Castle joined in them, so did those of the Guildhall. The great soul of the Reformation spoke in every word that was uttered by these passive conveyers of history. Dwelt not here once the wise Saxon Electors who protected Luther? Did not one of them build the old castle at the eastern end? Had not Luther stood there in his plain black priest's gown, as he lifted his sturdy arm to consecrate the Electors' Chapel? Had not old Cranach, the painter of the Reformation, left those grand pictures of his in the principal church? Did not the Elector and his firm painter friend return here when both came back from captivity, suffered for conscience sake?

And the memories of the stones took another leap of a century, then shivered with pain and ached with sorrow. Had not the religious war —the great Thirty Years' War—swept over them? Had not Koenigsmark, the Swedish general, the grandfather of him whose name smelt so vile in the nostrils of England's first George, tramped through their streets, stormed the place, and sacked it, as towns were sacked only in those times?

Now the tears stood in the eyes of the stones, as they leapt away from that sad time to the next century, and came to the eighteenth. Did they not find the Austrians drawn up outside the town giving battle to Frederick the Great of Prussia; and did they not help to decide the

great question of their century: whether the enervating influence of the South, or the bracing influence of the North, should gain the day? And did they not decide for the North, and help Frederick to gain the battle; for they thought that the South had wasted its opportunities, and had done but little for the North?

Yet another leap, and the stones halt at the beginning of the present century, when Napoleon held Germania in his iron grasp, and made Torgau the principal stronghold of Saxony; well do the stones remember how the French garrisoned and held them under their General Narbonne, till, surrounded by Tauenzein and the Prussians, Narbonne capitulated after three months' siege, on January 14, 1814. Thousands and thousands of French soldiers the stones had seen die of typhus, dragging the German inhabitants with them into the grave; and there, there on the rampart, they knew Narbonne himself lay buried, with a heavy French military chest underneath him, which no one now can bring to light, as the earth spirit holds it down by bonds of superhuman strength.

Then the stones closed their proud and their harrowing memories, convinced that Torgau had not been like some easy going places, that never seem to care for anything but to enjoy their own security and comfortable way of living, not troubling about their country's strifes, ups, or downs. Again the stones blinked in the sun, as they said: 'Here in our old and aguey age we have taken unto us a new government, new houses, new rules, new life, and though we feel jealous of the grand old time, we must say we are not badly off. The Prussians took us from Saxony, and have held us many a year; it is true, since we have become a fortress, our cloth trade has gone, and so have our large breweries, but we can still hold our own in the world. We of historic memories lie up here in the market-place, the ancient guildhall still flanks us, the old streets still go down the hill, and if no Elector now dwells in our castle to the east, brave soldiers garrison it; pretty suburbs close in upon us with white curtained houses and smart patches of garden ground; at one end of the town is our glorious school building of yellow sandstone, with the grand Esplanade before it, and at the other stands the Casino, where the male *élite* smoke, drink, and talk politics, and the female *élite* meet for amateur concerts, balls, and assemblies. If the ramparts and bastions are extended, we can see the sentries keep guard, and the soldiers march past, and the officers go by, with their swords clanking on the ground; we have gained a fine bridge over the river, and other stately buildings. Somehow refinement has come among us, and we can make a living by the garrison, the rich hop-gardens, and the timber outside the town; we are very well as we are—a fortress, a place of importance, and a pillar of the State.'

The stones grew tired of calling over the memories of the past, so went to rest, contented and proud. And there, on the rising ground beyond the left bank of the Elbe, near her second southerly curve,

sloping down to the river with pretty houses, lay Torgau in the torpor of that sultry, lazy September afternoon, lurid in the yellow haze.

## CHAPTER II.

### *TROUBLES.*

On that same September afternoon, when the stones in Torgau were telling over their memories, there stood before one of the pretty houses near the Esplanade a gentleman, dressed in faultless black, his coat of unusually long cut; he pulled the brass knob of the bell, and entered the house, as an old military servant opened the door.

'Eh, Christian, how are you? I have not seen you for a long time. How's the Major and Miss Mary?'

'Beg to report, Professor Holmann, they can't be seen.'

'Can't be seen—not by me? Who can't be seen?'

'Beg to report, sir, Major von Zollwitz and Miss Mary.'

'But, Christian, you are joking; *I* always see them.'

'Beg to report, sir, can't, sir.'

'Look, Christian, but I can.' And the agile professor whisked by Christian in an instant, and was up the stairs in spite of the long coat. But Christian caught up the professor, and outside the door of a back room on the first floor began a struggle who should be victor; at last the professor turned the door handle by a dexterous move, and stood panting within the room, dragging Christian in with him.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the professor, 'so I've stolen this march on you, Sergeant Christian. Here I am in the major's sanctum, from which you wanted to exclude me. But what is the matter?' and the professor looked straight at an old soldierly gentleman who stood before him in a long flowing dressing-gown, holding an immense German pipe at arm's length from him, and staring at the intruder with his deep blue Prussian eyes.

'Beg to report, Major von Zollwitz, I could not obey orders; Professor Holmann took the post by storm.'

'What do you mean, Christian? Surely you did not refuse to admit the professor?'

'Beg to report, sir, orders not to admit any one.'

'Did I not tell you, Sergeant Christian, that I, the professor, was privileged? Ha, I am proud to have outwitted such an old tactician. Done, Christian, done; lay down your arms and surrender.'

'Retire, Christian,' sternly said the major. Something came up into Christian's throat, but he gulped it down and respectfully stood by the door, evidently thinking that he knew best whether he should leave the room or not.

From the other end of the room a young girl of about eighteen came up to the professor, and held out both her hands to him, while she threw a reassuring side-glance at Christian, that determined him to stand anything rather than give up his post.

'Dear, dear professor,' said Mary, 'it is so fortunate you have come back, we are in such great trouble!'

'That is another kind of welcome to Christian's; bravo, Mary. But what is the matter, I ask again, major; any bad news?' and the professor pointed to an open letter on the table.

'Any bad news!' exclaimed the major, standing still in his peregrinations round the room, and uneasily pushing his black skull cap sideways. 'Any bad news! This new, this last blow is heartrending. Read, professor, read this mad trash of your pupil's; he is gone, gone, gone!'

'Gone! Gone where, major?'

'Where? To England, that has already cost us so dear, that has already brought so much misery upon us. But read the letter—read yourself what he says, and mark the result of your anxious care for him.'

The professor took the letter that was handed to him, and perused it, shaking his head doubtfully at its contents.

'It is true,' he said, 'it is written in an excited strain, and it is still more true that it is a mad freak to have left for England with such wild fancies as these; but it is not a crime, major, and there is not a mean thought in the letter.'

'Not a mean thought?' exclaimed the major, 'and *you* excuse him? *You* tell me that it is not mean to write to me—to his uncle—that he will not be controlled in that way, that he has done nothing wrong in belonging to those abominable liberty societies, that he will not bear to have the professors at the University informed of his doings, and that rather than be treated thus he will leave his country and go over to that land where something like political liberty exists and where people are allowed to speak their mind. He tells me that he has taken up 300 dollars at our bankers—a pretty sum to go to England with!—and that he shall want no more, as he means to work, or go farther still across the Atlantic to New England, the offshoot of the old home of liberty.' Up and down went the pipe during this long speech of the generally taciturn major, and while uttering the last words the old soldier lifted up both hands in utter disgust at such depravity.

The professor stood reperusing the letter, Mary was looking over his shoulder, and Christian remained upright, on guard at the door.

'My dear major,' the professor began, 'take care to judge your nephew in the right way. Hermann has done wrong to follow the prompting of his hot blood, but he cannot see the wrong. He knows

not how the name of England affects you, and has, like other fine spirits of the day, incongruous political ideas. He forgets the difficulties of our development, and that we could only have succeeded in becoming a great state by rigid rule, and the subordination of self to the general good.'

'Hush, professor; don't *you* get infected with such nonsense. Our fathers were good and brave men, so were our forefathers, and so were theirs, and they one and all fought and lived for God, king, and fatherland, and what does an honest man want more? There is more freedom here than people know of—the freedom to live an upright life if you can.'

Mary touched the professor's arm: 'But what is to be done, dear, dear professor? You alone can help us save my darling brother.'

'Save him, indeed!' growled the major. 'Let him see what England is without introductions, without money—for that will soon be gone—it will do him good!'

No one answered. The professor put the letter down and went up to the window, where he took refuge behind Mary's work-table, winding and unwinding the many dainty reels of cotton and silk, and placing them in interminable confusion. Mary stood there with folded hands looking at the letter, looking again and again, turning fainter and dizzier as her brother's writing seemed to make his image fade from her imaginary grasp, and casting about, with her woman's instinct, among the three men, which would be the one to help her save her brother.

Peculiar signalling was going on at the door. Christian became more and more upright; at last his neck seemed to have stretched to the farthest possible limit, his stiff cravat grew stiffer than ever, his head actually bobbed back against the door with excitement, his eyes gleamed forth words of intelligence under his bushy eyebrows, and his big hard hand was firmly pressed on his heart, mutely saying, 'I am the man; come to me.'

Mary looked round: she saw her uncle go up and down in silence, holding straight before him the useless pipe that had gone out long ago; she saw the professor nervously occupied with the reels, hiding the meaning of his eyes behind the spectacles he always wore; and, turning round, she saw old Christian upright, drawn to his greatest possible height, on the stretch for deeds. Mary understood that the professor meant to say, 'Leave me alone with him;' Mary understood that Christian meant to say, 'I'll go and do your bidding.' Mary gently stepped up to her uncle, placed her hand on his arm, looked winningly at him, and said softly, 'Uncle, save him, for my sake!'

The major trembled; he caught Mary in his arms, and chokingly gasped, 'Go now, leave us alone.'

A faint whisper might have been heard as she passed Christian—'Dear Christian, I can depend upon you!' She flew up the stairs

to her own room, forgot the crisp muslin dress she wore, and threw herself on her bed to have a long, sobbing, heart-breaking cry.

The three men were left alone in the room, with the consciousness of sorrow, trouble, and long-standing misery between them; the troubled atmosphere weighed so heavily upon them that their tongues would not loosen, and the electric spark of communication flew from one to the other without giving positive expression to the words, 'We know.'

The professor was the first to say, 'What is to be done, major?'

The major looked at him, taking with his right hand the skull-cap from his bald head, holding in his left the long pipe, drawing himself up in a soldierly way, and, while an intense expression of hopelessness passed over his fine, almost gentle, face—deeply furrowed by hidden grief—he broke, like all reticent men when greatly excited, into a volley of words.

'What is to be done, Professor Holmann? Do you know what it means to have for seventeen years borne the load I have had to bear? Do you know what it is to see him—him—the son of my only brother—take the wrong way like those before him? Do you know what it means to lose all hope of regaining for these children station and name? *They* left me—me, an old bachelor—to take care of their infants; *they* left me to drag with me the knowledge of crime in our honourable family; *they* left me to hide it from their descendants, and, as far as I was able, from the world; and now, when I have bestowed all the care I could upon this boy and girl, now that restless demon in their blood is to rob me of the result of my year-long anxiety, and England is again to become the burial-place of all our hopes! Professor Holmann, I cannot bear it, I will not bear it; do as you please, send whom you like, but let me go, and let no one come after me. I am going on the esplanade.' And the major, passing old Christian, stalked from the room—a broken-hearted man.

The professor and Christian were alone; like two points that attract each other, they moved from their opposite places, one from the door, the other from the window, and met in the middle of the room. Christian stood stock still before the professor.

'Beg to report, professor, shall go to England after Mr. Hermann.'

'You, Christian? But you cannot speak one word of English.'

The professor—the sensitive, philosophical, pale Professor Holmann, who always covered with spectacles those grand lustrous eyes of his, to hide something in them, that had got there years ago, and that would never be driven out of them again—the professor stood before Sergeant Christian—he, upright, self-contained, the very embodiment of loyalty, devotion to others, and of rigid, simple exterior. One man measured the other, measured his moral length, and the professor acknowledged in his heart that the greater man of the two stood before him.

'Well, Christian, when will you go?'

'Beg to report, sir, to-morrow.'

'Where will you go to?'

'Beg to report, sir, to London.'

'What money is the major to give?'

'Beg to report, sir, none.'

'Why?'

'Beg to report, sir, got plenty of my own, stowed away long ago; got nor chick nor child, is theirs.'

The professor knew that it would be easier to move the house they stood in than Christian's resolution, so he had to be satisfied.

'Beg to report, sir, shall inform Major von Zollwitz of what I see.'

The professor remained silent for some minutes, his frame convulsed with some inexpressible emotion; at last he placed both his hands on Christian's shoulders, and, looking him straight in the face, said—

'Sergeant Christian, report to *me*; it will be better. Sergeant Christian, look again, where you looked seventeen years ago. Sergeant Christian, remember.'

Those two men, the philosopher and the soldier, recognised the existence of a common bond between them, recognised *that* between them which transcends all station, all diversity of opinion, character, and inclination—the immeasurable, long-standing love for one and the same human being.

Sergeant Christian so far forgot himself as to take one hand of the professor's and squeezed it painfully between his two big ones, while the moisture glistened in his heavy eyes; he made a noise, as if he had swallowed something—something very hard to swallow—turned round, saluted, and was gone.

The professor was alone; he took off his spectacles and wiped his eyes, put the former on again, sat down and began to read the fatal letter. A head was put into the door; Mary rushed up to him and knelt down before her old friend, placing both her hands on his arm.

'Professor, dearest professor, what will become of my brother in England?'

'Mary, he will try to find there the excelsior of his aspirations, and will not find it—a liberty that is not possible in our social condition; you know your brother has very enthusiastic ideas.'

'But will he not come to want or get into trouble?'

'I think not; he is *my* pupil, and *I* know his worth. He needs association with positive realities, and he will have it where he is gone to. Leave him alone for a while. Besides, Christian is going after him to-morrow, to London.'

'Our dear, faithful Christian!'

'You may well say so, Mary. That man's devotion to your family has been inexhaustible.'

'Professor, may I ask you something that has long pressed on my mind, that has lately become a greater trouble to me every day, that has to-day made itself felt stronger than ever? There is a mystery in our family?'

'There is, Mary; and what of that? Many other families are troubled with it.'

'Professor, dear professor, I never dare mention the subject to my uncle; I have been trained to the idea that I must bear misfortune; I feel that those who educated me have left me, as it were, in a haze, to feel my own way in the world, always conscious that there is something wrong around me. Professor, clear up my poor mind but a little, a very little; I beg so hard, so very hard of you. Oh! tell me, tell me something of my mother!'

The professor looked down, looked through those deceptive spectacles on the matchless girl before him—on Mary as she knelt there, with clasped hands, the cluster of her luxurious curls thrown back, that spiritual face turned up to him, the expressive blue eyes in agony appealing to him, the exquisite features of almost too classical a mould idealised by a divine sorrow, and the youthful, graceful contour of throat and neck swelling with suppressed tears. Could he withstand *that* appeal? It almost unmanned him; and yet there arose in that man's breast a stronger feeling—the faithful, sacred trust, that had rested there for years. It conquered, and the professor, gently kissing the forehead below him, said—

'Mary, my darling, be composed; trust me that you shall know your mother's story as soon as I can tell it you. Be brave, be patient, and forbearing; value the love we men can give you; above all, value that of your uncle. Go, now, and meet him on the Esplanade, to cheer him up; it will be the best medicine for your sorrow.'

He raised Mary up, smoothed down her curls, patted her as he would a child, and led her to the door; but Mary sighed, and said—

'I wish, I wish they would tell me: this restlessness of doubt will consume me.'

Ever ready to obey the wishes of others, she went resignedly to dress and join her uncle on the Esplanade.

Professor Holmann looked again at the letter, and put it finally into his pocket; then once more adjusted his spectacles, drew himself up, pulled his coat, and with minute exactitude put on his gloves; resolved to show the world of Torgau, as he went out, that there was no more unimpressionable, cold, philosophical character to be found in it than Dr. Holmann, professor of philosophy at the University of Halle.

## CHAPTER III.

### *YOUTHFUL DAYS.*

CASTLE FREIBERG was a beautiful place; it lay at the foot of the giant mountains in Silesia. Beeches, elms, oaks, and limes overshadowed the old grey building; the lovely terraces at the back bore signs of superior floral culture, and below, near the terraces, glimmered the romantic lake. Swans moved gracefully on it, and round it the reeds and rushes whispered fairy secrets, while harbouring the chaste, shy moor-fowl, as it sombrely called to its mate. Beyond rose in gradual heights the mountains, clad by thick verdure below, by the tall pine above, and losing their blueish heads in the distance of the skies. Round the castle extended no grand park, but yellow fields and green meadows; cottages of red brick and thatched huts lay scattered about, as if under the very eye of their owner.

Castle Freiberg was a beautiful place; it looked like some mansion of the wealthy, not shut out from the rest of humanity by aristocratic surroundings, but protecting and embracing the more modest homesteads near it, and overshadowing them with parental instinct.

It was years before that sultry, lazy September afternoon, when Torgau lay lurid in the yellow haze, and May had just opened its cornucopia round Castle Freiberg. It had clothed the trees with sweet green leaves, it had dressed the meadows with daisies and buttercups, had given to the fields the swelling young corn, and to the rich terraces behind the castle the dainty blossoms of the earliest flowers; everywhere it spoke: it spoke in the frog that gloated with protruding eyes near the brook; it spoke in the May-beetle as it fluttered hither and thither on the lime; it spoke in the thrush as it trilled in the thicket; and it spoke in the faint little butterfly, that was just drying its newborn wings in the soft May sunbeam.

A boy was rushing after that one tender butterfly on the terrace; such a boy! The impersonation of boyish beauty and strength, the forehead a little too much developed, the eye almost too bright, making one fear for the tenderness of the intellect within. Heated and flushed, the little fellow stood still, listening to the sound of approaching wheels, and calling out—

'Hurrah! hurrah!—here come my papa and mamma!'

The carriage stopped; the boy ran down the terrace, round the corner of the building, and, looking towards the carriage, said disappointedly, 'Oh, how funny! It is Uncle William and Sergeant Christian. Where can they be? Uncle! uncle! here I am; don't you see me? Uncle, it is little Hermann.'

But Uncle William did not seem to hear; he went with heavy step into the lodge, from it further on, across the courtyard into the castle

by a side entrance; so little Hermann had to run on towards the carriage and pull Sergeant Christian's coat, before he was noticed.

'Sergeant Christian, where are they, my papa and mamma?'

'Where are they, Hermann? where are they? Well, they have not come.'

'And why have you left them?'

'Why have I left them? Ah, why have I left them?'

'Sergeant Christian, why do you look so black, and why did my uncle walk like that? Oh, something is the matter!'

'Little Hermann should not ask so many questions.'

'Sergeant Christian, now I see you have got tears in your eyes! Oh, take me up in your arms—I will wipe them away; but tell me, where is my papa and where is my mamma?'

Sergeant Christian took the boy up in his arms, while the tears were fast running down his cheeks.

'Oh, Sergeant Christian, I have never, never seen you cry before; I see it, I know it, my papa and mamma are dead!—oh, they are dead! they are dead! The King and Queen never could want them all that time.'

Hermann hid his curly head on the soldier's arm, and man and child wept together.

The next day the travelling carriage stood again at the castle entrance; Uncle William was taking leave in the big library of little Hermann, while tiny Mary, just one year old, was being prepared to be taken away by old nurse Martha. Sobbing and handshaking were going on, just as when human cords are cut roughly asunder, and the ends are left loose, bleeding and aching with pain. Uncle William and Sergeant Christian were standing near the window.

'Christian, I can say no more. I confide these children to you; stop with Hermann in Breslau till I join you, but take Martha first to little Mary's aunts; they are prepared to receive her. It will take me another week here to seal up papers, to settle everything, and leave the place under the care of Mrs. Dornbush, the worthy old housekeeper. I shall discharge all the other servants. The agent can manage the estate. You, Christian, are alone aware of the extent of this heavy calamity.'

One kiss for sobbing Hermann, one more for unconscious little Mary, and Uncle William was left behind, alone in the castle of Freiberg.

Months after, the first snowflakes were whirling and curling round Torgau, the sentries were walking faster before the bastions to keep themselves warm; the firm, smart soldiers were marching out of the castle for exercise, looking rather fresher and ruddier than usual, and the officers a little less nonchalant, as they escorted their companies. The early errant snowflakes were struggling down, like the vanguard of the dense regiments behind; they settled on the old Guildhall and

the market-place, as it enjoyed the busy turmoil of market-day; they rested on the waggons loaded with potatoe, corn, and wheat sacks, on the bags of rosy apples, on the baskets filled with bright fresh butter, and they flew past the worthy housewives, who, with sturdy maids by their sides, were buying their provisions for the week. The snowflakes caressingly touched the dainty officers' wives and daughters, as they passed by in their new, warm winter toilettes, to pay their morning visits, and the flakes did not rest on dirty little street boys, for there were none to be seen.

The big clock in the Guildhall struck twelve; out poured the boys and girls from the large school-house. The girls from the high school did *not* stand and look at the unloading of the new furniture opposite the pretty house on the esplanade—as daughters of the gentry, they would have thought it vulgar to have done so. The girls from the burgher school *did* stand still and nudge each other, as package after package was taken into the house. The boys looked, stared, and ran on, forgetful of the fact that new people were coming there, and rejoicing in the more pleasurable fact of an hour's play in the sharp crisp morning.

A bright boy rushed about that house near the esplanade: looking from the window, he called out, 'Oh, Sergeant Christian, this is a jolly place! Look at the large school-house and the Esplanade, and the lots of boys and girls running out. I *do* like this better than Breslau and Berlin, and I shall like it almost as well as Castle Freiberg; but I forgot, I must not speak of that. Do come, Sergeant Christian, and look out; it's such a jolly, jolly, bright place! Shall I go to school there, and will sister Mary come too, to go to school?'

But Sergeant Christian was busy, and little Hermann had to put question, give answer, and satisfy his own curiosity as best he could.

By Christmas-time—for the snow flakes came early in November—the house on the Esplanade was ready—simple, cosy, and warm. Major von Zollwitz inhabited it with his nephew Hermann and Sergeant Christian; having added to the household but one comely female servant from the Torgau district. Christmas brought with it a visitor, a tall, dignified gentleman in a long black coat, called Professor Holmann, who shook hands silently with the major, nodded to Christian, and had long consultations with both, Christian always keeping respectful guard at the door. Christmas-day, that dear old time, when sorrow holds back for a day, when joy redoubles its intensity for a period, when in a material sense something like the universal harmony of love seems to reign, when children live in the heyday of pleasure and delight, mixed with undefinable secrets about presents—Christmas-day came also to that house near the Esplanade. The major and the professor talked and stood at the frozen window, looking out on the snowy landscape, and Christian made an effort to produce a Christmas-tree for Hermann. It was lit up in the evening. Hermann

began to clap his hands and enjoy the sight of the pretty playthings, but suddenly a whirl of sad remembrance rushed over his childish heart, and, running to Christian, with whom he always sought sympathy, he grasped with his little hands the old sergeant's big ones, sobbing out, 'Oh, Christian, Christian, but baby-sister Mary is not here, and papa and mamma are gone, and I am alone; oh, take me away from the bright tree; it makes me feel all the sadder!'

Hermann was carried, bitterly weeping, to bed; and that Christmas-day was over.

And time flew by, missing nothing, grasping in its concentrated littleness the existence of the atom, and kissing in its searching immensity the very confines of eternity; over the house in Torgau it also flew, breathing a mournful cadence as it hovered around its portals. With its fluttering wings Time neither swept the sorrow from the hearts of those men, nor did it stem the youthful bound of that child's spirit: still Time flew on, and brought in its sixth yearly round once more joyous Christmas-tide, dashing some flashes of hope into the bright room, that was lit up by another Christmas-tree. Around this tree sprang two children—Hermann, now ten years old, and sister Mary, nearly seven; gravely Major von Zollwitz stood by, complacently Professor Holman enjoyed the children's glee, and respectfully Sergeant Christian kept watch at the door.

Hover, hover, hover, great Spirit of Sympathy—great Spirit of Love!—hover, hover, hover round every human gathering on that birth-anniversary of the principle that influences the modern world, and that softens even the horrors of warlike struggles. What is the heroism, dictated by fear, pride, and ambition, of the old world—what is it to the love, brought to us by the divine harbinger, in its broad phases of sympathy? Have we as yet defined the mysterious essence of that power which, under the name of youthful love, causes the cheek of the maiden to blush, when she casts her modest glance on him who is beloved; which sends a thrill of concord into the heart of the friend whose hand we shake in mutual intercourse; which arouses our inward longings when the harmonious chords of sweet instruments strike on our ear; which sheds a soft radiance over the plainest countenance, and beauteous light over finer features, when our nerves are touched in unison with the written or painted thought of the poet's or painter's perception; which finally gathers into the mutely-speaking tear, when we see our fellow-beings in bodily or mental suffering? Oh, this mysterious sympathetic power, the outward expression of which among men that Divine Child brought to us near two thousand years ago! not the devotion of the supreme sacrifice at the end, but the tenderer passion of the child;—oh, let it hover here, and there, and everywhere: it may soften the dry crust, it may smooth the hard couch, and it may warm the naked limb; but above all it may pour one drop of Divine healcraft upon that most excru-

ciating pain, that intensest misery, a suffering soul, whose ills are not of bodily wants, but of the spirit—lost life, lost name, lost hope, lost friends, lost dear ones! Oh, Divine Healer! give strengthful balsam for them, and wrap them up in the mantle of universal love, brought on earth by our divine harbinger, the Christmas Child!

Hermann and Mary in Torgau—Torgau covered by the snowflakes, harbouring the memories of centuries, and proud and contented with its present position—Hermann and Mary danced round the tree of light, and gathered bright reminiscences from its bountifulness.

At play they were next day with their treasures between them; Hermann had a wonderful camp of Austrians and Prussians, and was again and again performing the battle of Torgau, knocking over his enemies with the utmost ease and bravery, winding up generally by a famous speech of King Fritz, when he found, after a doubtful night's suspense, that his old general had kept the field.

'But you shouldn't play at soldiers at Christmas,' said sweet little Mary. 'Aunt Augusta would say that it was wicked and un-Christian.

'Nonsense! Professor Holmann knows better than Aunt Augusta, and he says that has nothing to do with it. It is in human nature, he told me only yesterday, to go to war; everybody tries to cut out everybody else all the year round, in a business-like way; and when lots of people want to cut out lots of other people, then it makes more noise, and they do it rather rougher, cutting at each other's throats instead of at each other's property; but business like it must be done, else it would be dishonest. And don't I do it right? Look, I give the Austrians fair play! Professor Holmann says the bigger nations will get, the less war we shall have. Why, we don't have half so many wars, Professor Holman says, as the old Greeks and Romans had; they were always at it. But you don't understand that; you are still a baby.'

'I am not a baby! Look here, I have christened my doll, Hermann, and the doll has had the fever, and it has died, and I buried it, and didn't cry a bit; for Aunt Augusta says I am a child that must learn to bear anything, for I shall have to do it one day, and I don't know what she means.'

'And you wouldn't cry a bit if I, your brother Hermann, were to die?'

'I don't know that; but I mustn't cry when my doll dies, because Aunt Augusta says I must learn to bear anything, and not be weak-minded like other people.'

'I think Aunt Augusta is a fool to put such things into a baby's head like yours, and I shall tell her so.'

'No you won't, because she is kind to me, and I shall take her part; and if you do, I won't cry when you really do die.'

'You hard-hearted little vixen! with your sweet doll's face, you are as bad as Aunt Augusta herself. Why, my soldiers are twice as

soft: they would all cry if they saw a brother die, suppose they had shot him themselves. I shall tell Professor Holmann how Aunt Augusta brings you up.'

'I don't care, I must learn to bear everything, and I mean to; you may try to frighten me. Look here, I have not a tear in my eye;' and Mary dragged her eyes open with both her little forefingers, as children are wont to do.

'Your bravery is all very well, but for a baby like you it is put on, and won't last, trust me; I am the boy for that, and I have promised Sergeant Christian never to swerve, never to be a coward, but to meet any trouble like an honest, brave man, and not give up. That is the right thing, not your false courage; I'll make you cry *now*, if you won't do it at my death, you cruel girl, and I will too.' Hermann rose up with threatening gestures; Mary screamed, and both rushed out of the room to Sergeant Christian for assistance and sympathy, always looking for it, and always finding it there.

Mary had been on a visit for Christmas, and Mary went again to her aunt Augusta in Breslau—her destiny being foreshadowed by that peculiar education of renunciation. Hermann remained in Torgau, and grew up under the guardianship of Major Zollwitz and Sergeant Christian, Professor Holmann coming now and then from Halle to see his young favourite.

Hermann went to school at the big school-house, and became the champion of his own set. He was beloved, he was disliked, he was feared; his masters left his reins freer play than those of any other boy in the school. For was he not Hermann Zollwitz, the most outspoken, true-hearted, undaunted boy in the place? 'Hurrah for Zollwitz' had long become a standard word among the boys! Hear him recite Kœrner's 'Black Brigade,' or Schiller's 'Diver'—it was splendid, and the sympathies of the boys rose to the pitch, to cry 'Hurrah for Zollwitz,' again and again.

But Hermann was the terror of cowards, and an explosion between one of them and him came one day. The boys were playing at ball before the school-house, and Captain Ernest's son, a big uncouth fellow of fourteen, had just taken advantage of and thrashed a wiry little boy of humbler parents, who came up crying to Hermann.

'Look here, Ernest, this won't do,' said Hermann, red with rage; 'it is disgraceful that a big fellow like you should hurt a little one merely for throwing a ball awkwardly.'

'It's not your business; I can do as I like, I suppose.'

'But it is my business; I am in the play, and Franz has appealed to me as his champion.'

'A fine champion you are!' sneered the Captain's son.

'Pray, what is against my championship, Mr. Ernest?' Hermann exclaimed in thundering tones, going up close to the coward's face, and holding his fist in ominous proximity to Ernest's nose.

'Your championship? Well, then, if people want to be champions for others, they ought first to have fathers and mothers that own them!' It cut sharp, and it cut quick, to the very flesh of Hermann Zollwitz; crack, crack, crack, thump, thump, thump, and Captain Ernest's son lay sprawling on the ground.

'Give in! give in!' cried the other boys; 'Zollwitz, don't, don't, please; you'll kill him.' Hermann wiped his brow, looked at his hands, and, standing over his antagonist, asked hoarsely—

'What did you mean, scoundrel, by that foul talk?'

'It isn't my fault,' whimpered the other in agony; 'I heard my mamma say that it was strange the Zollwitz children didn't seem to have father or mother.'

A final kick for his cowardly enemy, a final 'Hurrah for brave Zollwitz' from the boys, ended that day's work.

There was a shindy in the school. Captain Ernest's son was ill for a week; Hermann was reprimanded, and his uncle was privately told that he had better take such a fiery spirit away. On the evening of that self-same day, when the notice came, Major Zollwitz was sitting in the back room on the first floor, and Hermann, now grown to the age of fourteen, opposite him. Hermann tried to occupy himself, but it would not do; at last he seemed to gather courage, and looked up at the major with his big, honest eyes.

'Uncle William, you know all about it, and I think I am old enough now for you to tell me. Uncle, I don't know how to bring it out, for it chokes me almost—is there any dishonour on my father or mother?' Breathlessly Hermann awaited the answer.

The major passed his hand across his brow, thought for a moment, and then met Hermann's gaze.

'None to affect their children, my boy; what wrong they did was done in the heat of passion, and recoiled upon themselves. They have suffered—leave them alone—you may look the world straight in the face; but you must learn to curb that spirit, which wrought their misfortune. Learn to govern yourself.'

The major stroked his nephew's hair, and pressed him close to his heart.

Hermann was sent to Halle under Professor Holmann's care, and the youthful days were over.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *OLD ENGLAND.*

DIOGENES, the Greek philosopher, looked more than 2,000 years ago for men in Athens with his lantern, and could find none; perhaps the old cynic had no eyes to see them. It requires spirit to find spirit, heart to

find heart, human love to find human love—like and like attract each other; a pig won't attract a butterfly, nor a sweep chaste and fair Diana. If you want to find humanity, sweet humanity, you must have eyes to seek it. Look round; you may see it in the little 'Echo' boy, who with naked feet calls after you—'It is me, sir, you always buy your "Echo" of, special, special,' and when you have attended to his urgent call, assures you that the fourpence-halfpenny he earns of a night goes to help mother and the two young 'uns, because father died in the work'us. You may find it in the brave schoolboy, who, when asked with formidable master's frown 'whether he broke that window?' boldly steps up to screen the lesser culprits and, sure of punishment, answers, 'I did it, sir.' You may find it in the scantily-dressed figure of the workman's wife as she drags home her drunken husband and persuades dear, cursing old John that it is best to go with her and not back to that tempting gin-palace. You may find it in the crusty old gentleman, who tells the troublesome street beggar to be off, but presses a shilling into his hand, regardless of the Vagrant Act. You may find it in the hospital, as the doctor bends over that sufferer's bed, forgetful of fees and guineas, only thinking of alleviating that man's ailment. You have found it there, go higher still and find its spirit. You may find it in the little child, as it reads its Sunday lesson, and asks gently—'Papa dear, shall I meet sister Anne up there?' You may find it in the first kiss, breathed modestly on the lover's lip. You may find it in the father's entranced look, as the news of the arrival of his first-born is brought to him; you may find it in the mother's face, as it glows at her son's praise; and you may find it in a higher sense still in the mind that attracts you—disregarding variety of nationality, difference of sex, disparity of age, inequality of circumstances, and that seeing with you, feeling with you, thinking with you, soars up with you into realms above those of earthly boundary, trying to bring down the Promethean spark of the soul's inspiration; when you have found that last, that sublime finality, then you have found the highest gift granted to man on this planet of ours.

Looking for humanity, sweet humanity, not with Diogenes' lantern but your own eyes, and moving with your finger straight from Torgau to the west, you see the University of Halle. Here is a large mark of that humanity; Halle teems with it and has built up a whole little town of its own on behalf of it. The university owes its existence to the principle of freedom of speech and conscience. Two hundred years ago there wandered into it Professor of Law, Thomasius, from the University of Leipzig, followed by many alumni. He founded a new chair here, and gathered around him men of a peculiar theology—strict pietists. But piety took a truly practical form in Halle, and when Francke joined the young university, first as orientalist, then as practical theologian, piety built up walls for homeless orphans, for neglected children: practical piety and sweet humanity throve and

throve, and finally exhibited to the world up to our day one of the grandest institutions raised to its influence in the 'Franckonian foundation.'

The University of Halle had reckoned its age by little more than a hundred years, having during that time counted in its diadem of glory men of the first stamp, when the fell swoop of the invaders cast it under foot. Napoleon shut its doors, after that miserable battle of Jena, when Prussia succumbed to him. He turned off the students, and led the professors off as hostages. Halle never recovered from that blow; true, its doors were opened again, and its professors' chairs resuscitated, but it would not do, the bright era of full benches at lectures was gone. The professors proved too independent, the students restive under the foreign yoke, and Napoleon shut again its halls of learning and led away its professors to the Rhinelands; but another battle—that of Leipzig—changed all that, it cleared the German soil, and once more Halle opened wide its gates, receiving back professors and students as they returned from the teeming battle-fields. Halle came into favour; the Prussian kings heaped benefits on it; it grew, was incorporated with the University of Wittenberg, where poor Hamlet in anachronistic Shakespearianism is said to have studied and—for all that, never quite recovered that first period of renown.

The early September days of that month, when Torgau lay lurid in the yellow haze, had spread over Halle—the place was astir; the students swaggering, the professors teaching, the people buying and selling. Thought was at work and would take fantastic shapes here and there, and would gambol with men's fancies and women's loves, and thought had got into a nook at Halle, playing odd harmonies to the old, old tune of enthusiasm. Follow that spray of darkling September evening light into the room there in the old house near the market-hall, let your vision ride slantingly on it among the guests. A long room with shadowy haunts and odd corners, low ceiling and whispered reminiscences of bouts and meetings, songs and speeches *ad infinitum*. A dozen young men or so sit around, smoking, talking, reciting, laughing, gesticulating, and enjoying to their utmost the consciousness of life in their veins, life in their hearts, perhaps life in their heads. You hear again and again the refrain—

Edite, bibite, Collegiales,
Post multa secula, pocula nulla.

'What is the German's fatherland?' breaks in in stirring strains; 'Adé, Adé, my love, I must go!' follows it up; and one Stentorian voice exclaims—

'Where is he to-night? Where can Zollwitz be? Time is up, some one must take the chair.'

'Not yet, worth while to wait; there is none like him here.' And again those dozen bright spirits, with long flowing hair and loose

shirt-collars, begin the refrain of the most favoured student song. A hasty, light, but firm step, the door is pushed open, and Zollwitz enters.

'Late, Zollwitz,' they call out.

'Lights!' is the rejoinder. One younger than the others closes the shutters, brings lights, and the darkling shadows flee farther off to watch and to wait for the shapes they might cast off in grotesque fantasie.

Three times the hammer is knocked on the table, Zollwitz stands up and opens the proceedings.

'Enthusiasts, brothers, we can have but a short meeting to-night. I must take leave of you; I am going to England!

'What? What is the matter?'

'I have had a wigging from my uncle, and I have got a threat in my pocket that if I continue to belong to liberty societies a complaint will be made to the rector. I have made speeches, I have led processions, I have sung and said that which shows I have no idea of state authority. I am being watched! I shall leave. I am determined to see if Europe still holds something of that old spirit of liberty, to let man talk and act like a free man—a free man by nature, a free man by thought, a free man by speech, and a free man by government. To Old England I go; if I cannot find this spirit where the shades of Saxon freedom waft over me, *pereat mundus Europaeus!* I'll go to America, to New England, and hunt the wild buffalo with the Red Indians—to be free, free, free!' And Zollwitz towered above his companions, who rose to a man.

Freiheit—liberty! Hoch!
Manneswerth—worth o' man! Hoch!
Frauenlieb—woman's love! Hoch!

The glasses clinked, the lights flickered, and the shadows danced frantically about, as they threw back the images on the walls.

'A ditty, a ditty!' they exclaimed. 'Who will sing to-night? Zollwitz, you must for the last time.'

Down went the hammer, and Zollwitz, throwing back his head, sang with glass in hand:

Sing to liberty, liberty, liberty,
Sing to liberty as your aim;
Sing to liberty, liberty, liberty,
Sing to liberty for your fame!
Hurrah!

Let but worth o' man, worth o' man, worth o' man,
Let but worth o' man fan your soul;
Let but worth o' man, worth o' man, worth o' man,
Let but worth o' man be your goal!
Hurrah!

Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
Give to woman dear, love, her right!
Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
Give to woman love, holy, bright!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

And the chorus joined, the chorus shouted, the Enthusiasts embraced, singing again and again—

Give to woman dear, woman dear, woman dear,
Give to woman love, holy, bright.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The climax had been reached, the spirits sank; the singer, the leader, the inspiration of the Enthusiasts' Club must go; no one dared even question Zollwitz's resolution: to them what he did was well done, whatever the old major and the rector might think.

'But what will Professor Holmann say about your going?' asked some.

'Say? Let me go; he will not stop me; but let me work out my own way, trusting to me. Besides, he is away just now.'

'Professor Holmann, Hoch!' was the next toast.

'I have written to my uncle, and I have written to the rector, that I must get away. Study on, brothers, study on, and keep your enthusiasm fresh and undefiled: *my* soul is too ardent for this. I must go and work, and learn what the world is made of. I am drawn over, by some unseen power, some undefined sympathy; I must see England!'

Zollwitz sat down, shaded his eyes, and waved his hand.

They understood him, they left; so noisy before, so still now. The lights flickered, the shadows crept to rest, and Zollwitz was left alone —alone with the longings of his own burning heart.

The 'Concordia' from Hamburg was steaming up the Thames, and Hermann Zollwitz paced its deck; he looked a little strange among those self-absorbed people, with their big and little desires and wants, their calculations and speculations. All along the flat borders of the river he stared at every point that attracted his attention; it seemed to him as if he entered the 'Promised Land.' Restlessly he moved about, occupied but with one desire to tread that earth, to know that people, which from boyhood had had so strange a fascination for him.

The faint struggling light of a dusky Sunday evening in September flitted round the old Palace of Greenwich, lifting, as it were, the grey stone building from the depths of the darkling waters, and fringing its hilly background with the leafy shadows of the rising park. When the 'Concordia' passed, Hermann Zollwitz threw at once the force of his whole imagination into peopling those historical precincts. All the lore he had gathered for years spoke to him out of this first

monument of English political life, and he would have given something could he at once have jumped on shore. His bright, noble face glowed with enthusiasm, and some of the matter-of-fact passengers smiled as they passed him on their up and down turns. Farther on the Tower was reached, and almost passed before Zollwitz saw it. A feeling of disappointment laid hold of him; he had believed to see some stately building, as the home of so many bright and dark pages of England's history, and, he saw nothing but some dull-looking mean turrets, and try as he would, even his imagination could not at once fasten itself round those precincts to people them with the mighty folks of the past.

The 'Concordia' moored alongside, and Zollwitz, after the necessary preliminaries, was whirled away in a cab to an hotel near Blackfriars Bridge. Soon snugly settled, he chose a bedroom with a look-out over the Thames, and rested; his portmanteau near him unopened, the waiter's demands about refreshment unanswered.

Zollwitz had no eye or ear for anything else but that river below him, but that life around him—the half-stillness of Sunday night lending his surroundings a peculiar charm. Zollwitz sat and looked, the shadows gathered deeper, and he sat still and saw not the misery, the penury, the want, the crime, the degradation, the greed, the ugly human shapes of the great, the mighty city around him; he heard not the stifled cough, the low wail, the beggar's whine, the drunkard's curse, the profligate's profane speech, the prostitute's importunities, the thief's plans, the murderer's desperate resolve—he saw none and heard none of these; to him the city there lying off the old river Thames, the city where Shakespeare and Milton had lived, where Elizabeth had ruled, where the right of national freedom had been maintained with the sword, where even now a free national assembly existed, in which Hampden, Chatham, and Fox had once spoken, to him a golden aureola surrounded those dark houses, a bright effervescence shone on the gas-reflecting waves of that sombre river, and some inward voice seemed to tell him that here, in this men's wilderness, he would find the acme of his desires! Low he bent his head, it fell on his arm as it rested on the open window; a distant evening bell chimed somewhere, and fluttering across his inner unexplained consciousness came the memories of the day at Castle Freiberg, when papa and mamma came no more, and he wept with Christian. And there, among the distant, dark masses, something drew him onward, as if the key-note to that early grief was hidden there!

Zollwitz dreamt on, but his nature soon exhausted itself. He roused himself, stood up, and, in the full vigour of a noble, ardent nature, resolved to find here his fate!

[*To be continued.*]

# THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

WHILE most of the distinguished authors of France have spoken, in different tones, about the present war, one pleasant voice is notably silent. M. Renan is calm and argumentative; M. Victor Hugo is passionately eloquent; M. About—perhaps it is better not to try to characterise the utterances of M. About; but Théophile Gautier holds his peace. He is consistent, if not very patriotic, and busies himself no more with politics now than when, as a boy, he published his first volume of verses in the tumult of the revolution of July; or when he passed the year 1848 in polishing his 'Émaux et Camées.'

Our English carelessness about foreign literature does injustice to no one more than to M. Gautier: about him our ignorance is at its deepest. De Musset came to us with the interest of a hero of romance: one episode alone of his life furnished material for three novels. We felt that he was akin to Chatterton, to Keats, to Shelley, to all the inheritors of unfulfilled renown. His poetry has the direct fire of passion, his novel deals with real life, acutely felt in pleasure and sorrow. In the same way the political life of Lamartine gave interest to his poems; the sombre genius of Baudelaire was unrecognised till death brought his strange character into relief; the fame of Sainte-Beuve is that of the scholar rather than of the poet. M. Gautier is neither a man of romantic experience nor a politician, nor, in any wide sense, a scholar. Yet his life is pleasant to read of, for it has been passed in the main current of French Art, and he himself has told his experiences gracefully and modestly. He has seen Balzac devour his favourite food, sardines and bread and butter, and then stretch his huge limbs in the short sleep which he allowed himself. He has sat at the banquets of the great novelist, where there was every food that man could desire, but the bread was forgotten; he has watched by the 'mattress grave' of Heinrich Heine; he has smoked opium with Charles Baudelaire; and lent poor Murger the *louis* of which he was always in search.

The character, too, of M. Gautier is worth study, for in him a peculiar geniality and gaiety has conquered that 'strange disease of modern life,' that *ennui* and sadness which never left De Senancour and Chateaubriand. In him the malady took the strangest form, and he has left materials for a psychological study of a melancholy more *bizarre* than any in the collection of Burton. But after all it is less for himself and

for his recollections than for his art that M. Gautier deserves to be known. The love of beauty for itself is the motive of his work, and lives in every development of his genius. As a poet he deals less with passion than emotion and sentiment: to him as to Wordsworth clouds and flowers are dear as sources of thoughts deep, melancholy, and tender; but he finds beauty in places untrodden by the pious feet of the elder singer, and bestows a care far greater on form and melody. As a novelist he does not deal with common every-day life; to make us forget the world as it is, to take us into a world of pure phantasy is his aim. Among characters and scenes like those of modern life he throws some element of difference, and the story becomes real and vivid from the clearness of the writer's vision and the perfection of his style; dream-like from the change in all relations, the absence of all limits to what may possibly happen; the absence also of all moral. We live as in a dream, calmly interested and secure from surprise, among events and characters vaguely felt to be wildly surprising. To the task of criticism, and it is as a critic that he is best known even in France, M. Gautier brings his unwearied geniality, his fluency, his power of appreciation. He sees the work of art, as he sees human life, in a magic mirror of his own. His criticism adds new elements of beauty to the picture or the play he criticises. To the reader the object of criticism, however familiar, becomes another thing, a source of fresh delight; as real life itself is transfigured, removed into a purer atmosphere of pleasure, by the touch of the poet. Yet there are not wanting traces that his profession of critic is not altogether to his liking, that he still remembers the time when he scoffed at the *métier de feuilletoniste*. One of his most graceful little poems, 'Après le Feuilleton,' is a hymn of delight at having finished his article:

Avec mes vieux rêves pour hôtes
Je boirai le vin de mon cru:
Le vin de ma propre pensée,
Vierge de toute autre liqueur,
Et que, par la vie écrasée,
Répand la grappe de mon cœur.

It would be of course a mistake to suppose that the qualities, which we have attempted to sketch, of the Gautier of to-day, have always been the same. The author of 'Romans et Contes,' innocent and charming fantasies, is no longer the young gentleman who wrote 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' and was 'as sad as night, for very wantonness.' 'Les Émaux et Camées' are the work of a genius greatly altered since the composition of 'Albertus;' and the refined critic of 1870 is a different man from the novelist who, in 1834, was so severe an enemy of journalism. The influence of various schools, of time, experience, and travel have changed M. Gautier, and as in every stage of his career his work is an expression of his personality, to appreciate his genius we require some knowledge of his history.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes in 1811; his youth was therefore spent in that sad time of exhaustion in France; of scepticism and *ennui* which De Musset has described in his 'L'Enfant du Siècle.' The circumstances of his age and country affected Gautier, as they affected Sainte-Beuve, De Musset, Chateaubriand, with a peculiar melancholy. The French have a name for this evil, more common perhaps among them than with us, *La Maladie de René*. It is the result of want of faith—a want of faith natural to a generation which had seen almost every possible experiment in the science of human life tried, which keenly remembered the dreams and delusions of the Revolution, which had watched each experiment fail, each dream disappear, while the Bourbons and 'the white terror' were restored, and the things that should be seemed to repeat the things that had been. In such an age, men turn from their own dissatisfaction to look on human life as a whole. Everywhere they see the same failure; through the vast desert of time our race seems to pass, and to sink without trace in the sands. All hopes have been frustrated, we sin as our fathers sinned, and sleep as they sleep: all creeds have at first been bright in promise, and the same twilight of the gods has fallen on the younger as on the elder faiths. In this wide and cheerless vision, the existence of individuals grows dwarfed and worthless. We are so frail and fleeting that our life seems scarcely worthy to be partaken of. Our desires, vague and vast as they originally are, meet in all nature with no permanent object in which to rest. For one who has realised this idea of human life and who has lost all faith in a Divine government and a Divine event there remain but few resources. He may make his own sadness an object to him, and deck it with graces of poetic language. 'Mon chagrin était devenu une occupation qui remplissait tous mes moments,' says Chateaubriand's René. To such a character nature will be a friend and a comforter, quiet and lovely in all her changes, silently and graciously enduring the lot of corruption and birth. Thus we find Obermann passing his days in wandering among the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, 'drawing the quiet night into his blood,' and soothing his fever with the cool hill winds, the scents and sounds of the pine forests. So, too, we find René climbing the summit of Etna, and 'weeping over the mortals whose abodes were scarcely visible,' as indeed he had through all his life 'before his eyes a creation at once immense and imperceptible, an abyss ever open beneath his feet.'

A more practical anodyne is that of Art. Whatever in the world be fleeting, beauty at least is fair for a season, and Art, rendering that beauty at once permanent and refined, gives vividness and endurance to existence. It was to Art, then, that Théophile Gautier devoted himself with a devotion which has never been shaken, though it has taken different forms of worship under the influence of different schools. At first, like many men who have distinguished themselves in letters, like

Goethe and Thackeray, he wished to become a painter. His studies left traces in his style, especially in his criticism; but he soon deserted painting for another art, whose instrument he employs with natural grace and mastery. His first volume of poems, published in 1830, showed more promise in their form than in their matter, but they were the means of introducing him to the company of writers who were at that moment giving a new stimulus and direction to French literature. Under the guidance of Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo a new school had risen, the school of Romanticism, which in its origin and history has so many resemblances to our English Pre-Raffaellitism. The friends of Hugo looked back from the so-called classic poetry of Racine and Corneille to the earlier songs and singers of France; in them they found more of truth and passion, of melody and variety. The old French, and the old French metres, a language and a form of verse more apt for poetic expression than the speech of the *grand siècle*, attracted them; as the early efforts of Italian painting—quaint, fresh, and earnest—attracted Hunt and Rossetti. There was a Romantic as in the sixteenth century there had been a Classic revival. The beauty of sacred art was recognised by artists who lacked the belief; a Mediæval sadness, an ascetic pallor, took the place of the roses and lilies of Greuze. Poets deserted the Alexandrine metre for the many melodies of Ronsard, of Villon, and Eustache Deschamps; they despised the 'unities,' they exaggerated passion, and Medea, or at least Lucretia Borgia, began to slay her children and lovers *coram populo*.

The influence of the first is very clearly traceable in M. Gautier's second volume of poems, 'Albertus,' and 'La Comédie de la Mort.' Of the first of these the author confesses:

> J'en préviens les mères de famille
> Ce que j'écris n'est pas pour les petites filles,
> Dont on coupe le pain en tartines.—Mes vers
> Sont des vers de jeune homme.

'Albertus' is a story of *diablerie*, lustful, terrible, grotesque, like the carvings of an old cathedral. 'La Comédie de la Mort,' too, owes part of its inspiration to the Middle Ages. M. Gautier's genius, naturally glad and *débonnaire*, fond of beauty as a Greek might have been, and careless of the morrow, is darkened by contemplation of the Mediæval idea of death. The Deaths that Holbein loved to design dance through the poetry of Romanticism. Heine liked to bring in the grim figure, and our own Oxford poet, Beddoes, wrote 'Death's Jest-book,' and revelled in 'every age, every fashion, and figure of death.' So in 'La Comédie' the poet wanders on *le jour des Morts*, in a Parisian cemetery, among the forgotten crosses where no wreath is laid, and the long grass of graves where now no one comes to weep. The unremembered dead arise around him: Don Juan with a ghastly gaiety like that of

the 'Vision of Sin;' Faust weary of knowledge; and Napoleon 'who can tell what glory is.'

> Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter
> At sight of all these poor old dead?

There is a note of modern mockery amid the Mediæval gloom, and after all the moral is the Greek one.

> Hâtons-nous, hâtons-nous; votre vie, ô Théone,
> Est un cheval ailé que le Temps éperonne.
> Hâtons-nous d'en user.

Not good for edification, but edification was never the aim of M. Gautier's art.

He proved this, and made his mark a permanent one in French literature, by the publication, in 1834, of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' This book, in spite of its perfect and alluring style, is not a pleasant one to read or to write about. It is perhaps best described in the author's own words as 'the child of "Werther" and of "Manon Lescaut"'—sad and unsatisfied as Goethe's, voluptuous and graceful as Prévost's romance. A young man, D'Albert, tells in letters to a friend the story of his *ennui*, his wretched life, his vague desires. These letters are sad as those of Obermann, but with a difference. D'Albert does not despair because he is without faith or hope, desolate and uncomforted. He has no regret, because Christianity is for him as if it had never been. His melancholy arises from the impossibility of attaining such complete enjoyment of perfect beauty—such unbroken delight of colour and clear air—such strength and mastery of sensuous life, as his unmeasured desires suggest. He is consumed with love of the ideal and the impossible. 'If thou comest too late, ah my Ideal, I shall have no more power to love thee. My heart is as a dovecote full of doves; every hour of the day some desire takes wing, but the doves return to their home, and my desires return not to my heart. The blue of heaven is white with their innumerable swarms, they flit through space from world to world, from sky to sky. Some love they seek to dwell with through the night: hasten, ah! hasten my love, lest thou find flown birds and a forsaken nest.' For passionate desire of what may be D'Albert cannot partake of his life as he finds it. 'In me is a mingled host of confused desires; others are born and the old desires devour them. My desires are a flock of birds that swarm and flit, but your love is an eagle with his eyes on the sun.' The emotion is the same, with all its apparent difference, as that of Clough:

> Would I could wish my wishes all to rest
> And know to wish the wish that were the best.

One more quotation will make the character of D'Albert more intelligible. 'Something attracts and calls him which is not of this

world, nor in this world; and, like the heliotrope in a cave, he strives to turn his eyes to that sun which he cannot see. His soul is one which has drunk too scant a draught of the water of Lethe before it was wedded to his body; and which keeps memories that trouble and torture it of that eternal beauty beheld in the heaven which is its home.' Thus D'Albert attempts to join himself to those

> Children of the second birth
> Whom this world could not tame.

But his heaven, it must be confessed, is rather that of Islam than of Plato; and if, like the philosopher of the 'Phædrus,' he seeks reminiscences of celestial beauty among the beautiful women of this world, it is only in this regard that his loves are Platonic. 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' in fact, is the history of 'a glorious devil, large in heart and brain, that did love beauty only,' and reaped in *ennui* and discontent the reward of such love.

So far there have been two distinct periods in the development of M. Gautier's genius. In the first, as he himself says in a later poem, 'Pensée de Minuit,'

> My poetry, a child in childlike grace,
> With floating hair and boddice loose of lace,
> With wild oats in her hand,
> Brave in her necklace light of pearly dew,
> Her robe that in the sun took shifting hue,
> Went singing through the land.

To this early gaiety succeeded a time of sadness, of feverish search for pleasure, expressed in 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' M. Gautier had not yet found his vocation. It was not till 1836 that Balzac sought him out, and employed him on the staff of 'La Chronique de Paris.' From that time his *métier* was fixed. He became a member of a most brilliant and interesting society, of which Balzac was the centre. Of this time of youth and mirth he delights to speak in the biographies of the artists whom he has known and survived. In this attachment to the Bohemia of letters, M. Gautier reminds one, as in some other respects, of Mr. Thackeray. The English Bohemia is staider and less picturesque: its Back Kitchen, with its songs and pipes, is colourless compared with the gatherings of critics, painters, actresses, who met to sup and smoke *haschisch*, in Lauzun's old Hôtel Pimodan. 'An honest Philistine would have been alarmed at the sight of those long-haired, bearded guests, brandishing daggers of the sixteenth century, Malay kreeses, Spanish navajas, and bending over dishes to which the flicker of swinging lamps gave a strange and suspicious appearance.' The Hôtel Pimodan, with its tapestries, secret stairs, old carvings, was the play-ground of Romanticism.

Novelists lived among the scenes which they described, enjoyed, and laughed at. Charles Baudelaire brought his paradoxes, Madame de

Girardin her gracious wit, Balzac his colossal extravagance. He persuaded himself that he had the power of divining the places where old treasures were buried, and organised an expedition, in which M. Gautier was to take part, in search of Spanish gold. The scheme failed for want of money, among other things, and Balzac had to content himself with describing impossible luxury in his novels.

The same taste, so conspicuous in Edgar Poe, shows itself in M. Gautier's tale of 'Fortunio.' 'Ouida,' with all her daring, has never painted scenes so splendid, or revelry so reckless; while the humour that mocks its own creation is worthy of Thackeray, and the irony has the very tone of the lighter wit of 'Vanity Fair.' If literary parallels were not as worthless as their historical brethren, it would not be difficult to show many points of resemblance between the English and the French novelist. Both originally attempted painting; both continued lovers and critics of art. Both have the same kind memories of the happy time of youth and smoke and song, and both retain a sadness not altogether dissimilar, though that of Thackeray is more openly displayed. Both, too, have been, if not in the strictest sense, scholars, men of wide reading in literature. Thackeray's love of the reign of Queen Anne has its counterpart in Gautier's study of that of Louis XIII.; and if Thackeray has reproduced in 'Esmond' the grave diction, the manners and style of the Augustan age, Gautier's 'Capitaine Fracasse' is a series of pictures in the style of the seventeenth century. These resemblances are curious, if not very essential, though M. Gautier's most ardent admirers could scarcely claim for him the supreme place of Thackeray.

The later history of M. Gautier is the uneventful story of a successful and accepted author. He has travelled in Spain, Italy, and Africa, bringing back graceful songs, and sketches of foreign manners and scenery. He was completely cured, by occupation, by change, by society and success, of the melancholy humours of René. So we are all 'well betrayed' into interest in the world, and forget the too wide survey and the old despair; learn to 'take short views,' and to partake of our life. M. Gautier has given scope to his natural gaiety, his intense appreciation of beauty of art and nature. Politics he considers an affair for 'National Guards;' he 'would willingly resign his civic rights as the price of seeing a pretty woman, or a picture by Raphael.'

> Il est dans la nature, il est de belles choses,
> Des rossignols oisifs, des paresseuses roses,
> Des poètes rêveurs et des musiciens
> Qui s'inquiètent peu d'être bons citoyens.

It is thus that he defends his right to live as the lilies of the field. Can people, who constantly find fault with M. Hugo and with Mr. Ruskin for busying themselves with politics and society, blame M. Gautier for his *insouciance*?

In strict accordance with his philosophy, the later poems of M. Gautier are more elaborate and less passionate than his earlier works. The songs he wrote in Spain have none of the ardour of De Musset's 'Andalouse and Juana.' Here is an attempt to translate:

LETRILLA.

Wherefore, child, so brave to-day,
  Necklaces upon your breast,
Ribbons in your sandals gay,
  A key of silver at your waist?

Though the hills be white with snow,
  Spring's eyes smile at eyes of ours,
And I seek the vale below,
  Wonder if the jasmine flowers!

Spring or winter, for my part,
  Flowers or buds, are one to me,
Such a grief is in my heart
  Such pain keeps me company.

'Le Nuage,' 'Les Yeux bleus de la Montagne,' 'Dans la Sierra,' are all hymns to different orders of beauty or grandeur in Nature. 'Ribiera' is a criticism in verse, expressing the very spirit of the sombre painter of 'Mary in Egypt.' The 'Thébaïde' recognises the pale and ascetic refinement of the spiritual life. 'Barcarolle,' admirably imitated by Mr. Swinburne, yields to no song in modern French for music and pathetic gaiety. 'Pastel' renders within delicate conditions of limit the same sadness as breathes in Villon's 'Song of Dead Ladies.' It is not Flora and 'Echo beheld of no man,' that Gautier regrets, but the beauties of Boucher's date.

PASTEL.

I love you yet in your settings quaint,
  Faces of ladies, lovely and dead;
The flowers in your hands are faded and faint;
  'Tis a hundred years since their bloom was shed.

The wind of winter touching your cheek
  Has made your roses and lilies die;
But patches are never so far to seek
  On the mouldy quays where your portraits lie.

The empire of beauty has passed away:
  The Pompadour and the Parabère
Would find no lovers to rule to-day:
  They sleep in the tomb, and Love's buried there.

But you, sweet faces that men forget,
  You breathe at the flowers whose scent has fled,
And sadly you smile, who are smiling yet,
  At the thought of your lovers so long time dead.

The 'Hymn to Sleep' is in a different key; it is as graceful in its Greek stateliness and quiet as Mr. Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller.' Pensiveness, moderation, refinement, are the notes of M. Gautier's more mature poems, and these especially characterise 'Les Émaux et Camées,' his latest collection of verses, published in 1852. In these he takes an emotion or a sentiment, of sadness or pleasure, of beauty, or of that mystic correspondence and interweaving of all nature, and exhibits the feeling in artistic form and completeness. 'Affinities secrètes' recalls, in its mystic melody, one of Mr. Rossetti's songs, 'I have been here before.'

Vous devant qui je brûle et tremble,
Quel flot, quel frontier, quel rosier,
Quel dôme nous connut ensemble,
Perle ou marbre, fleur ou ramier?

It is obvious that M. Gautier is, like his pupil Charles Baudelaire, 'a poet of the school of art.' He has no lyric cry; he does not lay his heart open to the world like De Musset, like Byron; he does not relieve his passion and his sadness in stormy gusts of song. To him the emotion is only the matter of the poem, and art the form; it is that his art may be perfect, may at once express pleasurably, and gracefully conceal the too naked truth of feeling, that he labours.

Comme un vase d'albâtre où l'on cache un flambeau,
Mettez l'idée au fond de la forme sculptée,
Et d'une lampe ardente éclairez le tombeau.

Poetry of this kind can never compete in popularity with the spontaneous utterance of passion. Its charm lacks in universality what it gains in refinement; perhaps we ought only to allow ourselves to enjoy its more intimate pleasures when we are sure of the knowledge of the grander art of universal genius, of Shakespeare and Homer. Such as it is, M. Gautier is a master of it; there is no shade of emotion or of beauty so delicate that he cannot express it in artistic form. Examples of this may notably be found in 'Contralto,' 'Tristesse en Mer,' 'Ce que disent les Hirondelles;' but the whole volume of 'Émaux et Camées' is a treasure-house of quiet pleasure.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to criticise M. Gautier's shorter tales. Both volumes are collections of fantasies, the 'nouvelles' of a more luxurious, passionate, and morbid, the 'Romans et Contes' of a more innocent, character. The latter indeed is the only one of M. Gautier's fictions of which it is *not* necessary to warn the mothers of families that it is not written '*pour les petites filles*.' It is as harmless as Erckmann-Chatrian's novels.

Since this essay was written an article has appeared in the 'Spectator,' asserting that the writings of M. Gautier 'prevent good people from sympathising with France.' The charge of the 'Spectator' is mainly based on 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' We cannot agree with

the 'Spectator' that this book could, in England at least, be a mischievous one. Its *sentiments* can excite in Englishmen only wonder and disgust, and the hope that they are partly paradoxical, partly a reaction against the utilitarian school of criticism. The real danger of M. Gautier's writings is best expressed in the words of one who was no prude—Charles Baudelaire: 'The immoderate taste for beauty leads men to monstrous and unheard-of disorders. In minds absorbed by a frantic passion for the lovely, the grotesque, the beautiful, all notions of truth and justice disappear. The lust for art is a cancer which devours the rest of the moral nature.' And as to paradox, he says, with truth and force, 'what the mouth becomes accustomed to say, the heart learns to believe.' It is in view of such possible results of exclusive study of art that this strange puritan declares he could wish, like Mr. Carlyle's friend, that the 'devil would fly away with the fine arts.'

ANDREW LANG.

## SHELLEY'S HEART.

TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

'What surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt.'—Trelawny's 'Recollections of Shelley.'

TRELAWNY'S hand, which held'st the sacred heart,
The heart of Shelley, and hast felt the fire
Wherein the drossier framework of that lyre
Of heaven and earth was molten—but its part
Immortal echoes always, and shall dart
Pangs of keen love to human souls, and dire
Ecstatic sorrow of joy, as higher and higher
They mount to know thee, Shelley, what thou art—
Trelawny's hand, did then the outward burn
As once the inward? O cor cordium,
Which *wast* a spirit of love, and now a clot,
What other other flame was wont to come
Lambent from thee to fainter hearts, and turn—
Red like thy death-pyre's heat—their lukewarmth hot!

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

# The Influence of the late Prince Consort on Art in Common Life.

In the forenoon of December 14, 1861, I stood before Windsor Castle, anxious to know the state of the royal patient then so near death; and I stood there with that peculiar strain round the region of the heart which forebodes no good. The December sun had come out in undue splendour and was lighting up the noble Castle, its ivy-covered towers, and the scanty foliage around it. The scene was tempting in the extreme: the very gravel path leading to the Castle seemed to point to hope up there; and yet I experienced that same uneasy feeling, as I looked round and saw the Prince Consort's own harriers breaking out from a side gate. I can scarcely describe the rush of sentiment that overcame me at that moment; the hounds pressed along, and I fancied they looked homeless and masterless, unconscious as they were of this condition. As they passed me I became more apprehensive of evil tidings, and no assurance from the lodge-keeper that his Royal Highness was better would give me comfort. Peaceful the Castle lay enshrined in the December sun—dull and sombre toned the heavy single bell the next morning from St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is now nearly ten years since that December forenoon, and the man who went then to rest has had his share of long and severe mourning in the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him; but in that career of his—cut short by half its length—were elements that have worked their way so unostentatiously yet surely that the very rich fruit they have borne may have hidden the blossom it sprang from, and allowed us to forget endeavours that sowed an abundant seed for good in British soil.

The flattery bestowed upon the memory of a man in high position would be a worthless tribute to one whose real influence we hope, if ever so slightly, to sketch, and if we approach this subject, it is with a desire to foster the germ of every great purpose, wherever we may meet with it.

That climate has to do a great deal with the development of artistic taste in any country is evident to those who search for the true origin of a people's cultivation in natural causes; November fogs, March

winds, and a moist atmosphere create rather the desire for comfort in our surroundings, to keep these very formidable foes out, than a love for the merely beautiful, independent of the material solace we may derive from it. The warmth of Gothic architecture, the snugness of mullioned Tudor windows, the interior richness of our old churches, speak for the national search after beauty and comfort, and from their outward signs we must deduce the way in which to lead true national taste. It is a fallacy to say that the English people have no taste, and that nothing English bespeaks it; there has been so much foreign taste, adapted only to various foreign ideas, thrown upon us, that these non-indigenous growths have brought forth incongruous conceptions about taste, utterly at variance with peculiar national requirements. The moisture of our climate has produced our own deep verdant dress of nature; among the thick leaves, the soft greensward, the heavy wood copses and picturesque parks we find the red Elizabethan houses or the gray old castles, the cheerful cottage, and sometimes still the old thatched huts, and these proclaim as much the existence of English taste, and, in being depicted, of English art, as the stones of Venetian palaces proclaim Venetian art.

The *form* of art we must study in those representations left us by ancient artistic nations in which we find it identified with the peculiar character and civilisation of those nations; only when the form renders the characteristics truthfully is it edifying to learn the lesson taught. Great artists have at all times embodied in their creations the truth of a realised idea that will adapt itself to natural circumstances, or to the epoch of the spiritual life of their period. If we, however, study the *form* in art of those gone before us, we must only do so in order to realise its veracity and beauty, and then apply this form to the character of our own idiosyncrasy, our own time and country. It was the fashion to say much about high art, and is the fashion even now; but high art varies everywhere, and can only exist in the highest degree when it depicts the effect of powerful or highly individualised human emotions, of the pure grace of the human form, or of the grandest and loveliest spots in nature, wherever they can be found. To give these pre-eminent degrees of excellence the most truthful expression, with the most consummate skill of artistic manipulation, is high art. Great individual characters, most powerful historical periods, most lovely human forms and attractive scenes of nature, you may find, according to peculiar character, surely also in England. The appreciation of these excellences, the adaptation of excellence to daily life, is the artistic taste of a nation; the more representations of these national excellences we place before the people in any shape, the more we cultivate its love of the beautiful, that will accord with its own desires and longings—that will come home to it, will be nurtured among it, and elevate its tendency of life. The sight of the art representations of other peoples and climes can teach us their

idiosyncrasy either in character or nature, but cannot identify itself with that inward consciousness engendered by home subjects.

If any man would influence a nation's artistic taste, it must not be by importing foreign models but by creating them at home or reproducing those already created for larger circulation. The Athenians placed at one time beautiful statues about their public roads, that the sight of them might direct the common people to love true art—just as we would in passing admire the beauties of a well laid-out English garden or park; and if among the Greeks it was a 'sight for the gods' to behold lovely Phryne bathe her symmetrical body in the waters of the Saronian Gulf, near Eleusis, it is a 'sight for the Gods' in our time to see a well-dressed workman with his young English wife and rosy child start forth for a walk on a soft June Sunday morning. No author has laboured more to give us correct ideas about the various natural developments of peoples and their tastes than the German Herder in his 'Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind,' and if we follow those laws always given us by Mother Nature in conscious wisdom of her capabilities, we may in any nation, that will but apply itself to the realisation of her pure principles, produce a desire to create the impersonation of beauty according to its own individual requirements, guiding that desire by the rules followed in the execution of *form* in other ages and by other peoples.

If the late Prince Consort, of whose influence we wish here to speak, fostered these true ideas of national art, we shall easily perceive it by the power of life they have produced, and by the indication whether the encouragement he gave to public institutions and private artists, or the individual artistic creations he attempted, raised standards by which others can be guided. It would be false judgment to expect in the late Prince Consort a patron of art in the style of the Popes of the Middle Ages, the Medici, the Italian Republics, the French Kings, and German Emperors: they gave heavy sums to single artists of the highest genius, mostly feeding at the same time their own eyes, in exclusive artistic voluptuousness, on the productions of their protégés, or raising themselves into saint-worship as the fosterers of art for the nation's benefit. That time has gone by; our artists are prouder in submitting to the public verdict; and the higher, men like the late Prince Consort, have formed public taste, the more safely will an artist be able to leave his productions in the hands of the public.

The late Prince Consort had in his soul the ring of the true artistic metal, according to national requirements; he did not merely admire Greek purity of art, laud imitations of Mediæval tastes, and import foreign productions, but he bestirred himself earnestly and perseveringly to encourage every effort of any tendency that might lead to that very desirable end, the improvement of everyday life in all stations, the raising up higher aims of interest and pleasure, and the sweeping off the debasing desires of mere animal gratification, so

strongly exemplified in our country by the continual craving for alcoholic strength, administered to the weary nervous system—weary with actual bodily or mental exertion, and greedily asking for refreshing stimulants of some kind, be they spirituous or spiritual.

Ten years had the late Prince Consort resided among the English nation, when his earnest desire to further the national development of art, taste, and industry caused him to lend his strongest support to the realisation of the first Exhibition in 1851. His contact with many artistic and scientific men had been frequent, and greatly he appreciated this intercourse, expressed in his own telling words, that the sensitiveness of an artist should ever be guarded from every rough touch which might perhaps destroy the growth of some noble idea in its beginning. Tender care he bestowed on all such subjects, but more than that did his full, ardent energies assist in producing the complete success of that Exhibition, which shone upon our practical and utilitarian English public like some fairy dream of the 'Arabian Nights,' and which had such sound results in the future intercourse between the nations, and exercised such ennobling influences upon all those that entered into its spirit. That the Prince Consort placed its usefulness on a very high standard can be gathered from his speech while presiding at the Royal Agricultural Society of that year:

'Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities.'

Not only did the Prince identify the Exhibition as a conducive medium to such high results, but he pointed out the way how science and art were the producers of those very articles that attracted the attention of the world:

'Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter, which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge. Art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance to them.'

Further, he exemplified these principles:

'Whilst science discovers and teaches these laws (of nature), art teaches their application. No pursuit is therefore too insignificant not to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art.'

Wherever these principles can be applied there will arise something like taste in a national form in its application to daily requirements, the very wisest use that can be made of both almost amounting to the beauty of a religious influence on our life.

Representative art in painting, that vehicle so well adapted to convey to us the embodiment of every human and natural grace, received at the hands of the Prince its proper position in the influence on our mental development.

'Art,' he says, when opening the Manchester Exhibition, 'is the purest expression of mental and religious culture, and of general civilisation, of any age or people.'

And here we would say that we find in the exertions of the late Prince Consort none of those clumsy endeavours to crowd upon one point heaps of art effects. Oh that there existed no large picture galleries! It may seem a paradox, but we cling to it, that the crowding of art effects of every kind, high and low, ancient and modern, spiritual and realistic, leads many minds into a greater chaos of artistic ideas than they were in before they entered those galleries and learnt to chat so glibly on Rubens, Murillo, Raffaelle, the Dutch school, and Heaven knows what. Oh for the delight to stand but before one great picture and drink in all its beauty, all that artist's soul, and dip the wings of your own imagination into the workings of that painter's mind!

It is pure sacrilege to go about staring at works that have cost so much of human power to bring forth, and the artistically wise warily see but that which they wanted to study in such large art-gatherings.

When presiding at the British Association at Aberdeen in 1859, the Prince showed his full appreciation of that disseminating influence brought about in science and art by the contact of various minds in the words:

'To me science, in its most general and comprehensive acceptation, means the knowledge of what I know, the consciousness of human knowledge.

'This is not the thoughtful direction of one mind over acquired knowledge, but the production of new thought by the contact of many minds, as the spark is produced by the friction of flint and steel.'

It would scarcely be possible to find a nobler testimony to the value of popular and national education than was pronounced by the Prince both on the occasion of the opening of the Golden Lane schools and the Conference on National Education—means that are to prepare a people's mind for the reception of higher ideas for the aim of life:

'The principle of good once sown is not destined to lie dormant, but that, like the grain of mustard-seed, it is calculated to extend and develop itself in an ever-increasing sphere of usefulness.

'Education—National Education—this word which means no less than the moral and intellectual development of the rising generation, and therefore the national welfare—is well calculated to engross our minds, and opens a question worthy of a nation's deepest interest and most anxious consideration.'

The ten years that were the closing ones of the late Prince Consort's life among us were devoted to the perfection of those ideas of general usefulness he had begun to carry out or embody in the Exhibition of 1851, and wherever duty called him to certify to those ideas he went ever cheerfully to the fore, to foster taste either in home productions, or in laying down the principles of art at meetings or assemblies, or in encouraging efforts for the better accommodation of the poorer classes, or at last in patronising at Kensington something of an institution that would teach the aims of general science and art, and reproduce them in the articles wanted for common life.

There have been many who have smiled at Kensington or blamed the choice of site encouraged by the late Prince Consort; but it was right. Science and art teaching in a more extended sense could in England but take root among the more educated and higher middle classes that naturally live around the western suburbs. The mercantile pursuits of the eastern portion of the metropolis precluded the establishment of such a first institution there, and however commodious a central position might have been, it would have fallen flat on the general public; for art wants agreeable surroundings. With the peculiar foresight characteristic of the Prince, he planted that first General Science and Art Institution there where it will have nourishment and supporters, and the grown-up folks that go to it, the boys and girls that visit it, will carry away some indefinite idea of beauty in form, and apply it perhaps unconsciously to things characteristic of their own life, thus introducing a higher tendency into those matters that surround them and form their material being, reproducing again and again the ideas planted by him who passed away on that December day ten years ago.

Maybe that a stronger spirit and a prouder soul then took its flight than many in England knew. The constant vigilance to do what is best gave the late Prince Consort sometimes an air of reticence, noticeably apparent among so strongly individually developed a people as we are, and we were at all times scarcely able to weigh the motives of so markedly artistic a mind; but whenever some new charm in our social life meets us, let us remember that that man did much to introduce, not a foreign taste, but to call forth and foster the peculiarities of our own English ideas, and form them into tasteful idiosyncrasy.

# The Story of Frithiof the Bold.[1]

Translated from the Icelandic by William Morris.

## CHAPTER I.

### *OF KING BELI AND THORSTEIN VIKINGSON AND THEIR CHILDREN.*

Thus begins the tale, and tells how that King Beli ruled over the Sogni-folk; three children had he, whereof Helgi was his first son, and Halfdan his second, but Ingibiorg his daughter. Ingibiorg was fair of face and wise of mind, and she was ever accounted the foremost of the king's children.

Now a certain strand went west of the firth, and a great stead was thereon, which was called Baldur's Meads; a Place of Peace was there, and a great temple, and round about it was a hedge of pales: many gods were there, but amidst them all Baldur was held of most account. In such reverence did the heathen men hold this stead, that they would have no hurt done therein to man nor beast, nor might any man have dealings with a woman there.

Syrstrand was the name of that stead whereas the king dwelt; but on the other side the firth was an abode named Framness, where dwelt a man called Thorstein, the son of Viking; and his stead was over against the king's dwelling.

Thorstein had a son by his wife called Frithiof: he was the tallest and strongest of men, and more skilled in all prowess than any other man, even from his youth up. Frithiof the Bold was he called, and so well beloved was he, that all prayed for good things for him.

Now the king's children were but young when their mother died; but a good man of Sogni named Hilding, prayed to have the king's daughter to foster; so there was she reared well and heedfully: and she was called Ingibiorg the Fair. Frithiof also was fostered of goodman Hilding, wherefore was he foster-brother to the king's daughter, and they two were peerless among children.

[1] This tale is the original of the Swedish Bishop Tegnér's 'Frithiof's Saga,' a long modern poem, which has a great reputation, but bears little enough relation, either in spirit or matter, to its prototype.

Now King Beli's chattels began to ebb fast away from his hands, for he was grown old.

Thorstein had rule over the third part of the realm, and in him lay the king's greatest strength.

Every third year Thorstein feasted the king at exceeding great cost, and the king feasted Thorstein the two years between. Helgi, Beli's son, turned early to sacrificing: neither were those brethren well-beloved.

Thorstein had a ship called Ellidi, which pulled fifteen oars on either board; curved was it stem and stern, and strong-built like an ocean-going ship, and its bulwarks were clamped with iron.

So strong was Frithiof that he pulled the two bow oars of Ellidi; but each oar was thirteen ells long, and two men pulled every oar other where.

Frithiof was deemed peerless amid the young men of that time, and the king's sons envied him, whereas he was more praised than they.

Now King Beli fell sick; and when the sickness lay heavy on him he called his sons to him and said to them: 'This sickness will bring me to my end, therefore will I bid you this, that ye hold fast to those old friends that I have had; for meseems in all things ye fall short of that father and son, Thorstein and Frithiof, yea, both in good council and in hardihood. A mound ye shall raise over me.'

So with that Beli died.

Thereafter Thorstein fell sick; so he spake to Frithiof: 'Kinsman,' says he, 'I will crave this of thee, that thou bow thy will before the king's sons, for their dignity's sake; yet doth my heart speak goodly things to me concerning thy fortune. Now would I be laid in my mound over against King Beli's mound, down by the sea on this side the firth, whereas it may be easiest for us to cry out each to each of tidings drawing nigh.'

A little after this Thorstein departed, and was laid in mound even as he had bidden; but Frithiof took the land and chattels after him. Biorn and Asmund were Frithiof's foster-brethren; they were big and strong men.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *FRITHIOF WOOES INGIBIORG OF THOSE BRETHREN.*

So Frithiof became the most famed of men, and the bravest in all things that may try a man.

Biorn, his foster-brother, he held in most account of all, but Asmund served the twain of them.

The ship Ellidi, the best of good things, he inherited from his father, and another possession therewith—a gold ring, the most precious in all Norway.

So bounteous a man was Frithiof withal, that it was the deeming of many, that he was a man of no less honour than those brethren, but it were for the name of king; and for this cause they held Frithiof in hate and enmity, and it was a heavy thing to them that he was called greater than they: withal they thought they could see that Ingibiorg, their sister, and Frithiof were of one mind together.

It befell hereon that the kings had to go to a feast to Frithiof's house at Framness; and there it happened according to wont that he gave to all men beyond that they were worthy of. Now Ingibiorg was there, and she and Frithiof talked long together; and the king's daughter said to him:

'A goodly gold ring hast thou.'

'Yea, in good sooth,' said he.

Thereafter went those brethren to their own home, and greater grew their enmity of Frithiof.

A little after grew Frithiof heavy of mood, and Biorn, his foster-brother, asked him why he fared so.

He said he had it in his mind to woo Ingibiorg. 'For though I be named by a lesser name than those brethren, yet am I not fashioned lesser.'

'Even so let us do then,' quoth Biorn. So Frithiof fared with certain men unto those brethren; and the kings were sitting on their father's mound when Frithiof greeted them well, and then set forth his wooing, and prayed for their sister Ingibiorg, the daughter of Beli.

The kings said: 'Not overwise is this thine asking, whereas thou would have us give her to one who lacketh dignity; wherefore we refuse thee this utterly.'

Said Frithiof: 'Then is my errand soon sped; but in return never will I give help to you henceforward, yea, though ye need it ever so much.'

They said they heeded it nought: so Frithiof went home, and was joyous once more.

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## CHAPTER III.

### *OF KING RING AND THOSE BRETHREN.*

THERE was a king named Ring, who ruled over Ringrealm, which also was in Norway; a mighty county-king he was, and a great man, but come by now into his latter days.

Now he spake to his men: 'Lo, I have heard that the sons of King

Beli have brought to nought their friendship with Frithiof, who is the noblest of men; wherefore will I send men to these kings, and bid them choose whether they will submit them to me and pay me tribute, or else that I fall on them: and all things then shall lie ready to my hand to take, for they have neither might nor wisdom to withstand me; yet great fame were it to my old age to overcome them.'

After that fared the messengers of King Ring, and found those brethren, Helgi and Halfdan, in Sogni, and spake to them thus: 'King Ring sends bidding to you to send him tribute, or else will he war against your realm.'

They answered and said that they would not learn in the days of their youth what they would be loth to know in their old age, even how to serve King Ring with shame. 'Nay, now shall we draw together all the folk that we may.'

Even so they did; but now, when they beheld their force that it was but little, they sent Hilding their fosterer to Frithiof to bid him come help them against King Ring. Now Frithiof sat at the chess-play when Hilding came thither, who spake thus: 'Our kings send thee greeting, Frithiof, and would have thy help in battle against King Ring, who cometh against their realm with violence and wrong.'

Frithiof answered him nought, but said to Biorn, with whom he was playing: 'A bare place in thy board, foster-brother, and nowise mayst thou amend it; nay, for my part I shall fall on thy red piece there, and wot whether it be safe.'

Then Hilding spake again:

'King Helgi bade me say thus much, Frithiof, that thou shouldst go on this journey with them, or else look for ill at their hands when they at the last come back.'

'A double game, foster-brother,' said Biorn; 'and two ways to meet thy play.'

Frithiof said: 'Thy play is to fall on the king first, yet the double game is sure to be.'

No other outcome had Hilding: he went back speedily to the kings, and told them Frithiof's answer.

They asked Hilding what he made out of those words. He said:

'Whereas he spake of the bare place he will have been thinking of his place in this journey of yours; but when he said he would fall on the red piece, that will mean Ingibiorg, your sister, so give ye all the heed ye may to her. But whereas I threatened him with ill from you, Biorn deemed the game a double one; but Frithiof said that the king must be set on first, speaking thereby of King Ring.'

So then the brethren arrayed them for departing; but, ere they went, let bring Ingibiorg and eight women with her to Baldur's Meads, saying that Frithiof would not be so mad rash as to go see her thither, since there was none who durst make riot there.

Then fared those brethren south to Jardar, and met King Ring in Sogni Sound.

Now, herewith was King Ring most of all wroth that the brothers had said that they accounted it a shame to fight with a man so old that he might not get a-horseback unholpen.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### *FRITHIOF GOES TO BALDUR'S MEADS.*

STRAIGHTWAY whenas the kings were gone away Frithiof took his raiment of state and set the goodly gold ring on his arm; then went the foster-brethren down to the sea and launched Ellidi. Then said Biorn: 'Whither away, foster-brother?'

'To Baldur's Meads,' said Frithiof, 'to be glad with Ingibiorg.'

Biorn said: 'A thing unmeet to do, to make the gods wroth with us.'

'Well, it shall be risked this time,' said Frithiof, 'and withal, more to me is Ingibiorg's grace than Baldur's grame.'

Therewith they rowed over the firth, and went up to Baldur's Meads and to Ingibiorg's bower, and there she sat with eight maidens, and the new comers were eight also.

But when they came there, lo, all the place was hung with cloth of pall and precious webs.

Then Ingibiorg arose and said:

'Why art thou so overbold, Frithiof, that thou art come here without the leave of my brethren to make the gods angry with thee?'

Frithiof says: 'However that may be, I hold thy love of more account than the gods' hate.'

Ingibiorg answered: 'Welcome art thou here, thou and thy men!'

Then she made place for him to sit beside her, and drank to him in the best of wine; and thus they sat and were merry together. Then beheld Ingibiorg the goodly ring on his arm, and asked him if that precious thing were his own; Frithiof said Yea, and she praised the ring much. Then Frithiof said:

'I will give thee the ring if thou wilt promise to give it to no one, but to send it to me when thou no longer shalt have will to keep it: and hereon shall we plight troth each to other.'

So with this troth-plighting they exchanged rings.

Frithiof was oft at Baldur's Meads a-night time, and every day between whiles would he go thither to be glad with Ingibiorg.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *THOSE BRETHREN COME HOME AGAIN.*

Now tells the tale of those brethren, that they met King Ring, and he had more folk than they: then went men betwixt them, and sought to make peace, so that no battle should be: thereto King Ring assented on such terms that the brethren should submit them to him, and give him in marriage Ingibiorg their sister, with the third part of all their possessions.

The kings said Yea thereto, for they saw that they had to do with overwhelming might: so the peace was fast bound by oaths, and the wedding was to be at Sogni whenas King Ring should go see his betrothed.

So those brethren fare home with their folk, right ill content with things. But Frithiof, when he deemed that the brethren might be looked for home again, spake to the king's daughter:

'Sweetly and well have ye done to us, neither has goodman Baldur been wroth with us; but now as soon as ye wot of the kings' coming home, spread the sheets of your beds abroad on the Hall of the Gods, for that is the highest of all the garth, and we may see it from our stead.'

The king's daughter said: 'None taught thee this but thyself: ah, certes we welcome dear friends whenas ye come to us.'

So Frithiof went home; and the next morning he went out early and when he came in, then he spake and sang:

Now must I tell
To our good men
That over and done
Are our fair journeys;
No more a-shipboard
Shall we be going,
For there are the sheets
Spread out a-bleaching.

Then they went out, and saw that the Hall of the Gods was all covered with white linen. Then spake Biorn: 'Now are the kings come home, and but a little while have we to sit in peace, and good were it, meseems, to gather folk together.'

So did they, and men came flocking thither.

Now the brethren soon heard of the ways of Frithiof and Ingibiorg, and of the gathering of men. So King Helgi spake:

'A wondrous thing how Baldur will bear what shame soever Frithiof and she will lay on him! Now will I send men to him, and wot what atonement he will offer us, or else will I drive him from the land, for our strength seemeth to me not enough that we should fight with him as now.'

So Hilding, their fosterer, bare the king's errand to Frithiof and his friends, and spake in such wise: 'This atonement the kings will have of thee, Frithiof, that thou go gather the tribute of the Orkneys, which has not been paid since Beli died, for they need money, whereas they are giving Ingibiorg their sister in marriage, and much of wealth with her.'

Frithiof said: 'This thing only somewhat urges us to peace, the good will of our kin departed; but no trustiness will those brethren show herein. But this condition I make, that our lands be in good peace while we are away.' So this was promised and all bound by oaths.

Then Frithiof arrays him for departing, and is captain of men brave and of good help, eighteen in company.

Now his men asked him if he would not go to King Helgi and make peace with him, and pray himself free from Baldur's wrath.

But he answered: 'Hereby I swear that I will never pray Helgi for peace.'

Then he went aboard Ellidi, and they sailed out along the Sognifirth.

But when Frithiof was gone from home, King Halfdan spake to Helgi his brother: 'Good it were for the ruling of the land if Frithiof had payment for his masterful deed: now therefore let us burn his stead, and bring on him and his men such a storm on the sea as shall make an end of them.'

Helgi said it was a thing meet to be done.

So then they burned up clean all the stead at Framness and robbed it of all goods; and after that sent for two witch-wives, Heidi and Hamglom, and gave them money to raise against Frithiof and his men so mighty a storm that they should all be lost at sea. So they sped the witch-song, and went up on the witch-mount with spells and sorcery.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *FRITHIOF SAILS FOR THE ORKNEYS.*

So when Frithiof and his men were come out of the Sognifirth there fell on them great wind and storm, and an exceeding heavy sea: but the ship drave on swiftly, for sharp built she was, and the best sailer afloat.

So now Frithiof sang:

Oft let I swim from Sogni
My tarred ship sooty-sided,
When maids sat o'er the mead-horn
Amidst of Baldur's Meadows;
Now while the storm is wailing
Fare well I bid you maidens,
Still shall ye love us, sweet ones,
Though Ellidi the sea fill.

Said Biorn: 'Thou mightest well find other work to do than singing songs over the maids of Baldur's Meadows.'

'Of such work shall I not speedily run dry, though,' said Frithiof. And he sang withal:

Now is the sea a-swelling,
And sweepeth the rack onward;
Spells of old days cast o'er us
Make ocean all unquiet;
No more shall we be striving
Mid storm with wash of billows,
But Solundir shall shelter
Our ship with ice-beat rock-walls.

So they lay to under the lee of the Solundir Isles, and were minded to abide there; but straightway thereon the wind fell; then they turned away from under the lee of the islands, and now their voyage seemed hopeful to them, because the wind was fair awhile: but soon it began to freshen again.

Then sang Frithiof:

In days foredone
From Framness strand
I sailed to meet
Sweet Ingibiorg;
But now I sail
Through storm and cold,
And wide away
My long-worm drives.

And now when they were come far out into the main, once more the sea waxed wondrous troubled, and a storm arose with so great drift of snow, that none might see the stem from the stern; and they shipped seas, so that they must be ever a-baling. So Frithiof sang:

The salt waves see we nought
As seaward drive we ever
Before the witch-wrought wind,
We well-famed kings-defenders:
Hero are we all a-standing,
With all Solundir hull-down,
Eighteen brave lads a-baling
Black Ellidi to bring home.

Said Biorn: 'Needs must he who fareth far fall in with mishaps.'

'Yea, certes, foster-brother,' said Frithiof. And he sang withal:

Helgi it is that helpeth
The white-head billows' waxing;
Cold time unlike the kissing
In the close of Baldur's Meadow!
So is the hate of Helgi
To that heart's love she giveth.
O would that here I held her,
Gift high above all gifts!

'Maybe,' said Biorn, 'she is thinking of some one in better case than thou: what matter when all is said?'

'Well,' says Frithiof, 'now is the time to show ourselves to be men of avail, though blither tide it was at Baldur's Meadows.'

So they turned to in manly wise, for there were the bravest of men come together in the best ship of the Northlands. But Frithiof sang a stave:

The salt waves see we nought
Seaward and westward driven
Well is the water now
Like wild-fire cast about:
The great seawaves wash onward,
Swan-white the hills are tossing:
Ellidi walloweth ever
'Mid steep uneasy billows.

Then they shipped a huge sea, so that all stood a-baling. But Frithiof sang:

With love-moved mouth the maiden
Doth pledge me though I sink.
Ah! bright sheets lay a-bleaching,
East there on brents the swan loves.

Biorn said: 'Art thou of mind belike that the maids of Sogni will weep many tears over thee?'

'Certes,' said Frithiof, 'that was in my mind.'

Therewith so great a sea broke over the bows, that the water came in like a river; but it availed them much that the ship was so good, and the crew aboard her so hardy.

Now sang Biorn:

No widow, methinks,
To thee or me drinks;
No ring-bearer fair
Biddeth draw near;
Salt are our eyne
Soaked in the brine;
Strong our arms are no more,
And our eyelids smart sore.

Quoth Asmund: 'Small harm though your arms be tried somewhat, for no pity we had from you when we rubbed our eyes whenas ye must needs rise early a-mornings to go to Baldur's Meadows.'

'Well' said Frithiof, 'why singest thou not, Asmund?'

'Not I,' said Asmund; yet sang a ditty straightway:

Sharp work about the sail
When o'er the ship seas tumbled
And there was I a-working
Within-board 'gainst eight balers;
Better it was to bower,
Bringing the women breakfast,
Than here to be 'mid billows
Black Ellidi a-baling.

'Thou accountest thy help full high,' said Frithiof, laughing therewith; 'but sure it showeth the thrall's blood in thee that thou wouldst fain be a-waiting at table.'

Now it blew harder and harder yet, so that to those who were aboard the seas breaking on either side of them seemed liker to great cliffs and mountains than to waves.

Then Frithiof sang:

On bolster I sat
In Baldur's Mead erst,
And all songs that I could
To the king's daughter sang;
Now on Ran's[1] bed belike
Must I soon be a-lying
And another shall be
By Ingibiorg's side.

Biorn said: 'Terror lieth ahead of us, foster-brother, and now dread has crept into thy words, which is ill with such a good man as thou.'

Says Frithiof: 'Neither fear, nor fainting is it, though I sing now of those our merry journeys; yet perchance more has been said of them than need was; but most men would think death surer than life, if they were so bested as we be.'

'Yet shall I answer thee somewhat,' said Biorn, and sang:

Yet one gain have I gotten
Thou gatst not 'mid thy fortune,
For meet play did I make
With Ingibiorg's eight maidens;
Red rings we laid together
Aright in Baldur's Meadow,
When far off was the warder
Of the wide land of Halfdan.

'Well,' said he, 'we must be content with things as they are, foster-brother.'

Therewith so great a sea smote them, that the bulwark was broken and both the sheets, and four men were washed overboard and all lost.

Then sang Frithiof:

Both sheets are bursten
'Mid the great billows,
Four swains are sunk
In the fathomless sea.

'Now, meseems,' said Frithiof, 'it may well be that some of us will go to the house of Ran, nor shall we deem us well sped if we come not thither in glorious array; wherefore it seems good to me that each man of us here should have somewhat of gold on him.'

[1] Ran is the sea goddess.

Then he smote asunder the ring, Ingibiorg's gift, and shared it between all his men, and sang a stave withal:

The red ring here I hew
Once owned of Halfdan's father,
The rich lord of our land,
Ere the sea lay us low;
So on the guests shall gold be,
If we have need of guesting;
Meet so for mighty men
Amid Ran's hall to be.

'Not all so sure is it that we come there,' said Biorn, 'and yet it may well be so.'

Now Frithiof and his folk found that the ship had great way on her, and they knew not what lay ahead, for all was mirk on either board, so that none might see the stem or stern from amidships; and therewith was there great drift of spray amid the furious wind, and frost, and snow, and deadly cold. Now Frithiof went up to the masthead, and when he came down he said to his fellows: 'A sight exceeding wondrous have I seen, for a great whale went in a ring about the ship, and I misdoubt me that we come nigh to some land, and that he is keeping the shore against us; for certes King Helgi has dealt with us in no friendly wise, neither will this his messenger be friendly; moreover I saw two women on the back of the whale, and they it is who will have brought this great storm on us with the worst of spells and witchcraft; but now we shall try which may prevail, my fortune or their trollship, so steer ye at your straightest, and I will smite these evil things with beams.' Therewith he sang a stave:

See I troll women
Twain on the billows,
E'en they whom Helgi
Hither hath sent.
Ellidi now
Or ever her way stop
Shall smite the backs
Of these asunder.

So tells the tale that this wonder went with the good ship Ellidi, that she knew the speech of man.

But Biorn said: 'Now may we see the treason of those brethren against us.' Therewith he took the tiller, but Frithiof caught up a forked beam, and ran into the prow, and sang a stave:

Ellidi, hail!
Leap high o'er the billows!
Break of the troll wife
Brow or teeth!
Break cheek or jaw
Of the cursed woman,
One foot or twain
Of this foul thing.

Therewith he drave his fork at one of the skinchangers, and the beak of Ellidi smote the other on the back, and the backs of both were broken; but the whale plunged down and gat him gone, and they never saw it after. Then the wind fell, but the ship lay waterlogged; so Frithiof called out to his men, and bade bale out the ship, but Biorn said:

'No need to work now, verily!'

'Be thou not afeard, foster-brother,' said Frithiof, 'ever was it the wont of good men of old time to be helpful while they might, whatsoever should come after.'

And therewith he sang a stave:

No need, fair fellows,
Death to fear;
Rather be glad,
Good men of mine:
For if dreams wot aught
All nights they say
That I yet shall have
My Ingibiorg.

Then they baled out the ship; and they were now come nigh unto land; but there was yet a flaw of wind in their teeth. So then did Frithiof take the two bow oars again, and rowed full mightily. Therewith the weather brightened, and they saw that they were come out to Effia Sound, and so there they made land.

The crew were exceeding weary; but so stout a man was Frithiof that he bore eight men a-land over the fore-shore, but Biorn bore two, and Asmund one. Then sang Frithiof:

Fast bare I up
To the fire-lit house
My men all dazed
With the drift of the storm:
And the sail moreover
To the sand I carried;
With the might of the sea
Is there no more to do.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### *FRITHIOF AT THE ORKNEYS.*

Now Earl Angantyr was at Effia whenas Frithiof and his folk came a-land there. But his way it was, when he was sitting at the drink, that one of his men should sit at the watch-window, looking weatherward from the drinking hall, and keep watch there. From a great horn drank he ever; and still as one was emptied another was filled for him. And he who held the watch when Frithiof came a-land was called

Hallward; and now he saw where Frithiof and his men went, and sang a stave:

Men see I a-baling
Amid the storm's might;
Six bale on Ellidi
Seven are a-rowing;
Like is he in the stem,
Straining hard at the oars,
To Frithiof the bold,
The brisk in the battle.

So when he had drunk out the horn, he cast it in through the window, and spake to the woman who gave him drink:

Take up from the floor,
O fair-going woman,
The horn cast adown
Drunk out to the end!
I behold men at sea
Who, storm-beaten, shall need
Help at our hands
Ere the haven they make.

Now the Earl heard what Hallward sang; so he asked for tidings, and Hallward said: 'Men are come a-land here, much fore-wearied, yet brave lads belike: but one of them is so hardy that he beareth the others ashore.'

Then said the Earl, 'Go ye, and meet them, and welcome them in seemly wise; if this be Frithiof, the son of Duke Thorstein, my friend, he is a man famed far and wide for all prowess.' Then there took up the word a man named Atli, a great viking, and he spake: 'Now shall that be proven which is told of, that Frithiof hath sworn never to be first in the craving of peace.' There were ten men in company with him, all evil, and outrageous, who often wrought berserksgang.

So when they met Frithiof they took to their weapons.

But Atli said:

'Good to turn hither, Frithiof! Meeting ernes should claw; and we no less, Frithiof! Yea, and now may'st thou hold to thy word, and not crave first for peace.'

So Frithiof turned to meet them, and sang a stave:

Nay, nay, in nought
Now shall ye cow us.
Hearts full of dread,
Dwellers in islands!
Alone with you ten
The fight will I try,
Rather than pray
For peace at your hands.

Then came Hallward thereto, and spake:

'The Earl wills that ye all be made welcome here: neither shall any set on you.'

Frithiof said he would take that with a good heart; howsoever, he was ready for either peace or war.

So thereon they went to the Earl, and he made Frithiof and all his men right welcome, and they abode with him, in great honour holden, through the winter-tide; and oft would the Earl ask of their voyage; so Biorn sang:

There baled we, wight fellows,
Washed over and over
On both boards
By billows;
For ten days we baled there,
And eight thereunto.

The Earl said: 'Well nigh did the king undo you; it is ill seen of such like kings as are meet for nought but to overcome men by wizardry. But now I wot,' says Angantyr, 'of thine errand hither, Frithiof, that thou art sent after the scat: whereto I give thee a speedy answer, that never shall King Helgi get scat of me, but to thee will I give money, even as much as thou wilt; and thou mayest call it scat if thou hast a mind to, or whatso else thou wilt.'

So Frithiof said that he would take the money.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *KING RING WEDS INGIBIORG.*

Now shall it be told of what came to pass in Norway the while Frithiof was away: for those brethren let burn up all the stead at Framness. Moreover, while the weird sisters were at their spells they tumbled down from off their high watch-mount, and brake both their backs.

That autumn came King Ring north to Sogni to his wedding, and there at a noble feast drank his bridal with Ingibiorg.

'Whence came that goodly ring which thou hast on thine arm?' said King Ring to Ingibiorg.

She said her father had owned it, but he answered and said:

'Nay, for Frithiof's gift it is: so take it off thine arm straightway; for no gold shalt thou lack whenas thou comest to Elfhome.'

So she gave the ring to King Helgi's wife, and bade her give it to Frithiof when he came back.

Then King Ring wended home with his wife, and loved her with exceeding great love.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *FRITHIOF BRINGS THE TRIBUTE TO THE KINGS.*

THE spring after these things Frithiof departed from the Orkneys and Earl Angantyr in all good liking; and Hallward went with Frithiof.

But when they came to Norway they heard tell of the burning of Frithiof's stead.

So when he was gotten to Framness, Frithiof said: 'Black is my house now; no friends have been at work here.' And he sang withal:

Frank and free,
With my father dead,
In Framness old
We drank aforetime;
Now my abode
Behold I burned;
For many ill deeds
The kings must I pay.

Then he sought rede of his men what was to be done; but they bade him look to it; then he said that the tribute must first be paid out of hand. So they rowed over the Firth to Syrstrand; and there they heard that the kings were gone to Baldur's Meads to sacrifice to the gods; so Frithiof and Biorn went up thither and bade Hallward and Asmund break up meanwhile all ships, both great and small, that were anigh; and they did so. Then went Frithiof and his follow to the door at Baldur's Meads, and Frithiof would go in. Biorn bade him fare warily, since he must needs go in alone; but Frithiof charged him to abide without, and keep watch; and he sang a stave:

And alone go I
Unto the stead;
No folk I need
For the finding of kings;
But cast ye the fire
O'er the kings' dwelling,
If I come not again
In the cool of the dusk.

'Ah,' said Biorn, 'a goodly singing!'

Then went Frithiof in, and saw but few folk in the Hall of the Gods; there were the kings at their sacrifice, sitting a-drinking; a fire was there on the floor, and the wives of the kings sat thereby, a-warming the gods, while others anointed them, and wiped them with napkins.

So Frithiof went up to King Helgi and said: 'Have here thy scat!'

And therewith he raised up the purse wherein was the silver, and drave it on to the face of the king; whereby were two of his teeth

knocked out, and he fell down stunned in his high seat; but Halfdan got hold of him, so that he fell not into the fire. Then sang Frithiof:

Have here thy scat,
High lord of the warriors!
Heed that and thy teeth,
Lest all tumble about thee!
Lo the silver abides
At the end of this bag,
That Biorn and I
Betwixt us have borne.

Now there were but few folk in the chamber, because the drinking was in another place; so Frithiof went out straightway along the floor, and beheld therewith that goodly ring of his on the arm of Helgi's wife as she warmed Baldur at the fire; so he took hold of the ring, but it was fast to her arm, and he dragged her by it over the pavement toward the door, and Baldur fell from her into the fire; then Halfdan's wife caught hastily at Baldur, whereby the god that she was warming fell likewise into the fire, and the fire caught both the gods, for they had been anointed, and ran up thence into the roof, so that the house was ablaze; but Frithiof got the ring to him ere he came out. So then Biorn asked him what had come of his going in there; but Frithiof held up the ring and sang a stave:

The heavy purse smote Helgi,
Hard 'midst his scoundrel's visage;
Lowly bowed Halfdan's brother,
Fell bundling 'mid the high seat;
There Baldur fell a-burning;
But my bright ring I gat;
Fast from the roaring fire
The bent crone forth I dragged.

Men say that Frithiof cast a firebrand up on to the roof, so that the hall was all ablaze, and therewith sang a stave:

Down stride we toward the strand,
And strong deeds set a-going,
For now the blue flame bickers
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow.

And therewith they went down to the sea.

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## CHAPTER X.

### *FRITHIOF MADE AN OUTLAW.*

But as soon as King Helgi had come to himself he bade follow after Frithiof speedily, and slay them all, both him and his fellows: 'A wrongdoer who heedeth no Place of Peace!' So they blew the

assembly for the kings' men, and when they came out to the hall they saw that it was afire, so King Halfdan went thereto with some of the folk, but King Helgi followed after Frithiof and his men, who were by then gotten a-shipboard and were hard at it.

Now King Helgi and his men find that all the ships are scuttled, and they have to turn back to shore, and have lost some men: then waxed the king so wroth that he grew mad, and he bent his bow, and laid an arrow on the string, and drew at Frithiof so mightily that the bow brake asunder in the midst.

But when Frithiof saw that, then he gat him to the two bow oars of Ellidi, and laid so hard on them that they both broke and with that he sang a stave:

Young Ingibiorg
Kissed I aforetime,
Kissed Beli's daughter
In Baldur's Meadow.
So shall the oars
Of Ellidi
Break both together
As Helgi's bow breaks.

Then the wind ran down the firth and they hoisted sail and sailed; but Frithiof bade them look to it that they might have no long abiding there. And so withal they sailed out of the Sogni-firth, and Frithiof sang:

Sail we away from Sogni,
E'en as we sailed just now,
When flared the fire all over
The house that was my father's;
Now is the bale a-burning
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow:
But as a wolf I wend forth,
Well wot I they have sworn it.

'What shall we turn to now, foster-brother?' said Biorn.

'I may not abide here in Norway,' said Frithiof; 'I will learn the ways of warriors, and sail a-warring.'

So they searched the isles and out-skerries the summer long, and gathered thereby riches and renown; but in autumn-tide they made for the Orkneys, and Angantyr gave them good welcome, and they abode there through the winter-tide.

But when Frithiof was gone from Norway the kings held a Thing, whereat was Frithiof made an outlaw throughout their realm: they took his lands to them, moreover, and King Halfdan took up his abode at Framness, and built up again all Baldur's Meadow, though it was long ere the fire was slaked there. This misliked King Helgi most, that the gods were all burned up, and great was the cost or ever Baldur's Meadow was built anew fully equal to its first estate.

So King Helgi abode still at Syrstrand.

[*To be continued.*]

# Recollections of American Universities: Harvard.

By Thomas Hughes, M.P.

You start from opposite the Revere House in Boston, the turning-point for the horse-cars which run out to the west and north-west of the city, if you are bent on visiting Harvard, the oldest and most celebrated University in the United States. The suburb of Cambridge, in which it lies, is, I should guess (they don't help one's judging-distance faculty by milestones in the States), a short five miles from Boston Common, and the fare by horse-car only ten cents, or five pence. Riding in horse-cars is the only cheap thing you can do in America, unless, indeed, you want to go to school. You trot down to the long wooden bridge over the inner harbour, and across it, generally in sparkling sunshine; and, as you look back at the receding city, with Bunker's Hill monument on the left, and the State House on the highest point straight behind you, and the long masses of sober, solid red brick lining the harbour and the hill-sides, and the groves of mast-heads which you catch here and there over some low warehouse or building—well, how do you feel? proud, I should hope, to see the old stock striking down its roots so deep in a new and wider England, and to know that whatever else Boston may do—and there are few things she couldn't do if she were once 'sot' on them—there is just one thing that she can no more manage than Thor could manage to lift the world serpent, and that is to de-Anglicanise herself.

After you cross the harbour bridge you have gentle collar-work nearly all the way to Cambridge. The little grey horses trot briskly along the tramway and up the slope, even if, as often happens, they have twenty extra passengers standing up the middle of the car, and hanging on to every available foot or hand-hold. The patient Yankee never utters a word of complaint, though the Company hasn't paid him a cent dividend on his shares these two years, and yet crowds him in a way which would very soon land an Englishman in a fever or a police court. At the end of half an hour or so, if you are on the look out for collegiate buildings, you become suddenly aware of a white structure, which, though much

smaller and a decided caricature, reminds you of King's College Chapel at our Cambridge, having even more exaggerated four-corner pinnacles, like the legs of a kitchen table turned upside down, as Mr. Ruskin or some other profane critic has said of its original. This is the University Library, and beyond it, on the right of the road, stand the Halls and the Chapel, half a dozen large blocks, upon a not very well trimmed lawn of seven acres or thereabouts called 'College Yard,' and in the shade of some really fine timber. The chapel is very ugly, but, unlike the library, has no architectural pretensions. The other blocks, Old Massachussets, Holworthy, Thayer, and others the names of which I forget, are all respectable, and one or two handsome, the best reminding me of the old buildings of Marlborough College. The Memorial Hall—dedicated to the Harvard men who volunteered for the war, about six hundred in number (exclusive of medical men and clergymen), of whom sixty-three, more than one in ten, fell in battle—will, however, be by far the finest building of the University. The corner-stone was laid on the 6th of last October. It will comprise a theatre, a 'Hall of the Alumni,' and a 'Monumental Hall,' and will be the heart of the College, as Judge Hoar said in his address, although it is divided from the rest of the buildings by the broad shady road which sweeps round them, splitting up opposite the College precincts into several smaller, but still broad, avenues, which carry the tramways, in single lines some miles further towards Lexington, Concord, and other agricultural townships.

And now that we have fairly reached Harvard and got out of the car, what is the first thing that strikes one accustomed to our English Universities? In my case it certainly was, the absence of all walls round the College precincts, and consequently of the air of seclusion which is stamped on our colleges. Each of these is a little academic fortress against an unlearned and profane world, which undergraduates can only penetrate through the porter's lodge, and cannot leave at all after 'Tom' is down. But the Harvard grove and Yard lie open to the road. There is not even a postern rail round the greater part; and Massachussets, Holworthy, and the rest open on the Yard, with no porter's lodge at their entrance or bars to their windows. If an undergraduate is at morning chapel and lectures—or recitations as they say at Harvard—he is free to go and come as he pleases. The institution of proctors, with their staff of marshals and bulldogs is unknown, and 'gating' of course an impossibility. Nor could I hear that any ill results follow from this neglect of what we consider salutary discipline. Artemus Ward said that he had found Harvard at the bar of Parker's Hotel in Boston, but the joke, so far as I could judge, has the slightest possible foundation of truth.

The entire absence of academic costume is the next most salient external difference. Oxford or Cambridge without caps and gowns would lose probably much more than mere picturesqueness, but Harvard would gain little by adopting them. The genius of the place is

opposed to formalities or trappings of all kinds, and holds its own without them. There is no want of dignity in the gatherings on great occasions, if I may judge by the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Memorial Hall, at which I was lucky enough to be present. The graduates of former years, ex-governors, and senators, foreign ministers, poets, artists, parsons, merchants and men of all ages and callings, with the invited guests, met 'the Faculty' in the Library. There we were marshalled two and two, the graduates according to seniority —headed by those who had served in the war, in their old uniforms, mostly laid aside for five years—by Colonel Leigh of the governor's staff, and some assistant-marshals selected from the fourth year students. We then marched in procession to a monster tent which had been erected on the site of the new building, through lines of the present students, a large portion of whom followed in the rear and found room in the tent. After an opening prayer and a report of progress, Judge Hoar (one of the joint Commission about to sit at Washington) delivered an address well worthy the occasion. I wish I could find room here for more than a short extract: 'The laying of corner-stones is in some sort the business of a University; and it is never inopportune for the friends of this Institution to consider upon what foundations Harvard College desires to build. Its founders sought to establish a Christian commonwealth for the service of God and the highest good of man. The two mottoes successively placed upon the College seal—*Veritas* and *Christo et Ecclesiae*—indicate their idea of the standard and test of character, and of the uses of life. To be true in thought, true in act, true to conviction, true to duty—this is the first lesson which Harvard seeks to teach. And next, the lesson of public duty; the devotion of all faculties and powers and possessions to the service of mankind. She would consecrate all her sons to Him who served and died for men, and enrol them in that great company of the faithful, whose confessors and martyrs have followed in the same footsteps.' After which the stone was laid by General Meade of Gettysburg, a prayer offered by an Episcopal clergyman, and the ceremony concluded with a hymn written for the occasion by a graduate of forty years' standing, the 'autocrat of the breakfast table,' whose son—late a colonel, now a learned, most diligent Boston lawyer, and editor of Kent's 'Commentaries'—was amongst the survivors of the war, in his old soiled uniform. At the risk of outrunning my space I must give the words:

Not with the anguish of hearts that are breaking
Come we, as mourners, to weep for our dead,
Grief in our hearts has grown weary with aching,
Green is the turf where our tears we have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are creeping,
Stealing each name and its record away,
Give their proud story to memory's keeping,
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their marches,
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of morn—
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and arches,
Tell their bright deeds to the ages unborn.

Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,
Key-stone may crumble and pillar may fall,
*They* were the builders whose work is immortal,
Crowned with the dome that is over us all.

The ceremony was over, and as we dispersed to luncheon I felt that no silver pokers, or scarlet and velvet robes, or Ciceronian Latin, could have added anything to its simple and solemn dignity, excellent as such things are in their own places. There was a stand-up lunch in Massachussets Hall, from which, however, I passed on to one of a 'steadier' kind at the Porcellian Club, one of the most characteristic of Harvard institutions.

And yet only a small minority of Harvards, past or present, know much more of the Porcellian than its name; for the Club's members are extremely limited, and the rule rigidly enforced, that no student, not being a member, be allowed to set foot within its exclusive precincts. Turning up a narrow entry opposite College Yard, and mounting to the first floor, you pass through an old black door into the Club. A suite of sober rooms, dark-furnitured, small, and snug, with all the respectability of their eighty years' existence about them. A carved boar's head on one of the walls grins attention to the derivation of the Porcellian's name, reminding members that they are to live the life of 'Epicuri de grege porci.' The library is good, and was, I take it, the chief pride and most prized treasure of the Club in old days, when Prescott the historian, and Everett the orator were Porcellians, and signed their names to the Club formula: 'I solemnly promise and declare that I will not in any way reveal the acts or constitution of the Porcellian Club.' In these last days I suspect the Club has fallen over far into the popular eating-and-drinking idea of the Epicurean philosophy, and cares more about its goodly show of plate presented by past members, and the excellence of its wines, cigars, and cookery, than about the condition of its library. Once every fortnight the Porcellians breakfast together, solemnly and artistically no doubt; but what effect this act has upon the constitutions of the members they are pledged not to reveal, and I accordingly leave it to be imagined. They are at any rate a hearty, hospitable set of fellows to strangers, and know how to put an undeniable lunch upon the table on such occasions as the Memorial Hall ceremonies. At present I believe the number of Porcellians has dwindled to five, as the 'Apostles' at our Cambridge did to two some twenty years ago. These are not enough to make a satisfactory College Club, and all well-wishers to the Porcellians must hope to see its list of members lengthening.

Talking of lunch reminds me that it is close upon half-past one, and

club-table at Brown's expects me. Harvard has unfortunately no institutions answering to our College Halls and butteries, for I refuse to be so uncomplimentary as to say that Commons, a deserted and converted railway depôt, some three hundred yards from College Yard, in which as many students take their meals, is in any sense accepted as a College Hall. The consequence is that small parties of friends organise private messes, called club-tables, at various houses in the town, which lay themselves out specially for this business, and often serve two or three separate tables in different rooms. A club-table provides breakfast at seven A.M.—the earliness of the hour is sufficiently accounted for by the considerations that morning chapel at a quarter before seven must be attended at least five week-days out of six, and that recitations begin at eight—dinner at half-past one, and tea between six and seven. The dinner is about as good and quite as nicely served as that of Bachelors at our universities. One difference you remark at once. The only drink upon the table is iced water: all alcoholic liquors are prohibited by ordinance of the Faculty (the governing body), and anyone who wants that supplement to his dinner must add it elsewhere, at the Porcellian, for instance, or at the less sumptuous quarters of the A. Δ.

And what, pray, may the A. Δ. be? A club of retiring disposition, which lies withdrawn from public view in the upper story of an unconscious-looking wheelwright's shop, in the sleepiest and most innocent of by-ways. Its fifteen members are elected with fixed formalities. The out-going Seniors elect seven Juniors, who proceed, in their turn, to choose eight of their own class-mates, and so the ordained number is preserved. But do my readers know what Seniors and Juniors are? The body of students, or *boys*, as they are familiarly called and call themselves, have a four years' course before them from the October of their entrance, and are always known, for distinction, as the Class of that year in which they are to graduate. Thus a Freshman entering next October will be distinguished all through his time as one of the Class of '75, while none the less he undergoes an annual change of name, becoming successively Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. The result of the members of each Class being banded together in this way, and having no plurality of colleges to separate them, is the growth of a strong Class feeling, which often keeps 'boys' of different standing lamentably estranged from one another. But we must not keep the door of the A. Δ. standing open any longer. The single room tenanted by the Club is a cosy little place. Light literature and a few newspapers lie strewn about, and in one corner is a cupboard, which contains a store of bottled beer, wines, cigars, cheese, crackers (*Anglice*, plain biscuits), potted ham, and suchlike delicacies. No servant is wanted. Everything in the cupboard is labelled with its price: members help themselves to whatever they want, and enter their debts in a book for that

purpose provided. The A. Δ. was originally an intellectual Club, and took mysterious Greek characters for its name after the fashion of American college secret societies in general, and of the celebrated Φ. B. K. in particular, which latter Club has Professor Lowell, author of 'The Biglow Papers,' for its president, and yearly incorporates the thirty best scholars of a Class. But another generation has arisen which knows not the old A. Δs, and aims only at being sociable and having monthly suppers.

Not many steps away, a climb up the steep narrow staircases of (I think) another wheelwright's—a grimy climb, past dusty workshops, where old wood and iron lie forlorn—leads at last to a long, dingy, low-ceilinged room, towards one end of which is the appearance of a stage. More mystic Greek characters on the proscenium. This is the club room of the Δ. K. E., an *un*licensed dramatic society, which serves Sophomores as a preparatory school for the licensed glories of the Pudding. But stay—*seniores priores*; courtesy forbids any detailed description of the copy till some notice at least has been taken of the original.

The Pudding, then, is a dramatic club of venerable antiquity, taking its name from the nature of the simple refection served at its monthly meetings, to wit, fries (fried slices of hasty-pudding) and molasses, mush (oatmeal porridge) and milk, eaten with spoons of pewter. It is strictly limited to fifty members, Seniors and Juniors exclusively, and to belong to it is a general object of ambition. And not unnaturally; for, to say nothing of its traditions, the Pudding gives monthly dramatic performances, offering constant openings to its men of action, and moreover possesses a very fair library of fact and fiction. But the club's collection of play-bills is certainly the most interesting and original thing it can show to a transient stranger. Great pains, fertile invention, and a good deal of humour go to the designing and colouring of these huge bills, which adorn the walls of the theatre on performance nights. Each Class tries to outdo its predecessors, and, when its Senior year is over, binds its play-bills into a volume for the envy and amusement of posterity. Once in every volume you come upon a design in which strawberries are the predominant feature. Every such bill, be sure, hung on the wall on Strawberry Night, an annual festivity in June, when it is allowed to add strawberries, ice cream, and other extras to the Spartan supper of ordinary meetings. The homely old rooms of the Pudding are in the garrets of Stoughton Hall, and are devoted to dramatic purposes with the knowledge and consent of the Faculty. Not so the Δ. K. E., of which it is enough to say that it performs monthly, and elaborates play-bills, in reverent imitation of its prototype. The Δ. K. E., however, enjoys a pleasant belief that the Faculty have no suspicion of its existence and whereabouts. Perhaps.

Two serious questions forced themselves upon my mind with regard to these dramatic societies. What time can students be expected to find for work who live in such a constant turmoil of stage-business as

monthly performances necessarily imply? And what would become of actors and audience in the very possible event of fire? The theatres are in the topmost floors of old buildings, and have but one exit apiece, and those down narrow, crooked staircases.

But leaving the clubs to take care of themselves, let us stroll a short half mile through Cambridge to the new College boat-house on the Charles River. At this point the Charles is a stream of very moderate width, and, at low water, not attractive to the eye; but, being a tidal river, it widens rapidly as it approaches Boston Harbour. It is practicable for the Harvard crews to a distance of two miles and a half above the boat-house, and for four miles, hampered at intervals by long low bridges, below. The down-stream course is the favourite one, but it is October, and there is little doing on the river. Just one or two boys, stripped to the waist, are taking exercise in 'single-sculls,' or in clumsy nondescript outrigged boats termed wherries; stripped, because to have the brownest back in the University is every rowing boy's ambition; but nothing else is stirring. Winter comes on so soon after the College meets in October that no systematic rowing is attempted before spring; the sixes—there are no eight-oared boats at Harvard—rest on their brackets, and the freshmen are spared until their second term. I was astonished to find that the boys have no regular bathing-place. Anyone who wants a swim must jump off the boat-house raft, and take it.

This want of a bathing-place is only one of many signs of the indifference to variety of pastimes which soon strikes an Englishman at Harvard. Cricket has been voted too tedious, and is not, I believe, played at all. The same may now be said of football, for a certain annual collision between Sophomores and Freshmen, on a day known as Bloody Monday, has brought out an ordinance against the game. So base-ball, a game almost identical with the 'rounders' of our schools, enjoys undisputed pre-eminence among land sports. The Harvard Nine have reached a high degree of excellence in this national game, as many Americans love to call it, and they are said to be superior to any club in the States, excepting perhaps the professional White and Red Stockings. I do not deny that the game is a good one, when well played, but frequent accidents are caused to hands and knees by the violence with which the ball is thrown in to the bases, and it has not a tithe of the skill or variety of cricket. There is plenty of rowing on the Charles from spring up to the long vacation, and a gymnasium near the site of the Memorial Hall; but neither tennis, rackets, nor fives.

Still, Nature has given Harvard students their due allowance of animal spirits, which they have had no opportunity of expanding at an American Eton or Rugby, and consequently let off at college in a multitude of schoolboy practices. 'Been hazed yet, Jim?' was the question which naturally rose first to the lips of two young

ladies whom I accompanied in a visit to their Freshman cousin's semi-furnished quarters. To 'haze' is a general term, comprehending all kinds of interference with a Freshman, from smoking up a box of cigars which he may have thoughtlessly purchased and displayed, to the roughest sort of practical joke.

> We think it is no sin, sir,
> To take the Freshmen in, sir,
> To drive dull care away.
> It's a way we have at old Harvard
> To drive dull care away,

says one of the favourite college songs, and it doesn't go beyond the truth. The Sophomores are the chief offenders. Between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes there exists a traditional and cherished enmity. Twelve months together at college has made an organised body of the former, and they use this advantage to the full to haze and 'rough' the unorganised mob of Freshmen. Even on the day of the Memorial Hall ceremonies a free fight was extemporised just outside the tent in which the stone was being laid, occasioned by the astounding presumption of certain Freshmen, who had ventured to appear in beaver hats. It is an established ordinance of the Sophomore despots that no Freshman do, under any circumstances, wear a 'beaver,' and any infringement of this rule renders the offenders liable to be 'rushed.' And it is by no means pleasant to be 'rushed,' for a 'rush' means a sweep of a whole Class across College Yard, hand-in-hand, forcibly removing all comers in the way, and perhaps pitching one or two against the big elms with which the ground is thickly dotted.

While we are in the Yard, let us step into one or two of the Halls, and see what kind of quarters the boys live in. The usual arrangement is that two friends, chums, 'room' together, that is, share a common sitting-room, with separate bedrooms opening out of it. But, in old Holworthy, a single large room with a couple of beds at one end is all that is allotted to each pair of chums, while again, in Gray, there is no chumming, but each student has a room to himself, with his bed in a curtained alcove. I should have supposed a desire to have one's own private and particular castle to be so strong by nature in everybody's breast that Gray would have been prime favourite of all the 'rooming' halls; but for some reason or other, the darkness of the alcoves perhaps, it is certainly unpopular, and the more gregarious system of chumming far preferred. Now and then in the rooms you will see, over a bedroom door, a slip of wood bearing the occupant's name in bold white letters on a black ground. Be properly impressed by the sight, for it means nothing less than that in that bedroom sleeps a member of the envied Pudding Club.

I have left it to be assumed that, all this time, our Harvard boys are going through a daily round of work, as well as engaging in the manifold diversions of college life. Recitations begin every morning at

eight and go on until one, and there are some, I think, in the afternoon as well. But there is no searching examination, competitive or otherwise, to be gone through, I believe, previously to the B.A. degree. A student's final place in his Class is determined by the aggregate number of marks which he may have managed to accumulate during the whole of his four years at college. A most unsatisfactory and delusive plan; for where marks for scholarship, regularity, and a host of other things are added up into one sum-total, the results produced are sure to be ridiculously fallacious. The system is, in fact, the apotheosis of respectable mediocrity. I was glad to hear that the authorities are even now busy devising some better means of testing the comparative merits of their *alumni*.

Class-day, near the end of June, on which degrees are taken, is traditionally observed by the graduating Seniors. They solemnly elect a chaplain, an orator, a poet, an odist, three marshals, and an ivy orator, and march in procession to the chapel, where, all alone, they listen to a sermon, an oration, a poem, and an ode composed by their own chosen class-mates. The procession then returns across College Yard to Class-Day Tree, round whose ample trunk a garland has meanwhile been tied just out of arm's reach. Here they have another oration, from the ivy orator, and dance hand in hand round the tree, till, at a signal, all rush wildly forward, and jump to tear down keepsakes from the garland. And so, with his hands full of flowers, and a swelling heart, the Harvard boy goes forth, hopeful and trustful, into the great world of men.

[*To be continued.*]

# The Sun of My Songs.

The birds are all a-singing,
The skies are mad with winging;
And quick the seed-shells crackle, crickle, crackling up the earth;
The blossoms are thick in the trees,
The pleasance is crowded with bees;
The fountain up-leaps, the anemonies
Are shrill with the crickets in mirth.

And under her window I waited;—
Alas, she was still in bed!
My spring was all belated—
My sun is her golden head;
And all my song
Was: 'Ding, dong,
Summer is dead,
Spring is dead,
Winter is groaning along,
The birds are singing all wrong;
I would I were dead.'

From out her dreams she drifted,
The coverlet quick lifted,
And lithe her white-rose body uncurl'd from her snow-white smock,
And tall at the window, and fair,
She combèd her golden hair,—
So fair—I would I were there, I were there,
To dazzle me dead in each lock.

'O madman, a dev'l to your dirging;
For spring's in the earth and the sky;
The rivers and meads are all surging
With red bud-coifs thrown by;
And every flower is shaking her head,
A-sheveling her hair on a green leaf bed,
And making her comely and meet to be wed;

Yet all your song
Is—'Ding, dong,
Summer is dead,
Spring is dead—
O my heart, and O my head!
Go a-singing a silly song,
All wrong,
For all is dead,
Ding, dong,
And I am dead,
Dong!'

. . . . . .

'O gold my sun up-waking,
Your curtain clouds a-breaking,
Like runnels, rustling trees and merles, my songs out-sing your spring;
I'll sing of the warm blush-rose,
And mellow the honey that flows
I' the bud that ripe to a full mouth blows,
Or white the bloom-bosom with love that glows,
And the gold-hair'd sun that makes me to sing.'

'And yet to your honour I'll twine
A garland fresh and fine;
And all the flowers that I shall pluck,
The sweetest that bees suck,
Shall be these songs of mine.
Oh! such songs for me to sing,
Ding, dong,
Summer along,
And spring;
All along, long life along—
After death they still shall sing,
Like to seeds of winter-thinking,
All their bud-shells crankle-crinking,
Shooting into summer song,
Bursting into blossoming.'

THEO. MARZIALS.

# Dramatic Art Representation.

The Essay 'On some of the Old Actors' and that 'On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century' are among Elia's most pleasant lucubrations. While reading them, we sit with their author in the pit, and listen to him as to a sage discoursing on the philosophy of scenic art. Besides other excellent gifts as a theatrical critic, Lamb possessed an indispensable one for sound judgment in such matters. Entertainments of the stage were not to him mere pastime—the toy of idle hours. He respected the art which he loved and described so well. He was instructed as well as entertained by it. It lifted him for the moment above the sphere of common life: it engaged his affections, exercised his understanding, stimulated his imagination. He treasured the representation in his memory: he reflected on it long after the curtain had fallen.

This is the proper temperament for a playgoer. He who frequents the theatre for amusement only, or because he has an hour or two to spare, misses much of what it should afford him, and perhaps much also that he professes to seek. Few things are harder to attain than mere amusement for idle and vacant minds. The jaded looks of many spectators at a play are owing quite as much to want of interest in the performance, as to the causes usually assigned—gas or tainted air. Such spectators, bringing nothing with them in harmony with the drama enacted, depart neither sadder nor wiser, nor perhaps merrier than they were when they took their tickets. They go next day to their farm or their merchandise unrefreshed. They would as lief, to confess the truth, have been somewhere else. They cannot tell whether the Seneca of tragedy or the Plautus of comedy was too heavy or too light for them. They are indeed glad that their friend from the country or 'the children' enjoyed their evening—that is a satisfaction. But for themselves, a quiet rubber or an evening paper, or a 'little music' is more to their liking.

The vapid play-goer, however, is not the only evil under the theatrical sun. He is, if compared with 'the Old Playgoer,' a passive nuisance. In nine out of ten cases this veteran is an *active* one. He begins his odious comparisons even before the curtain rises. He likes not the stalls; the pit, with its uncushioned benches, was more to his mind. He

prefers oil-lamps and wax-candles to gas-burners. The strong light thrown on the stage and the partial darkening of the house while the curtain is up are needless innovations. He breaks you in gently for greater grievances. Between the acts, perhaps during the performance, he will impart to you that although Mr. W. is playing very respectably, you should have seen Mr. X. in the character. If the son of a retired or deceased actor be on the stage, you are apprised of his not being fit to hold a candle to his father. Richard Crookback has his hump on the wrong shoulder; Macbeth should wear a kilt and tartan, and not chain mail; Lady Teazle should have copied her dress from Miss Farren's portrait at the Garrick Club. He commiserates all *post-nati*: he is one of the last of the chosen people of the drama's golden age. He is, in short, like Elia's 'Poor Relation,' 'an unwelcome remembrancer; a death's-head at your banquet; a Mordecai at your gate; the one thing not needful; the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.'

And there is yet another evil under the same sun, and perhaps, if possible, a worse—and that is the Young Playgoer, who believes, and tries hard to make you to believe also, that, as regards theatrical representations, you and he are living in the best of all possible worlds. He expends much eloquence in denouncing the 'legitimate drama,' and the 'old school of actors.' He is of opinion that our sires and grandsires knew nothing of acting. Was not John Kemble a droning pedagogue? Did not Mrs. Siddons wear high-heeled shoes and a hoop, and who in such costume could pretend to be 'natural, affecting'? How could people in their senses sit out a five-act comedy, and that played on an uncarpeted and barely furnished stage? Then as for tragedies or historical dramas, how could they move pity or terror, as that prig Aristotle tells us they ought to do! What is Hecuba to us, stilted old shrew as she was? What earthly interest could people take in the fortunes of the Plantagenets? Is it not good for us to be rid of such royal and noble phantoms, and to have replaced them by reformed convicts, adroit swindlers, by ladies who cannot love their husbands, and husbands' friends who make themselves *very* 'much at home.' Then as to stage effect, what mean devices were painted canvas and a few poor properties in comparison with *real* fire and *real* water, and, *comble de bonheur*, a *real* cab on the stage? We have heard more than one of these unwise 'young judges' lamenting the clumsy construction of a Shakesperian play, and suggesting improvements in the 'School for Scandal.' The old Athenian in 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes, cursing the hour in which a son was born to him, who dared to call Aeschylus a fogey, and the son caning his father for denouncing Euripides as a ribald and an atheist, are standing types of these two kinds of playgoers. We have dwelt upon these nuisances longer perhaps than they deserve; but if, as is often asserted, the national drama be on the decline, they, in our opinion, have a great deal to answer for in their several modes of regarding it. From the public

Caesar there is no appeal in its judgments of plays; and therefore whatever tends to bias its decisions ought to rest upon some general principles, and not upon private caprice or mutable fashion. Authors, actors, and audiences benefit by sound criticism, and are affected by bad: an incompetent or timid judge on the bench may establish evil precedents or misdirect the jury. Such censors as Lamb, Hazlitt, and the Hunts made the performers careful, the spectators vigilant. They assigned reasons for praising or blaming. They understood the power which the stage, in a healthy condition, can exert on the public taste. They ranked the drama among liberal arts, able to refine the manners and humanise the feelings of an audience. They wrote and spoke of actor and author without fear or favour. They were not partisans of one or the other. They thought of something beyond their report in next morning's paper. Even the Cynthias of the minute—those straws that show the wind's quarter—were weighed by them in a just balance. We do not believe, as will presently appear, the drama to be on the decline. We cannot say the same of its critics. The sound of their trumpet being so uncertain, it is not surprising if the public itself, readier to be guided than to lead, be inconsistent in its likes and dislikes. It has its hot and cold fits, its fancies and caprices. It verifies the proverb of the hedge and horse stealing. Its verdicts on stage performances too often remind us of the reasons assigned for not liking Dr. Fell. Is it possible to replace the national drama in the position it held when the leaders of society in art and literature frequented the pit and boxes; when statesmen were not too busy to attend the performances of Garrick, Mrs. Abington, Henderson, or the Kembles, and when even a bishop might occasionally be seen among the spectators? Many schemes have been devised for so desirable a result. Some stage-doctors prescribe a course of Shakespeare and the classical drama: others, assistance from the public purse for a particular theatre in which only the highest class of plays shall be permitted: others, a classification of theatres similar to that which is practically, if not compulsorily, adopted in Paris: others—and if they are the more sanguine we think them the most sound in their opinion—maintain that a people's theatre must be created and sustained by the people itself; that decline, if it exist, cannot be arrested by remedies from without; and that the art which, if it be true to itself and deserving of the name, cannot be forced like a hot-house plant.

Let us examine one or two of these several projects. We begin by remarking that Shakespeare himself is very oddly dealt with by the British public. Editions upon editions of his plays, comments and essays upon them, speculations on the drift and meaning of his sonnets, are heaped up on our shelves, and it is part of the creed of every true Englishman that Shakespeare is the foremost man of all the scenic world. Is he at the present moment being enacted at any house in London? Does he draw provincial audiences? Are his works or his words familiar to the younger

generations of the age? Will an announcement on the bills of 'Hamlet' or 'As you like it' fill the stalls as they were filled to welcome Mademoiselle Schneider? Would 'Lear' thin the crowd at a music hall, or 'Macbeth' induce nobility and gentry to forego evenings at the Opera House? 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' indeed has recently attracted a goodly number of spectators, but what did they go from their clubs or firesides to see? Not the beauteous dream of the poet, but Mr. Phelps in the character of Bottom the Weaver. There is much lip-service in England's worship of Shakespeare. No library is considered complete that has not at least one copy of his plays: no theatre seems to be thought complete that exhibits them. Few people would risk saying, as honest George III. did, that many of them were 'stuff, sad stuff;' even now Voltaire is not forgiven for his '*d'ailleurs grand fou.*' Yet the idol of the nation is all but banished from his proper temple. 'Oh, but there are no actors who can represent his plays,' is the stereotyped reply to this unquestionable fact—'Sint Maecenates non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.' Once let the people begin to honour Shakespeare in their hearts, and not with their tongues only, and actors will not be wanting; nay, there is a fair supply of them at this moment wasting their time and talents on what we are pleased to call 'sensational dramas.'

And when Shakespeare was frequently performed at the principal London theatres, were audiences content with his plays as he wrote them? Were they not trimmed by adapters and managers to make them endurable to his worshippers? A list of the perversions of his text and plots might weary the reader and would exhaust our space. Garrick, we know, cut out the grave-diggers' scene from 'Hamlet.' John Kemble—even classic John—mixed up Tomson's 'Coriolanus' with Shakespeare's, and performed the 'Tempest' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' with the rhetorical and impure additions to them by Dryden. Edmund Kean, to his perpetual honour, essayed to do what no one of his predecessors in tragedy ventured. He tried to perform Shakespeare's, and not Nahum Tate's, 'Lear'—and he failed in the attempt. The public would have the 'new version' by the translator of the Psalms restored to them. Macready was as unsuccessful in his efforts to replace the genuine 'Richard the Third.' The public would not give up Colley Cibber's travestie of it. Mr. Phelps was indeed happier in his restorations than either Kean or Macready. But he had to take Shakespeare far away from the civilised zone of the capital, far from the region of carriages and tall footmen, from the Clubs and Rotten Row, and enshrine him in the suburban and ignoble district of Islington. In the western quarters of London, in the august neighbourhood of coronets and 'society,' if a young and beautiful actress has won her laurels in a popular drama, she may be allowed to perform Juliet 'for her benefit:' if a favourite actor be the *bénéficiaire*, he may aspire 'for one night only' to play Dogberry or

Shylock: but on each of these occasions it is hoped that the attendance of 'troops of friends' will balance a very probable loss to the treasury incurred by the withdrawal, for one evening, of the long running 'Bewildered Son.' We will now examine the prospects of a theatre supported by the State—first apologising to our readers for passing abruptly from the real to the ideal.

If, for the basis of calculation on the chances of State assistance, we take the cheerful assent with which pecuniary aid to Art or Science is voted annually by Parliament, the discreet way in which the funds of the Civil List are often distributed, or the pledges given by or exacted from itinerant members of the Lower House that they will not consent to a dowry for the Princess Louise, we must at once regard parliamentary subvention to a theatre as a dream. The lion of rate and tax-paying constituents is on the path of many honourable members: others need not such a monitor to close their pockets against such a proposal. We would not build, they would say, why are we asked to sustain the synagogues of Satan? Is it not enough to lavish some thousands yearly on limners and sculptors, on monsters in which the ugliness of Assyria strives with the hideousness of Egypt, but we must also dip into the people's purse for idle and immoral places of entertainment? We should be sanguine as a millenarian, full of faith as Dr. Cumming's school of the prophets, to expect to such a petition assent from Mr. Lowe or civility from Mr. Ayrton. We confess admiring the zeal far more than the discretion of the advocates of subvention. And if a few crumbs from the Exchequer table were vouchsafed, after a pretty quarrel in the House, there would be a prettier outside it. The Capulets of the Upper Ten Thousand would put in a claim for Opera or the French Comedy. The Montagues of the Million would require the people's money to be given to theatres where every evening virtue is triumphant or vice abashed, or even for those where the staple entertainments consist of burlesques and break-downs. Between these exotic and native factions there would doubtless be a neutral party, zealous only for a theatre in which Shakespeare and Massinger, Congreve and Sheridan might be competently represented. But, like other neutrals, they might have the luck of the bat in the fable, and be abused in the words so justly offensive to Mrs. Quickly for 'being neither fish nor flesh.' State patronage has not hitherto worked well in Britain, at least if we may judge from some modern statues and public buildings. We blush to write that despots like Louis XIV., or fools like Philip IV. of Spain, were more liberal and effective friends to the national drama than any minister of this free country has ever proved himself. 'High patronage' looks well in trade circulars and subscription lists, but when applied to the fine arts it often leads to strife and jealousy. George III., with the best intentions, once tried, but never repeated, the experiment of doing honour to Literature and Science. He projected establishing an 'Order of Minerva.' 'The knights were to take rank

after the Knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-coloured ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us.'[1] The row of the *literati* might, in the case of subvention being granted, be renewed behind the curtain. 'A Member of Parliament,' Thomas Hobbes has told us, 'is but a man;' and theatrical managers can hardly be expected to be more patient than ordinary men, or, as Hamlet says, 'women either,' in a matter where one might be taken and another left in the partition of favours, whether consisting of coin of the realm or straw-coloured ribbons. We can imagine—no, we must leave such a flight of fancy to our great Proverbial Philosopher—we can *not* imagine the visage of any Chancellor of the Exchequer, when requested to put into his estimates—'item for the National Theatre.'

Depositing, therefore, until some convenient season arrive for disinterring it, the subvention scheme in the Record Office of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, we now enquire what means and appliances may be in hand, without crying to a deaf Hercules, for obtaining such a theatre, or such theatrical administration as may be both practical in itself and acceptable to both parties, projectors and non-projectors. All, it may be presumed, are agreed on one point at least, that to elevate the character of the national drama is to do the state some service, by fostering art and furthering taste, and through taste popular education also. On this common ground all join hands—all at least who are not of opinion that 'the play is' not 'the thing' for Christian folk. The means, we contend, and can hardly repeat too often, are not, like those of the Venetian merchant, 'but in supposition,' since have we not, at the present moment, good writers, good actors, good artists, and in some cases good audiences also, able and eager to set the drama on a sound basis? And besides these there are other favourable symptoms. The public takes a lively interest in the actor's fortunes. We no longer, when he dies, take his coffin to the Jerusalem Chamber or bury him in the Abbey. So thronged indeed now is that receptacle that it is no longer 'snug lying in the Abbey,' nor do we set him up 'in Parian stone' among the mixed company in Poets' Corner. But bating such tokens of esteem we have come to treat him with far more respect than Samuel Johnson showed to David Garrick, and care more for 'the little actor' than for Lord Chancellors in general. For the means, then, *nil desperandum*. What is really needed is some magnet to draw and hold together the materials that are now 'squandered abroad.'

'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.' We presume not to solve the riddle of the 'good to do.' We come of the stock of

[1] Thackeray, 'Four Georges.'

Davus not of Oedipus; yet we may perchance suggest certain things that it were best to leave undone. First, there is an old and yet not venerable spectre to be dealt with, not so much because it stops the way as because it tends to confusion of ideas in theatrical no less than in graver affairs. That spectre is the unlucky phrase 'the legitimate drama.' What does it mean now? What was understood by it when Shakespeare was pruning his wing for higher flights than mending the work of other dramatists, or trying his prentice hand on his early plays? That this 'treble-dated crow' croaked in his days and forbode evil to the stage from the young and daring innovator is recorded in letters and pamphlets of the time. Nay, it is most probable that its bodings were of far earlier date, unless indeed in the days of Euripides Minerva's owl took on itself the office of Complainer-General.

It would indeed be a fatal symptom of decline in dramatic art—or, more properly, it would be its *facies hippocratica* or death-face—if this 'legitimate drama' were accepted by authors or actors as the be-all and end-all of their pains to please audiences. When a return to the plays of former days is recommended as a sovereign remedy for the faults and shortcomings of our own, do the prescribers of it take into account the real constitution of the drama? Have they forgotten, or do they discard the definition of 'the purpose of playing' as described by him whom they profess to honour? Shakespeare winds up his description in these weighty and memorable words—'the end (of playing) is to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Supported by such authority, we maintain that *legitimate drama* is that which in any age reflects and embodies the social, moral, and intellectual features of a people. We are not speaking of the accessories, but of the essentials of a national drama. In arts nearly akin to that of the actor do we insist on obedience to the rule and measure of any 'old school'? Do we recommend or require poets to write as Dryden or Pope wrote, or portrait painters to be copyists only of Vandyke or Lely? Why should precepts that would be noxious to other arts be deemed wholesome for the stage? Do there not exist in the nineteenth century the materials that were extant and active in the seventeenth? Have we not, as our sires had, passions, follies, virtues, vices, sympathies, antipathies, which duly represented and deftly handled, 'hold the mirror up to nature and show virtue her own feature and scorn her own image'? So long as there are beings who reason, feel, agree, differ, hope, despair, gain, lose, weep, laugh, the materials employed by Sophocles, Shakespeare, Calderon, Racine, Molière, Schiller, are active and potent as ever, and capable of assuming new forms and combinations. One generation will slake its scenic thirst with

> things
> That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
> Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
> Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow;

and then legends of Pelops' line, the Nemesis that tracks the foot-prints of crime, the dooms impending over 'old great houses,' the rise and fall of sceptres and crowns, weird superstitions, messengers from the unseen world, touch and are responded to by the heart of man. Another race, seeing in witches merely ill-favoured old women, and content with such ghosts as Professor Pepper evokes, and caring little for kings or kaisers, delights in representation of social and domestic manners, prefers rural felicity to great men's infelicity, and the speech of the hearth and the market-place to the measures and rhythms of 'lofty grave tragedians.' Who is there presumptuous enough to stand arbiter between these opposites—to take on himself the functions of 'Chaos old,' and so, as that earliest of anarchs did, 'more embroil the strife'? 'As leaves on trees,' so are the 'races' of those who enact, or write, or witness plays. The temporary robes of the drama pass away: the life which it copies remains. To the dynasties of the stage may be applied the solemn formula employed when monarchs quit *their* scene—'Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!'

Are there any signs in the drama of the day that warrant the terms 'decay,' or 'decline'? Any comparison between what has been and what is written for the theatre should deal with general and not particular cases. The supremacy in high comedy of the 'School for Scandal' will, we presume, not be disputed; but it should be borne in mind that Burgoyne's 'Heiress' at the time divided the applause of frequent and full audiences with Sheridan's master-work. The 'Heiress' now would soon be disinherited, if it were revived. Reading the British drama in Mrs. Inchbald's or any other collection of plays of the past age, or the mere skeletons of their plots in that most useful 'Stage History' of Geneste's, we wonder at the patience of the spectators of many of them. The tares, we think, are out of all proportion to the wheat; yet wonder should not make us forget that one age differs from another in its dramatic tastes and sympathies. Audiences formerly wept or laughed at representations that, transplanted to theatres of the day, would send the spectators to their beds tearless and smileless. A few of the last century comedies—its tragedies were generally 'very tolerable and not to be endured'—remain everlasting possessions: 'the many fall and die.' It will so be with the plays of to-day. They who take our place will demand other pictures of ever mutable fashion and feeling.

In every trade it is necessary, at certain periods, to take stock of the goods in hand, as well as to compare the day-book with the ledger; nor is it without use to apply this wholesome practice to public amusements from time to time. By observing the recreations as well as the employments of a people we may learn to measure their advance or retreat in the path of civilisation, and the condition of the stage is one amongst the most certain tests of progressive or retrogressive movement. What, then, are the signs given by the theatre at the

present time? Is it falling into the sere and yellow leaf? or is it putting forth new shoots and showing promise of present and renewed vigour?

The rapidly increasing number of theatres in London, and in some degree the country also, is a sign that the demand for entertainments of the stage is not on the wane; yet it would be concluding too hastily to infer that such increase betokens an advance or even a sound condition of the drama itself. We cannot accept in full a common explanation of this multiplication of playhouses—that it is merely a result of increased population both within and without London. The next census will probably return a sum exceeding three millions resident in the capital of England alone. There are now thirty-eight metropolitan theatres—thirty-nine if the 'Gallery of Illustration' be added to the list. Of these, thirty-three are, as the rule, nightly open to the public. But in the later years of the reign of Elizabeth, and during the entire reign of her successor, there were no less than ten theatres within the liberties of Westminster and the borough of Southwark, while the population of London in the same period fell short of three hundred thousand. The population theory therefore does not quite account for the larger number of buildings devoted to entertainments of the stage. We allude to the controversy between managers and music halls solely for the purpose of pointing out the effect produced by the increased popularity, and indeed cultivation, of vocal and instrumental music upon theatrical interests. Hogarth's well-known picture is a record of a time when music was for the most part a luxury of the higher classes of society. Musical amateurs nowadays are not always attired in brocade or Flemish lace; they do not take Spanish snuff from gold and enamelled boxes; they are not

> Justly vain
> Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane;

they do not go through the 'fan exercise' according to the rules laid down by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. On the contrary, their soles are often thick; their jackets, like the dogs'-meat man's, of velveteen; their concerts and 'musical teas' are not recorded in the 'Court Journal.' 'Music, heavenly maid,' has graciously and fortunately discovered that the working-man has as good ears and as fine susceptibilities for harmony as the 'nobility and gentry of the realm.' She has not abandoned the kingly tower, but she has come down to the poor man's cottage. A music hall has become a need of the day. It is obvious, however, that the expansion of taste for a single art, accompanied as it is by the dance and other more substantial means of enjoyment, withdraws from theatres a very large number of spectators, while it renders them comparatively indifferent to such entertainments as once filled the pits and galleries of many a playhouse. Again, the same passion for song and dance has directly acted upon the theatre. The manager in many parts of London who 'pleases to live' is driven to humour the

mood of those who care less for even dramas of the Fitzball stamp than for the orchestra, the serious and comic singer, and the ballet. So far the music-halls have trenched on stage ground, and given some handle to the complaints against them as poachers on theatrical preserves. But in what age has there not been a cry of distress about theatrical wrongs and disadvantages? At one time the bear-herd was a formidable enemy; at another 'the boys carried it away' from 'the common players.' 'There is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out to the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it.' At a later period Whitfield and Wesley 'punched deadly holes' in managerial bodies, and the sharp satire conveyed in 'The Mirror' and 'The Hypocrite' delighted the profane, but did not touch the pious. In some respects music halls are a less formidable foe to the drama than the bears, the eyases, or the congregation. The halls tread closely on the skirts of the playhouse; a very thin partition divides their entertainments from those of the stage. They may be rivals; they are not absolutely enemies. Is not the present feud between Terpsichore and Thaleia, between Euterpe and Melpomene, one between cousins not quite 'removed'? We may have touched lightly upon them, but we have endeavoured to state and canvass fairly the existing disadvantages of the drama. Let us pass over now to the white side of the shield. Can the increasing number of theatres be interpreted as a sinister omen—the population question apart? Are the unprecedented 'long runs' of the late lamented Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies, or the best plays of Mr. Tom Taylor or Mr. Dion Boucicault, and others whose names are familiar to the reader, symptoms of decay or decline in the purveyors for the theatre, in the performers, or in public relish for dramatic art? The very success of what is really good is it not a warrant, or at least a reasonable ground, for thinking that we have materials for a national theatre worthy of the name, without harking back to the 'old playgoer's' elysium, or rushing headlong into the 'young playgoer's' sensational paradise? We cannot recall the past; we may never see revived such schools of acting as Garrick formed and handed down to the Kembles; nor is it reasonable to expect that Mr. Macready's or Mr. Charles Kean's perseverance in bringing history, archæology, and art into the service of the stage will be imitated by managers less enthusiastic or less devoted to their calling than they were. But because we cannot perhaps revert, is that any reason why we should not look forward?

And is a national theatre an idle dream or an impossible fancy? That which has been may again be under equivalent, though not similar, conditions for its existence. We do not hold with Mr. Carlyle that if there be any hope for England's regeneration it is to be sought in the higher orders of society. We do not look for any *via salutis* from *that* 'Greek city.' Their 'patronage' of the English drama has not been hitherto so signal as to warrant much reliance on their aid

in raising the character of stage entertainments. They set a very moderate *troupe* of French comedians above the heads of accomplished native performers. Their favours are reserved for the *un*-national drama. We must descend to a level of lower rank, but of equal cultivation—to a grade that does not turn a cold shoulder on every effort made for placing the actor in his rightful position—as the associate, namely, of the artist, to whatever academy he may belong.

The conditions and circumstances under which a national theatre at one time was created and long sustained were these. A great and free people, although they had their political factions, and even their civil broils, were of one mind as to the importance and interest of stage entertainments. With them there was no question about *subvention*: 'the State awarded, the law allowed it.' Men of noble birth and high in office thought it not beneath their dignity or inconsistent with their duties to take an active part, as well as a lively interest, in entertainments of the stage. They did not consider it a mark of high breeding to extol foreign and decry native actors; they did not prefer Ionian dancers—until, at least, they had ceased to be great and free—to the grave or joyous movements of the tragic or comic chorus; nor did they confine their patronage to *their* Opera House. There was little distinction of place in their theatre: a few seats were reserved for the higher magistrates, and some for the judges who consigned the prizes. A very great number, most probably a large majority, of the spectators, could neither read nor write; but they were not therefore uneducated. Their eyes, their ears, their feelings, and even their understandings were trained by the daily presence of art under its noblest forms, by the orators in the assembly of the people, or by the philosopher presiding in the schools. The winners of the dramatic crowns were as familiarly known to the citizens, and as much applauded by them, as the soldier who had reared a trophy or the statesman who had carried a popular decree. Nor amid the homage paid to the author of a play was the actor in it forgotten. He, too, was looked upon as one who had deserved well of his beautiful city. Here then was a national theatre—even the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens. When comes there such another?

We had purposed to touch on the question of classification of theatres, but space will not permit. A visit to the numerous houses now open in London might prompt a wish that by some system or other spectators could be enabled beforehand to know what they would see and pay for. But we must content ourselves on this occasion with alluding to the wide discrepancies between the scenic exhibitions of the day and the entire absence of any regulating spirit in theatrical administration.

In Voltaire's excellent story, 'Le Monde comme il va,' we are told so evil a report had reached the tutelary angel of Persepolis about the iniquities of that great city, that he commanded a holy hermit to

go thither and to make a report of all that he saw and heard during his residence in it. If the capital of Persia were really as black as it was painted, then it must be swept from the earth without loss of time. But if matters there were not quite so bad as they had been represented, then the Persians might have a reprieve. That the good should be consumed with the evil-doers could not be thought of by any right-minded guardian angel. Long was Hermit Baboue vexed with doubt: often did he witness things so atrocious as caused him to put down in his note-book, 'Persepolis must be destroyed.' Again, finding in spite of a lamentable preponderance of 'cakes and ale' there were still many virtuous people in that city, he made up his mind to report that Persepolis truly was in great need of sweeping reforms, yet that it was entitled, in consideration of a few well-conducted families in it, to a year or two of grace. Official reports in those days were not written on paper, but sometimes on bricks and sometimes on sheepskin, and Baboue had so much to say for and against the Persepolitans that he would have required a kiln of the one and a flock of '*nos moutons*' for the debtor and creditor account. So he hit on an ingenious device. He made an image of precious and vile materials. Part of it was composed of gold and gems, part of mud and straw. The angel had read his riddle. He saw that, in Andrew Fairservice's phrase about Rob Roy, Persepolis was 'o'er bad for blessin' and o'er gude for bannin',' and he kept his thunder-bolts for the nonce in his shot-belt. Angels presiding over playhouses, and hermits, since Vauxhall Gardens were transmuted into a railway station, are not easily met with. But if we were required to go on Baboue's errand, and report on the present condition of the English stage, we should follow the discreet anchorite's example, point out the vile materials in our image, but call attention also to the gold and the gems, and indulge in the pleasures of hope for the future.

W. Bodham Donne.

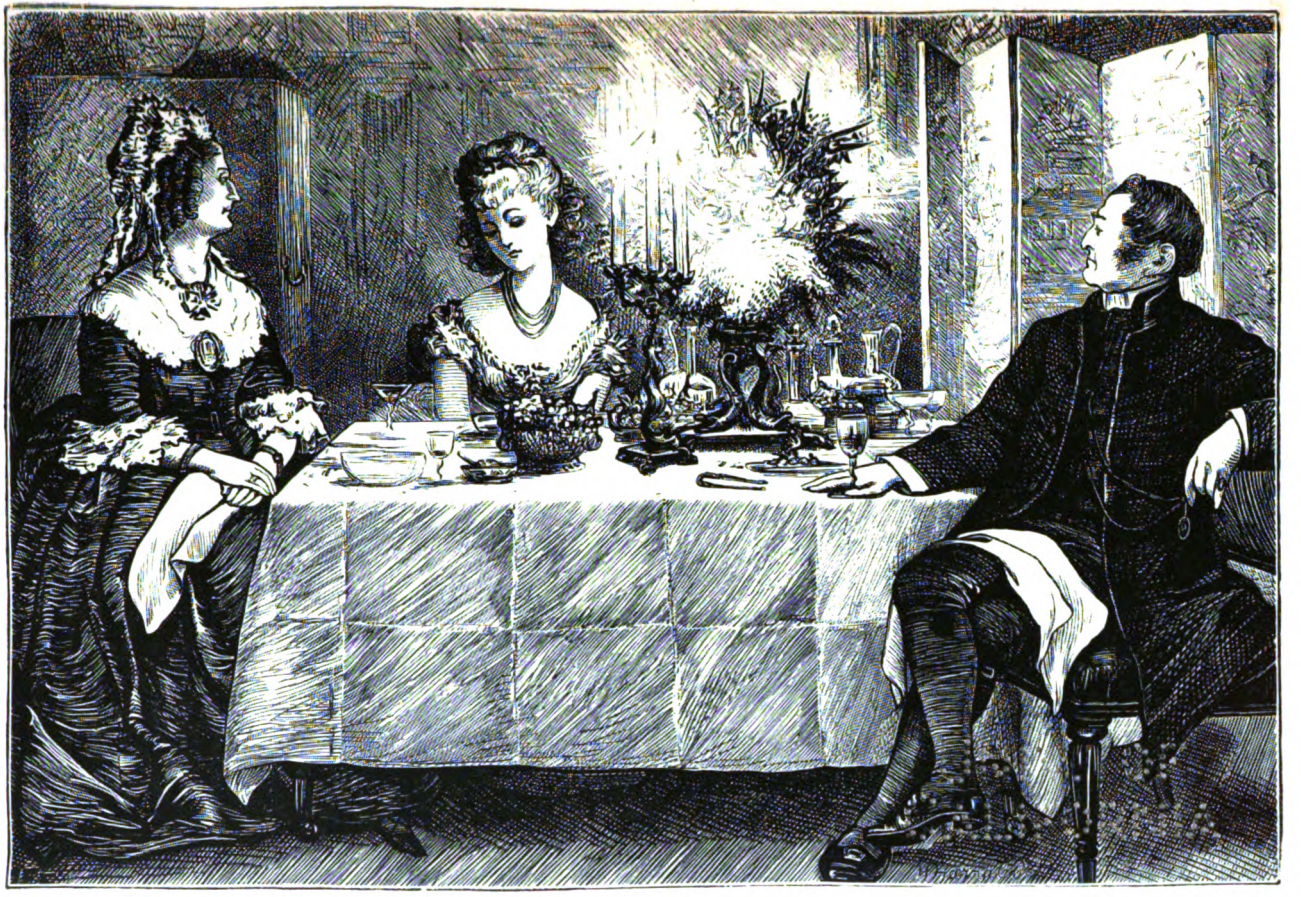
# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

## CHAPTER I.

### *CLIMAX.*

IS IT WISE to open with a recital of suffering? Perhaps not. Nevertheless, as the traveller on entering a long avenue perceives in the dim high distance a monument, and is tempted to enquire its significance, so also in regard of our story, which journeys upwards towards a sorrow, as it were set on a hill. There may echo around us the peal of marriage bells; the air may breathe sweet with orange blossoms and stephanotis, the sky be bright and unflecked; all may appear halcyon; yet towering against the horizon stands a structure of evil omen, to which our path surely tends. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for the use of a telescope. Better by far know the worst. We have at least a hope that after the disagreeable object once be passed, our prospect will improve, that we shall descend from a summit of grief upon the green and golden meadows of joy, our backs for ever turned upon that which appears so hateful in its horror.

To descend from metaphor. Enter, if you will, a garret, low, bare, dusky-glazed. Dirt revels in its every crevice and corner undisturbed of water. Vermin find therein a congenial home. Despite the apertures in the window-panes, its odour is stifling, for on a ricketty bed lie two human beings battling with typhus, helpless as babes. Nor nurse, nor doctor, nor sister of charity watches the flicker of life. These two are alone. Husband and wife. Very dear are they to one another; to the great world without the veriest ciphers, to the remaining occupants of a low London lodging objects of unqualified aversion. Indeed, the spirit of caste has interfered to their detriment. Are they not gentle? Are they not, by birth and speech, members of a higher class, albeit sunk to the level of a most squalid obscurity. Look at them even in their misery and degradation, and you cannot doubt their quality, which is now nothing short of a bane, for it deprives them of the little sympathy and kindness which operative accords to operative, and rogue to rogue—which gentleman, too, can feel for gentleman, provided always that Lazarus be well clothed, and a truly humble beggar to boot.



M. E. FREER.

"TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST."

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It is evening. There is the *canto fermo* of a grand mellow-sounding bell rising above the commixture of diverse sounds, unheard save in the heart of London. There is a babel of voices rising from the streets. There is unrest without, as within. A mocking moon comes flickering through the dingy glass. It lights up the parched lips of a delirious lady chattering about her little baby boy. It lights the compressed features of a man crushed by destiny, who is hissing malediction on some soul, whom he accuses before the bar of Heaven as the author of his agony. A tell-tale is this same moon of sad secrets. Of beauty emaciated, although beauty still; of manhood aged, yet not altogether broken; of clothes that had once been fit for, nay, more, had adorned the saloons of society, now torn and worn; of all the horrors which attend on uncared-for disease; of a chamber o'er which the angel of death is hovering with anxious greed; of a fatal vacuum of hope.

And who are these poor sufferers so utterly forsaken? They are not precisely the people you might have supposed; for the man is a clergyman, who not so long since held a pleasant enough vicarage, and his wife a lady, tenderly nurtured in every conceivable luxury. To-day, alas! is their day of darkness and despair—a day more dreadful by force of contrast to souls on whom the sun has shone. Outcasts of a harsh social system, they must suffer remote from their equals; and should death descend upon them, all that their fellow-creatures will prate of them is, 'Serve them right. If ever people courted ruin recklessly, those be they.'

And why?

Because they had violated that fundamental principle of Christian morals, 'Thou shalt not trust thy neighbour.' True, in other respects their Christianity had risen above the average. They had in their little day, hand in hand, heart by heart, visited the sick, fed the hungry, given to the poor, and instructed the young. Their lives had been devoted to works of mercy. But a mere attention to these minor matters proved no atonement for their great transgression. It is allowed by the most reliable authority, that a man who places unlimited confidence in his fellow-man deserves all he gets. And as for his wife, she takes him for better—or for worse. Let her share his lot. It is her right. This is the doctrine of the righteous. There are sinners, dwellers in Bohemia, and the like, who might feel compassion for such a case. Their argument would be, that the man must have done something very wrong to have sunk so low; and, having themselves been guilty of something very wrong, they would at least bestow their sympathy.

As a matter of fact, these 'miserables' no more merit the equivocal pity of the naughty than the crushing condemnation of the saints. Cruelly punished, they have to expiate an error, even as the harmless lark, which, going forth to sing her pretty song to a callous world, falls

wounded in the throat by way of 'sport,' and ebbs out a life in the furrow, which was destined for the sky.

If the whole creation groaneth and travailleth, no marvel that man has to bear his proper proportion of the universal injury.

## CHAPTER II.

### *THE MINOR CANON.*

A CERTAIN illustrious statesman, speaking from his place in the legislature, elected to style a small section of the Anglican Communion 'the inferior clergy.' He applied the obnoxious epithet not to the Welsh, Irish, or mountain clerics, not to the results of Lampeter, Dublin, St. Bees, or of any other short cut to ordination, but to the minor canons of cathedrals and holders of like offices, where a knowledge of ecclesiastical music is essential. The units thus reviled felt themselves to be collectively injured. Nevertheless the popular leader did but echo the sentiments of national ecclesiasticism. There may be some few who consider the individuals in question rather raised than degraded by an acquaintance with art. Such, however, is not the general opinion. In England, in spite of some improvement, owing mainly to the noble influence of the late Prince Consort, there is none of that wide-spread reverence for art and artists which lies at the root of the deeper and grander German soul. In England a man's life consists in the abundance of the things he possesseth. Minor canons are poorly salaried; minor canons also have to earn their bread by the practice of music. There are two reasons at once for their obvious inferiority in the eyes of a Church, and a nation.

The musical clergy must on no account be confused with the ritualists, who as a rule are guiltless of music either in theory, or practice. The body of men referred to are to be found in choirs, and places where they sing, not on raised platforms where they howl. These people form a school of practical art, not of speculative thought. Within their ranks indeed may be discovered every shade of tolerated belief, from Unionism to Calvinism longitudinally, latitudinally from idealism to indifferentism. No doubt, one cause of the small esteem in which they are held is, that they have not as yet conspired together to start a new doctrine, or revive an obsolete ceremony.

To this order of pariahs belonged the Reverend Theodore Lovett, M.A. He was one of the inferiors of Blankton Cathedral, at the time our narrative commences, and, being so, it may be well to explain how it came to pass, that he occupied a position so very undignified, and undesirable.

Perhaps, for the sake of truth, we may be allowed to differ from the

Dean and Canons of Blankton. In spite of their unspoken but carefully-conveyed judgment, we assert that Mr. Lovett was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. In respect of birth, he was a junior of an ancient county family, which two centuries back were of importance, in the last century of respectability. The son of an improvident father, his education was at an obscure school, from whence in all likelihood he would have travelled eastwards to make a fortune, or find a grave, had he not unluckily been gifted with ability adequate to raise him above the sons of farmers and tradesmen, who formed the staple of his school. It was in consequence of his obtaining a monopoly of prizes, that the head-master—there was but one other—urged his parents to give their boy the blessing of a university education; glossing over the fact, that the standard of scholarship at his school was beneath the lowest university average. His parents were at once flattered, and gulled. In their mind's eye their boy was booked for a first, and a fellowship. Hence at eighteen young Lovett betook himself, with no small spice of self-satisfaction, to an inferior college in the University of ——, as a commoner. This particular college had been advised by his late pedagogue, on the ground of its having been his own. Apart from this somewhat equivocal recommendation, it certainly had its merits, for although it must be classed among those, which shine neither in respect of aristocracy nor intellect, it happened at that time to be presided over by a pushing adventurer, who intended to utilise his headship as a stepping-stone to a spiritual peerage. To use a common phrase, he had 'raised' his college. His tutors were men of some mark, and by their unremitting exertions an occasional high honour would accrue to the society. Lectures, of course, were adapted for aspiring students, wherein ambitious young Lovett, at school regarded as a miracle of classical attainments, imagined that he was about to distinguish himself among men of his own standing. Cruel illusion! It vanished in the course of one short hour, during which he made a discovery concerning the correct construing of Cicero in Verrem rather painful to himself. The lecture-room smiled down his young dream of honours. It needed not the sarcastic sneer of a private tutor on his previous training to convince his judgment that grammar-school boys are virtually estopped from the good things of the university. It was, in truth, only too palpable that a half-educated man, however industrious, is unwise to enter the lists with highly-trained scholarly athletes. Common sense could but predict a certain failure. In the bitterness of disappointment he wrote despairingly to his relations, adding that, inasmuch as college expenditure, which they anticipated was going to be a sound investment, would prove the merest waste of capital, he desired, in honour, to save all that he could. His parents were poor, and could ill afford fifty pounds a quarter, the minimum sum which would enable him to graduate as a commoner. He therefore proposed at once to apply for a servitorship.

About to sue *in forma pauperis* for one of those abominable doles, his eye accidentally met with an advertisement for a choral scholar to take part in the choir services of —— College, the requisites being a good voice and some knowledge of music. This appeared a more satisfactory opening than the painful humility of a servitor's condition. The choral scholars of —— College he had heard applauded at amateur concerts. Their position was by no means unenviable. They were respectably salaried, and prime favourites among their own men. He lost no time in making application for the vacancy, and having a fresh voice and accurate ear, plus a small amount of musical knowledge, contrived to acquit himself so creditably at the competitive trial that he was elected into a choir composed of young and ardent musicians, who applied themselves to their beautiful art with more than moderate success.

The future of such a devotee, as young Lovett soon became, is but too easily forecast. In following destiny happily enough, he grew to be a musical enthusiast. He worked positively and determinedly to acquire a thorough mastery over a subject which of all others needs the most prolonged and arduous study. Nor in vain. Before the B.A. degree terminated his college career his name was known as a modest, but faithful, interpreter of Art. To him the authorities were bland. Proud of their grand choral service, they were by no means indisposed to patronise a member of the choir who proved exceptionally useful. Hence, when shortly after he applied for special testimonials to the Dean and Chapter of Blankton for a minor canonry in their cathedral, they were not only forthcoming, but were so decidedly laudatory as to carry the election in his favour; and thus it happened that at five-and-twenty he entered upon the duties of a cathedral subordinate.

Now, although much is expected of a minor canon in this cathedral of Blankton, much to him is not paid. The salary, in short, is not bread and butter for a frugal bachelor. The chapter have adhered to the exact sum mentioned in the mediæval statutes, irrespective of the relative value of money, which has depreciated about five-and-twenty fold. The balance may be said to go in providing the dean's and canons' wives with elaborate, their daughters with gorgeous, raiment. Thereby the dignity of the Church is supported, and the capitular conscience alike satisfied and gratified. The result of this ecclesiastical equity is that minor canons, who are not blest with private means, have to supplement their income by doing extra work as curates, or by what is termed occasional duty. Mr. Lovett, being poor, had to put his shoulder to the wheel. The charge of a large suburban parish, which he was forced to accept, devolved upon him two services every Sunday, in addition to two in the cathedral; besides the usual drudgery of day-schools, and night-schools, and visiting the sick and humouring the hale, and burials and weddings, all of which had to be dovetailed

with his daily duties in the choir of the cathedral. Needless is it to add that this amount of labour began ere long to tell, not so much on his general health—for he was robust—as on an over-taxed throat, which, after a decade of strain, began to display unmistakable signs of feebleness and failure. Intoning, the special vocation of minor canons, is at best very destructive of the vocal powers. It involves a tension of the voice on the middle notes of the register to their detriment, and to the enfeebling of those above and below. In the Roman ritual the priest is allowed a liberty of abundant inflexions, which ease and relieve his throat. The Anglican cathedral use is almost wholly on a monotone, and therefore far more exacting. A day always comes, sooner or later, to these inferior clergy, when the over-exerted organ gives way, when dean and canons, who hitherto had smiled in condescending distance, begin to scowl in menacing nearness, threatening to visit the loss of voice with removal or curtailment of daily bread.

For, be it remarked, between majors and minors, i.e. between superiors and inferiors, there lies an immeasurable Sahara. Minors have been known to share the same Divine Service for years with majors, without so much as one word being exchanged, even common civility being at a discount. As for the Maximus—the dean—such an abstraction is so far above inferiority as to be unaware of its existence, unless indeed perchance something goes wrong, such as the omission of a prayer, the misplacement of a collect, or an unavoidable absence of a subordinate from his stall; upon which trials to decanal temper occurring, the language of the cathedral Jupiter becomes of an annihilating variety, and verily

The Assyrian comes down like the wolf on the fold.

Mr. Lovett intoned, read, and preached for something over ten years, and then in due time his day of incapacity arrived.

As follows:

The pertinacious damp of an English November had attacked him in his most vulnerable point—the throat. He was responsible for his usual four services on the day following, being Sunday. Yet his tonsils were on fire, his uvula swollen and relaxed. What was he to do? There was the vulgar old remedy of a mustard plaster. This, however, he knew by experience to be an unreliable remedy. There was nothing for it but to adopt strong measures, for no help could he obtain for his church services—what curate can, except through the medium of the almighty dollar?—whilst as regards the cathedral, out of the full number of minor canons—viz. four—the junior was absent on leave; the two seniors, being past work, employed a deputy; and the deputy was ill. He therefore sent for his medical man, who came blandly, shook his head seriously, and offered him a medical certificate that he was unfit for duty.

'Is there nothing to be done? No remedy, however painful, however violent?' enquired Mr. Lovett, whose zeal for his duty was ever apparent.

'A blister, perhaps,' suggested the doctor.

'A blister!'

'It might act as a counter-irritant, and reduce the internal inflammation.'

Mr. Lovett, being so advised, made no hesitation. A pair of scissors and a razor soon disfigured his whiskers. On went the blister, and an opium pill sent him to sleep.

Early on Sunday morning he awoke, excoriated horribly, his voice weak, but, as he thought, in better order. That he felt wretchedly ill did not matter. A working clergyman must not give way to fancies. He tied a George-the-fourth tie to hide his raw neck, and sallied forth to the early parish service.

This he performed somehow. Weakly enough, yet audibly, and without a *fiasco*. This service, however, was a matter of reading. He could pitch his voice to suit its capability. The trial was to come. As he hurried home shivering to a cup of tea, he was wretched. The whole of the cathedral service, lessons, litany, prayers, everything, bar the sermon, devolved upon him; for it must be remembered, that in the case of the greatest emergency a canon major—however junior in office—could hardly demean himself so far as to pray to God in public.

Perish the thought!

At length the big bells boomed for morning service, and the gay city of Blankton flocked to the cathedral. The dean himself was to preach. Master Ralph also, the star of the choir, was advertised in the local papers to emit a solo. Great attraction was there for the serious, greater still for the careless. To hear the opinions of a dean is edifying; to hear the voice of a highly-trained and effective chorister is delicious. In America, where they applaud in church, solos by boys are tabooed. The applause commanded by music might perhaps eclipse that afforded to rhetoric. In this country we are silent during all ecclesiastical proceedings, except when we are told to respond, and then we do our response in the most subdued of whispers. Not that we are indifferent, we are only, happily, undemonstrative.

To hazard a description of Blankton Cathedral would be rash, putting aside its utter impossibility, for, in all respects, Blankton and its denizens are abstractions, not by any means copies of an original. We have, however, to make one proviso, which assuredly separates Blankton from many, if not from most, cathedrals. It is not acoustically good. It would be superfluous to attempt to enounce the causes of this defect. Let it suffice, that to sing therein so as to be audible necessitates a very powerful clear voice, which must be

exerted to a steady *mezzo-forte* in order to produce the proper effect. Of this fact Mr. Lovett was, by long experience, painfully aware. Hence he marched in procession behind the singing men with a feeling of nervousness akin to a guilty conscience. Then there came the dead silence when the choir buries its head in the folds of surplices. Next uprose the dean, followed by the congregation, when, in the midst of rustling of silks and stuffs, and kicking of foot-stools, the sick minor canon wended his way in very tremulous and uncertain fashion through the dreary, dinning platitudes of 'Dearly beloved.' Great was his sense of relief when the organ began to give out the chant for 'Venite;' and he was quite in good spirits about himself, as he informed everybody, that the second lesson had terminated at the conclusion of a chapter of about eighty verses or so. The precenting of the Creed, however, revealed the ugly truth that his voice was already tried to the uttermost; nevertheless, he made a determined effort, and kept it under control as far as the Litany, which office, being inflected, he anticipated would prove easier than monotone. Alas! however, his throat was already unmanageable. In the suffrage for the queen he was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing, causing one of those awful pauses in the service which make everyone feel awkward. So prolonged, indeed, was the *hiatus*, that the canon in residence, whose eyes flashed exceeding wrathful, was on the point of taking up the petition—unmusically of course—to the bitter sacrifice of canonical dignity; Mr. Lovett, however, had recovered sufficiently to be able to stammer on, not by any means without a most painful effort, as far as the suffrage for 'all in danger, necessity, and tribulation,' when he fairly broke down—his voice was dumb—and the canon in residence had, per force, to end the service.

After sermon and sacrament were concluded, he had to encounter irate authority.

The dean glared. The canon spoke in an offensive drawl. 'Mr. Lovett, you were hardly efficient this morning. I venture to enquire if we are to anticipate a repetition of this sort of a failure?'

'Most abominable, sir,' grunted the dean testily, 'and, I must add, demoralising to any congregation. I request, sir, for the future, whenever you are unable yourself to perform your duties in this cathedral, that you procure the assistance of a colleague!'

Considering that the canon had never condescended to utter to him before, and that these were the first syllables addressed by the dean to his subordinate for the space of some five years, there was a bald Erastianism about this attack refreshingly honest. It was the language of men salaried by thousands to one salaried by tens, quite irrespective of such trivialities as priests' orders, or birth, or education. Perhaps, after all, it was preferable to malicious slime; nevertheless, irritating enough in its little way. As for Mr. Lovett, having completely lost all power of speech, he could not even gasp a reply to his accusers.

This was lucky. Indignant at their anti-christian words, he could have retorted in common and comprehensible Saxon. Had he ventured in this free country to display such audacity, he would most certainly have lost his place, and with it his very minor salary, which to him meant much.

For it must be remarked that the word 'ministrans,' used in the mediæval statutes, was meant by the pious founder to signify 'serving God;' but that its modern interpretation is 'serving,' or, 'servant of' the chapter. A translation admirably adapted to secure the autocratic ends of the translators, who, having robbed the subordinates of their fair share of capitular revenues, add to injury as much insult as will secure abject submission to the existing state of things. Thus the dean and canon, judging from Mr. Lovett's silence on the present occasion, that he was respectfully penitent, marched off grandiosely to their respective luncheon tables, leaving the small man to wander home to his lodging, where he sickened of a fever, which laid him on his back for several weeks, and so terminated this ugly little episode.

The medical man who attended the invalid minor canon happened to be the confidential holder of the secrets of Mrs. Dean's physiology. He was also not unacquainted with the constitutional peculiarities of the juvenile Deans, both male and female. As for the great man himself, he never ailed. His rude health was alike the joy of insurance offices and the grief of successive premiers. Now doctors are the gossips of creation—at all events of that phase of phenomena known as Society. This one discoursed on the subject of his patient to the grand woman of the deanery, who in many, if not in most, respects was ruler of the cathedral. She had voted herself precentor. It was her special delight to patronise the choristers and to bully the organist. By her direction the weakest and most tuney music was performed by the choir; because, as she justly remarked, she loved something that one can wag one's head to. Such being the case, she felt a warm interest in the service. The collapse of so sound and useful a voice as Mr. Lovett possessed was to her an annoying circumstance, and she expressed an earnest wish to the doctor that it might resuscitate after rest.

The doctor could hold out no hopes of anything of the sort. Mr. Lovett's organ, he said, was fatally injured by over-work. As far as music went, he should consider it almost useless.

This to her was bad news. She introduced the subject at dinner to her husband, who blustered a good deal about turning out lumber, and taking in fresh stock.

The eldest Miss Dean, a pretty girl in her teens, remarked, *sotto voce*, that Mr. Lovett had rather a nice smile; for which indiscreet speech she was sharply rebuked, her mamma asseverating that young ladies should not take notice of the features of such people.

This theory may be passable, but its application under present

circumstances was strange, except on the inferiority principle before alluded to, for the relations of Mr. Lovett were gentle-people, which certainly could not be predicated of the race of which Mrs. Dean herself was sprung. To be sure, she was fond of quoting

'The old order ceaseth, giving place to new.'

A sentiment interpreted by some people, that new boots should stamp on old corns. *Canaille oblige!*

After a time Mr. Lovett recovered of his malady sufficiently to be able to return to duty. The sneer of the canon, however, agreed only too well with the dictum of the doctor. He had ceased to be efficient. His voice had not only lost its *timbre*, but was shaky and uncertain. The cathedral authorities glowered. He, honest man, felt honourably pained. It is excessively trying for a good workman to turn out bad work. At last a solution of the difficulty most unexpectedly offered itself.

The Dean and Chapter of Blankton have a very large patronage of livings in their gift. When a vacancy occurs, the turn goes to the dean and each of the canons in rotation. In this preferment the minor canons have neither part nor lot. It might have been supposed that, after long years of service, the working clergy of the cathedral would have something cosy to retire upon. Such, however, is not the case. The capitular body invariably nominated its own friends, who were emphatically not minor canons.

Now it came to pass that a somewhat notorious living fell vacant, viz. the vicarage of Mudflat, an ineligible residence in a swamp, of the annual value of two hundred and fifty pounds nett. The holder, Canon Grabbe, who was junior of the chapter, became so affected by the climate that he gave it up for a healthy living of less value, proclaiming to the world, that Mudflat was not a sufficiently extended sphere of labour. The world smiled to find that, in his more extended and very healthy sphere, the worthy canon subsequently did all his *labour* through the instrumentality of curates. However, the world is censorious, and we are not disposed to endorse its diatribes on a dignity. The next Universal Exhibition of Industry might appropriately contain photographs of those persons who are content to work without any prospect of reward or honour. They would be few enough in number; so few, that we shall believe in them better after a full view.

The turn, or in more intelligible English, the absolute nomination to Mudflat, fell to the dean, who hawked it all round to poor relations, and toadies, and partisans. Nevertheless the poor relations, and toadies, and partisans, having each one some claim on the dean declined to be shelved on Mudflat. Intending to wait for a more convenient location, they forged excuses. In dire perplexity as regards this uninviting preferment, the dean bethought him of his croaky minor canon. If he offered this birth to Mr. Lovett, he would kill two birds with one stone. First, he would insult the two senior minor canons,

by passing them over in favour of their junior: and the dean cordially hated all minor canons, but especially the two seniors, one of whom enjoyed an annoying reputation for piety, the other a still more annoying reputation for port. Next, he would get rid of an incumbrance in the shape of Mr. Lovett, who had knocked up too early in life, and who might become a virtual pensioner of the chapter for some forty years.

A further and a stronger motive lay hid in the background. It was proposed to appoint the next minor canon with something like an adequate salary. Hence Mr. Lovett's vacancy would afford him an opportunity of placing in the cathedral a hungry relation, who possessed every possible qualification for a musical appointment, except voice and ear.

He talked the matter over with his wife, who, to do her justice, was kind hearted enough to think of Mr. Lovett, and the possible good a living might do him. An energetic woman, she had her faults, and a motherly woman, she had her virtues. Her good nature decided the dean to dispose of Mudflat to the man who most needed it. Rather a paradox in arrangements, by the way.

'There is one point,' observed the great man reflectively, 'that I haven't thought of. Supposing this man Lovett shouldn't accept it? He has a delicate throat, and might be alarmed at the situation of the place. Eh, wife? You know I should not like to be refused by one of my own——'

'Servants' he would have said, but somehow the word stuck in his throat.

'Trust me,' replied the lady, 'he will jump at it.'

One morning after service the verger curtly informed Mr. Lovett that the dean desired to speak to him.

There was a Spartan simplicity about this. 'No compliments' or other superfluous amenities.

For the first time since his appointment as minor canon in the old half-boyish days, Mr. Lovett found himself within the deanery walls. So long ago was it since he had entered his superior's dwelling that the place seemed quite strange. Memory has a knack of daubing, here a dash of colour, there a spurious charm, everywhere size and height, till scenes and people become metamorphosed from the commonplace to something unreal. Somehow the mansion of the great man looked small, by comparison, and dingy. He was shown into the study, a room well lined with antique volumes and heavily furnished. The dean received him with an air of indifference, not unlike boredom, taking up a position of advantage with his back to the fire. A hungry-mouthed, hard-featured ecclesiastic was this dean. Success had not made him pleasant. Unlike a dignitary now, alas! no more, he could not assert that, ever since his appointment as dean, he had given up prayers as superfluous and taken wholly to the giving of thanks. He, on the

contrary, looked dissatisfied with all the world, and more particularly with Mr. Lovett, as he grunted 'morning' in a tone which amply justified his oft-repeated assertion that he hated music.

Whereupon Mr. Lovett bowed—too low perhaps.

No hand-shaking, be it remarked, or seat-taking, or any other formality.

'You appear, sir, to suffer from a chronic affection of the throat,' began the dean.

'It is, Mr. Dean, I own unfortunately too true, but——' and Mr. Lovett was about to make excuses, when the dean interrupted with—

'Exactly, it interferes with the proper performance of your duties. The organist, I am given to understand, has made repeated complaints.'

'The organist!'

There was a double shuffle about this. The organist had no more right to criticise the voice of a minor canon than the verger. The organist was in no respect the equal of the minor canons, still less an authority above them. Further, Mr. Lovett knew that he was a very retiring person, who abhorred strife, and would sacrifice anything and everything for the sake of peace. Altogether it was most unlikely, that he should have turned surreptitious accuser. Nor, in fact, was such the case. The dean, having heard incessant grumblings from his wife, had assumed that she was inspired by the organist. Indeed that grovelling functionary had quite enough of the good lady's tongue. She was down upon him perpetually, either with patronage or interference; whilst the poor musician fawned upon her to her face, and took it out in acrimonious derision behind her back.

'Yes, sir,' continued the dean, 'it is my duty to inform you that excessive dissatisfaction has been expressed in more than one quarter. In short by the organist, and the congregation, and the chapter,' and the dean stared very hard. Perhaps he was afraid, lest his coming offer of Mudflat might be declined with thanks.

'But, Mr. Dean,' rejoined the all-unsuspecting minor canon, 'you surely must confess that, however incapable I may appear to-day, I have done good service in your cathedral for many years.'

'Possibly, sir, possibly,' was the reply.

A dead silence ensued, intended by the dean to be as embarrassing as might be, Mr. Lovett all the while standing, his opponent looking at him very much as though he should dearly like to administer a sound thrashing on the spot.

At length the patience of a not naturally impatient man was fairly exhausted. There was a cool insolence about the method of procedure very galling.

'May I ask,' he said in a low tone, 'whether this interview is designed to induce me to tender my resignation, because, if so, I——?'

'Mr. Lovett,' interposed the dean haughtily, 'you are aware that custom is against dismissal of a minor canon for incompetency. I have no desire to go beyond custom, nevertheless the fact remains—you are incompetent, and our service suffers.'

The great man appeared cruelly and provokingly unruffled. His features wore the unmerciful indifference of a *croupier*.

Said Mr. Lovett in a hurried tremulous tone, 'I—I submit, that after a long connection with this place, I am in equity entitled to due consideration. A man ought not to spend the best years of his life for nothing. Of course, if I am unfit for duty, I must deputise, but respectfully and firmly I decline to resign. I take my stand upon my rights, legal and moral. By virtue of past services, faithfully rendered, I demand, at least, the same leniency as is extended to a lay-clerk or a verger.'

The dean smiled a sardonic smile. His fish, obviously hooked, was being played so beautifully that it might be possible to land him at once.

'I suppose, sir, if any other position were offered you, say of superior value to your existing appointment, you might accept it, even although it did entail upon you the pain of resigning your preferment in the cathedral?'

A light flashed across Mr. Lovett's brain. He was too astonished at this query to frame an answer.

'Eh! Mr. Lovett?'

'Why, no—that is to say, yes, Mr. Dean; of course, I should be rejoiced at such an offer.'

'Then, sir, you have the option of the vicarage of Mudflat, now in my nomination. The annual value is two hundred and fifty pounds. There is an agreeable residence, and a poor population, requiring the ministrations of a faithful pastor. I do not desire your reply to-day. You will weigh well the responsibility attaching itself to a position of the sort, and write your decision to the chapter-clerk within one week from this date. I must add, in conclusion, that we are already saddled with one deputy for two incompetent persons. I have a strong objection to deputies, on principle, and I certainly shall not sanction one of your appointment. Morning!' And with this salute, the dean wheeled rapidly to the right about, giving Mr. Lovett an expansive view of coat tail and knee breeches.

'Sir,' cried the minor canon with emotion, 'I am really very, very grateful for this liberal offer!'

'Morning,' barked the dean from over his shoulder in his most offensive tone.

Thus, even a favour—for a favour it was—could not be bestowed upon this inferior person graciously. Bar the small modicum of cant, it was flung as a bone to a hungry dog.

The exigencies of his position prevailed. Mr. Lovett positively

accepted Mudflat, without so much as setting eyes on its ugliness. Thus the dean gained one point; the other, however, he was not so clear about. The two senior minor canons did not display their wrath, even supposing that they felt it. On the contrary, they accepted the logic of facts blandly enough. The pious man, in congratulating his brother inferior, gave him his blessing and an anthem by himself composed about half a century back for the installation of the present dean's predecessor, with verse for A. T. T. B., the words being 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord' — from which we may infer that the pious man was not very well versed in his Bible, and had been a bit of a flunkey in his day. The port-winey man assigned him, as a parting present, a dozen of '34 from his own cellar.

'My dear boy,' he cried, cheerily, 'don't overwhelm me with thanks. The wine wants drinking, and Mudflat is the most malarious hole in the county.'

Thus terminated Mr. Lovett's career as minor canon of Blankton. Practically speaking, he exchanged his present poverty in a cathedral for a small competency in a dull, unhealthy solitude. The bargain was not a good one, yet it represented the total result of the labours of his young manhood—a poor profit, indeed! yet, withal, a little store for the future of life, and therefore to him of priceless value!

[*To be continued.*]

# An Apology.

'T is true that my glances have wandered
O'er the faces around me that bloom,
And many the smile I have squandered,
But ask not when, where, and on whom.

If my looks are so brimful of meaning,
I vow I would rather be blind
Than to feel, while enjoyment I'm gleaning,
That a lecture will follow behind.

It were idle to cast a reflection
On the needle's consistence and worth,
Though it wavers in every direction
Ere it steadfastly points to the North.

All day though the bee seems a rover,
As he murmurs o'er garden and green,
He carries the sweets of the clover
At eve to the feet of his queen.

There are blossoms that owe all their brightness
To the hue that each chiefly displays,
But you are the snowdrop whose whiteness
Is the blending of infinite rays.

As the gay tints of Art wake a yearning
For Nature's sweet emerald hue,
So is born in my glances returning
New light as they rest upon you.

A. J. Beggie.

# France and Prussia.

By an Old M.P.

'Frenchmen, neighbours, do not interfere in the business which we are settling in Germany. It might ill agree with you. Take care not to fan the flame, take care not to smother it. You might easily burn your fingers in it.' 'And the hour *will* come; remain then quiet. We might misunderstand you, and in our impolite way quiet you rather roughly; for if we formerly, in our servile cramped condition, were able to overcome you sometimes, far more should we have the power of doing so in the intoxication of our unity.' 'You have more to fear from freed Germany than from the Holy Alliance and all the Croats and Cossacks.' 'We forget nothing, you see; and when we shall feel inclined to quarrel with you, sufficient reasons will not be wanting. Anyhow, I advise you, be on your guard. Whatever may happen in Germany, the Crown Prince of Prussia or Dr. Wirth may get to supreme power; be always armed, remain quietly at your post, shouldering your arms. I mean it kindly with you, and I was alarmed when I heard lately that your ministers intend to disarm France.'

So wrote Heinrich Heine more than thirty years ago; the German poet and author, who had become acclimatised in Paris, and who understood the relationship between the Romanised Celt and the Teuton better than any other literary man of his time. When those words were written the father of the present Emperor-King reigned in Prussia, and Heine's allusion to the Crown Prince referred to the late King, brother of his present Majesty: in France reigned Louis-Philippe of Orleans. Heine apostrophised the French nation in his fantastical way, with that power of prophecy often possessed by poets, and that intense appreciation of German philosophical development which, in his mind, foreshadowed the political. This prediction has been fulfilled; the Teuton *has* turned round once more upon the Celt, to retaliate for undue interference with German concerns; and the ungentle Teuton has done his work boldly, firmly, and roughly. As yet it is utterly impossible for any country or any individual to realise the importance of the present position on the Continent; the spectator must stand aloof, regarding breathlessly the crisis to which both nations have brought themselves.

Chary ought we to be of the platitudes of comment, so lavishly bestowed upon both peoples, by those who often bring nothing more to the assertion of their opinion on this great period of European history than a superficial acquaintance with either people during a Continental tour, a perusal of the accounts of the actual conflict, and the influence exercised on them, either by the way their material interests are affected or their sympathies worked upon. But none of these are fitting grounds for judging or comprehending such national phases as are now exhibited before us. However historical reasons may be sneered at by some, as having been outgrown by actual occurrences, they are the only groundwork which can enable us to realise, with justice to both nations, their present position and the very powerful effect this position must once for all have on the new future on which Europe is entering. But what are historical grounds? Are they the mere recital of so many battles—of the reigns of so many kings—of the names of so many generals or ambitious statesmen? No; true historical grounds embody those ideas of the development of peoples, which are founded on the consideration of the influence of climate, of the bodily and mental constitution of a race, of the wants found existing in the natural formation and products of a country, of the wants created by various accidental causes, and which are lastly founded on the consideration of the influences exercised on the inhabitants of any district by the peoples bordering on their domain. These various natural conditions will call out the peculiar qualities of a people, form its idiosyncrasy and model its development; on the direction of this development will depend its position and power among the other nations of the world.

Jealously must a nation watch the direction of its development; on that being right or false will depend its greatness, its worth, its vitality, and its name among the sister nations of the earth. The more we study history, as it should be studied, the clearer our view becomes over the nations of antiquity; the more faithfully we portray to ourselves the realities of modern national life, the more surely shall we come to the conclusion that there is but one true principle for the development of nations—that which comprises in the interests of the aggregate number the just interests of the individual; that which, according to the various classes originated by occupation and the supply of human wants, has a due regard to the requirements of all these classes, and gives all a fair chance of obtaining in their own sphere the highest state of bodily and mental well-being. This principle may be carried out in various ways, according to the various qualities of a nation and its surrounding circumstances, but *principle* it must remain, or the life of that nation, as a nation, is circumscribed. No art tendency, however high; no tendency towards military power, however great; no tendency towards mere outward glory, however brilliant; no tendency towards freedom from State restraint, however enticing; no tendency towards

the accumulation of wealth, however imposing; will save any nation that has not in some way or other before its eyes that greatest of all truths: 'Legislate for the aggregate classes as if you had before you individual classes.' So clearly does history show us that the wrong direction of any national development has been avenged by its own evil consequences that we may say this principle seems to embody the responsibility of the various branches of the human family to the whole of mankind.

The stagnation which we might expect to occur in the history of nations is obviated by the ever-varying fluctuation of their vitality, or, as we call it, by their rise and fall. However our sympathies may have been engaged for any individual nationality at any former period of its existence, it is utterly futile to wish to recall it to life, should its vitality have become a dead letter. We *cannot* by any treaties, alliances, securities of neutrality, or other official proppings give back that life which belonged only to a previous existence; although we may through them be able to maintain the life that exists. Hence nations ought to look to themselves. Just as the individual is not permitted by nature to play with the capabilities of his corporeal or mental formation, so is a nation not permitted to deal slightingly with those grander principles that form its vitality. If it be allowed, that nations by neglect, by torpitude, by surfeit of power, by want of activity, by indulging merely in the acquisition of wealth among single classes, by undervaluing the duties due by the individual to the State, and the State to the individual, lose their standing, then we must also allow that others by activity, diligence, by wise management of power, by exertions in creating a high mental standard for themselves, by the subjection of the individual to the large interest of the mass, will rise to pre-eminence. Sternly lies the way of nations before them. This truth has been recognised by all great reformers, by all great leaders of nations, and though our sympathies may be engaged for peculiar national developments, it is mere futile sentiment to wish to recall that which has mouldered to dust long ago.

Whatever may be said of the older nations or of others that have disappeared or dwindled down, as nations, in the modern era of historic existence, neither the Teuton nor the Romanised Celt shows at present signs of annihilation of force. The Teuton has awakened from that long sleep of puerile division that lessened his influence in Europe, and stands at bay for the time, daring any nation to repeat the famous speech of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, which he addressed to his general Germanicus on the latter representing to him—after thirty years' fruitless Roman struggles to subdue the north-western tribes of Germany—that but one more campaign was wanted to accomplish this object: 'Leave them' (the German tribes), said Tiberius, 'alone now, they will war with and destroy each other.'

In the momentous shock of the last daring attempt against German

national regeneration and unification, the Roman-Celt has to feel the Teuton's heavy hand; there is no denying it, the aggressive policy of the French has reacted upon themselves and is producing as severe a punishment for wrong direction as ever any nationality suffered since a history of mankind has existed. If the Teuton can scarcely sufficiently show to the world his self-assertion, the other, the Celt, has, after the first lesson of degraded nationality, recovered his old proud valour and is struggling in the grasp of his mighty neighbour to maintain some of that former glory of being the foremost military nation in Europe. It is a grand duel, bringing in its train individual suffering of no ordinary degree, but at the same time purifying the grosser elements of mere material indulgence by higher motives of action.

For us, who are spectators merely, but who must at the same time participate later in the effect of the modifications which the result of this struggle will bring about, it is of no ordinary consequence to enquire, *why* has it been possible that a nationality in the east of Germany of such apparently young growth should have acquired so much internal strength as not only to have become the watchword for assembling under its wings the various divisions of Germany, but also, assisted by these divisions, to have been able to return the challenge and in its turn throw the onus of aggression upon the aggressor.

In studying ancient history, we trace results from the foundations of nations, marking the changes. It is strange how we neglect this principle in modern history; we take the occurrences of our present civilisation by piecemeal, by single periods and facts, stumbling about among the nations of Europe as if they were so many blocks of stone unimpressionable to the influence of circumstances and time.

That great Franconian Empire, which was formed from the *débris* of a portion of the western Roman power, and which, a thousand years ago, occupied the area between the Baltic and the Atlantic, the North Sea and the Adriatic, had been originated by a German nationality (the Franks) with whom many minor tribes had amalgamated. From this empire drifted off to the east, the German realm with the imperial dignity, and to the west, France. Since then both have gone their own way, up to our time, and the vicissitudes of a thousand years have ended in the reassertion of that great Teutonic nation which seemed almost crippled into insignificance at various times. And how have these thousand years been employed by both? After the first separation, France was left to flounder for a hundred years under the Carlovingians, and began under the family of Hugh Capet that career of consolidation into a unified State, which must naturally have led to a great development of military strength, but also laid the nation open to the oft-repeated calamity of being governed exclusively by one personality or one dominant passion. For three hundred and fifty years did the Capets rule France, and during the latter part of that period the towns had gained sufficient strength to be represented in the

'États Généraux;' but the royal power was rather strengthened as opposed to the nobility by this move, and when the Valois became the governors of France for two hundred and fifty years, the crown became stronger still, and annexed further provinces. The endless wars of succession with England, the struggles between the royal prerogative and the nobility, the attacks made by the princes of the blood upon each other, the long series of wars with Austria, during which the three German Bishoprics of Metz, Verdun, and Toul came three hundred years ago for the first time under French supremacy, and lastly the bloody and fierce disturbances between Protestants and Catholics, had again and again brought the country to the verge of ruin, had devastated its glorious fields and vineyards, trodden under foot the rights of the people, and dismantled its towns; till the end of the Valois dynasty left France torn into factious discontent, but, as a united monarchy, strong and martial in its development against its neighbours.

With Henry of Navarre the Bourbons mounted the throne of France, and occupied it for two hundred years till their disastrous fall—two hundred years, comprising the highest material development of the country and ending in its utter dissolution. There is no period of French history so indicative of the pernicious influence of single-handed power as that of Louis XIV., and his favourite maxim, 'L'État c'est moi,' may be said to have wrought even the disastrous consequences of our own time.

Under the Valois Francis I. the first colonial possession, 'Canada,' was acquired, but also the last vestige of a real people's representation lost. Under the Valois Henry II. the first encroachments on German ground were made, but it was the house of Bourbon that developed that peculiar thirst and lust for conquest among the French people, which have for centuries perverted their noble individual character. Some West Indian possessions were added by Louis XIII., and under Louis XIV. these were increased; large possessions in North America, Cape Breton, Madagascar, the Mauritius, Pondicherry, and other stations were acquired, and French Flanders, the Franche Comté, the Elsass with Strassburg incorporated. It is true, commerce, arts and sciences were cultivated, but the individual character of the people became depressed and deteriorated, while a heavy debt was heaped on the land. At last the nation, stunted in its natural development, was hopelessly given over to the hands of Louis XV., who, though he added the rest of Lorraine and Corsica, had to give up many American possessions to England, Louisiana and New Orleans to Spain, and, worse than all, precipitated France towards its political dissolution. One might almost shudder at the incompetency of the measures that were taken to restore something like an equilibrium in the financial means of the country before the first revolution—a revolution stirred far less by new ideas of some Utopian development than by the simple arithmetical truth, that the French people had never thought of extending beneficial government

to all classes, *but had merely drawn subsistence from some classes to maintain others in a false state of prosperity.*

When the senses become disturbed blood flows, and here it did flow, but not that purifying blood of just, renovating ideas, but rather the blood of excited passion, of false comprehension of liberty at home and greedy conquest abroad. This fulsome stream of blood brought about, in the course of a few years, the establishment of a single rule under the comprehensive daring and constructive genius of Bonaparte. When, satiated by the surfeit of conquest in Europe, this rule was annihilated, the country had fain to submit to the loss of all those magnificent acquisitions that had been gained since the fall of the Bourbons, and had again to return under their government. *That*, however, could not last; for *them* the French people had advanced too much in self-management, and after forty years from the first fall of the Bourbons—years chequered with turbulence, false military glory and political disasters—the nation was gained over by the promises of a constitutional monarch in the person of Louis-Philippe. He, however, afraid to trust the interests of his family to his people, governed France rather too much in the style of a large counting-house, and consequently lost his hold over it; allowing it to drift, after the existence of a short Republic, again into the hands of one man, the last Napoleon. With that speculative cleverness peculiar to him Napoleon did not unite the stout honesty to study the best and only way to manage and advance the French people, by individual development down to all classes; but imagined that by sweeping the dust off the old Paris streets, by the establishment of an ornamental army and navy, by the splendour of an imperial court, by the acquisition of commercial riches, by the fanciful interference in the concerns of other nations, he could build up a consolidated France. When his scheme proved abortive, he resorted to the old inducement of lust of conquest, and this time failed, as he had not reckoned on that vast and powerful response from his neighbour: 'The hour *has* come,' as Heine said, and France feels its mighty curse.

While the political development of France passed through such various phases, that of Germany fluctuated scarcely less.

The eastern portion of the Franconian Empire, to which the Imperial dignity was attached, developed itself under no sovereign and at no period of time into so unified a State as France had done.

The various minor sovereignties of Germany maintained a certain kind of individuality that became fused into homogeneous consistence according to the determined will and the power exercised over the princes of different degree by the German Emperors. Under the Carlovingians, the successors of Charlemague—he who had founded that immense Franconian Empire—Germany approached a period of dissolution; the powerful grasp of the first Emperor of the Saxonian line turned those hundred years of Carlovingian misrule into a channel that forced the

princes of the Empire to consider its interests superior to their own petty jealousies. The hundred and twenty years of the Saxonian line of Emperors, the hundred and twenty following years of the Franconian line, and the hundred and thirty years of the Hohenstauffen, comprise in their extent a time during which Germany occupied no mean position, and realised in its complex political formation an amount of independent individual strength that became weaker and weaker in after-times. The Habsburg line, at the end of the thirteenth century, commenced an era in Germany that carried out the idea of a conglomeration of minor States, and occasioned thereby an oft-repeated warfare between its members, which the authority of the Emperor was not always sufficient to stem. A continual warfare with Italy to maintain a certain sovereignty over portions of it, which had gradually come into German power, a watchful and ever-varying warlike policy against the eastern frontier to hinder the inroads of various Slavonic and Magyar nationalities, and the struggles with the hierarchical power of the Popes, had occupied much of the time up to the accession of the Habsburgers; and during that time also had been formed the nucleus of that Prussian power, the Markgraviate, later Electorate, of Brandenburg, which dates from the early conquests of Saxon Counts over Slavonic tribes, settled in the eastern portion of Germany. During the two hundred and twenty years which followed the accession of the Habsburg family up to the Reformation, that family was anxiously occupied in increasing its own possessions in the south and east of Germany in order to make its position as opposed to that of the other German princes respected. Struggles between the aristocracy and the wealthy towns convulsed periods of that time; so did the envious anxiety about the rising power of France and Burgundy in the west, and the still greater fear of the invasion of the Turks in the east. Frequent endeavours to render the imperial power more powerful and homogeneous were partially successful in the celebrated sessions of the Imperial Diet; and here also came to light the first indications of that necessity of reform in spiritual matters which, taking for a time a violent turn in Bohemia during the fifteenth century, ended in the establishment of the Reformation in the sixteenth, and devastated the country in the seventeenth, thereby as it were separating the Northern or Protestant from the Southern or Catholic States. The embryo of future Prussia, the Electorate of Brandenburg, had meanwhile grown to greater dimensions, driven to the exercise of all its political vigilance by the circumstances that surrounded its very existence.

The seventeenth century comprised one of the most violent and most disastrous periods of German history; the German Emperors were not able to direct that great movement of the Reformation into a healthy channel, and it ended in a general warlike conflagration. France and Sweden were drawn into interference with German affairs, and Germany became the place where several of the greatest European

questions were fought out. The Peace of Westphalia left Germany weakened and disheartened, the Empire demoralised by external influence, and an easy prey to the aggressive policy of Louis XIV. At this time it was that the Electorate of Brandenburg strode into a higher policy, guided, we might say, by that man whose genius became the founder of its more elevated sphere—by the 'Great Elector.' From the small Markgraviate, created by the Saxon Counts, Brandenburg had steadily formed into a State on the sound principles of continued self-exertion. To this self-exertion it had been led by the natural struggle for life between the great States among which it found itself placed; and though after its first foundation by the Askanian family it had almost lost its very existence, through the negligence of the Imperial house, it rallied from the moment it came into the hands of the Hohenzollern, and developed into a sovereignty of considerable importance, guided by the determination to use all means in its power to render *every* citizen a useful member of the State, to encourage emigrants that had been chased away from other countries, to found schools, to regulate its financial system strictly, and to cultivate its stubborn soil with the utmost assiduity.

By the end of the seventeenth century there was formed against Louis XIV. a coalition whose soul was that wise sovereign William III. of England; with him the 'Great Elector' acted in concert against the Swedes, who were the allies of the French King. The Spanish succession war produced a further coalition, but though it put an end to the ambition of France, it left the German Empire weak. Sweden's power, it is true, became less dangerous for Germany, but the existence of the latter became threatened by a new element—the influential voice of Russia. Brandenburg, joined by this time to the two Prussian provinces near the Baltic, became a kingdom, and rose to be an antagonist to Austria's undisputed sway in Germany. The beginning of the eighteenth century produced no happy result in Germany itself; the loose ideas and morals of the French courts gained ascendency, no immediate progressive movement was made, and it was not to be wondered at that the strict disciplinarian spirit of the young Prussian kingdom, led by the inexhaustible energies of Frederick II., should produce a new starting-point of German development, and direct the eyes of all Europe to those heroic exertions. But those very exertions, that very ascendency over Austrian plethora, although it raised Prussia to the height of self-assertion, brought forth a reaction at the time when it behoved every European State to be on its guard. The French Revolution and the first French Empire found Prussia resting lazily on its laurels and Germany an awkward conglomeration, bound together by no patriotic ties: the result was certain; Napoleon made sad havoc with it and reduced the importance both of Prussia and the German Empire almost to *nil*. Then it was that those great regenerative desires arose and awakened much that had lain dormant in the nation;

originating those first longings for unity of action that have been crowned with success in our time.

The German Empire under Austrian rule finished its existence by the beginning of this century, and Prussia exercising its renewed military strength, on the principle that every able citizen should become a defender of his country, not only bravely bore its part in freeing Germany from foreign yoke, but since that time never swerved from its powerful striving for material and intellectual improvement, bearing at last with such overweening internal strength upon Austria and those German States that were opposed to the idea of northern unification as to strike them off the map of Germany under their former names.

Can it be wondered if from these historical considerations the result of the present war on the Continent has on one side led to the realisation of the German dream for regeneration as an Empire, and on the other to the heavy punishment of that aggressive policy of conquest which was not sufficiently backed by military strength to carry it out?

That so fertile a country as France, so productive a soil, so glorious a climate, should render a sanguine population little calculated to deal with those sterner maxims which the Prussians have had to learn is easily understood. Having had to make sandy soil productive, to make morasses fruitful, to use every endeavour to gain the utmost from their lands, and to employ all their strength in protecting the land they owned against the neighbours that began to fear those exertions, the Prussians have become a reliable but a stern nation, and when once convinced of some great necessity in carrying out an aim they have determined on, they follow up this track without fear or favour. That there is the danger of over-exertion in such a development is obvious, and that such men as Bismarck—who after all is but the mouthpiece of many to whose ideas he gives expression—are produced in such a nation, merely speaks for this nation's unswerving purpose. Bismarck cannot understand that he is wrong, when his mind has once grasped a plan, and he uses the means which he thinks prudence and foresight advise him to use in the execution of his design. 'If the German nation is strong enough to do so, let it assert itself,' is expressed by those words of his in the Parliament:

'Gentlemen, let us not differ on trifles when greater things are at stake. We cannot now have everything we want, but something may be gained. Assist Germany to vault into the saddle, and trust her to ride alone!'

That his wariness in dealing with the susceptibilities of the Southern Germans was imbued with the delicate tendency of his mission was proved by his assertion:

'As to political alliance between the two halves of Germany, I trust that, with or without it, the South will always stand by the North, as the North will always stand by the South.'

Count Bismarck is the political leader of a nation that has had to gain

every foot of its position by hard work; that by such means it should have gained this position is in the nature of the various development of nationalities, and that this development should carry along with it certain harsh measures that appear to us in England little calculated to assure to the German nation that liberty which England itself enjoys, is palpable. But it would be not less unreasonable to say that England will disappear from the list of great nations (because, taking the lesson of history to heart, it has through its Ministers declared for the sensible course, to further its inner development and not go bragging about a strength, to exert which would only produce ultimate weakness and lead the country to absolute ruin) than it would be ridiculous to expect a country like Prussia to possess certain political liberties that could only have originated during a long career of independent exertions to obtain them, and that produced even in England an inequality of social prosperity which the present Ministry has made it its determined purpose to master and erase.

The present combination on the Continent must produce immense results; it will, we hope, leave the German nation free to exercise its full strength in guiding its unification into channels that will be more free from the sterner attributes of supreme control, and allow the country the outward expression of free movement, free speech, and free political writing. But let us be sure that Bismarck, who has so well studied English institutions, knows that so heterogeneous a nation could only have been brought together by the sword and necessity.

And France, fair France? That France should have been beaten in the struggle was a probability—that France has had to suffer was a sad necessity—that France may rise to be wiser in its development must be our prayer! Not to fall into the hands of one man, but to use all its great men, to advise and work and produce a new era, which will restore again that European garden that represents the very principle of life's amenity to us. As sure as France will not acknowledge that it has had a lesson to learn, France will have suffered in vain. Germany did acknowledge, under the first Napoleon, that it had a lesson to learn. There happened then scenes which no correspondent would willingly have described: they were endured with humility. There are *now* towns in Germany that pay off loans made to furnish the war contributions of that time.

Under the threatening fortresses of Paris, on the bare fields of the eastern portion of France, in the churchyards by the roadside, and on the battle-grounds, where German and French soldiers, fathers, brothers and sons, lay together, and have paid the penalty of wrong views and wrong desires, there may perhaps arise the germ of a friendship as yet dimly probable, and this friendship may do more to wipe away those disastrous ravages than any fine talk that an English army would have prevented that bloodshed and stopped that duel which in Heine's words has been impending for years and years.

# Tom Poulton's Joke.

A SOCIABLE CLUB of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself 'The Serious Family,' and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull gaunt house in Soho Square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and according to the bye-laws of this fund, all members of the Club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthy payments of one sovereign, were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become suscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favour. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young and middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the Club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted, but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favour of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result

in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favour of the Club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, and Trustee of the fund, and the whole Club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humour, so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund, proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew towards its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five-eighths per cent. in favour of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing), Tom Poulton began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humour, the humour of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the Secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes. He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humour reconciled him to all misfortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris were on the best of terms.

'Harris,' said Tom Poulton, 'I've arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help.'

'It is yours,' said Harris. 'Details?'

'You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die.'

'Don't do that,' said Harris.

'Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my

name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill.'

'Well?'

'Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house.'

'Still I don't see——'

'You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you, they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them.'

'But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral.'

'Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving every thing I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble.'

'Thank you—thank you heartily.'

'Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it.'

. . . . . .

'On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.'

. . . . . .

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left everything that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members, and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, everyone expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinarily wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with bank-notes, and so was his easy chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to

have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favour of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learnt that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralising among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first Mr. Peter Hodgson was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members (for it was a point of honour with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions), that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

'Whose funeral is this?' said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

'Why it's—it's yours, Tom,' said Peter.

'Mine?'

'Yes, Tom—yours.'

'This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, sir,' said Tom, sternly.

'Joke!' said Peter, 'it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?'

'I? Nonsense!'

'Well, anyway we're burying you, Tom Poulton!'

'Why do you call me Tom Poulton?'

'Aren't you Tom Poulton?'

'Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the Cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity.'

'Then, sir,' said Peter Hodgson, 'I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!'

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson and made his way into the throng of mourners.

'Tom!' said another; 'why we are burying you!'

'My name, sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life.'

'Tom Poulton!' 'Tom Poulton!' 'Tom Poulton's alive and present!' passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar, but by no means vulgar, features.

'Gentlemen,' said Tom Poulton, 'I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance; I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him.'

And with a slight bow he walked away.

. . . . . .

The principal topic of conversation that night, at the meeting of the Serious Family, was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton, at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered anybody's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton.

The Club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Everybody looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

'Sir,' said he, 'this is a private club room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members.'

'Ha! ha!' said Tom, 'bravo Peter!'

'Sir,' said another, 'we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw.'

'Allow me to introduce myself,' said Tom, with much mock gravity.

'I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning.' And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

'If you imagine, sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke——' began Peter Hodgson.

'A distant resemblance!'

'A very distant and shadowy resemblance, sir. Nothing more, I assure you.'

'Don't be a fool, Peter,' said Tom; 'we've had enough of this, haven't we, Dick?'

'We have, sir,' said Dick; 'I must insist on your withdrawing immediately.'

'Come, come,' said Tom, rather chapfallen; 'it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Hodgson and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?'

'Sir,' said Dick, 'I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force.'

And as the members of the Club rose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Hodgson's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the Club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr. Dick Harris, that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson, that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the Club doors day after day, but to no effect. The Hall Porter—they had started a Hall Porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the Club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that

the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the Club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money, but they furnished no clue that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions, but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the Club, but the Hall Porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the Club, and enclosed stamped envelopes for reply, but they tore up the envelopes and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first, these appeals amused the Club immensely, but after six or eight months' persecution, the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore, and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the Club-room, but he was informed that for the purposes of that meeting his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid, quarterly, to the Major-General by the Committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity, and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became Chairman of the Club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly instalment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification, but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

W. S. GILBERT.

# In Town.

It is certainly matter for congratulation that the present session of Parliament, which bids fair to be engaged in questions of more than ordinary importance, has been opened by Her Majesty in person. Considered as a mere spectacle, the opening of Parliament is not a very imposing sight, and the Indian potentates who were present could not fail to contrast it unfavourably with the gorgeous durbars of their own country. As a nation we are not remarkable for the magnificence of our public ceremonies and we seldom lose an opportunity of displaying the lack of it. Still we must remember after all that the truly imposing portion of the ceremony consisted, not in the pageant, but in the actors.

*A propos* of English processions and state *fonçions*, do any of our readers recollect the opening of the Thames Embankment last year? After vast sums had been expended in the wealthiest city in the world in perfecting what is really a grand work, it was inaugurated by a procession mainly composed of the members of the Board of Works in two-horse flys. Verily we have our own way of doing these things!

A telling, and we trust a fatal, blow, has been dealt to that effete absurdity, the Royal Marriage Act, by the consent of Her Majesty to the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne. It is sad to see opposition offered in any quarter to the endowment of the royal bride with what must have been given her in the event of her marrying a foreign prince—even though that opposition was led by Mr. P. A. Taylor, and supported by a solitary vote.

The beginning of the end of Continental complications is, it is to be hoped, at hand; and possibly before these lines appear in print, Mr. Buxton may have had the opportunity of bringing forward the motion which he announced, amidst some laughter, his intention of making 'on the conclusion of peace.' Whatever opinions may be formed of the attitude of this country throughout the struggle which has desolated France, there is one thing to which we can justly point with pride—the noble efforts made here to alleviate the awful miseries of one of the most sanguinary wars that history records. Whether the endeavours for the aid of the sick and wounded produced much real

good is perhaps open to doubt; as, by partially relieving the belligerents of one of the heaviest burdens of war, they may have conduced to some extent to the prolongation of the struggle; but that they saved numberless victims at the first outset there can be no question. The recent measures so promptly taken for the relief of the starving population of Paris are certainly beyond all praise.

The for long vexed question of the Alabama claims seems in all probability likely to engender further complications. The commission that has just been appointed by Government to settle these claims will have, in addition to the consideration of the fact that more than one English insurance company has already paid in full the losses of the proprietors of vessels sunk by the Alabama, to remember the equally important fact that they have probably not been accredited with powers by the Government to settle the claims of the Confederate bondholders.

Whatever may be said by disappointed authors and critics against public taste, there is always a healthy vitality in it which, sooner or later, reacts against false impressions, no matter how wide the temporary influence they may have gained. A notable instance of this may be observed in the decline of the burlesque drama. Much well-deserved blame has been lavished on the authors of these inanities, which have so long held possession of the stage; but we ought to look deeper and consider that the supply was created by the demand, and that the encouragers of false art, under which head we include not only the public, but most of their self-constituted guides, the newspaper critics, are in reality more culpable than the purveyors of it. The earlier specimens of burlesque used to give a slight relief from the endless pantomimes which every manager seemed bound annually to produce; but we regret to see the older form of entertainment swept almost entirely away by a class of performance equally foolish in its nature, and altogether devoid of the powerful excuse of being intended for the amusement of children. Compare the circle of childish faces, say on such a night as when Messrs. Smith and Elder's young friends visited Covent Garden, revelling in pantomime, and laughing with unfeigned delight at the time-honoured practical jokes of clown and pantaloon, or the unearthly gesticulations of the Payne or Vokes families, with the occupants of the stalls at a burlesque theatre gloating over 'leg scenes,' and draw your own conclusions as to the relative healthiness of the two sights.

The so-called 'realistic' drama is also at last we think beginning to lose ground. The scenic artist is a great man in his way and generally a very clever fellow, but after all he ought to be only an accessory to the dramatist. We smile at Mr. Vincent Crummles' real pump and washing tubs, but where is the real difference between a play written to bring those valuable properties before an audience, and one written to bring in the Underground Railway, the University Boat Race, or

that last and crowning absurdity, the dissected lighthouse with which the Adelphi audience were recently favoured?

True realism in stage art we think a charming thing. The day of stilted bombast is happily gone by, and the uninterrupted success of the late (that we should have to say so!) Mr. Robertson's easy and natural comedies has shown in a marked degree the public love of something natural. Considered as purely literary productions, they were not perhaps of a very high order, but they brought before the public characters who were to be met with in every-day life, and the natural taste of the audience at once approved them. The only one that may be said not to have thoroughly succeeded was unfortunately the author's last, and 'War,' we fancy, failed more in consequence of its somewhat ill-chosen time of production than on account of any radical defect of its own.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Boucicault will retrace his steps and employ the talented hand which gave us 'London Assurance' in something more worthy of himself than his later endeavours to out-herod all other competitors in sensational absurdities.

Of the purely imitative school but little need be said. Adaptations of Charles Dickens's novels and of foreign dramas can in no sense of the term be called art. The small modicum of ingenuity displayed in the adaptation of some of the French pieces is somewhat comic; for instance in the case of 'Fernande,' where a piece certainly quite unsuitable to an English audience was rendered almost utterly unintelligible by the reformation of the plot. But we were overlooking two really original pieces with which the town has been favoured. Let those who have not seen them visit 'The Two Roses' and 'The Palace of Truth' as soon as they can, lest the opportunity be gone. The latter in particular is a very successful attempt at a much higher style of dramatic composition than anything that has been produced for years.

Mrs. Rousby is extremely pretty and a very fair actress, and so is Miss Neilson, but ''Twixt Axe and Crown' and 'Amy Robsart' display such utter want of originality that we cannot say a word in their commendation.

We shall soon have the Opera again, but in its absence we have derived much pleasure from our visits to that most comfortable of all theatres, the Gaiety. Mr. Santley was glorious in 'Zampa'; and the charming music which accompanied them redeemed to a great extent the sad vulgarity of the English versions of Offenbach's burlesques.

It is pleasant to watch the rapid strides which the popularisation of good music makes every year. Even the most inappropriately termed *music* halls are compelled to adopt some respectable compositions into their programmes. The Alhambra, since the stern decision of the Middlesex magistrates cut off its ballet, has taken a somewhat higher ground, though of course inclining more to the performance of popular music. For those, and their number daily increases, whose ears are

sufficiently educated to enable them to appreciate really good music, the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace Concerts, especially the former, afford an opportunity of gratifying their tastes at a most moderate cost. Many will tell us that the greater part of the audience on these occasions is composed of foreigners, but we beg to differ. An old German song describes Bohemia as 'the happiest land on earth,' because all its inhabitants were musical; and, with some slight reservations, such as the street concertina, the barrel-organ, and the amateur cornopean, we agree with the opinion that the higher the aesthetic cultivation of a nation, of which music is probably as fair a test as could be taken, the greater the general comfort of its inhabitants.

The Exhibition of Pictures by the Old Masters has been a great boon. We shall probably never again have a similar chance of beholding nearly all the gems of private collections in one exhibition. The only objection to such large collections of pictures is the *embarras des richesses*. One knows not which way to turn, and has not sufficient time to thoroughly study the beauties of any of the gems of art surrounding us on all sides.

The Doré Gallery in Bond Street well repays a visitor, the pictures of that extraordinarily prolific artist being remarkable in their scenic effects. The latest addition, 'The Christian Martyrs,' is a most wonderful production, though slightly disfigured by a piece of hasty work in the varnishing, which has the apparent effect of bringing the stars out of their natural position and causing them to float about in mid-air like so many Will o' the Wisps.

Probably the most important piece of purely national art that has been produced in this country for many years is the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, now so far approaching conclusion that some distinct idea of its general effect, apart from that given by the various copies of the design which have been published, may be fairly formed.

The superstructure certainly seems more in the style of that art which gave birth to the Lord Mayor's state carriage than anything else; but time, London fogs, smoke, and rains will no doubt soon tone down its appearance. As regards the sculpture work at the base, it is not yet completed; but even in its unfinished state it augurs ill for those who are pleased habitually to croak about our 'utter want of able sculptors.' Poor Macdowell! He was enabled to put the finishing touches to his portion of the work before he died. The arrangement of his group, 'Europe,' is a little hard, but nevertheless a worthy representative of the art that took us by storm with the 'Reading Girl.' It is rumoured that the statue of the late Prince by Foley is to be in gold; but we shall be sorry to see the rumour verified by fact, as it will then form but an incongruous crowning piece to what will undoubtedly be the largest mass of modern sculpture in Europe. Of the work of Mr. Armstead and Mr. Philip we can but speak in terms of the highest praise. These gentlemen have now almost come to the conclusion of their

seven years' labour. It is not easy to imagine a work that comprises over a hundred and fifty life-size figures, and one can just as hardly grasp the unremitting labour and perseverance that have produced it. Mr. Armstead has ably used the advantage he has had in having, to some extent, contemporaries to depict. This gentleman's centre group of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, were it not for a certain mechanical arrangement, would be a perfect success. Indeed, the mode of arrangement is perhaps the principal drawback to his work. In attempting to group his subjects according to their characteristics, he has produced in some cases almost a humorous effect.

Mr. Philip has, on the other hand, treated his subjects chronologically. His centre figure, Michael Angelo, should alone be sufficient to make his reputation. His work is marked by a chaste gentleness which has been admirably sustained throughout.

The groups on the four spurs of the base, consisting of Commerce by Thorneycroft; Engineering, by Lawler; Manufacture, by Weekes; and Agriculture, by Calder Marshall, are already completed. It were perhaps premature to bestow any elaborate criticism on what is yet an unfinished work, but what is done may fairly be taken as a guide to the final result.

Notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets that has announced the throwing open of the Civil Service to general competition, but few young men appear desirous of coming forward for examination. It is not likely that men of the calibre required by the schemes recently promulgated, will have such an utter want of common sense as to go in for a severe examination to obtain an uncertainty. Were the Civil Service constituted on a definite footing, and were the higher prizes in it open to all (as is the case in India), men would readily enough come forward no doubt, but to expect them to enter a service in a chaotic state of transition is an insult to the intelligence of the educated classes.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

Nine readers of our local gossip out of every ten will search with interest for a 'tip' as to the coming aquatic contest on the Putney water. They must of dire necessity be disappointed. Neither Mr. Woodgate of B. N. C.—who as we write is acting coach to an eight, of which it is impossible to predict that it will be *the* eight—nor the most intelligent waterman on the banks of Isis could hazard a speculation as to the comparative value of the rival raw materials. A vast deal is babbled here about the inferiority of our stroke. Too short. Will break the men's wind in a couple of miles. Not less ugly to look at than bad to go. These and similar utterances of wise-acreage find their little way into journals which are accredited. Assuredly the stroke is not that grand methodical swing, which lifted Oxford to victory from the old days of Chitty and Meade-King down to the conclusion of the last decade. That triumph-insuring secret Mr Morrison bore away with him to Cambridge, the result being Mr. Goldie, a man, by the way, who has perpetrated one grand mistake—he has chosen the wrong University. Inasmuch, however, as our spies report that the Cantab crew consists practically of this oar and one other, to despair of our ship would be alike weak and disloyal. To a poverty of style we confess, but this is not irremediable. Our eight will not row away from their opponents, but are not likely to fall far astern. Hence our advice to investors must be simple: 'Don't be in a hurry to form an opinion.' Above all, disbelieve every syllable you see in print. *De rigueur*, Oxford will be written, yet it does not follow that she will be rowed, down. There is a story of a Tipperary lad bringing an action for defamation of character. His plea was that defendant had called him an Irishman! We are not likely for many a long day to imitate Paddy. The dark blue ribbon fore or aft will ever be the pride of Oxford. To us it is the symbol alike of mind and matter; of the leading thought of England and of her most honourable muscularity.

From the boat to the dons is a disagreeable transition. There is another fellowship scandal afloat. B. N. C. advertised a brace of these sinecures, which, we may instruct the uninitiated, mean luxurious competence so long as the holder can refrain from committing that sin

which Mr. Moncure Conway would style 'perpetual marriage.' One fellowship was for classics, the other for mathematics. Candidates flocked hungrily to the gateway shaded by the fungoid nose. Visions of no more ethics or no more sums floated before the vivid imaginations of first-class men, heightened no doubt by thoughts of panelled rooms and port. Alas for classic Oxford! The sums had it all their own way, and Aristotle retired ignominiously. In fact, the dons of B. N. C. gave the classical fellowship to a mathematician. How came this? There is a solution of the problem, which may be stated, but is obviously absurd. The dons, it is asserted, designed the mathematical fellowship for a meritorious man of their own college. Unfortunately there appeared a leviathan from Magdalen, a person of known mathematical ability. What could they do? To put their own man above this *enfant terrible* would have exposed them to a charge of unfair dealing. Accordingly they created two mathematical fellows, leaving the entire body of classicists to call again another time. This ridiculous hypothesis would account for the milk of the cocoa-nut, but not for the hairs on the shell; or, in parallel words, would amply explain the 'brazen,' leaving the 'nose' a matter of conjecture.

B. N. C. apart, it seems very hard that colleges should not reward their own students who have done their tutors credit in the schools. That most blunder-headed body, the University Commission, among other and more mischievous vagaries, took away the power of colleges to elect their own men, supposing that a candidate of superior luck in scribbling examination questions appeared from some other college—legislation, be it remarked, most destructive of the very *esprit de corps* which is the glory of the college system. At Cambridge, if you aspire to a St. Boniface fellowship, to St. Boniface you must go. At Oxford, if you cast sheep's eyes on the fat pastures of Magdalen or St. John's you had better enter at Balliol or Corpus. Hence difficulties are perpetually cropping up, like this so-called scandal of B. N. C. Certes, if B. N. C. had passed over their own worthy man, who had gained them a first class, B. N. C. would have been abominably ungrateful. Yet his just election has brought the college into unenviable notoriety.

In that mock parliament, which hebdomadalises within the precincts of the pig-market, there has arisen of late much dissension about new foundations. The *vile corpus* of the debate was Keble College, the constitution of which 'riled' many a spleen. All other colleges are governed by fellows, who from time immemorial have pilfered shamelessly the goods appertaining to the non-governing portion of the foundation, whilst they made a harvest out of the independent members of their society. Keble, however, is governed by a council of eminent personages, who desire simply the welfare of the students. Nothing could be opposed to the traditions of the place more thoroughly than this new foundation. It exists for its men, not its men for it. There are no scout's perquisites. Food is eaten, not wasted. A dead stopper

is put on many inane extravagances, acquiesced in reluctantly by the rest of the University. In short, as far as discipline is concerned, Keble is a model. Perhaps just now it errs on the side of severity. Nevertheless, bullying by dons is sweet compared with bullying by tradesmen. If the Keble men are not in debt, they are of all the richest. Strange to say, the opposition to this youngest college came from the liberal side of the pig-market. There was much grunting about sectarianism. Translated into Johnsonian and Carlylese English, might be heard the sentiments of the enlightened agitator, 'I'm for wote by ballast, and guv'nment by majority, and them as don't like it, make 'em!'

Perhaps some of the pig-market debaters may have felt some small alarm lest the principle upon which Keble College rests might be extended. No one much minds Keble. It is a poor man's affair. Suppose, however, some enterprising soul were to start a college for aristocrats and plutocrats, where the 'poor rich' should receive money's worth for money! What a bomb shell for a certain institution, which has been honestly endeavouring by consistent mismanagement to goad its high spirits into open rebellion! Instead of calcined statues, bonfires in quad, war-dances around authority, productive of beggared dukes, marquesses hurried to a premature grave, and a well-stocked turf, men treated like men would behave like men; there would be that wholesome confidence between senior and junior observable in the army. No wonder that the minds of the pig-market hastened with preventive measures for fear of such a catastrophe. For the honour of Oxford, be it said, they were not only ignominiously defeated, but, better still, received a wholesome slating from their own adherents in the London press.

To turn to chit-chat proper from the field of chit-chat speculative, Lent term is dull enough. We have had the opportunity of witnessing some real skating by an American undergraduate. So perfect were this gentleman's evolutions that for the first time it was possible to realise the comprehensiveness of his national term 'slick,' which must have surely been invented by a skater. The rejection of the new master of University for the Oxford school board, old Marlburians will do well to consider as less of insult than of purblind error. *A propos* of schoolmasters, the Sherborne meeting proposes to reform our Latin pronunciation. Good news this for musicians. We shall have an end at last to 'Benn-ee-dictus quei veenit,' and such-like insular cacophony. The other measure of the schoolmaster contains in it less of justice and much of pedantry. They want an university matriculation examination. In other words, they propose to shut the doors of colleges to all who do not pay their half-yearly bills. As matters stand a man can enter Oxford who has never opened a Greek book. Nor would it be just to exclude such a student from the benefits of the place. If Latin and Greek were all that we teach it would be a different

matter. We do, however, instruct in natural science, mathematics, theology, law, history, Sanscrit, even in neglected poetry and despised music. Professors flourish for the most part on ponderous salaries. They really thirst for audiences. Why then ostracise that social ornament and good-hearted entertainer Lord Fitzthingumy, who has a taste for history or art, but simply declines to be bored with Alcestis and arithmetic? There is quite enough of priggish optimism in Oxford without the intrusion of *doctrinaire* theorising. If the masters will attend to the scholarships, heads of houses will take care of themselves.

Have your readers any idea that Oxford can turn out very excellent caricature? Our esteemed publisher has just brought out some cartoons in their way inimitable, from the pencil, as is supposed, of a first-class man. Two especially deserve notice. The royal grace at Versailles, where the Emperor is drawn to such perfection that it is to be regretted that he has not a copy. A good laugh would perhaps mollify the conditions of peace. The other is headed 'The Relation of Art to Use,' and the Slade professor appears by way of illustration of his own theory. His head stands out in bold relief—as a gargoyle!

One word about the city. A drainage scheme has at last been agreed upon. The waters of the Cherwell which go to form Magdalen and Christ Church walks, will no longer necessitate the use of scented *mouchoirs*. This is an advance in civilisation. Two years ago the city made a discovery as regards roads. Perhaps ere long they may learn that pavement is desirable, and that drinking-water in summer ought not to contain specimens of many-legged monstrosities. The worst feature, however, in civic mismanagement is deserving of special mention. Every Wednesday and Saturday hundreds of horned cattle are permitted to pour through Oxford, a fair proportion being bulls. The University being misogynist, may be assumed to rejoice at any measure which represses *châtelaines* and costume dresses. Not so the city. The mercers and drapers, at least, must have some interest in the fair sex. Yet it is a fact that people are continually being charged by bulls in our streets. St. Giles's—the Mayfair of our resident gentry—was simply abandoned the other day to a mad brute, who was eventually lassoed, and slaughtered in the thoroughfare. This sort of thing might suit Madrid, but even there people like to be seated in comfortable security before enjoying their little feast of brutality.

Architecturally Oxford progresses slowly but surely. The gap in the High, caused by demolishing 'The Angel,' makes men regret that the scheme of the Dean of Christ Church for building new schools was rejected by the pig-market. A splendid *façade* on that site would be the making of the old High. New College is to have a grand front in Holywell—some day: a good idea. For New College ought to be larger in size, and just now it has the most grim of approaches. The circular window at the east end of the cathedral adds much to the picturesque

character of that edifice, and if canonical selfishness would only give way in the matter of that hideous wall, which hides all the beauties of Christ Church, and if Corpus could be induced to build a new front to the meadow, we should have somewhat to compare with the world-famed 'Backs' at Cambridge.

Personal news there is none, except in regard of Prince Hassan, who seems to throw himself into Oxford ways with zest. The appointment of Mr. Mozley to the Regius chair of Divinity is most deservedly popular. Lent will bring down ecclesiastics upon us in abundance. *Chacun à son goût.* They like them here. But then we have some charming specimens of natural growth. Is it necessary to particularise above all others a certain junior canon of St. Paul's? with whom must be associated the most affable, courteous, and unaffected of all prelates, the new Bishop of Oxford.

Oh, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone! you have indeed heaped coals of fire on the unworthy pate of your false Alma Mater!

# The Works of Alexander Pope.

*The Works of Alexander Pope.* New Edition. Including several hundred unpublished Letters, and other new Materials. Collected in part by the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. With Introductions and Notes. By Rev. Whitwell Elwin. London, John Murray.

It is not often, at the present day, that a man gets the chance Mr. Elwin has here availed himself of. Pope is one of our standard authors; he is found in every library: and yet there is no large edition of his works, such as we have of nearly every other great poet in our language, such as has of late years been published soon after the decease of most of our famous authors. Copies of the text, of course, we have in abundance; but for a large and fully annotated edition we have to go back to the hastily-written work of Bowles, or the still older, pedantic, and unsatisfactory editions of Warburton and Warton. It is certainly singular that from the time of Bowles down to the present year no attempt has been made to supply this deficiency. The late Mr. Wilson Croker, it was well known, was engaged in preparing an edition of Pope; but his lamented death left the undertaking incomplete, and hitherto no attempt had been made to take it up anew. Meantime, however—partially, if we mistake not, since Mr. Croker's death—new and strange light has been thrown on Pope's character and conduct by the researches of Mr. Dilke, well known in connection with the 'Athenæum'; and thus when Mr. Elwin applied himself to the task, though he enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Croker's materials, he had to begin to a very large extent afresh; and the present edition, though embodying many of Croker's notes, is emphatically the Elwin edition.

The first volume of this edition is before us, and we have little hesitation in saying that it at once takes its position as the standard edition of Pope. The text has been thoroughly collated, though this is a task of little difficulty and less importance in the case of Pope; for at the poet's death Warburton got charge of the original manuscripts to assist him in his editorial labours, under pain of forfeiting his legacy of 4,000*l.* should he be detected tampering with them; and the manuscripts still remain, and may be compared with the printed text. Indeed, one is somewhat inclined to object, as it is, to the number of various manuscript readings which are placed in the foot-notes, as

being for the most part trivial and not worth disinterring; but they certainly attest the scrupulous care and fidelity of the editor.

The present volume contains a long Introduction and several of the juvenile poems—viz. the translations, the imitations from Chaucer, the pastorals, and 'Windsor Forest.' The Introduction consists of a few remarks on preceding editions, a long discussion on Pope's correspondence, and, by way of conclusion, a few remarks explanatory of the present edition. The discussion which occupies almost the entire Introduction is, however, one of startling interest. It opens up the whole question, which till lately was not even suspected to exist, whether the various circumstances which seemed to show that the publication of Pope's letters was forced upon him were not arranged by the poet himself, whether his apparent reluctance to publish them was not merely part of an elaborate deception.

The circumstances are, we are convinced, such as to bear out the interpretation put upon them by Mr. Dilke and adopted by Mr. Elwin. The first publication of part of Pope's letters certainly took place without his consent. It embraced the series addressed to Cromwell, and the latter gave them to his mistress, who sold them to Curll, the publisher, for ten guineas. Their favourable reception inspired the poet with the desire of publishing some of his other more correct and elaborate letters; but he was anxious that it should appear as if circumstances had necessitated their publication against his will. A plausible excuse suggested itself in the publication of some posthumous poems by the dramatist Wycherley. With him Pope had had some correspondence, and the old man had even employed his young friend to revise and correct these poems. Pope now asserted that their publication was derogatory to Wycherley's fame, and that a reference to that correspondence would prove that they had not been meant for publication. It proved nothing of the kind; but, on the other hand, it showed to what an extent the poems were indebted to Pope's revision.

Conscious that his excuse was but a lame one, Pope was desirous of throwing the responsibility of publication on some other person's shoulders. By a series of adroit manœuvres he managed to get Lord Oxford, a man of no talent but anxious to be credited with a literary turn of mind, to allow the publisher to state that the letters had been copied from originals in Lord Oxford's library, the fact being that the originals had been sent there after the first copies had been printed. The deception was entirely successful, and the truth never even suspected till long after, when the correspondence with Lord Oxford was brought to light.

Emboldened by the success of this scheme, Pope soon cast about for an opportunity of giving other portions of his correspondence to the world. He succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in getting back his letters from some of his chief correspondents; and, after destroying three-fourths of them, carefully preserved the others, depositing a

duplicate copy of the series in Lord Oxford's library. Of course there is no saying what revision they may not have undergone.

The correspondence was now ready for publication, but for some years no opportunity presented itself. At length Curll, who was no friend of Pope's, announced a life of the poet. He thereupon received from an unknown correspondent, who signed himself P. T., the offer of a large collection of Pope's letters. The remuneration asked was very small, and the motive urged by P. T., who professed to have an illwill to Pope, was that these private letters would show the poet's character in its true light.

It turns out, however, that the letters were the identical ones placed in Lord Oxford's library, which we know to have been prepared for publication by the author himself. But the most suspicious thing about the whole business is the anxiety which P. T. showed to get Curll to advertise his collection of letters as forthcoming. It is easy to see how this would have played into Pope's hands. The same publisher who had formerly given the Cromwell correspondence to the public promises a further series; Pope, in self-defence, is obliged to publish them himself.

Curll, however, was too wary to put his foot into so patent a trap, and no further steps were taken in the matter for about eighteen months. At the end of that time Pope applied to Lord Oxford for the loan of the volume of correspondence. Three weeks after, Curll, actuated apparently by the advice of some of his acquaintances, offered Pope to close all differences, and, as a voucher of good faith, sent him P. T.'s communication. Pope's answer was to advertise in the papers, disclaiming any knowledge of P. T. or his letters, and declining to have anything to do with Curll. At the instant that Curll was stung to rage by this extraordinary insult, P. T. reappears on the scene. He magnanimously pardons Curll for betraying him to Pope, informs him that the letters are now printed, and offers still to make Curll the publisher. Curll consents, and the publication takes place.

Who, then, was this P. T. who played so wonderfully into Pope's hands while professing enmity to him? Mr. Dilke did not scruple to maintain that it was none other than Pope himself, and Mr. Elwin has at great length and with relentless logic enforced the same conclusion.

The arrest by the House of Lords, the singular omission of a dangerous page, and insertion, without Curll's knowledge, of a laudatory preface in the copies which were seized by the Peers' messenger, the subsequent attempt of P. T. to throw the blame off Pope by publishing the correspondence between P. T. and Curll—a correspondence which entirely exonerated the latter and convicted the former of foul play—all are inexplicable except on the hypothesis that Pope himself was at least the moving spring of P. T.'s actions. Mr. Elwin's narrative is the first continuous account that has been given of this most extraordinary affair; and though we would qualify some of his statements, and even

one or two of his conclusions, it seems impossible to resist the main sweep of his argument, to avoid believing that Pope was guilty of the grossest deceit and meanness.

This publication of Curll's drew from Pope a promise of a counter-publication, guaranteed by himself. This time, however, the public was not so easily imposed on. Though Pope's connivance at the publication of the Wycherley correspondence was not suspected, people had a shrewd idea that in this second case Pope was only too glad to get an excuse for publishing his letters. 'It seems,' says Johnson, in his 'Lives of the Poets,' 'that Pope . . . contrived an appearance of compulsion, that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.' The same conclusion is unavoidably forced on us by several points, to which Mr. Elwin has called attention in the editions of his letters which Pope subsequently published.

In the case of the Swift correspondence, the evidence is, to our mind, even more damnatory. It is proved that Pope asked for his letters, that Swift declined to return them, and that finally the Dean was prevailed on to hand them over to Pope. Can we reconcile with these facts the belief that afterwards, when Swift was in his dotage, the two changed sides, and that in spite of Pope's expostulations and entreaties, Swift insisted on publishing these letters which had previously passed out of his control? The inference is irresistible, that here, too, the same deceit was practised, that Pope managed to throw the discredit of publication on his poor old friend, knowing that the premature dotage into which that brilliant intellect had fallen would render it impossible for his assertions to be contradicted.

'A fatality,' says Mr. Elwin, 'attended the correspondence of Pope. Curll, in defiance of him, printed his letters to Cromwell. Lord Oxford, in spite of his disapproval, printed his letters to Wycherley. An unknown person, by unknown means, obtained the whole of the collection of 1735, printed it secretly at his own expense, and sold it for a song. To render the history uniform and complete, Swift, who would not permit Pope to print their letters, printed them himself, while Pope, changing sides with him, remonstrated and threatened. That nothing might be wanting to the singularity of the case, the last three sets of letters stole into the world when they were under the vigilant guardianship of the poet, and the two last sets got abroad after the abiding paroxysm of terror, engendered by the indiscretion of a single dissolute friend, had induced him to wrest his correspondence from friends of every degree for the purpose of securing it from the possibility of publication.' And this misfortune happened to Pope alone of the literary leaders of the day.[1]

[1] Introduction, p. cxvi.

It would be tedious now to speak of the minor points with regard to which Mr. Elwin exposes Pope's conduct, his behaviour to Caryll and Bolingbroke, and the unblushing way in which he falsified his letters, addressing to great people some which had been originally written to a small squire in Kent, omitting and garbling and antedating. Enough has probably been said to send many of our readers to this Introduction, which is certainly the most remarkable contribution to the Pope controversy which has ever appeared, Mr. Dilke's letters alone excepted. Yet we cannot avoid a feeling of dissatisfaction at the contents of this volume. We would on no account lose the Introduction; but is it not out of place as a general introduction to Pope's Works? One would have expected in the first volume an account of Pope's life, or a critical essay on his poetry, and the present Introduction would have formed the fitting preface to the five volumes of correspondence. In this way, too, the unseemly spectacle would have been avoided of an editor doing nothing but heap abuse on his author from beginning to end. For, indeed, the only fear we have for this edition is that the editor may prove less competent as a poetical critic than as an historical student. We are not altogether satisfied with some of his notes in the present volume. We reserve our remarks on this head, however, till the appearance of the second volume, which is to consist entirely of poetry. But we are decidedly of opinion that, in prefixing this discussion to his entire edition, Mr. Elwin has consulted his own reputation rather than what was fit and proper in an edition of Pope.

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## MARCH, 1871.

## CONTENTS.


PAGE

'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson . . . . . 1

APOLOGIA MEA.—IN TRIBULATIONE.
CHAPTER I.—Tegan.
" II.—Troubles.
" III.—Youthful Days.
" IV.—Old England.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. By Andrew Lang . . . . . 26

SHELLEY'S HEART. By W. M. Rossetti . . . . . 35

THE INFLUENCE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT ON ART IN COMMON LIFE . . . . . 36

THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD. Translated from the Icelandic by William Morris . . . . . 42

CHAPTER I.—Of King Beli and Thorstein Vikingson and their Children.
" II.—Frithiof wooes Ingibiorg of those Brethren.
" III.—Of King Ring and those Brethren.
" IV.—Frithiof goes to Baldur's Meads.
" V.—Those Brethren come Home again.
" VI.—Frithiof sails for the Orkneys.
" VII.—Frithiof at the Orkneys.
" VIII.—King Ring weds Ingibiorg.
" IX.—Frithiof brings the Tribute to the Kings.
" X.—Frithiof made an Outlaw.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: HARVARD. By Thomas Hughes, M.P. . . . . 59

THE SUN OF MY SONGS. By Theo. Marzials . . . . . 68

DRAMATIC ART REPRESENTATION. By W. Bodham Donne . 70

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST. Illustrated by Miss Edwards. 82

CHAPTER I.—Climax.
" II.—The Minor Canon.

AN APOLOGY. By A. J. Begbie . . . . . 96

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA By an Old M.P. . . . . 97

TOM POULTON'S JOKE. By W. S. Gilbert . . . . 107

IN TOWN . . . . . 114

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 119

REVIEW:—The Works of Alexander Pope . . . . . 124

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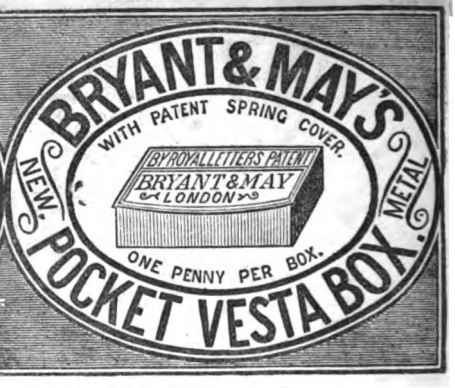


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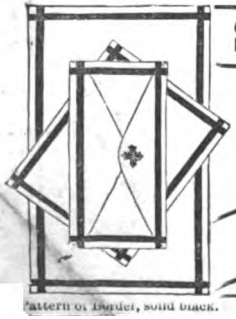

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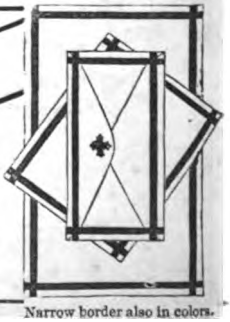

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## 'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

### CHAPTER V.

*LONDON.*

THE first October morning rose over London and woke it from its slumbers. All that sea of life began to heave, all that collection of human power began to work, all that concentration of worldly interest began to stir. The sun shone upon it and looked on: it shone upon good and bad, on just and unjust; it shone over palaces and hovels, over churches and devils' dens: but above all it shone upon grand, upon writhing humanity; it gladdened it and saddened it—and it shone on all the same.

At ten o'clock on that first bright October morning Hermann Zollwitz stepped on the sunlit pavement before the hotel near Blackfriars Bridge and was dazzled: the sun, the noise, the strong stream of mankind dazzled him; he felt that for the first time in his existence he stood opposite the turmoil of life in its vast sense, though he knew not yet how he himself should have to grapple with it.

Zollwitz went forward to mix with the crowd and take his first stroll in London. Like all sensitive men and women he had good taste enough not to swerve from the mode of dress that has been laid down by universal usage as the one most agreeable to present ideas. Zollwitz never imagined for a moment that it would be 'the thing' to rove about London in his somewhat loose student's attire, but adapted himself at once to the more sober fashion of out-door English life, as far as his German wardrobe would allow him. Yet there was something about him that drew people's attention to him—a fact he scarcely noticed; there was his own handsome face and figure, his gait that had not yet lost the student's swagger, and that peculiar look of enquiry, perhaps the most noticeable thing about strangers in London —a look that said, 'I want to see and I want to know.'

People in London streets don't want to see and don't want to know —people in London streets want to move on. Zollwitz, having come to see, did stand still and look, and was surprised when he found himself suddenly at the top of Ludgate Hill, opposite St. Paul's, the centre of a small knot of admirers, who looked where he looked, staring with him up at St. Paul's, not to admire the beautiful edifice but impressed with the idea that, as that handsome young man did look so intently up there, perhaps something unusual would presently present itself on the top of the dome. Zollwitz became aware that others gazed up; he turned to his companions and found them staring at him; he became confused and they smiled; he moved on, and they, at last aware that nothing remarkable had issued from the building, moved on also. But as he bent his way towards the smart shops to the left, a slight, somewhat shabby looking man addressed him in German; Zollwitz, with the manner of a true gentleman, leant towards him.

'You are a stranger in London, are you not, sir, and a German? I beg your pardon for addressing you, but I should be very glad to be of service to you, if you desire a companion to show you about. I know London well.'

'Thank you; it is very good of you. It gives me courage to hear German. I speak English, but book English; those people stared at me as if I were a monster; what did I do wrong? I have never been in England, and I am unacquainted with English habits.'

'Oh, it was nothing, only people will stop to look where others look.'

'Are the English so curious?'

'No, I think they are not at all curious; curiosity not being innate in them, they follow the lead of others.'

Zollwitz had not what we call a sharp intellect, but he thought he could detect in that shabby looking man the metal of an honest one, and he politely assured him that he should be glad of his companionship.

The two turned to St. Paul's Cathedral and entered it. Both

stood under the dome, which, rising in exhaustless grandeur, ought to carry the soul up with it. But the soul that won't be carried up, that clings to the little arrangements, to the little corners down below—that soul need not have entered; for it the dome spans its glorious expanse in vain; for it Wren's brain thought, pondered, and imagined in vain—that soul *will* grovel and it *must*, counting its coins, of whatever worldly metal they may be, below; setting up its idol—whatever creature above and below the earth that idol may have been fashioned after—and worshipping it in foul gluttony. Of those two souls, which went up, which remained below? Zollwitz's intensest longing took wing at once, and soared up, up, up; gazing, realising, and transforming every fibrous emotion of his bodily heart into spiritual essence, forgetting all around him; feeling as if he could stretch out his arms in very response to the creative genius of the fellow-being that had raised up that temple to God's service. And the other soul? It looked up, it looked down, it could not rise, but it worshipped no idol below; that soul was stunned and it wandered, wandered in sad forgetfulness around and saw nothing but marble and stone and carved benches with cushions in one corner, and when it had seen them all, even then took not stock of them.

Neither spoke. Both went up to the top—Zollwitz imbued with an almost oppressive consciousness of human power, the other with all consciousness crushed out of him somehow. They arrived at the top and had London before them. *London!* the centre of the eyes of millions, the cynosure of the desires of more millions—there it lay, and even Zollwitz was satisfied. The grandeur of the spectacle represented to him all the grandeur he had ever heard of. What were the gardens of Babylon, the temples of the Greeks, the amphitheatres of the Romans, the golden cities of the East, the minarets of Byzantium, the warm tints of Naples, the gay streets of Paris, the delightful walks of Vienna, and a thousand sights as grand—what were they to that actual mass there below? The present stole a march on the past, and Zollwitz felt he was but an infinitesimal particle of a grand finite representation of existence—an atom, a molecule rather, of that human conglomeration called London—old Lun-dun the metropolis of England.

With such overpowering ideas he turned and beheld his companion—pale, agitated, murmuring to himself—bending over ominously.

'For Heaven's sake don't throw yourself over!' Zollwitz exclaimed, while he held him by the coat. The other drew back, looked at Zollwitz, heaved a deep sigh, and gasped out 'Oh!' as if relieved from some impending evil. Zollwitz had become alarmed, and said quietly:

'I think we have been here long enough, let us go down. It is a grand sight to see this place at our feet, so far below us; it may well disturb one's equanimity—it has disturbed mine. Pray descend.'

And Zollwitz carefully allowed his companion to go down before him.

They passed out into the fresh air; Zollwitz still excited, the other subdued and nervous, but fully aware that he had some duty to perform. They walked up Cheapside—this odd pair—as far as the Mansion House, and here the shabby man stopped Zollwitz, explaining the various buildings and asking him to go into the Justice Room to see the Lord Mayor. His lordship had just arrived; Zollwitz looked at him and around him and could scarcely realise it all. Was it here, in this little place, that the representative of the City of London judged his fellow-creatures? The young German student scanned that unobtrusive, well-cut, quiet face; shrewd enough to detect a rogue, gentle enough to protect an innocent man, the mixture of that great English quality 'good sense;' that quality, which is always getting us into hot water with some one or other. It is our 'good sense' that is for ever shifting our opinions, and just lets us take one side or another as we perceive its justice. For it we are bullied right and left, and people say we have no convictions and only dance attendance on the profitable shilling. Johnny, Johnny, keep that 'good sense,' it is your most valuable quality, but rarify it with more general instruction and cultivation, and don't despise 'to want to know.'

If Zollwitz's big blue eyes could have eaten the Lord Mayor, they would: and in return for that earnest gaze his lordship certainly fixed an enquiring look on him; the admiration was mutual and only diverted by the appearance of two small culprits who had done something wrong to the business of a burly big butcher, their accuser. Two policemen flanked the accused, and a fiery mother was ready to fight the battle of her offspring. One boy remained stolid, the other whimpered; the accuser was forcible, the policemen quiet, pitying the boys; the mother became energetic; the whimpering boy blustered; his lordship saw it in a nutshell, held a reproving oration of a few sentences, and the boys were let off. With a humble curtsey to the Mayor the mother turned round the moment she was outside the door and abused the burly butcher in big round sentences.

Zollwitz enjoyed it all, enjoyed it to his heart's content; this was English, true English life, and better than the finest music to him. He wanted to speak to the shabby man, but when he looked at him he found him trembling and trying to get him away: 'Oh sir, do let us go, I can't bear to see that woman, she reminds me of some one.'

There stepped up before his lordship such a figure—such a figure! Where was Milton's description of Eve—where, where, where? we might ask wildly. Where is her sweet image gone? Drugged, dabbled, and soiled for some thousands of years have many of her daughters been. Let us draw a veil and help poor Zollwitz to get away, leaving that humane magistrate to treat her gently!

The shabby man relapsed into silence and Zollwitz had too much good feeling to refer to the scene. They went on to London Bridge—busy London Bridge. Here was life before the student; life here and there and everywhere, the atmosphere teemed with it, with coming and going, buying, selling, bargaining, and planning. Zollwitz leant against the parapet and watched them, almost forgetting his companion. When he had drunk in that scene of tumultuous occupation to his heart's content he looked for the shabby man and found him staring into the waters—staring as if he sought for some one there. Something began to creep over Zollwitz, some odd feeling as if things were not all right, as if his companion was a melancholy man, a man who had lost the string that attached him to actual life and could not find it again. Such a discovery had a bad impression upon the young German, who had never yet had to deal but with bright life, hope, ambition, and activity: it fell upon him like a crushing certainty, that such a thing as dull, hopeless despair existed.

'Come, sir,' Zollwitz exclaimed a little harshly, 'come, and let us get to the Tower.'

Brought out of his reverie the shabby man started and went on at a brisk pace. Was there still enough electrical matter left in that dried-up brain to be restored to life by some violent shock? Who knows how many such useless brains wander about in this beehive of life? Who cares?

They had been to the Tower and seen it all—those few meagre reminiscences of history. As for the jewels, Zollwitz scarcely looked at them: he wanted big, great things to which to attach himself, and these were so defined and circumscribed in reality, however great in positive value. Out they came—the two odd companions—ascending towards the Mint to go round by it to the Docks. Here they witnessed a scene; an Irishwoman, clean and comely, sat before her stall, and suddenly jumped up in a rage to cuff a young handsome Irish girl, who came running up to take her place.

'Ye dare stay thees 'oor, ye dare, and lave me alone here, ye beggarly bargan!'

Cuff, cuff, cuff round head and ears.

Zollwitz started and rushed at once to the rescue.

'How can you beat the girl, you bad woman?' he said, holding back her hand.

The hand was shaken off in an instant. 'Bad ooman! ye mane me genl'man; bad ooman ye sais—then look at yersel', yersel' for that, ye mane splutterin' rascal. Who are ye?' fired the irate one, with arms akimbo; 'who are ye? Let's have a look at ye; ye ain't English, case they wouldn't mind; ye ain't Irish, case you wouldn't harm a dacent countrywoman; ye ain't French, case ye ain't dandy enou'; ye are Jarmin, I got it, ye are Jarmin, with yer big eyes and yer bould face—that's what ye are. Get along, ye Jarmin varmint, get

along, ye sausage eater, get along! Didn't the praste say that Loother, the Jarmin 'retic, killed the Pope? Get along, and there, take that, ye Jarmin beggar!'

Up went the apples, bang! bang! after Zollwitz, who had listened in amazement, and turned at length from the infuriated virago, the last words ringing in his ears:

'Not bate my ane flesh and blood, ye Jarmin varmint, ye Jarmin beggar.'

The melancholy man had listened but not interfered, and Zollwitz thought it useless to say another word to him; but the scene had worked its way and left its mark.

Who could see the Docks and the ships without realising the undefined grandeur, wealth, and importance of England? There they lie, those silent witnesses of England's brave mission. Don't go pottering about to find them elsewhere, in the fine regiment of Guards, in those sumptuous western squares, in those scanty receptacles of art, starved by government generosity, even in that delightful park, the home of the aristocratic wealth of England—they are not there: in the Docks they are to be found. Five hundred years before Christ, Hamilkar, a sagacious Carthaginian, came here and saw them—those old brawny Britons—and said of them in the scanty extract left of his work, 'The Britons are numerous and proud and inclined to commerce.' And numerous and proud and inclined to commerce they still are, the brawny Britons. Though some Roman, Saxon, Northern, and Norman blood has mixed with theirs, they are still 'par excellence' the traders of the world, the only nation that takes up trade in a higher sense, the great, the magnanimous traders of the world. In this they are great.

To do Zollwitz justice, the moment he entered the Docks he felt he was on English ground, though his own character was not of the same bent; the cloud that had been settling on him became lightened—he understood the magnificent spectacle, and content with his day's work urged his companion to return to the hotel.

They passed along on a river steamer, and landed near Blackfriars.

'Will you not come in to dine with me?' said Zollwitz. 'You have been almost a silent companion, but you have guided me right all the same; I have had a glimpse of life. Come in and dine with me.'

The shabby man stared. 'No, thank you, the hotel people would wonder and call you eccentric to have such a guest in such clothes. You must not offend English taste. I will accept half a crown—not for myself, sir—not for myself—it is for some one else. Think of that woman, sir, think of her; she, the one I mean, is not like that, but she is *very* poor.'

'Who?'

'I cannot tell.'

'My dear sir, I don't know what to make of you, you have startled me. Do take this till to-morrow—mind, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock: and then tell me your story and let me help you.'

Zollwitz shook hands with the shabby man, pressed half a sove eign into his hand, and briskly entered the hotel.

Here he sat down to his dinner of sound English fare and enjoyed it thoroughly. While cogitating on the occurrences of the day, while reviewing those glimpses of London scenes, his mind became impressed with the hard necessities of life; this was not the sedate but pleasant existence at Torgau, nor the easy-going student's life at Halle, nor that of other German towns he had visited in his summer rambles; this, he felt, was that imperative condition which said, '*You must.*' Zollwitz was too direct in his reasoning to shout out at once that he had not yet found within twenty-four hours the bright outside which youthful ardent natures believe ought to accompany 'political liberty'—he had sufficient inborn sagacity to perceive that a greater problem was given in London streets than his soul could grasp at first. While reflecting whether he should go out again and see London at eventide, his attention was suddenly drawn to a conversation between two gentlemen at the next table. Zollwitz had under Professor Holmann's instruction almost mastered the English language, the Professor being an enthusiastic admirer of its literature; and though certainly the young student spoke as yet a curious mixture of Shakespeareanisms, mild Dickensonian slang, and Bulwerian elegance of diction, still it was English, and enabled him to understand every conversation. His attention became more fixed the more he listened, his interest livelier as something new rose before him—'the abuse of his own country.'

'I tell you,' he heard, 'that I was positively kept twenty-four hours in that cursed little place; I tell you those Prussians are the most insufferable, self-conceited coxcombs in the world. If they are not taken down a peg or two, Heaven knows where it will end.'

'For myself,' the other chimed in, 'I cannot see why so much fuss is made about them; they are educated, drilled, and trained to measure; the only idea they have is that of their own self-importance, and I have sworn next time to go up the Rhine in my canoe rather than be bothered with those Prussian officials. They are machines, infernally tiresome machines! Waiter—the bill!'

Zollwitz's Prussian blood began to boil; it was with difficulty he restrained himself from rushing forward and demonstrating with philosophical and historical reasons, or if necessary physically, the greatness and high character of his own country—of which till now, he had somehow never been aware. Just as he rose and walked round, saying, 'Gentlemen,' the others moved forward, paid their bill, turned about and stared at the stranger, 'Suppose he's a Prussian by his

appearance, and heard us!' and taking no further notice, left the room with a bang.

Poor Zollwitz! he stood, mortified to the heart's core to be treated thus; he positively felt something moist in his eyes. It was a very different matter to run down your own country at home, with your fellow-students, deploring its want of freedom, to coming here and find this glorious idea of liberty realised, by hearing the Irish virago abuse 'Jarmins' in general, and the first educated people you met abuse 'Prussians' in particular. At that moment Zollwitz would have sworn by his flag, and marched like a stout recruit after the stiffest Prussian general to subdue his country's enemies, forgetting all about the *Pereat mundus Europaeus*. There was nothing for it but to cool down. However, his desire to roam about that evening was gone: he sat again at the window looking out on the Thames, dreaming away an hour in trying to straighten his impressions and give them some defined purpose.

Dreams, dreams, dreams surrounded him that night; helter skelter, up and down, weighing upon him like big, huge mountains of arms, legs, and hands, marked 'Jarmins and Prussians'—dragging him down, down to the bottom of the raging sea. Here Neptune with his trident rushed up, helped him to throw them off, and placed him upright in the ocean, free from that very heavy weight.

The bright morning sun shone into the room; Zollwitz jumped up and found he had shaken off the burden and was again a man fit to see and fit to judge.

It would be impossible to deny it, a slight shudder came over him as he thought, while dressing, that the shabby man would be there at his post. Should the day again begin with mysteries and end in annoyance? As Zollwitz went down to breakfast in the room below, the waiter handed him a note that had been brought by a shabby looking man—it was in German.

'Honoured Sir,—

'The writer is that person whom you allowed to accompany you yesterday and rewarded handsomely for his few hours' attendance. He promised to be at the hotel at ten o'clock; he will not come, with his shabby clothes, broken spirit and muddled brain—the worst companions in England. The writer once arrived at that hotel and went out into the world; see where his wanderings have led him—for two years into a madhouse. He left it burdened for ever with a desire for self-destruction, prevented yesterday by you, to be carried out some day at a moment's notice. And yet the writer has found greater desolation, greater misery than his own; found it and helped to relieve it, showing that even *he* is not useless! Something in your face, sir, seemed to bring out rational flashes from my poor brain; they are gone again—your face attracts me, but it makes me also resolve not to

burden you with such a miserable personality, not to oblige you to drag after you a shabby man! Thanks for your sympathy.

'Your obedient servant,

'M.'

Zollwitz read this note; he was relieved in one sense, troubled in another. The first feeling outweighed the second; youth helped to wear away the impression, and when he again stood on the sunlit pavement in front of the hotel he already began to feel at home and bounded forward into London life with a far keener zest than he had felt the previous day. He went westward, right and left he saw this great town, saw it in the October sun, in its mellow sheen, airing his sense of enjoyment at every point of interest, this enjoyment culminating into the highest enthusiasm when he stood before Westminster Abbey and walked inside its lofty aisles. Have you ever been carried away by the imperceptible consciousness of grandeur beyond your possible attainment, grandeur constructed by human hands and human brains—yes, brain like yours, hands like yours?—look at them. Those aisles have been constructed for us, to come here and find—what? Heavenly, human consolation—to take off that something so ugly, so black, so worldly in our being and purify it, but by one soft thought, one bright idea! How do men feel who preach under those aisles, preach there to multitudes? He who can do so with sweet Christian words must almost feel as holy, as grand a mission, as when the great Preacher on Mount Olivet met the impassioned, doubtful gaze of the thousands below him! How do those feel that are married there? Can they ever forget that look up the aisles? Perhaps. The aisles of life are so much nearer our own desires and wishes that we may be excused if we forget anything higher when within their precincts. And those who are buried there? Ah, close round them, ye memories, close round, ye memories of the efforts of men who worked in one way or another not for themselves but for the good of mankind! It might not do for you and me, but that work, that unselfish work, has been done all the same!

Zollwitz had revelled in something so beautiful that his heart was too full to take in any other impressions. He turned away from the Houses of Parliament and walked into St. James's Park, entering it by the gate near George Street. This green oasis in the desert of houses and streets struck him as extremely beautiful: this scene of enjoyment at mid-day proved a very different attraction from those exciting episodes the day before at the other end of the town. Leisurely he sauntered along to the water and threw a *coup d'œil* over the whole charming picture. The trees still leafy with the hardiest foliage, the thick bushes not yet bared, the bright greensward, the gambolling, healthy children and well looking promenaders, imbued Zollwitz with the first real sense of pleasure he had enjoyed since his arrival. He

stood still and held by the railings, every now and then casting back a glance of longing to the site of the Abbey, or another of curiosity to the Palace in the distance. At that moment he began to think the desire to see England a noble one, and he began to feel its realisation a supreme boon. His countenance reflected the harmonious ideas that passed through his mind—when surely—surely somebody struck him. A cold shudder passed through his frame. Who had come into contact with him to produce *such* a feeling? Every nerve in his body quivered, the whole electrical current of his nature seemed to have rushed to his heart —he shook like a leaf, and turned sharply round to meet his aggressor. No one was there. He looked, pale as death, to the right and saw no one but a poorly clad, tall woman pass quietly along with a desponding air in her walk, and a little yellow-haired girl of about eight years by her side—*they* could not have struck him. He turned the other way and almost imagined he caught sight of the peculiar slouching walk of his shabby companion of the previous day, but the figure disappeared at that moment in the curve, and *he* neither could have caused such a sensation. Zollwitz sat down; the gladness and joy had passed from his soul, and perhaps for the first time in his life he felt desponding. To give an account of himself would have been impossible. He was cold and shivered in the warm noonday sun. After a while he recovered a little and rose, but the enjoyment of the scene was gone; all the people seemed happier than he, and he appeared to stand alone on a solitary rock, where no human sympathy could reach him. Innate courage, however, conquered. Zollwitz strolled on past Buckingham Palace, through the Green Park into Hyde Park, somewhat like the opium eater who in waking from his delightful trance cannot yet grasp the sensations of positive, ugly reality. Visions of fine people, green trees, smart carriages passed him, but made no lasting impression on his mind. Zollwitz, as it were, staggered mentally home through Piccadilly and the Strand. Arrived at his hotel, he ordered dinner and drank deeper than he had ever done to drown that gnawing feeling of topsy-turvyness which something wrong in 'the state of Denmark' occasions in all of us, young and old, rich and poor.

Positively overcharged with mental and material impressions, he visited the Haymarket Theatre—understood nothing, shivered, yawned, and went home to bed. Zollwitz had seen the East and the West of London.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *GREEK VERSE IN EATON SQUARE.*

THE carriage rolled from the door with her husband and eldest son in it; Mrs. Damer stood at the dining-room window waving a farewell to her boy, not that he could see it, but he knew his mother

was there. Mr. Damer and Edward were going to dine with Lord Howe and attend a political meeting after the dinner. A political meeting in November! Well, times were exciting, Ministerial interest precious, and political capital had to be made even in November fogs. Mrs. Damer went from the window and sat down by the embers of the fire, that had burnt low in the grate; she thought of many things—inner and outer things, high and low things, mostly—not things connected with herself, but connected with her husband and boys. Mrs. Damer was a true woman, a woman in the noblest sense of the word, a daughter of Eve, of whom the old mother would have been proud; and Mrs. Damer, with an intense air of lovely womanliness surrounding her, sat in her dining-room before the embers of the fire that had burnt low in the grate.

The embers disappeared and Mrs. Damer still sat looking into their black remains, thinking of many things—thinking of the life before her marriage and after her marriage, of the life before Mr. Damer entered the Cabinet and of the life since he entered the Cabinet—and surely Mrs. Damer sighed; the thought of her husband as Cabinet Minister did not seem to have raised her spirits. She felt the cold at last and got up, saying: 'Poor Harry, I nearly forgot him. Poor boy, he will be all alone in the library, and no one to help him.'

Mrs. Damer left the room, and went along the great vestibule of her fine house to the library. She entered softly and stepped on the thick Turkish carpet with noiseless step up to the table, where she saw her boy's head resting on his arm in troubled sleep. Gently she moved that arm a little and looked at the paper underneath it: it was a blotted, blotched scrawl of Greek letters, half washed out with tears: it was an attempt to translate

> That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd;

into Greek verse.

Mrs. Damer sat quietly down beside her boy, and waited till he should wake from those poetic visions that seemed to have troubled his brain so much. Patiently she sat for half an hour, never disturbing him. Suddenly the boy started up, calling out:

'There now, I have fallen asleep, and those horrid, horrid verses, how are they ever to get on their feet?'

Looking round, he saw his mother next to him, and threw his arms round her with all the impetuosity of fourteen.

'Dearest mamma, this is kind of you to come and help a poor plagued wretch like me. How I wish there never had been any Greeks! They must have been a bad set, to tease poor English boys like this, after they have all gone to dust themselves.'

'But, my dear Harry, if these verses are part of your lessons they must be done.'

'But why are they part of my lessons? I don't want them. Such things are very well for my brother Edward, who is studious and cultivated, and will be an intellectual swell one day; but I, I am neither the one, nor shall I be the other. I am a thorough Englishman, and like English verse and English life above all things, and what have I to do with those antique fools?'

Mrs. Damer evidently thought that reasoning would produce no good effect; so she coaxingly said: 'They were not fools, Harry, though you don't understand them; they were a fine race, a noble race. I cannot do your verses for you, because I do not know Greek, but I can tell you more about Greeks than you know. You must imagine those tall well-formed men, with quiet finely cut faces, moving about in antique dress among their rich groves and lovely scenery, under their blue sky, and gazing into the soft waters of their Mediterranean gulfs and seas. You must imagine the beautiful Greek women, with graceful outlines and dignified carriage. You must imagine both excited by the deepest and strongest human passions, and then, knowing some Greek grammar and some Greek words, you must try and give your thoughts the dress of their language.'

'Mamma, mamma, that is all very fine, but the thoughts and the words are English, and it is them I am to clothe in Greek verse. That dummy, my clever tutor, don't care for the spirit as you do: he wants the words, the unmeaning hollow words, and the right feet, and I can't find them. He will complain to papa, I shall get into a row, shall be told that I disgrace my name, shall get into a towering passion myself, and papa won't speak to me for a week. As it is, he does not care much for me ever since that horrid green box with the Cabinet despatches has come into the house; ever since that came there has been no peace. What is it all for? To serve one's country! For what? We are rich, and don't want the country's money. We were happy and jolly when I was much younger, and papa was happy with us. Ever since he became so clever and made those grand speeches, and became at last by a fluke Cabinet Minister—ever since have we been wretched. As for the time when Parliament sits, why the house is a perfect den of misery. Shouldn't I like to pitch that green box into the Thames! They might fish it up if they liked. There, I dread next session. I don't wonder poor old Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the whole concern, if it troubled him half as much as it does me. Oh dear, oh dear for the old times down in Suffolk! To think of the dear, jolly old place going half to wreck and ruin, because to be sure the Cabinet Minister is for ever wanted in town or somewhere else, and has the country's burdens to bear! Bother the country! why doesn't it take care of itself? Who thanks us for our trouble, sticking in town in November? All we get for it is that they abuse us and think papa ought to do this and to do that, and that he is not the right man in the right place. And as for you, mamma,' said Harry, turning round upon her,

'I don't know you. You dress smarter, but not so nice; you read and write with papa when you ought to be looking after me, and not have given me that cross-grained tutor; and you are getting quite old, I won't say ugly; there, you are getting wrinkles, and I swear here is a gray hair. Do let me take it out!'

Harry did take it out, and his mamma said: 'Don't swear, Harry, and give me the first gray hair; and there is a good boy, and try and manage the Greek verse somehow.'

'I've got it! I've got it!' shouted Harry. 'I'll think of cousin Ethel, sweet Ethel, and of her bright eyes and jolly round face and her lithe step, and the Greek verse will get on their feet. There now, you just stop there, that I may feel you are near me, and then with my thoughts on cousin Ethel I shall do it. Hup la! here they are:

Εἶδον τότ' ἐγὼ σοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς
ἅπερ οὐκ ἐξῆν · πτερύγων ῥιπαῖς
ὄδὸν αἰθερίαν ψυχρᾶς μήνης
γαίας τε μέσην νίὸς ἔτεμνεν
Κύπριδος.

'Only four. Well that will do; old crusty dare not say anything now; four are something. I'll do no more; there is no use in them—not for me anyhow. What Greek boy would have done English verse? Catch him! And now, mamma, come along; let's go into the drawing-room, and you shall play and sing with me, and read me some beautiful English book, or, better than all, tell me some tale. Now do, do, mamma, and I won't cheek the reverend tyrant once to-morrow.'

'Harry, Harry, I will do as you wish, but you must never again speak of Mr. Ward like that; he is a very estimable man.'

'Very estimable? Very estimable! pray, who gets me into all the rows with papa? Only he. But Edward told me that some big old bishop is going to give him a living. Don't *I* wish he may get it! Perhaps I might then get a chance of having a decent piece of humanity as my tutor!'

'Harry, Harry, you must not run on so fast; you always make people think worse of you than you deserve. Your want of reverence pains me, and you must speak respectfully of men who have gained their position by much harder work than you will ever do.'

'I dare say; but, dearest mamma, is it the right work? What is the use of cramming yourself with old stuff, and then wanting to cram it into others? Why can't the Reverend Mr. Ward see that if it has made him a good man it won't make me one, and that when he and papa call me hard names they are going the right way to ruin my temper? Every bit of pluck would be driven out of me if I hadn't such a precious lot of it that I turn restive every now and then like a high-spirited colt. There now, mamma, you smile, and you look quite pretty again; now do come along. While papa is devoting himself to the interests of the country, and my clever brother is being trained

early in the political] way he should go, we two will revel in something human, like a couple of downwright good fellows. Come along to the drawing-room!'

And Harry put his arm into his mother's and led her off triumphantly.

It was not Beethoven's, Mozart's, or Handel's classical music which mother and son performed; pretty, light, cheerful songs in a fresh boy's voice resounded through the sumptuous drawing-room—cheery songs, in which every now and then the mother's mellow voice joined. Mrs. Damer had taught Harry these songs; they always softened his roughest moods. A carriage drove up to the door; a break in the music let them hear a light step on the stairs; the door opened, and with the spring of a pythian dancer a young girl stood before them.

'Mother, mother, it is Ethel—dear cousin Ethel! I shall die with delight, I shall!'

Harry rushed up and unceremoniously hugged and kissed his cousin.

'There, there, that will do, Master Harry,' said the blushing girl. 'There, you are getting such a big boy that it really won't do any longer.'

'Pray, Ethel, what won't do any longer?' demanded the boy fiercely.

'Why, all this, this ——'

'Kissing, you mean, cousin Ethel. But it shall do, it shall do; and I can tell you I should never like to catch anyone else kissing you.'

'Surely I may kiss your mamma? Come, let me go.' The boy released his cousin, and led her up to Mrs. Damer.

Ethel embraced her aunt tenderly, and knelt down, folding both her arms around her.

'Aunty dear, best of friends, do you think, if ever I wanted it, you would take me in, and let me live with you?'

'What has happened, my darling?'

'Nothing has happened, dearest aunty. You know I left school a year ago, and have since lived with our uncle, my guardian, at Healmehurst. It was all very well in the country; he did not want me much, and I did not want him much; but this morning a sudden freak brought us to town, and I really cannot live here with him in a narrow circle—aunty dear, I don't want to say anything against him—but I cannot. My brother George is coming up from Oxford next month; let him live with our uncle, I cannot; and really I don't think I can live with my brother.'

'All right, Ethel,' called out Harry; 'how could you? Gold and dross don't go together. Why, your brother is a swell, an Oxford swell, and I hate all swells of whatever kind; I hate them all, the whole genus. The political swell, the intellectual swell, the University swell, the society swell, they are all an abomination in my eyes. They all set up for something better than their neighbours, and I don't; I go

in for good downright mediocrity, and I pride myself I succeed pretty well.'

'Harry, Harry, running on again,' said his mother.

'Yes, running on again. Look at me; am I not in danger of being utterly subdued by swellism? Because I won't be made a classical swell, I am an incorrigible rascal, so says my tutor, and my father believes him. And as for papa, ever since he turned out a political swell we have been miserable. Don't I wish the Tories may get in before next session is over! Surely papa never would turn renegade and leave his party, and then there would be some hope of his being free and remembering that he has a wife and children. I beg your pardon, mamma, I didn't mean anything; you must not mind what I say. I dare say papa loves *you* all the same, if he does not love *me*. Cousin Ethel, I'll answer for it, we'll take you in, won't we, mother dear? It will be the happiest day of *my* life when you come with all your goods and chattels!'

Mrs. Damer kissed Ethel. 'This is your answer,' she said, and all three sat round the bright fire.

Time passed for a happy half-hour or so. Harry became silent; all at once he started up; the big tears stood in his eyes.

'This is too much happiness,' he exclaimed, 'after being bullied all day, to have you both here. Don't let me lose you. Ethel, I am not sure of you; but I'll be revenged if ever you play me false. Never mind my being a boy; you sha'n't play me false. And mamma, dearest mamma, don't ever give me up. You'll want such a lot of patience, I know. No one will ever have it but you. Don't despair; I'll make a man yet, though it will be in my own way.' Kissing both, Harry added: 'I don't know what's the matter, but my heart is full to-night, after those horrid Greek verses. Good night, good night; I am off to bed. Mind you come soon, Cousin Ethel.'

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## CHAPTER VII.

### *SERGEANT CHRISTIAN IN LODGINGS.*

A TALL stiff figure walked up Holborn one evening in that month of October, when Zollwitz saw London for the first time. The tall figure had on a dark old military cloak, and carried an old-fashioned portmanteau. The figure never swerved; it went straight on, avoiding passers-by in a peculiarly adroit way. Here and there somebody looked after it, saying, 'Roosian or Proosian, or something like that.' The figure turned into a side nook, and there, in one of those paved quiet corners, with a London tree overshadowing it, the figure stood still before a modest house and knocked two heavy knocks at the door. A shuffling was heard inside, after a while the door

was opened cautiously, and a girl of about fourteen put her head out.

'Who is it? what do you want?'

The figure quietly pushed the door open, marched in, shut the door again, and stood still on the mat. The girl screamed, put down the tallow candle, and rushed down the kitchen stairs.

'Oh! Missis, Missis, do come up! There's the tallest man I ever saw, as has marched into the house, as if it belonged to him! Whatever shall we do?'

Missis came up, and, being a brave woman, walked towards the figure; she took the light and held it against the figure's face. The old military cloak never stirred, and the figure stood impassive and still. Missis stared and stared again; at last Missis called out:

'Lauks a mercy! why it's—it's Mr. Christian! And all these years never to have heard of him, never seen him, and he to be still alive. How are you, dear, dear Mr. Christian?'

The figure shook a little, perhaps it felt some pleasure that it was remembered still; it took the brave woman's hand, and it actually pressed a respectful kiss upon it.

'Don't do that, don't do that, Mr. Christian; I'm but a poor woman. There now, I'll kiss yours,' and the hard hand of the old sergeant was patted and kissed by the good old soul.

'Now come along, come along downstairs, and I'll tell you all the news. Pity George is not at home; but then he never is this time o' night. Who would have thought it?'

Scuttle, scuttle, went somebody's feet down the stairs. The girl, anxious to know all about it, had been looking round the kitchen banisters.

'Make up the fire, Jemimer, for our best friend, who helped us once when we was in great trouble, and wouldn't take no thanks. There, there, now do make yourself comfortable.'

The tall figure seemed to be quite at home; in a twinkling it had stowed away portmanteau and cloak, had put on the kettle, fetched out a cup and saucer, a plate, knife and fork, and having brought a piece of ham out of its pocket, put it in the frying-pan on the fire. The girl exclaimed: 'Well I never! He seems to know all about the place!'

Missis never stirred, she seemed to be used to the figure's ways, and chatted glibly on, as if determined to let it know all the family circumstances at once. Tea was ready, tea was over; still Missis chatted on, and still the figure listened respectfully, without saying a word, nodding now and then with grave attention.

'Ah, Mr. Christian, you should ha' been here when they was all married—all the three girls in one day; and well settled they are, I can tell you, and all have little ones, and they are our delight. And George—why you know George's ways. They are a little worse, just a

little. Two years ago he broke his arm, and gave up reg'lar work, and now he helps our Bill, that's our son-in-law, and does just as he likes, and I am afraid he drinks just a little more, just a little, and gets into arguments when he does. But then I don't mind it if he wouldn't fight his shadder, and frighten me and Jemimer—that's the girl that helps me. And it is the lodgers that spoils George; they says he is a ch'racter and worth preserving, and they takes too much notice of him. It is forty years now since we was married, and George does worry me sometimes; but then I bear it, Mr. Christian, I do, and I thinks it might have been worse, and what am I to grumble against the Lord's ways, and then I get resigned like, and bear it—if George wouldn't fight his shadder.'

The tea had been cleared away, Jemima looking on quite helpless with wonder at the figure's proceedings. Missis was just beginning a new 'tirade' when a noise startled them.

'It is only George come home, Mr. Christian; don't mind, don't mind; he'll be struck, won't he, poor dear George.'

George had let himself in with the key, and came tumbling down, grumbling all the time.

'It's wrong on all points, on all points—it's wrong on all points. Missis, I've had nothin' to eat all day, nothin' all day, not a morsel.'

'Why, George, what are ye talking about? Ye had a good breakfast, somethin' at eleven o'clock, a plateful for dinner, a smartish tea, and now you's come for supper. But, George, George, hold up, man, and see who sits there.'

'There? where? Somebody in my kitchen? Who is it? Why, it is Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—what was it? Bless my soul, it is Mr. Christian! Let's shake hands, Mr. Christian. Where have ye come from? From Roosha or Proosha, or them places? Mr. Christian, I am your obedient servant.'

And Christian was just in time to catch George up and place him in safety on a chair.

'So you've come again, Mr. Christian. Let 'em all come, let 'em come, the Rooshans and Prooshans and French, let 'em come. I am John Blunt, John Bull. I'll fight them, I will, and I'll tell 'em they can't beat John Bull, they can't. Nelson and Charley Napier knows that. Ah! and who's Blucher? who is he? Nobody at all. It's Wellington who's the great man, that's it!'

At the name of Blucher Christian had pricked up his ears; he stared at the little man and frowned.

Missis came to the rescue; 'Don't mind, Mr. Christian, don't mind; you knows George's ways; he's a little worse since he's gone to the discussion society; he always talks argument and politicians when he's had a drop; so don't mind him.'

The little man rose as well as he could. 'It's wrong on all points, it is, and I says I am John Bull. Let them come, come—come——'

The head fell heavily on the table, and George was off in the land of dreams.

'Poor George! poor George!' said Missis. 'Now, Mr. Christian, I'll show you the old room.' How it was done no one could have said, but certainly Christian seemed to understand Missis without knowing a word of English.

Next morning Missis came down to the kitchen; Jemima only came occasionally. There was but one lodger to attend to, and he did not have breakfast till late; so Missis took it easy. Missus *was* surprised; the kitchen fire was lit, the kettle boiling, the place swept, the table laid, a rasher of bacon cooked, and Christian, as clean as a new pin, sitting by the fire.

'Ah, this is like old times, Mr. Christian; here is poor George just tumbling out of bed.'

Poor dear George followed this speech quickly in tottering down the kitchen stairs.

The incongruous trio—Sergeant Christian, the Missis, and George—sat down to breakfast.

'Ah! George,' said the Missis, 'look at yourself; and then look at Mr. Christian. He has cleaned the lodger's boots, his boots, and your boots—three pairs; and you grumble at one. He has got the breakfast ready and looks as neat as a new pin, and there now you are as untidy as can be. I shall have to mend and make before I can send you out decent this morning, and decent you must be to go and pay the water-rate which is in arrear; and this is the last day it must be paid. Oh, George, George, what wouldn't I give if you were a bit like Mr. Christian! Look at your westkit buttons; they are half off.'

'Mr. Christian,' said George over his cup of tea, 'Mr. Christian is a military, and belongs to a despotism nation, and I belongs to a free nation. Don't make no oration over it, don't. If I choose to go without any buttons, who is to say I sha'n't? I am a John Blunt, a John Bull. What is a military without the buttons? Nothin' at all. What am I without the buttons? John Bull still—a free liberty nation.'

'And look, George,' said the Missis, 'how Mr. Christian has got the breakfast, and done my work and Jemimer's. You'll never do anything.'

'No. Why? It's only spiling the women kind. What are they there for?'

'Well, George, you are half muddled now, and you'll go out and get muddleder still; but I trust you with the money, I do. Mr. Christian, he never loses a farthin' of mine; he pays it correct as may be, and if I sends him out for money he brings it home all right, may he be never so 'toxicated. The receipts are in odd corners sometimes, but he has got 'em, he has. He never spends that; he only spends what he gets from Bill, our son-in-law, he does.'

'And ain't I John Blunt, John Bull for that? Can't you trust John Bull?' answered George.

'Yes, I can trust you; but then you never looks after anything. The first-floor winders ought to be cleaned, and the ceilings to be seen to in the other place, but you won't do it.'

'How can I? Ain't I always on business?'

'Oh, George, George, you wastes a deal of time. You see, Mr. Christian, I have quite spoilt him. He never troubles about anything, he does. What with the lodgers here, and the little place I bought with my own earnin's in the buildin' society years ago, I makes two ends meet, and poor dear George has never known the cares of a family. He has never had to pervide for the rent or the taxes or such like. Ah! George, Mr. Christian would do it, I know he would.'

'Mr. Christian belongs to a despotism nation, he does, and he *must* do it, but I mustn't; and I'll take him to the discussion society next time if he stops, and he'll hear all about it, and he'll know the difference between a liberty nation and a despotism one.'

Breakfast was finished, Sergeant Christian rose, cleared away in a twinkling, and got ready to go out. He stalked up to the Missis, held up seven of his fingers, and said 'Sieben' in German. The Missis understood it meant seven and said:

'All right; you'll be back by seven o'clock.'

Sergeant Christian went out straight and prim, and Sergeant Christian came back straight and prim. Day after day he went, never coming back without something as a present to the Missis for tea and breakfast, and even one day bringing a dainty paper bag with a new cap, of which the Missis stood in mighty need.

'Why, there now,' said the Missis to George, 'there now; you wouldn't do such a thing. Why, it's a savin' to have Mr. Christian for nothin', suppose he came on such terms. He does the work in the mornin', and he does it at night, and he brings home enough, that I havn't bought a bit of dinner yet all the time; and then he even brings me a cap. George, you haven't done such a thing all the time we's been married.'

'How should I? Don't I say Mr. Christian *must*, and I *mustn't*.'

'No, George, he mustn't, only he does it.'

'It's all the same, it is,' said George.

A week had passed, a fortnight had passed, and Sergeant Christian still went out in the morning and came back at night. By the end of that time he wrote a letter, and put it in one of the envelopes, ready directed by Professor Holmann:

'To Professor Holmann.

'Beg to report: nothing, nothing at all.

'SERGEANT CHRISTIAN.'

That was all the letter contained. Sergeant Christian went on the

same, out every day, never wavering for rain or fog or miserable weather. People looked after him, not he after them, and the Missis and George did not belong to the inquisitive kind: they were both true John Bulls, trusty and faithful. Sergeant Christian did look dull sometimes, in the evening late, over the fire; but the Missis chatted on, ever imagining that Mr. Christian knew all about it.

One day, a dull November day, it had got late, and Mr. Christian had not come back. It struck ten, and still Mr. Christian had not come back. Suddenly the door opened, and a heavy uncertain step was heard in the passage.

'Surely,' said the Missis, who was sitting alone in the kitchen—'surely Mr. Christian is not tipsy?'

Down came Christian, with the same heavy step: he entered the kitchen, swaying backward and forward, with some great sorrow, some great emotion.

'What is the matter, Mr. Christian? what is the matter?' said the Missis anxiously.

Christian fell down on a chair, put both his arms on the table, held his head between his hands, and sobbed—great, big Prussian sergeant that he was—like a broken-hearted child.

'Oh, don't, don't,' said the Missis, going up to him and patting his head. 'Oh don't. There, what shall I do? George is quite gone with drink and a-bed; Jemimer can't come, as she has got the mumps; the lodger is cross-grained and wants oyster supper; and you, dear Mr. Christian, are a-broken-hearted! What shall I do?'

It *was* a sorrow, and next day another letter went addressed to Professor Holmann:

'To Professor Holmann.

'Beg to report: seen nothing of Mr. Hermann, but have seen a shadow—such a shadow! God help us! Shall report again.

'SERGEANT CHRISTIAN.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE OLD ATTACHÉ.*

ORGANISATION! What a mighty word, what a powerful engine of human endeavours, what a test of the ingenuity of mankind! Wherever organisation exists, success must be its consequence. Organisation is the equable adjustment of forces in their relation to each other, and this equable adjustment produces the result of combined correlative action in one huge positive realisation. Such a realisation of organisation lay before Zollwitz in the early part of November—it was an English newspaper. Organisation is as yet too little understood and often

called ugly, bad names, because people think it to be subversive of stout individualism. Organisation is the very soul of power in action —of fruitful result in action. Organisation is needed in the household of the poorest man and in the management of the highest State department. Organisation is exemplified in the construction of the tiniest insect and in the movements of the vastest heavenly constellations.

Zollwitz had a high respect for the organisation that produced an English newspaper—he sat before the latter now with peculiar feelings —the journey from Germany and thirty-five days' stay in London had exhausted his stock of money. Zollwitz and necessity had sat facing each other at meals, had slept, dressed, and walked together for the last week.

Five pounds were left, a mighty sum in London in an expensive hotel. And Zollwitz had been sparing, not extravagant. What now? Hands or brains must produce something for which money, the great medium of the worth of human exertions, would be paid. Hands were out of the question—brains must come to the rescue—how? To look at those columns of wants to be satisfied by the employer or employed, there seemed enough opportunity for one man surely! And that man had tried his best to understand English life and English wants and English requirements, and had spent five weeks in wandering and seeing and admiring and condemning, according as his own taste or knowledge had been affected.

Zollwitz looked at those columns, read them, and shook his head. That would not do; there was nothing for him there, he thought. The only thing he could undertake was a tutorship—a tutorship was not to be found. How was he to get one? for he was determined to remain in England by his own exertions, and study the people and its ways. He had just learnt enough to perceive the riddle and he wanted to solve it. Enthusiasm, wild enthusiasm, had given way to curiosity and a burning desire to decipher English political life!

Zollwitz thought again. Something occurred to him: there had been a very old friend of Professor Holmann's in England for years, the former attaché of some embassy; Zollwitz knew that he was married to an English lady of fortune, had retired from active diplomatic duties, and was living in London. It was easy to find in the 'Court Directory' the address of Monsieur d'Alvensleben, and as to think was with Zollwitz to act, he determined at once to call on him that morning and ask his advice. Ah! Zollwitz had already with the right instinct of self-preservation found out that liberty would not do without friends.

To Knightsbridge Zollwitz went; a fine house was before him and a fine servant opened him the door. He gave his card and waited; there was a slight supercilious look on the part of the fine servant and Zollwitz was asked to wait in the hall. He bore it, though it chafed him somewhat. Did you ever hear of the fall of a diplomatic bomb? Such a bomb fell when the news came to the diplomatic

meeting in Vienna that Buonaparte had returned from Elba; it is said they laughed incredulously, those wise men. Such a bomb must have fallen upon Benedetti when Bismark published the draft of the secret treaty. Such a bomb lay in the pocket of the Russian ambassador before last Lord Mayor's day, and did not explode. Such a bomb fell upon Monsieur d'Alvensleben when the servant presented him the card of Hermann Zollwitz in the snug study of the old diplomatist. He turned very white, and anxiously asked:

'Is the gentleman young?'

'The person is young.'

'He *is* a gentleman, Jones; show him in.'

Zollwitz entered the sacred precincts and bowed. The diplomatist was ill at ease, but too well bred not to be courteous.

'Your name, sir, has taken me a little by surprise; pray explain the reason why I am honoured by a visit from you.'

In plain straightforward terms Zollwitz explained the reason of his visit, referred to Professor Holmann, and stated the cause why he had left home and wished to remain in England.

'Hem,' answered the diplomatist, 'you will find it difficult, sir; you are very young, enthusiastic, and all that—you are better at home. Let me write to the Professor for you. Do return!'

'No, no, no, sir, I cannot and will not. A formed plan with me is a plan; if you can, help me, as a pupil of Professor Holmann's.'

'But England will never suit your ideas, you will get into trouble; till now you have only roamed about at your own will. When you come into contact with society you will fail. It is strange that English political liberty has produced so much social conservatism or rather despotism.'

'If this be a peculiarity, I shall try and get at the reasons for its existence; reasons there must be. I am prepared—I'll try, even if I should fail. To hear but once your great men speak in Parliament will make me happy.'

'Very well, very well; I have myself become English—but your name brings back many, many recollections. Let me see: what can I do, where can I speak of you? You know a tutorship is a delicate affair; I suppose as a pupil of Professor Holmann's I must presume you are up in all necessary requirements.'

'I think I am.'

'Very well, very well,' hesitated the diplomatist. 'Ah, I remember; last night I dined out and some one of high standing begged me to let him know if I heard of a first-class German tutor; he was afraid he should lose his present one. Let me see, I'll think of it, I really must; I'll let you know, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz. It seems so strange to pronounce that name again. It brings back so many things. I should be glad to ask you to dine with me, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz, but

really, really my wife is in the country. Good morning, good morning. I'll write, I'll write—to-night. Pray what address?'

Zollwitz gave his address. 'Not the best place, not good enough. However, it will not matter; my recommendation will be sufficient. Good morning, good morning, Mr.—Mr. Zollwitz,' and the diplomatist bowed his visitor out, evidently afraid the shell might explode in his room.

When the door was closed d'Alvensleben sunk into a chair. 'Who would have thought it—*his* son!'

Zollwitz walked home, that visit wanted the influence of the fresh air! His head was swimming, and as he neared Hyde Park Corner he really thought he saw in the distance a figure no one could mistake, Sergeant Christian. Was it possible? He rushed forward—the figure disappeared further up, and was gone, as if by magic.

The visit, the figure, combined to rack Zollwitz's head—he was glad to get to the hotel and remain quiet, turning over in his mind, whether that hesitating diplomatist would do anything for him; if not, what then? Go on again, said manly courage—and go on again he would. The idea rendered him cheerful and sent sinister thoughts to Hades.

In the evening came a letter, the first Zollwitz had had in England, there having been no correspondence with home. D'Alvensleben told him in very cautious terms that he had recommended him to a cabinet minister; that he paid him, Zollwitz, a high compliment by having taken that responsibility; that he had personally written to the great man, and enclosed a note to be presented by Zollwitz himself the next morning. The letter was addressed—The Right Hon. F. W. Damer, M.P., 35 Eaton Square.

[*To be continued.*]

# Prophets and Poets.

We may remember, most of us, a short poem of Mrs. Browning's, called 'A Musical Instrument,' which tells of how the great god Pan sat above the river-reeds; and how he plucked up one of them, away from amongst its fellows; how he cut it short, notched it with musical holes; and then how his breath, which he breathed into it, turned to bewildering melody:—Then, too, how he laughed with cruel joy, like a half-beast, at the marvellous music—at his own craft; as the delight of the sound made the sinking sun pause to listen; but how the true-hearted gods sighed through it all, for the cost and for the pain—for the reed's heart gone; and the reed no more with its brothers in the stream-water.

There is plenty of poetry that treats of poets; and nearly all of it is weak and worthless; but to such a rule this poem is a strange exception; singularly lovely—sublime almost as a lyric; and holding, too, a truth, without the full knowledge of which, our whole conception of poetry must be diseased, and one-sided. It will therefore be no lost time to call attention to just its last stanza; since not only is its meaning one of great importance; but by most readers of poetry, and nearly all modern writers of it, forgotten, or never recognised.

> Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
> To laugh as he sits by the river,
> Making a poet out of a man.
> The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
> And the reed that grows never more again,
> As a reed, with the reeds in the river.

What sort of cost and pain this is, and who those poets are that are called to bear it, is what we would here consider; together with certain other points to which we shall be led naturally. The average verse-reading public—those who are commonly said to be fond of poetry—will no doubt admit that Mrs. Browning's lines are true, and very beautiful. With such readers any lamentation over the sorrows of poets is usually popular. They knew quite well—some perhaps will tell us, from their own experience—that a poet's fate is a sad one; that he has to endure somehow a great deal of cost and pain, and is somehow severed

bitterly from fellowship with other men. Whence these notions arise, and how entirely wrong is their tendency, a little consideration will enable us to see. For, what is the popular, the proverbial, the vulgar idea of a poet? Is it not a solitary creature, who seems quite different from common men? dowered with an intensity of feeling—a fire of passion—a divine madness? His haunt is on the mountain, or the lonely shore; though sometimes his indignant soul, under a cruel fate, may moan to the moon through a broken garret window. He moves about abstracted—rapt into high communion with things of sublimity and beauty. Liberty, love, courage—these are the ideas that find an echo in his soul; or else, perhaps, a terrible sardonic gloom may be flung over him—excess of glory obscured. At any rate in his love or his bitterness he is ever great; there is nothing that is mean about him, or contemptible. The inspired excitement of his life may goad him at seasons into vicious excess; but even here his failings lean to the side of the noble and the romantic. His hair is of an uncommon colour, and never cut. His eyes are piercingly luminous; and seem as though they were always gazing on some glorious vision. There is a depth of intellect in his blue-veined brow; his shirt-collar opens low, and shows something of the bosom that Phœbus shakes with his inspiration. Altogether his whole habits and appearance are such as could be set forth only by Mr. Robert Buchanan, or the author of 'The Life-drama.' And allowing for the inevitable falseness of all popular conceptions, there is a class of poets that justifies, in a certain degree, such a conception as this; one class—a part, and not the whole; but which is however taken for the whole by that large majority who feel more keenly than they discriminate. In other words, what is generally called poetry, is merely lyrical poetry; poetry, not of necessity subjective, but at all events the outpouring or the expression of the writer's own personality; either by dealing directly with his own thoughts and actions, or by the view which he takes of the thoughts and the actions of others. Ask, then, any average verse-reader, with reference to the passage we have quoted, what the cost and the pain is, that the true gods sigh for. And the answer is pretty sure to mention or be suggested by the 'Titan agony' of Byron—the death of 'the boy Chatterton,' or the 'passionate, world-worn heart of Shelley'—the *Cor cordium*; or some other sorrow or tragedy of a similar kind. Many men never dream that the true gods may hardly think it worth their while to sigh for such things; but may reserve their mourning for a loss and a sorrow that is far greater, and goes far deeper into a man's self than any of the griefs that Byron nursed and paraded, and Chatterton too young died of; a loss which not only these men, as a fact, did not suffer; but which the very cause of their greatness prevented the possibility of their suffering; the loss of a something the possession of which was these men's chief strength and comfort; and which is the sacrifice demanded of quite another family of poets; those whose greatness lies in what many fail

to see is poetry at all—not lyric art, but dramatic. By far the larger number of Shakespeare's readers imagine that his claims to a poet's place rest on a multitude of isolated passages, of the kind Shelley alludes to as 'mere poetry;' and which was the very thing from which Shelley himself, when aiming at a real drama, strove to abstain—sentiment, imagery, and description; such as men love to bind in bundles, and call 'the beauties of Shakespeare.' The beauty and the music of true dramatic art altogether escape them. And hence come those hackneyed, misapplied phrases we hear so much of, such as the poet's 'fine madness,' or 'his message to the world;' hence such familiar fragments of wisdom, so dear to reviewers, as that the poet comes from God or the Devil to teach us something—something that no one but he could teach us—that the true poet is in very truth a prophet.

In old times and in other tongues these words prophet and poet were once synonymous; for in spite of a few exceptions, such as Homer, to the larger part of ancient singers the word 'vates' was quite as fitting as 'poeta.' The poetry of paganism was lyrical. The very drama, even, was not of old a drama as we understand the word. It partook largely, indeed, of the dramatic—for the two qualities of poetry may, it would seem, be blent in any proportions, under certain circumstances—but its essence, its dominant tone was lyrical—was prophetic. Æschylus and Sophocles, though they never spoke in their own persons, had each his message to his hearers, as much as Sappho or Anacreon; and they each—the individual men—spoke, prophesied through all their dramas. They were demi-natured—lyrist and dramatist; but the dramatic nature was weakest, or most repressed, and was governed by the lyric. For the ancients, then, to speak of their poets as prophets—to take lyric poetry for poetry altogether, was right and excusable enough; but for us, whose range of art is immeasurably wider, it is excusable only in weak women and womanish men, who can digest no food more advanced than sentimental description, and emotion set to music. Let us briefly now compare and contrast the two chief classes of poets; that we may see what the work of each is, and the character of each worker. We shall so come to understand how the dramatist has to suffer the loss of so much; the lyrist of little, or of nothing; and how he that loses much himself, is compensated by the infinitely larger value he gains for his labours.

The main difference between the two types of poet may be simply told. The lyrist is internal to his work, the dramatist external. Of the personal presence of the former we are always conscious; of the presence of the latter never. Did we forget that we were listening to the voice of some certain man, the whole power of the former would disappear; were the work of the latter spontaneous, and connected with the name of no creator, its beauty and its worth would be still the same. Most poets begin as lyrists, for the lyrist's artistic position is the simplest and most natural one. He is himself stirred by some actual or imaginative emotion

or belief; and by the means of metre and language, he displays his own inner self to the world—what he loves, or hates, or longs for. How things are seen by him—how to him a story presents itself—what side he has sympathy for—how he has loved and lived, and how his mind and opinions have grown—what to him God and nature mean—and what the path is which he would have us tread; these are the things which he calls on us to listen to. And however old his subject be—be it liberty or war, or even love and the moon, those two things through all ages so unceasingly besung, the character of each genuine lyrical singer will show itself single, and with a colour of its own. The view which each takes will be new and peculiar; will have, in fact, that quality which Wordsworth claimed for himself, of making larger the range of human sympathies in some particular consistent direction: The prophet, the teacher leading forth his flock beside new waters. Little is left for ourselves to do; for our guide is always in our sight; his directions are always audible. He knows what his aim is, what is the message which he has to deliver to us; and poetry is with him almost more of a means than an end. The reason why he bids us believe his utterances is that *he* has uttered them—he under inspiration; and the token of his inspiration is the manner of his utterance. 'Believe me,' he says, 'for the works' sake. Is not my voice the voice of a prophet? and does not my heart labour with the presence of the god?' And this teaching of some one particular thing, or this representation of, or dwelling on some special marked mode of life or thought, this one distinct flavour, or one sameness of coloured light, is a main characteristic of the lyrist. Homer and Shakespeare are dramatic—colourless; having all the colours blent into one white; but Virgil, Dante, Milton, have each their own hue; which falls upon all they each deal with. Each has some particular point of view—some hill-peak or depth, to which none but he could descend or climb; and he lets from thence the light of his genius fall, as no other light ever fell before. It illuminates things we know and are familiar with; but shows them in a new aspect, and makes plain unfamiliar detail. How different, for instance, love's face looks, as Moore, Byron, Shelley, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Tennyson, each in turn exhibits it. A different light strikes across the same features, bringing out new shades and shinings; with expressions and meanings we had else never dreamed of—here the dimple of a lurking smile; here the lines and sadness of an unsuspected frown. And just now, on the brow of a pleasure which of all we should have thought the most tranquil, the most fluent of modern poets, who, to judge from his present rate of production, will be supreme, at least in quantity, shows us in his 'Earthly Paradise,' the marks of an enduring sorrow and gloom; letting us never forget it through all the thick volumes. This poem is indeed a good example of how what is apparently dramatic poetry may be in spirit lyrical; showing all things under an artificial light, so arranged as to give prominence to this or

that particular feature. Of such work, the very incompleteness is the perfection. Universality is the very thing the author does not desire. He merely wishes to show us one side of things or persons, and to ignore the others. He gives prominence to particular parts by throwing the rest into shadow and background. He merely shows us what he can see from his own point of view, which point he never leaves, that he may see what from thence he cannot; for to get behind the scenes he has no desire—a more partial knowledge suits him better. To dwell on the good in his enemies, the evil in his friends, would be alike immoral—would weaken the effect of his teaching. In lyrics proper, where the author avowedly speaks in his own person, this one-sidedness will need little further comment. He appears there, as we have before said, simply as a man inspired by some emotion, and communicating it to all that come to listen. He makes no pretence to be a 'wandering voice'—his own personality is necessary to complete the meaning of his utterances; he speaks merely as a man gifted above his fellows, and endeavouring to share his gifts with them. He is greater than they are, not by being less human, but by being more human—by having a larger share of that most human of all human things, enthusiasm. His love may be animal or spiritual; he may be philanthropic like Shelley, or misanthropic like Byron. No matter. He is a man just the same. He needs just as much heart to hate well as to love well; and the former passion is just as human, and perhaps more universal than the latter. The lyrist then keeps essentially his man's place—all his man's heart, desires, and sympathies; and above all, his man's convictions. He, then, is not the reed that the great God has rooted up, and marked as his chosen with his cruel wounding steel. He has not had his heart taken away; he has been bidden bear no extraordinary pain—endure no incalculable cost. He has had to labour, it is true—for without labour there is no greatness. But the mere sorrow of toil is not confined to poets. It is neither singular nor sad enough, we may be sure, for Mrs. Browning or the true gods to mourn over. The verse, then, which we quoted, must have reference to the other type of poet. Let us see what sort of application it has to him.

He, as already we have pointed out, is essentially distinct from the lyrist. Just as the lyrist is strong by the presence of enthusiasm, so is the dramatist made perfect by the absence of it—its absence as any part of his real self. Hence it comes that he occupies the position he does—the one we have above mentioned—external to his work. He cares about nothing enough to make himself a part of it—no creed or cause. He is neither a free-thinker nor a ritualist: he is too tolerant even to be a bigot for toleration. But instead of being possessed of any one desire or belief, he has a power of sympathy with all. Mastered by no cause and by no enthusiasm, he can, by this power of his, become at any moment an enthusiast in any cause he will. But his real self is

never touched; he knows always what he is doing; and one passion or creed is to him, artistically, as pure and as true as another. He feels *with* each of his characters; but *about* none of them. He is in this the exact reverse of the lyrist; and in the creation of his men and women he follows an opposite rule. He begins always, in each case, from within: he conceives first the inner essence—the character; and then surrounds this with circumstance, and expresses it by action. This is indeed what, when dealing with himself, the lyrist himself does; but it is the very thing which, when dealing with others, he does not do. Mere expression of his own character is not creation; and in his creations he concerns himself with the outside, not touching on the inner; producing wonderful effects sometimes, as in 'Don Juan,' mere puppets sometimes, or shadows, as in 'Manfred.' But the true dramatist begins always from within. There is nothing mechanical in the genesis of his people. He does not say to himself, 'I will make a villain now, and now I will make a good man.' His evil doer is not constructed out of a sword, a long cloak, and a slouched hat, an ominous voice, a sneer, or wicked eyes. But the creator becomes, for the time being, one with the creature; lives his life, and has all his struggles; evil and good—nobleness, lust, avarice, all contending for the mastery. And as the battle turns, so does the man act. And the result is a real living being, on which we may speculate, and about which we may have each our own opinion; a thing with breath in its nostrils—diverse-sided as all living things are—not a picture, a caricature, or a draped doll, labelled by its designers arbitrarily 'knave' or 'hero.' But the good man will have his weak or his evil points, and the bad man his remorse and his relentings: the just revenge of Hamlet will miscarry, and Iago's hatred ruin the beautiful and the trusting. The true dramatist boldly and unflinchingly is just to each actor alike; and never warps his events to construct a moral, or to obtrude anything palpably good or wholesome. Whatever creed he may himself profess, the whole truth pitilessly laid bare will do it, he knows, if it be true itself, no harm; and so he will not wince as he lets us see how much of good and of noble may be in the libertine or the atheist; how much of unlovely and sordid in the children of virtue. He knows how fascinating a beautiful straying woman may be; how repelling, a stainless one ungifted. He does not represent the stings of conscience as more sharp than they are; nor the consciousness of right-doing as more comforting; but he is impartial and alike to either side. As an artist, indeed, he has nothing to do with religion as religion, or with virtue or vice as moralists and theologians treat them. All faiths and all beliefs are to him only true and valuable as causes which truly and really affect and influence men: and all vices and virtues are but as strings to his lyre, which he cares not how he touches, so that the music comes that he looks for. For the beauty and the delight of this music is the one thing that he consciously strives after; and this he does with

singleness of heart, and no fear; careless how the good and the true suffer, the false and the cruel prosper, so that into his harmony comes a deeper richness, or the sudden thunder of a grand unexpected discord. As long as he holds for beauty, he cannot, he knows, go wrong; and if his work be beautiful, he knows that it must, too, be true.

What then of himself—the author and creator of the poetic microcosm—the many-sided poet, with his power of infinite sympathy? Cannot we now see something of what the cost and pain is which he is called to bear? He feels for all men, and with all men, after a certain fashion—the evil and the good alike. But, for this very reason, what can he himself feel? He can create lovers at his pleasure; shew us their trust and eager dreamings. But can he himself ever love trustfully or dream eagerly? He knows as much of the cynic as of the lover; of the rake as of the devotee. Will he ever then himself grow meagre with fasting, or pale with dissipation? Will he abandon himself ever either to license or to prayer? Rather it would seem that all the higher or more engrossing forms of feeling must come to him, although complete and, in a manner, fervid, as ghosts more than as realities; that the blinding gracious gift of Prometheus has been in his case recalled; and that the naked end of all things strikes on his sight—not as a terror or as a joy, but merely as a reality and as a veil; and that thus, seeing through life, as it were—seeing each passion and pursuit on all sides and in all lights, and so none without some side sad or contemptible, he can never, like blinder, happier ones, turn lover, politician, or reformer; but though his animal spirits be high, though his wit sparkle and his laugh ring, still through all this, life seems to him a thing more sombre and sunless than to common men—he can see a hidden irony in all our desires and joys. His power of human enthusiasm is gone, he regards life rather than mingles in it—regards it something as an old Roman spectacle; and takes pleasure in pain as in happiness—in the fine anguish of tortured limbs; or their gracious noble relapse into eternal stillness.

And yet large as the price would seem that the poet has to pay for such power as his, for the world's sake it is good that the purchase should be made. Nor can we even say for certain that the loss of what he loses makes the dramatist really a worse man, though it may make him a less happy one. No matter, however, what his own case may be, his appearing the world should hail with joy and with wonder, even though he should be truly (if we may borrow Mr. Lecky's words on another subject) 'the high-priest of humanity, sacrificed for the sins of the people.' For, besides the actual and enduring joy and worth of his work as art and as beauty, purely dramatic poetry is always a sign of health of the age that produces it; prophetic poetry a sign of disease. The former is the art of peace—the calm that ensues after conquest; the latter is the art of war, or of seasons of confusion and struggle. The prophet is sent forth only when the people are rebellious, or through

their own fault enslaved; when they turn after false gods and vain inventions; but in the golden intervals—when pain and sickness ceasing, give us a holiday from self-consciousness—from that dissatisfaction and doubt which is so fatal to action—we shall need no mighty leader, no seer or prophet to come to us for warning or salvation; crying to us, 'Look yonder for the day-spring of truth,' or to God, 'How long dost thou delay thy dawning?' Such a prophet may come indeed with might as a Saviour: his advent and his work and he may be all glorious; but still the times must be out of joint first, to need him to right them; he is the sign of disease, even though he may be its remedy. Many sublime hymns have been made to liberty; tyranny has been sublimely cursed; but neither the curse nor the praise are wanted till liberty has departed, or tyranny made slaves of us. This truth is shown quite clearly in one important branch of prophetic poetry—satire. For however just and admirable satire in itself may be, the only soil in which it can strike root is one corrupt and rotten. And just as satire is needed only, and can only be where there is folly and vice for it to feed upon; so no earnest lyrical poetry at all, no poet's message to the world—no new revelation is possible, save in an age where something is evil, incomplete, wanting, or overworn; where there is some disease or decay born of earth, to call for fire or the healing of heaven. Whatever lyrical poetry belongs to the healthful days at all, will be pitched in a lower key; and charm not by its greatness, but its perfection; not teaching men what they did not know before; but crystalising into exquisite shapes common property. It will not be the song of 'the tempest-clearing swan,' but the murmur of the Matinian bee, sucking sweets from the low shrubs and flowers. Whilst all the really great poetry of healthful epochs—so healthful that, as Mr. Carlyle says, 'they know not their own health'—ever is dramatic. Men can then find all of direct religion and direct instruction in the natural channels: nor is there any of that discontent and morbid restlessness that leads them hither and thither, longing for some new thing; and seeking for some definite religion or philosophy in arts, that, of nature, merely aim at beauty. They are content to let the beautiful be the only rule by which the poet shall construct his work—the beautiful not in any narrow sense, but including all that can give delight either by tears or laughter—the sublime and the pathetic—the whole diapason of dramatic music. And thus they gain far more of true morality than those do who exact a moral; since they get no mere garbled fragments of truth or piety; the doctrine of no one party, to be swallowed like a gilded pill—no one splendid idea shewn in glory—no one aspiration emphasised; but, instead of this, a something on which each man may be his own moralist and his own philosopher; which itself propounds no theory and no system; and which so can never be out of date; but which will, like a chameleon, as we take some new point of view, change, and show us some new glory of colour; the meanings of

which will grow with our powers of finding them—which 'is not of an age; but for all time.'

'What does Wordsworth teach? What does Mr. Tennyson teach? Tell us the doctrine of the "Excursion," or the moral of the "Arthurian Idylls."' These demands are moderate and sane enough. To these we may make some answer. But, 'What does the "Iliad" teach? What particular lesson do we learn from "Hamlet," or from "Faust?"' These will merely raise a smile. They are not unlike the sweeping question a country lady, we once heard of, asked a gentleman. 'Pray, sir, what do they think of the war in London?' Hosts of commentators may try their hands on Homer, or on Shakespeare; each may bring out some consistent meaning—different each, and yet all true; and still the meanings will not be exhausted; no, not even though they should be subjected to 'the vision and the faculty divine' of true lyrists, who may write themselves fresh poems without end, to explain the single poems of dramatists.

We have thus contrasted briefly the two types of poet, and of poetry. We have, indeed, made no allusion to a vast amount of detail, and modifying circumstance. Of how the two kinds of poetical power may be blent in one man, and in one poem; or of the various disguised forms in which each may make its appearance—of these and many such things we have been unable here to speak; nor to draw attention even to the still more important fact, of how far short of perfection must fall, in many ways, the work of the most perfect dramatist: how the texture and coarseness of the canvas will show, here and there, through all the figures of the most consummate painting. Divested, however, of all secondary points, the groundwork of the truth will be quicklier and more easily understood; nor have we here aimed at anything farther than marking broadly the line that severs the two great classes, poets and prophets—the personal calm and the personal tumult—'the rest of immortals, the action of men;' and to show the popular error regarding both the position of one class, and the pretty romantic fable of the sadness and melancholy that belongs to it.

And yet if the worth of lyric poetry be in reality so much lower than dramatic; if though more human it be less divine, the lyrist has much to console him in the wideness of his popularity, if not in the strength of his admirers. For amongst certain people and in a certain sense, the lyrist is sure to be the favourite, since, besides the mere joy and beauty of his verse, he has much else to offer to his readers. The image of the human singer is brought near to them; a new friend and leader is, as it were, given. He—his life and his loves, his joys and his sorrows—blend with his verse as we read it, and give it a new interest and meaning. Those that admire him with hate, have some certain tangible being against whom to fulminate; those that admire him with love, feel that they too may follow in his foot-prints; and as they ponder his lines over, take joy in thinking of how this or that

passage is the apotheosis of a desire or thought that has long floated undefined or timorous in their own hearts. Thus to some comes a distincter pleasure in the pathless words—a sharper rapture on the lonely shore, not only from the verse of the prophet-bard who sang of these things, but from memories of history and his portrait; and with adjuncts of somewhat similar feelings, the minds of others may love to dance with the daffodils, or study philosophy in the petals of a primrose. Hence the lyrist, if he cares for such admiration (as he is pretty sure to do) may comfort himself always with the admiration of women; and not of these only, but of that great crowd of men also who are born not to lead but to follow; and of that larger class still, which includes most likely the bulk of the two former, those who are in love with their own hearts, and sorrows, and inner workings; who are always looking into every smoothish surface for mirrorings of themselves, and love to fancy that in the glorious visions of this or that great poet they see truly their own reflections.

The dramatist, however, has no allurements of this kind to offer. We cannot find anything in his works where we may be quite sure he himself is speaking; and with which we may safely sympathise. We shall look in vain for the author's *ego*, with which we may with pride and confidence dream ourselves to be one; so as to say, let us suppose, on some occasion, with sweet satisfaction, 'I, too, grieve in this way. This is just the phase of feeling with which I am so familiar. "When on my bed the moonlight falls," I feel this, or this, just as he did. I also am at heart a poet, though somehow or other God has made me inarticulate.' There is no distinct line or continuity of teaching for us to follow or believe in. The dramatist is the leader or the founder of no school of thinkers or of feelers. Neither does he, himself his own hero, set himself as an example of life amongst imagined circumstances; but he takes his stand without and apart from all he treats of; whatever be his own soul's sorrows or troubles, letting them never trouble or be traceable in his writings. He is, as we have above said, contrasted with the lyrist in his whole aim and method. His strength comes from calm—the lyrist's from storm. The prophet may madden and swoon, travailing with the terror of divine inspiration, or his eyes may grow fiery with ardour for the side's sake which he leads to conflict. But he whom we may call more especially the *poet*, the creator, is the steady impartial god that holds the balances, and beholds the battle; not the fighting man or the captain who directs, or who takes part in it. Him no ardour thrills, no loss makes mournful, no hate eager; the fortunes of neither side touch him; but his soul is filled with a diviner, deeper rapture, at the crashing chords and whole accumulated richness of rapture and of agony. His readers, too, may take their place by him, and fill their ears, as his are filled, with this music of humanity; whilst some will perhaps by their sympathy become one with some actor in the magic world below them. At any rate, in whatever light

they regard and enjoy the spectacle, the world they look at is an actual and a living one—small but perfect. Not a mere scrap of the actual life around us; but what is complete and too great to be grasped, brought by the enchantment of supreme art within our reach, and yet with no loss; changed and yet the same. No idealism—no morbid dreams of beauty—no false sentiments introduced; but somehow, what is hateful and unholy all working together with what we commonly call beautiful, to produce a beautiful whole; and the entire harmony and sublime music of happiness and misery, which, we being in the midst of it, cannot hear, set as a thing external to us, which we can listen to and realise.

And what—again we ask—of him, the wonderful worker of all these wonders? How from his works shall we imagine him? Will he be, as other singers, an etherial or bitter creature, with the passion and keen spirit that consume him written in his face? How from his works shall we conjecture his life and character? This we can never do. We must look for them to quite other sources, to biographers, and the witness of men that knew him. And seeing the mighty artist as these show him, and looking for the nobleness, the greatness, the fortitude, the love with which he knew so well to endow his characters, it is not unlikely that we shall start with wonder at the things we find—the meanness, the selfishness, the vanity, or the absence of any personal supremacy; marvelling that of Shakespeare we have no authentic record save as the wittiest of a witty company; and that the loftiest genius that the world has known since Shakespeare was more proud of a paltry title, scarce equal to that of an English knight's, than of the authorship of 'Wilhelm Meister,' or of 'Faust.'

W. H. Mallock.

# TRAGEDY.

By Heinrich Heine

[*Translated from the German by* Franz Hüffer.]

I.

O fly with me and be my wife,
  And on my bosom shelter thee;
In far-off countries let my heart
  Thy fatherland and homestead be.

Wilt thou not come I here must die,
  Then lonely and alone thou art,
And even in thy father's house
  Strange among strangers feels thy heart.

II.

There fell a blight in the night of spring,
It fell on the soft sweet blue-flowers,
They all drooped down and withered.

A youth once loved a maiden fair,
They both in secret fled from home,
Unknown to father and mother.
Then they have wandered and roamed so far.
They never were led by fortune's star,
They are dead and lost for ever.

III.

Upon their grave a lime-tree is growing,
Where birds are whistling and winds are blowing,
There sit at eve in the dark green shade
The miller's lad and his own true maid.

The winds are blowing so weak and weary,
The birds are singing so sweet and dreary,
The chatting lovers—they know not why—
Silent become and begin to cry.

# The Education of Scepticus.

## CHAPTER I.

When Mr. Scepticus senior was informed that his wife had presented him with a fine boy, he manifested an almost unphilosophic delight. He was confident that a great intellectual future was in store for his son, and he expressed this conviction upon all occasions, and in every variety of exalted metaphor. Thus, he assured the doctor, who brought little Scepticus to him in his arms, that 'within that infant head there slumbered forces which would humanise and regenerate the world.' The doctor told him to be sure and keep the child well wrapped up. Again, Mr. Scepticus puzzled the monthly nurse not a little by speaking of the baby as the 'infant apostle of the new evangel,' and somewhat scandalised her on another occasion by declaring that little Scepticus was not *his* child, but the child of the nineteenth century.

All this merely meant that in the opinion of Mr. Scepticus his son's intellectual bent would resemble his own. On what he founded this anticipation of the boy's future I am unable to say. He profoundly disbelieved in the hereditary transmission of mental and moral qualities, and I cannot therefore explain his rooted conviction upon this point otherwise than by supposing that he sometimes failed to subject his own beliefs to the unsparing analysis which he applied to those of other people. This supposition I should have hesitated to make on my own responsibility, but the younger Scepticus has since informed me from his own experience that such oversights were not so uncommon as I should have imagined.

No one, however, who believes that mental and moral qualities may be inherited will be surprised to hear that Scepticus verified the paternal prediction; for, if any couple might reasonably calculate on giving to the world a thoroughly sceptical child, the father and mother of my hero were that couple. It would, indeed, have been singular had they produced an offspring of even average credulity. Mr. Scepticus had laid the foundations of his literary and philosophic fame in an essay on the 'Dogmatism of Hume, and his Superstitious Reverence for the Opinions of the Vulgar;' while Mrs. Scepticus had embraced a system of

the most uncompromising Pyrrhonism at a very early age. With such favourable antecedents, it may be imagined with what eagerness Mr. Scepticus awaited the first dawn of intelligence in his son. Before the development of the faculty of speech it is a task of no slight difficulty to trace in the mind of a child the operations of the higher criticism; but even at this early period Mr. Scepticus fancied he could detect in his son's actions the first movements of the philosophic spirit. In his resistance to being washed his father discerned a philosophic protest on the child's part against being subjected to an unpleasant process of whose utility he was imperfectly satisfied; while in his vigorous rejection of a dose of medicine Mr. Scepticus recognised a half-conscious distrust of the efficacy of the British Pharmacopœia. When certain friends of the family once ventured to throw doubt on these interpretations of little Scepticus's actions, and to explain them in a somewhat different way, Mr. Scepticus took the matter up with great warmth, and told them roundly that they were guilty of a species of incredulity with which he had no patience. But the fond father was not long subject to the annoyance of this unbelief, for as soon as little Scepticus was able to talk he exhibited unmistakeable signs of the hereditary spirit. Mr. Scepticus had given strict orders that his son should receive in every respect the same nursery education as other children, so that his critical powers might be as soon as possible called into exercise. No nursery myth, written or oral, withstood the child's searching analysis for a moment. In a discussion of a very brief duration he demolished his nurse's 'Argument for the Existence of a Bogey,' and showed conclusively that, even if he existed, the popular conception of him was at any rate an erroneous one, inasmuch as the top-boots with which tradition invested him could not coexist with the supernatural attributes supposed to be possessed by their wearer. On the other hand, he admitted that if the existence of such a being could not be proved, neither could it be disproved, and held that the proper attitude of a child's mind on this subject was that of 'suspended judgment.' At the age of five he read to a meeting of children, assembled for the purpose in his father's nursery, a paper upon 'Jack the Giant Killer,' in which he pointed out the many improbabilities of the narrative, the evident bias of the historian in favour of Jack, and the overwhelming evidence that the legend was of considerably later date than that usually assigned to it. From all these considerations he deduced the conclusion that the whole story was mythical. The paper was triumphantly successful. Though read before a hostile audience, its argument was found unanswerable by any of those present, and most of the children left the meeting in tears. Mr. Scepticus, it may be imagined, watched these evidences of his son's philosophic bent with unmixed pleasure. He encouraged him to ask questions upon all subjects, and to doubt the replies which were given him, and was never more gratified than when he was led by the child's more

active spirit of enquiry to suspect some position in history or morals which he had previously seen no reason to question.

Mr. Scepticus had very early in his son's infancy determined that he would not endanger his intellectual future by sending him to school. There was no telling the fatal effects which the influence of an unphilosophical master might produce upon his son's intellectual growth; and Mr. Scepticus had therefore resolved to keep him at home and let him educate himself. Accordingly, at the age at which most boys are sent to school little Scepticus was led by his father into the library, and informed that that was henceforth to be his schoolroom—a schoolroom in which he was to be at once the master and the pupil. It contained, so said Mr. Scepticus, all the works of any credit ever written upon theology, history, and philosophy; and the views of all contending schools were, he thought, fairly represented amongst its shelves; but any work not contained in it which the youthful enquirer might wish to study, his father expressed his willingness to purchase for him. He dismissed him to his task with a parting admonition to study both sides of every question, to devote the longest and most careful study to the side opposed to his own, and above all to criticise always in a dispassionate spirit. When disposed to adopt any opinion decidedly, he was, before doing so, to discuss the question with his father, who would for the occasion adopt and advocate the opposite opinion, with the view of improving his son's dialectic. Scepticus commenced his studies with eagerness, and in a properly dispassionate spirit, but found little opportunity for its exercise, inasmuch as all the books which he came across in his father's library appeared to support views similar to his own. So far as he could discover, they seemed all to be works written on the sceptical side. Afterwards, however, he lighted upon a few works of dogmatic theology, and was preparing to criticise them in a dispassionate spirit, but he found that his labours had been anticipated. They were full of marginal notes in his father's handwriting, criticising their contents in a strain of the bitterest ridicule; while in some parts, and those too where the reasoning seemed to Scepticus to be the closest, and where therefore he promised himself the greatest pleasure in combating it, whole passages had been scored out and obliterated, and the word 'Nonsense' or 'Rubbish' added by Mr. Scepticus in the margin. Orthodox theologians were, however, very slenderly represented in the library, and there was in particular one work of this class, not possessed by Mr. Scepticus, which his son had the greatest desire to read. He was engaged in studying the question of Free Will—a question which, although his intelligence was considerably in advance of his years, he found by no means free from difficulty—and he had met, in the works he had studied, with frequent references to the writings of a certain Augustin. Many of the quotations from this author had been obliterated by Mr. Scepticus, with the usual comment, but enough still remained to stimulate curiosity, and Scepticus accordingly requested

his father to procure for him the works of this Augustin. Mr. Scepticus assured him that he would find them of no service to him in his studies. On being pressed for his reasons for this statement, he answered that the speculations of that day had been rendered obsolete by modern research.

Scepticus here saw an opportunity for improving his dialectic in the manner suggested by his father, and replied:

'But surely, sir, modern research has added little or nothing to our knowledge upon such questions as that of the Freedom of the Will.'

'This is a fruitless discussion,' said Mr. Scepticus, with rising warmth. 'Bacon has rightly said that what are called ancient times really represent, not the old age of the world, but its youth, and that therefore we are necessarily wiser than our fathers.'

'Nay, sir,' said Scepticus, 'but in the present case——'

'What! sir, you dispute it?' cried his father, now fairly in a passion. 'You deny that we are wiser than our fathers? Then let me tell you, sir, that you are setting your judgment above mine, and are a self-sufficient young puppy. I am willing to purchase for you any book that you may reasonably require, but the works you ask for are a pack of stuff, and I decline to waste my money on such rubbish.'

With these words Mr. Scepticus flung from the room, and banged the door behind him with such violence that a book fell from one of the shelves at the feet of his son. Scepticus picked up the book, which proved to be a volume of Shakespeare's Plays, and was soon deep in its perusal. He read on, thoroughly absorbed, for half an hour, till he was aroused by his father re-entering the library. His dormant critical faculty awoke, and he blushed to think how eagerly he had been reading, and how thoroughly he had for the moment believed in the actual existence of the characters in the play. When he remembered further that in the particular play he had been reading three of the characters were respectively a magician, a monster, and a spirit—beings whose mythical character he had long since demonstrated in his 'Child's Criterion of Belief'—he felt doubly humiliated. In what respect, he asked himself, was he superior to his little cousin Credo, who thought 'Puss in Boots' historical, and believed that he had one night seen fairies dancing on the croquet-ground? His father aroused him from these painful reflections by inquiring what book he was reading.

'Shakespeare's Plays, sir,' replied Scepticus, a little confused.

His father took the book from him and told him that he must not read such works at present.

'Why not?' asked Scepticus.

'My boy,' replied Mr. Scepticus, frowning slightly, 'you have contracted a bad habit of asking questions. On this occasion, however, I will gratify your curiosity. The imaginative faculty must not be indulged till the critical faculty has been fully developed.'

Scepticus resumed his study of the question of Free Will, but, to his surprise, he found the utmost difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on the subject. Prospero and Ariel, Miranda and Caliban, *would* intrude themselves upon his mind, and he began to think there was a good deal in what his father had said about the danger of indulging his imagination.

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## CHAPTER II.

For some time after the occurrence of the incidents related in the last chapter the behaviour of Scepticus was such as to cause his father no further disquietude. He was more assiduous in his studies than ever, and he now seldom or never troubled Mr. Scepticus with questions. He would sit for hours in his favourite recess with some philosophical work, generally of the folio size, before him, from the study of which he rarely withdrew himself, except for a hurried meal. One day, however, Mr. Scepticus took advantage of his son's momentary absence from the library to examine the book which he was reading, and discovered that the folio philosopher contained an octavo poet hidden between its capacious leaves, the very volume of Shakespeare which he had forbidden his son to read. On the return of Scepticus to the library, his father read him a severe lecture on the double immorality of which he had been guilty—disobedience and deceit. Scepticus listened patiently till the lecture was concluded, and then replied, with his usual mixture of respect and firmness, that he feared a discussion of the point between them would be useless, for want of a common ground on which to argue. His father's reasoning, he said, showed him to be an intuitional moralist, whereas he himself had long since adopted the utilitarian ethics. The imputation of being an intuitional moralist was indignantly repudiated by Mr. Scepticus, and his son thereupon demanded that the immorality of his recent conduct should be proved by the utilitarian canon. Mr. Scepticus boxed his ears and took away the Shakespeare. Thus ended the second attempt of Scepticus to improve his dialectic, and he began almost to doubt whether the discussion of disputed points with his father was as beneficial a mental training as the elder philosopher seemed to think.

The truth was, that Mr. Scepticus, although not averse to controversy, preferred it to be carried on without contradiction to his own views: and such contradiction his son, in the impetuosity of a youthful debate, was not always careful to avoid. As a last resource, Scepticus determined to try another method of discussion, and accordingly sat up half the night preparing a written defence of his conduct, and placed the paper on his father's dressing-table before retiring to bed. He heard no more of the matter for two or three days, at the expiration of

which period his father informed him that he was to be sent to school. He had hoped, Mr. Scepticus said, that the cultivation of the philosophic habit would have produced in his son's mind its usual fruits of humility of temper and liberality of view, but since it only seemed to beget in him an overweening conceit of his own opinion and a fierce intolerance of the views of others, he was compelled with great reluctance to change his plan of education. The preparations for Scepticus's departure were soon made. His box was packed up that day; Mrs. Scepticus, who, although a rigid Pyrrhonist, made excellent potted meats and preserves, soon filled up its vacant spaces in a satisfactory manner; Mr. Scepticus gave him his blessing and a pocket series of the 'English Deists;' and, thus equipped, he was despatched to the school selected for him.

The school to which he had been sent was kept by a Mr. Certus de Nihilo, a gentleman whose acquaintance Mr. Scepticus had recently made, and whose views on education he had found with surprise and delight to coincide precisely with his own. Mr. de Nihilo came of an old French Protestant family, in which doubt had run for generations. His great-great-great-grandfather had been an intimate friend of the great Peter Bayle, and had (so his descendant declared) contributed some of the most valuable portions of that philosopher's famous work. In the investigation of this important point Mr. de Nihilo had occupied his time since he left college, and had already accumulated, with a view to publication, a vast mass of evidence proving his ancestor's important share in the 'Dictionnaire Historique.' To support himself in the meantime he had opened the school over which he now presided, and which he conducted upon an entirely new principle, conceived originally by himself, and warmly approved by Mr. Scepticus, to whom he had imparted it. In all external appearances Mr. de Nihilo's school resembled its rivals. Its prospectus promised the same educational advantages as other schools, and as in other schools every boy was expected to bring with him a spoon and fork and six towels; but in its internal economy it differed widely from ordinary places of education, as its pupils very soon discovered. On the arrival of each fresh batch of new boys they were conducted into Mr. de Nihilo's study, where that gentleman, having duly entered their names on the books of the school, proceeded briefly to explain to them his system of tuition. Having pointed out in a few weighty sentences the extreme uncertainty of all human knowledge, and the serious responsibility incurred by anyone who should attempt compulsorily to indoctrinate others with his own views, he passed on to some reflections on the popular method of education, and satirised in a few stinging phrases the absurdity and arrogance of its pretensions. Posterity, he said, would one day laugh at the bigotry which attempted by moral coercion, or still worse by the infliction of physical suffering, to force upon the youthful mind the doubtful conclusions of the grammarian or geographer. Less tyrannical

but no less mischievous was the practice prevalent in other schools of selecting the subjects of study which the boys were to pursue. In Mr. de Nihilo's establishment both these practices would be abandoned for ever. Every boy in the school was to select his own subject of study and to pursue it without officious interference from anyone. This address was always received by the new boys with loud expressions of approval, which Mr. de Nihilo mistook for the enthusiasm of emancipated thought, and they immediately proceeded to select their several subjects of study. Many of the boys selected 'rounders.' None of them ever troubled Mr. de Nihilo again after the delivery of this address, and he was left with abundant leisure to pursue his literary labours.

In this school, it may be imagined, Scepticus had the utmost liberty to follow the natural bent of his disposition, and accordingly he spent there several years of profound mental disquietude. Ever since the day on which his father had surprised him with the Shakespeare, he had fluctuated between the rival influences of his original and his newly acquired taste. His critical and his imaginative faculty were at perpetual war. He would spend two or three days in composing an ode to some famous personage of history, or a sonnet to one of the cardinal virtues; and then, his mood suddenly changing, he would devote the next week to a hostile criticism of the hero's character, or a pessimistic analysis of the moral components of the virtue. One day he was an enthusiastic reader of the 'Utopia;' the next a sympathetic student of the 'Leviathan.' In this unsettled condition of mind he yearned for sympathy and advice, but was unable to obtain it. His schoolfellows were utterly unable to appreciate his difficulties, and indeed the relations between him and them were hardly amicable. He had found them enslaved to many of the grossest superstitions of childhood, and his efforts to enlighten them had met with the usual fate of such attempts. His exposure of the absurdity of a belief in dreams (a superstition almost universal in the school) had earned him great unpopularity; and Elephass Major, the cock of the school, had, with general approval, 'licked him for cheek.' His next essay, entitled 'Are cocks of schools necessary?' procured him some favour with the younger boys; but, though they warmly praised its argument, they strongly advised him not to make it public, assuring him that Elephass Major would half kill him if he did. The boys at Mr. de Nihilo's were evidently not fitting confidants in an intellectual difficulty like his. Nor could he obtain any assistance at home. His father, who had restored him to favour since he had been sent to school, used to admit him in vacations to his 'Philosophic Thursdays,' but none of the gentlemen whom he met there seemed likely to be a sympathetic adviser. They were all philosophers, and spoke in terms of high approval of the 'attitude of doubt,' but to Scepticus they all seemed very confident in the correctness of their own opinions. The discussions which took place at Mr. Scepticus's 'Philosophic Thursdays'

were exceedingly warm, and it was no uncommon thing for one of the guests to leave the house in a huff. Scepticus had heard them apply the term 'sentimentalism' to many ideas which exercised considerable influence over him, and he did not like to ask their assistance in the mental struggle which he was at present undergoing. He had consulted Mr. de Nihilo, but that gentleman professed himself unable to understand his difficulty. That the critical and imaginative faculties should be antagonistic to each other was, he said, natural, and could not be inconvenient, inasmuch as they were employed on totally different subject-matter. This latter proposition Scepticus questioned, and pointed out that, though frequently true, it was by no means invariably so. In geometry and similar subjects he admitted that these faculties did not interfere with each other, and the imagination accepted (for instance) the conclusion of the reason that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, if with little enthusiasm, at any rate without actual repugnance. No geometrician was troubled by vague aspirations after a triangle which should contain angles greater than two right angles, still less by an unaccountable impulse to believe in spite of reason that such a triangle somewhere exists. But in some other departments of thought, Scepticus continued, notably in religion and morals, the imagination *did* struggle thus against the conclusions of the reason. Mr. de Nihilo said he had never experienced that. Scepticus was proceeding to ask his advice as to which of the two opposing tendencies he had better encourage, when Mr. de Nihilo, who had listened to his last explanation with visible impatience, reminded him of the system upon which the school was conducted, and pointed out that, were he to deviate from it by regulating the intellectual tendencies of his pupils, it would be but a short step to directing their studies, and so declining into the worst errors of the old *régime*. Scepticus was accordingly forced to defer the solution of his difficulties to the period, now close at hand, when he was to exchange Mr. de Nihilo's school for the University.

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## CHAPTER III.

THE dislike and distrust which Mr. Scepticus entertained for the ordinary school education did not extend to that of the Universities. Mr. Scepticus was himself a university man, and he knew that there was no difficulty in selecting a college in which the free growth of a young man's intellect would be in no respect interfered with. He chose St. Theudas's as the college most suited to his purpose in this respect, entered his son's name there as a gentleman-commoner, and instructed him to fail disgracefully in his first attempt at passing his little-go examination. By this means, he said, he might calculate

on obtaining two years' private study with little or no molestation from the college authorities, a period quite sufficient to complete his education.

At the University, Scepticus met for the first time with that intellectual sympathy for which he so much longed. Before he had been a week at St. Theudas's he was elected a member of the 'Solvent Club,' where he made the acquaintance of more than twenty young men with 'suspended judgments.' The introduction to the printed rules of the club described it as having been 'formed for the purpose of impartially but thoroughly examining the accepted doctrines of mankind, subjecting them to the powerful solvents of modern criticism' (it was from this that the club took its name) 'and precipitating whatever solid residuum of truth they might contain.' The subscription was half a crown terminally. Here at last Scepticus fancied he had met with the true critical spirit in its purest form. The essays which were read weekly on theological subjects were models of philosophic impartiality and calm. The solvents of modern criticism were applied to the accepted doctrine with a steady hand, and the resulting precipitate exhibited in the clearest way. The solvents being extremely strong, the precipitate was for the most part very small; and, such as it was, it was usually taken in hand by some other gentleman in the next week's essay, treated with a fresh application of the solvent, and subjected to a consequent further reduction in bulk: till at last some fortunate member of the club succeeded in exhibiting, as it were, a test-tube of perfectly colourless speculation, holding the 'accepted doctrine' in complete solution. The whole discussion, however, was distinguished by a thoroughly liberal and candid tone, and Scepticus at last felt the pleasure of intercourse with minds congenial to his own—with men in whom the true spirit of enquiry reigned supreme, and who concealed in their mental storehouses no heavy bales of foregone conclusions planted upon a few poor flattened philosophic principles. He entered heartily into the speculations of the club, and when it came to his own turn to contribute something he abandoned theology and read an essay on the best form of political government, in which he applied the solvents of modern criticism to some of the popular democratic doctrines; showing that the question was not as yet concluded between republicanism and monarchy, and that further experience was necessary before the world could settle finally their respective merits. The essay was received with marked disfavour, and produced a very angry discussion. There was a general feeling that the solvents had been improperly applied, and it was even doubted in some quarters whether they were applicable to such questions at all. Of this debate, Scepticus, although opposed alone to all the other members, got considerably the best. Next day, however, he received a visit from the secretary, who drew his attention to the fifth rule of the club, which provided that every member should be 'a person of liberal principles,'

and, pointing out that a member who was still in doubt between a monarchy and a republic could not answer to this description, called upon him to resign. Scepticus having decidedly refused to do this was then informed that he would be expelled at the next meeting. Before that day arrived, however, the proprietor of the room in which the meetings were held refused to allow another to take place until he was paid his arrears of rent. No funds being forthcoming, the Solvent Club became bankrupt and broke up, and Scepticus was spared the threatened indignity of expulsion.

But he resumed his task of self-education more disheartened than ever. His father had always boasted that philosophy was the mistress of the age, that everywhere the spirit of patient research and the calm rule of reason was supreme. And *he* had found the educated world full of disguised bigots, faithless lip-servants of this sovereign Reason, obedient so long as her commands flattered their prejudices or furthered their interests, open and unblushing rebels when obedience would have involved sacrifice. And yet, he thought bitterly, they were wiser in their generation than he who had obeyed this queen so loyally, and yet found no peace in submission. His hopes and his emotions and his imagination had their will of him at times, even as though he were a mere mediæval mystic; and this Reason, this power which ruled him with an iron rule, gave him no aid in resisting them—like a despot with an ineffective police, who makes slaves of his subjects, yet is unable to protect them from the miseries of internal quarrel.

Once, indeed, Scepticus had been on the verge of open rebellion, and with this view he abandoned the society of the false subjects of Reason, and frequented those who had already rebelled against her. They seemed happy enough, he had often thought. Nothing but peace and inward contentment was visible in the faces which surmounted those strange long black garments that symbolise in some mysterious way the peculiar views of Ritualists. But a closer acquaintance showed Scepticus that their position was little better than his own. Only a portion of them after all, he found, had compassed peace of mind. Little Chrysostom Weke, indeed, had successfully rebelled against Reason, and was happy; but then how feeble the government which little Chrysostom Weke had had to overthrow! Little Weke's reason was a mere mental Louis Philippe. No wonder that, like him, it had abdicated at the first sign of revolution, and had never since ventured to show itself in its former territories. And from all Scepticus had seen of little Weke, there seemed every probability of its dying in exile. Bernard Clerched, on the other hand, had had tough work in dethroning and subduing his reason, and he was no happier now that he had done it. The rulers he had substituted were too weak to rule him in peace, and the dethroned monarch was always making attempts to regain his sovereignty. Bernard Clerched's time was divided between rigorous religious exercises and interminable doubts and self-questionings, and it was

pretty evident to all the more penetrating of his friends that he would end either as a Romanist or a Sceptic. Neither of these types offered much encouragement to Scepticus, and at length the idea struck him of referring his difficulties to the college authorities. St. Theudas's was a college famous for its orthodoxy, and it followed therefore (so Scepticus argued) that its office-bearers must have successfully reconciled the reasoning faculty with the religious instinct. He had often wondered how their most eminent tutor, Mr. Scotus Ockham, a gentleman with a wide metaphysical celebrity, had effected this reconciliation, and when Mr. Ockham published his 'Boundaries of Theological Speculation' Scepticus instantly bought and studied it. Its author followed Reason so loyally in metaphysical speculation that Scepticus felt sure he had not abandoned her in Theology, and that this book contained a satisfactory solution of these difficulties. He was grievously disappointed. Mr. Ockham set out indeed in search of theological truth accompanied by both Reason and Faith, and walked with them for some distance, conversing affably with each in turn. But when they arrived at that fatal piece of waste ground where the two ladies always wish to take different paths, and Scepticus expected his guide to point out some new track which both of his companions would agree to follow, Mr. Ockham, to his surprise, turned to Reason, and, taking off his hat, took a most polite leave of her: 'We have had, my dear Madam,' he said, 'a pleasant journey together, but I cannot permit you to accompany me beyond these limits. When I return within them I shall be again glad of your company. In the meantime good morning.' And the rest of Mr. Ockham's book consisted of a series of plans of that and the surrounding district, showing the various spots at which he was himself accustomed, and at which he recommended his disciples, to perform this ceremony of leavetaking. Scepticus shut the book sadly, for he saw that Mr. Ockham and he did not take the same view of their obligations to Reason.

In the meantime, however, two years had passed away, and the Master of St. Theudas's now sent for Scepticus and informed him that, unless he intended to take holy orders, it was necessary for him to bestir himself and pass his little-go examination. Scepticus immediately wrote to his father for instructions as to what course to pursue, and received a reply advising him to remove his name from the college books. His education was now completed, and Mr. Scepticus received him home in triumph. He pointed out to him the brilliant philosophic future before him, and the services he might render to mankind; and requested him to begin his career of usefulness by exposing the absurdities of the doctrine of the Church of England, and advocating the tenets of the Unitarian body, of which Mr. Scepticus was a professed member. Scepticus replied coldly that he was perfectly willing to point out the intellectual anomalies of the Anglican creed,

but could not undertake to advocate Unitarianism, which involved many anomalies of the same nature.

'Unitarianism,' said his father angrily, 'involves no intellectual anomalies.'

'It has many,' said Scepticus; 'but it matters not; I can at present undertake no work of the kind. Let me explain to you my intellectual position. You have given me a sceptical education. I have bettered your instructions, and learnt to be somewhat sceptical of scepticism itself. As a destructive weapon it has already done its work. It has destroyed whatever is really pernicious to human welfare in Anglicanism, and in all other creeds of men: and in doing this it has had the support of all the best instincts and aspirations of human nature. But it has this support no longer. These instincts and these aspirations have parted from their former ally, and now strive in opposition to her. I am loyal to Reason, but these also are a part of my nature, and I must reconcile Reason with them without abandoning either. When I have done so, I will continue to destroy, for I shall be able to rebuild. But I cannot act till I have harmonised my mind and soul.'

'Harmonised a fiddle-stick's end!' said Mr. Scepticus. 'These are mere idle fancies, or why do they not trouble me?'

Scepticus smiled, but returned no answer.

He adhered, however, firmly to his expressed determination, and at last Mr. Scepticus recognised with bitter disappointment that his son was unworthy of the high career for which he had intended him. He heard of an opening in business and endeavoured to induce Scepticus to become an accountant. But his son, who since he had left college had succeeded to a small independence from an uncle, steadily refused. He was at present, he said, thoroughly unfitted for the world of action, and must wait till he had harmonised his mind and soul.

He has waited ever since.

H. D. TRAILL.

# The Story of Frithiof the Bold.

Translated from the Icelandic by William Morris.

## CHAPTER XI.

*FRITHIOF GOES TO SEE KING RING AND INGIBIORG.*

Frithiof waxed ever in riches and renown whithersoever he went: evil men he slew, and grimly strong-thieves, but peaceful folk and chapmen he let abide in peace; and now was he called anew Frithiof the Bold; he had gotten to him by now a great company well arrayed, and was become exceeding wealthy of chattels.

But when Frithiof had been three winters a-warring he sailed west, and made the Bay; then he said that he would go a-land: 'But ye shall fare a-warring without me this winter; for I begin to weary of warfare, and would fain go to the Uplands, and get speech of King Ring; but hither shall ye come to meet me in the summer, and I will be here the first day of summer.'

Biorn said: 'This counsel is nought wise, though thou must needs rule; rather would I that we fare north to Sogni, and slay both those kings, Helgi and Halfdan.'

'It is all one to me,' said Frithiof; 'I must needs go see King Ring and Ingibiorg.'

Says Biorn: 'Loth am I hereto that thou should'st risk thyself alone in his hands; for this Ring is a wise man and of great kin, though he be somewhat old.'

But Frithiof said he would have his own way: 'And thou, Biorn, shall be captain of our company meanwhile.'

So they did as he bade, and Frithiof fared to the Uplands in the autumn, for he desired sore to look upon the love of King Ring and Ingibiorg. But or ever he came there he did on him, over his clothes, a great cloak all shaggy; two staves he had in his hand, and a mask over his face, and he made as if he were exceeding old.

So he met certain herdsmen, and, going heavily, he asked them: 'Whence are ye?' they answered and said: 'We are of Streitaland, whereas the king dwelleth.'

Quoth the carle: 'Is King Ring a mighty king, then?'

They answered: 'Thou lookest old enough to know that he is mighty in all wise.' The carle said that he had heeded salt-boiling more than the ways of kings; and therewith he goes up to the king's house.

So when the day was well worn he came into the hall, and looked about askance, and took an outward place, pulling his hood over him to hide his visage.

Then spake King Ring to Ingibiorg: 'There is come into the hall a man far bigger than other men.'

The queen answered: 'That is no such great tidings here.'

But the king spake to a serving-man who stood before the board, and said: 'Go thou, and ask yon cowled man who he is, whence he cometh, and what kin he is of.'

So the lad ran down the hall to the new-comer and said: 'What art thou called, thou man? Where wert thou last night? Of what kin art thou?'

Said the cowled man: 'Quick come thy questions, good fellow! but hast thou skill to understand if I shall tell thee hereof?'

'Yea, certes,' said the lad.

'Well,' said the cowl-bearer, 'Thief is my name, with Wolf was I last night, and in Sorrow-stead[1] was I reared.'

Then ran the lad back to the king, and told him the answer of the new-comer.

'Well told, lad,' said the king, 'but for that stead of Sorrow, I know it well: it may well be that the man is of no light heart, and yet a wise man shall he be, and of great worth I account him.'

Said the queen: 'A marvellous fashion of thine, that thou must needs talk so freely with every carle that cometh hither! Yea, what is the worth of him, then?'

'That wottest thou no clearer than I,' said the king; 'but I see that he thinketh more than he talketh, and is peering all about him.'

Therewith the king sent a man after him, and so the cowl-bearer went up before the king, going somewhat bent, and greeted him in a low voice. Then said the king: 'What art thou called, thou big man?'

And the cowl-bearer answered and sang:

PEACE-THIEF[2] they called me
On the prow with the Vikings;
But WAR-THIEF whenas
I set widows a-weeping;
SPEAR-THIEF when I
Sent forth the barbed shafts;
BATTLE-THIEF when I
Burst forth on the king;

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[1] An untranslatable play of words, *angr* being an affix to certain Norwegian names, and meaning a bay or creek, as in Hardangr, &c., as well as grief, or sorrow.

[2] Peace-thief is the literal translation of Frith-thiof.

ISLE-THIEF when I
In the outer isles harried;
SLAINS-THIEF when I
Sat aloft over men;
Yet since have I drifted
With salt-boiling carls,
Needy of help
Ere hither I came.

Said the king: 'Thou hast gotten thy name of Thief from many a matter, then; but where wert thou last night, and what is thy home?'

The cowl-bearer said: 'In Sorrow-stead was I reared; but Longing has driven me hither; nor have I any home.'

The king said: 'May be indeed that thou hast been nourished in Sorrow-stead a certain while; yet also may be that thou wert born in a place of peace. But in the wild wood must thou have lain last night, for no goodman dwelleth anigh named Wolf; but whereas thou sayest thou hast no home, so is it, that thou belike deemest thy home nought, because of the longing that drave thee hither.'

Then spake Ingibiorg: 'Go, Thief, get thee some other harbour than in our guest hall.'

'Nay,' said the king, 'I am old enow to know how to marshal guests; so do off thy cowl, new-comer, and sit down on my other hand.'

'Yea, old, and over old,' said the queen, 'when thou settest staff-carles by thy side.'

'Nay, lord, it beseemeth not,' said Thief; 'better it is as the queen sayeth. I have been more used to boiling salt than sitting beside lords.'

'Do thou my will,' said the king, 'for I will rule this time.'

So Thief cast his cowl from him, and was clad thereunder in a dark blue kirtle; on his arm, moreover, was the goodly gold ring, and a thick silver belt was round about him, with a great purse on it, and therein good store of silver pennies; a sword was girt to his side, and he had a great fur hood on his head, for his eyes were bleared, and his face all wrinkled.

'Ah! now we fare better, say I,' quoth the king; 'but do thou, queen, give him a goodly mantle, and be kind to him.'

'Thou shalt rule, my lord,' said the queen; 'but in small account do I hold this Thief of thine.'

So then he gat a good mantle over him, and sat down in the high seat beside the king. The queen waxed red as blood when she saw the goodly ring, yet would she give him never a word; but the king was exceeding blithe with him and said: 'A goodly ring hast thou on thy arm there; thou must have boiled salt long enough to get it.'

Says he, 'That is all my father left me.'

'Ah!' says the king, 'maybe thou hast more than that; well, few salt-boiling carles are thy peers, I deem, unless eld has been at work over fast with my eyes.'

So Thief was there through the winter mid good entertainment, and well accounted of by all men; he was bounteous of his wealth, and joyous with all men; the queen held but little converse with him; but the king and he were ever blithe together.

## CHAPTER XII.

*FRITHIOF SAVES THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE ICE.*

THE tale tells that on a time King Ring and the queen, and a great company, would go to a feast. So the king spoke to Thief: 'Wilt thou fare with us, or abide at home?'

He said he had liefer go; and the king said: 'Then am I the more content.'

So they went on their ways, and had to cross a certain frozen water; then said Thief: 'I deem this ice untrustworthy; meseems ye fare unwarily.'

Quoth the king: 'It is often shown what a good heart thou hast to us.'

So a little after the ice broke in beneath them, and Thief ran thereto, and dragged the sledge to him, with all that was therein; and the king and the queen both sat in the same: so Thief drew it all up on to the ice, with the horses that were yoked to the sledge. Then spake King Ring: 'Right well drawn, Thief! Frithiof the Bold himself would have drawn no stronger had he been here; doughty followers are such as thou!'

So they came to the feast, and there is nought to tell thereof, and the king went back again with seemly gifts.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*THE KING SLEEPS BEFORE FRITHIOF.*

Now weareth away the mid-winter, and when spring cometh, the weather groweth fair, the wood bloometh, the grass groweth, and ships may glide betwixt land and land. So on a day the king says to his folk: 'I will that ye come with us for our disport out into the woods, that we may look upon the fairness of the earth.'

So did they, and went flock-meal with the king into the woods; but so it befell, that the king and Frithiof were gotten alone together afar from other men, and the king said he was heavy, and would fain sleep; then said Thief: 'Get thee home, then, lord, for it better beseemeth men of high estate to lie at home than abroad.'

'Nay,' said the king, 'so will I not do.' And he laid him down therewith, and slept fast, snoring loud.

Thief sat close by him, and presently drew his sword from his sheath and cast it far away from him.

A little while after the king woke up, and said: 'Was it not so, FRITHIOF, that a many things came into thy mind e'en now? But well hast thou dealt with them, and great honour shalt thou have of me. Lo, now, I knew thee straightway that first evening thou camest into our hall: now nowise speedily shalt thou depart from us; and somewhat great abideth thee.'

Said Frithief: 'Lord king, thou hast done to me well, and in friendly wise; but yet must I get me gone soon, because my company cometh speedily to meet me, as I have given them charge to do.'

So then they rode home from the wood, and the king's folk came flocking to him, and home they fared to the hall and drank joyously; and it was made known to all folk that Frithiof the Bold had been abiding there through the winter-tide.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *KING RING'S GIFT TO FRITHIOF.*

EARLY of a morning-tide one smote on the door of that hall, wherein slept the king and queen, and many others: then the king asked who it was that called at the hall door; and so he who was without said: 'Here am I, Frithiof; and I am arrayed for my departure.'

Then was the door opened, and Frithiof came in, and sang a stave:

Have great thanks for the guesting
Thou gavest with all bounty;
Dight fully for departure
Is the eagles' feeder now;
But, Ingibiorg, I mind thee
While yet on earth I dwell;
Live gloriously! I give thee
This gift for many kisses.

And therewith he cast the goodly ring towards Ingibiorg, and bade her take it. The king smiled at this stave of his, and said: 'Yea, forsooth, she has more thanks for thy winter quarters than I; yet has she not been more friendly to thee than I.'

Then sent the king his serving-folk to fetch victuals and drink, and says that they must eat and drink before Frithiof departed. 'So arise, queen, and be joyful!' But she said she was loth to fall a-feasting so early.

'Nay, we will eat all together,' said King Ring; and they did so.

But when they had drank a while King Ring spake: 'I would that thou abide here, Frithiof; for my sons are but children and I am old, and unmeet for the warding of my realm, if any should bring war against it'

Frithiof said: 'Speedily must I be gone, lord.' And he sang:

Oh, live, King Ring,
Both long and hale!
The highest king
Neath heaven's skirt!
Ward well, O king,
Thy wife and land,
For Ingibiorg now
Never more shall I meet.

Then quoth King Ring:

Fare not away,
O Frithiof, thus,
With downcast heart
O dearest of chieftains!
For now will I give thee
For all thy good gifts,
Far better things
Than thou wottest thyself.

And again he sang:

To Frithiof the famous
My fair wife I give,
And all things therewith
That are unto me.

Then Frithiof took up the word and sang:

Nay, how may I
These good gifts have
But if thou hast fared
By the last way of fate?

The king said: 'I would not give this, but that I deem it will soon be so, for I sicken now, but of all men I would that thou shouldst have the joy of this; for thou art the crown of all Norway. The name of king will I give thee also; and all this, because Ingibiorg's brethren would begrudge thee any honour; and would be slower in getting thee a wife than I am.'

Said Frithiof: 'Have all thanks, lord, for thy goodwill beyond that I looked for! but I will have no higher dignity than to be called earl.'

Then King Ring gave Frithiof rule over all his realm in due wise, and the name of earl therewith; and Frithiof was to rule it until such time as the sons of King Ring were of age to rule their own realm. So King Ring lay sick a little while, and then died; and great mourn-

ing was made for him; then was there a mound cast over him, and much wealth laid therein, according to his bidding.

Thereafter Frithiof made a noble feast, whereunto his folk came; and thereat was drunken at one and the same time the heritage feast after King Ring, and the bridal of Frithiof and Ingibiorg.

After these things Frithiof abode in his realm, and was deemed therein a most noble man; he and Ingibiorg had many children.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### *FRITHIOF KING IN SOGNI.*

Now those kings of Sogni, the brethren of Ingibiorg, heard these tidings, how that Frithiof had gotten a king's rule in Ringrealm, and had wedded Ingibiorg their sister; then says Helgi to Halfdan, his brother, that great shame it was, and dishonour to them, that a mere duke's son should have her to wife: and so therewith they gather together a mighty army, and go their ways therewith to Ringrealm, with the mind to slay Frithiof, and lay all his realm under them.

But when Frithiof was ware of this, he gathered folk, and spake to the queen moreover: 'War is come nigh to our realm; and now, in whatso wise I deal with it, fain am I that thy ways to me grow no colder.'

She said: 'In such wise have matters gone that I must needs let thee be the highest.'

Now was Biorn come from the east to help Frithiof; so they fared to the fight, and it befell, as ever erst, that Frithiof was the foremost in the strife: King Helgi and he came to handy-blows, and there he slew King Helgi.

Then bade Frithiof raise up the Shield of Peace, and the battle was stayed; and therewith he cried to King Halfdan: 'Two choices are in thine hands now, either to submit thyself and thy realm to me, or else get thy bane like thy brother; for methinks my side is grown the mightier.'

So Halfdan chose to lay himself and his realm under Frithiof's sway; and so now Frithiof became ruler over the Sogni-folk, and Halfdan was to be duke in Sogni, while Frithiof ruled Ringrealm. So Frithiof had the title and dignity of king in Sogni from the time that he gave up Ringrealm to the sons of King Ring, and thereafter he won Hordaland also. He and Ingibiorg had two sons, called Gunnthiof and Hunthiof, men of might, both of them. AND SO HERE ENDETH THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.

# Recollections of American Universities: Harvard and Cornell.

By Thomas Hughes, M.P., and W. D. Rawlins.

Somehow or other, whenever one sets to work to paint College life, the taught always get a much larger share of the canvas than the teachers. Harvard is no exception to the rule. We all care much more about the boys' play than about the professors' work. But it is worth our while, for all that, to look in for a few minutes at a University lecture, for there is nothing quite like it yet, I think, at home. It is one o'clock, and, Lowell, Professor of Belles Lettres in the University, is just beginning his lecture on the literature of the thirteenth century, sitting easily in an armchair, behind a raised desk, in a quaint little red-brick building once the Chapel, with Dame Alice Holden's arms in the gable, telling of old pre-revolutionary times. Look round the audience. No college caps, of course, but plenty of hats and gowns, for the course of eight-and-thirty lectures is open to the world, without distinction of persons, on payment of some half-score dollars, and the ladies are not slow to take advantage of the chance. And little wonder; for the Professor's is a most fascinating combination of the written and extempore methods. First, perhaps, a reading from his note-book, but soon, closing it at some point of suggestion to his own mind, he travels off into odd nooks and corners of his subject, tersely expressing subtle distinctions between terms commonly confused, analysing, criticising, and pointing his remarks all the time with quotations from or narrative accounts of old ballads, told with all that racy humour of which he is such a consummate master. All too quickly the hour slips away, and we are out in the bright October sun again, and strolling towards the car station with some half-dozen pretty young women, armed with note-books, who have been amongst the audience. They get into the horse cars to return to town, leaving us wondering what the effect of their presence would have been in any lecture-room at Oxford in our time. The Ladies' College at Hitchin, it is said, is about to move to Cambridge; and Presi-

dent Elliot was considering last autumn upon what conditions a Ladies' College should be affiliated to Harvard University. The necessary funds for its foundation and endowment had been recently bequeathed by some New England benefactor. Such a rivalry tells of notable changes in the ideas of men, and does old and new Cambridge much credit. After all, old Cambridge may be first in the field. Who knows? The world is moving fast here too. Let it slide!

One rather expected to find in America an absence of that scholarly life of learned leisure, which is much bepraised by old-world writers, and is supposed to find a congenial home at our Universities. Perhaps it may nowadays. It was not so twenty-five years ago, or, at any rate, not to a greater extent than at Harvard. There is nothing precisely analogous to our resident fellows there, and all the professors take part in the actual work of teaching, but the atmosphere is eminently scholarly in the best sense in the society connected with the University. There are at least half a dozen men devoted to their own particular branches of study, whose reputation and authority are not inferior to that of any Englishman of kindred pursuits. The names of Agassiz, Emerson, and Lowell are European; and those of Mr. Child as an Early English, and Professor Sophocles as a Byzantine, scholar, are almost equally famous, while of the Junior Professor of Greek (Mr. Goodwin) one of the most distinguished Grecians of our Cambridge lately remarked, that he was one of the very few men in the world who could 'reason scientifically on the subject of Greek tenses.'

In the younger ranks of the staff it is pleasant to find men who have taken English degrees, and are familiar with our best English life. Mr. Everett and Mr. Anderson, who are now lecturing on Cicero and Greek Prose at Harvard, were both scholars of Trinity, Cambridge, where they graduated in honours, the former in 1863, the latter in 1869; and Mr. Henry Adams, who has lately been appointed Lecturer in Modern History, was attached to his father's embassy in London during the great civil war. Surely there was a movement here after that war for the foundation of some kind of American chairs at our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge? What has come of it? How is it that so good an idea has been allowed to die out?—if it has died out. Such appointments would soon form a tough strand in the rope which ought to bind old and new England together. It is to be hoped that the laying down and careful manufacture of that rope is going on successfully at Washington at this moment, and that statesmen on both sides will keep a steadier watch on the job in future. The suggestion that American graduates at our English Universities should be able to compete for appointments in our Indian service is worthy of far more serious consideration than it has yet received, and the difficulties are surely not insurmountable. An American engineer has already been appointed, with the most beneficial results. Why not collectors, judges, and the rest? We should sleep easy, though Russia and Germany may have conspired on the Eastern

question, if only we were sure of our own family circle, and there are few more hopeful methods of bringing that circle to a cordial understanding than the alliance of our seats of learning, and the opening of careers to all their students alike.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the English Universities lies in the splendid traditions which cluster round them, welding them so nobly into the life of the nation. The Oxford freshman who has any worthy appreciation of his 'alma mater' takes the ladies of his family, on their visit to him at his first commemoration, to the Martyrs' Memorial, and tells them of Wycliffe, and Erasmus, and Dean Colet. If his bent is political, he shows them the gallery in St. John's which Laud resigned to Henrietta Maria and her ladies when the King's standard was raised at Oxford, and visits the colleges where Falkland, Pym, Hampden, and Elliot were reared. He takes them to Addison's shady walk by the Cherwell, and to see the pictures of Raleigh and any number of other world-renowned Englishmen in the College Halls.

What equivalent can the Harvard sophomore show for all this wealth of priceless association? 'Let us live in America,' says Emerson, 'too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land too is as old as the flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow.'

But need the Harvard boy fall back altogether on the bountiful gifts of nature, or turn his face wholly to the future, and admit that he has yet to wait for traditions and associations which make the pulses quicken and the eye kindle? Let us see. Within two minutes' walk of his College yard stands the great elm on Cambridge Common by the side of which Washington unfurled the flag of the thirteen colonies in the War of Independence. Close by are his head-quarters, a charming old wooden house, now the residence of Longfellow. Within a walk on one side is Concord, where the first shot was fired in anger in the struggle which settled the future of a continent, and turned the current of the world's history. To get there he must pass the houses in which Hawthorne wrote the 'Scarlet Letter,' and from which Emerson still comes weekly to take his seat at the deliberations of the Faculty of the University. On the other side, almost within sight, lies Boston, the seed-plot of American thought, whose every street is classic ground to him who has faith in the future. Elmwood, the birthplace of the 'Biglow Papers' and the 'Lay of Sir Launfall,' stands almost within the University precincts. And now the Memorial Hall is rising, from the walls of which a scroll of names will speak for all time to Harvard students of the part which their College played in that fiery trial, (let us hope the last for the new world), by the side of which the War of Independence sinks into insignificance, in the agony of which 'earth's biggest country found her soul.' Surely such memories are a noble

heritage, and the oldest University of America may hand them down with pride to the generations of her children yet to come, as

> They crowd upon her in this shade,
> The youth that own the coming years—
> Be never God or land betrayed
> By any son our Harvard rears!
>
> *Commemoration Hymn by Rev. R. Lowell.*

From the oldest American University to the youngest is a distance of some thirty-six hours; you really get out of the habit of reckoning by miles in the New World. Cornell lies in the north-west part of New York State, and the last part of the journey, if you go from Boston, is done by boat. Cayuga is one of the many beautiful little lakes which abound on the northern border of the United States east of Niagara. Not that Cayuga would be a small lake anywhere else. It is forty miles long, with well-wooded hills, dotted with cheerful villages here and there on both shores, but plenty of room yet for settlers who will undertake the hard work of clearing their own land instead of flitting out west, where, if they want trees, they must plant them for themselves. The lake is certainly pretty, and the south end of it strikingly so. The hills here become higher and steeper; and, as you steam round the last point, you see the town of Ithaca lying at the extreme end of the lake, on the strip of low land which runs in amongst them, and right above the town, on the very verge of what you may almost call cliffs, some 400 feet high, stands Cornell University. Why are Old World universities never built on hill tops? I suppose because the fighting men wanted such sites, and so pushed the thinking men down into the valleys. At any rate the experiment of setting learning on a hill has succeeded at Ithaca, for it would be hard to find a more splendid site than this. All that you see of the University from the lake as yet are three large blocks of blue-gray building, solid, handsome, and very business-like, but without ornament, and a rudimentary belfry, in which a magnificent peal of bells, the gift of a lady of Ithaca, are temporarily hung, and on which student hands already discourse excellent chimes to the listening town below.

As our little steamer neared the pier we recognised Mr. Goldwin Smith amongst the group of students and others who were waiting our arrival, taller by half a head than any of his surroundings, and, I thought, looking better than he had done for many a year. I must own that I felt prouder of England at that moment than on any other occasion during my stay in America. Here was the old home giving of her very best to the new as a worker in the bravest and most crucial experiment yet made in the higher education—freely giving what all the gold in California could not have bought. Oxford has sent her best man to Cornell, and the high and varied culture, broad Christian faith and sympathy and brave and clear thought and speech, which wrought so

great a revolution in the mediæval, are now patiently working to build up the schools and collegiate system, and to give tone and colour to the life of the youngest democratic University. But my pride was not unmixed with a strong dash of sorrow when I thought that the man who stood on that pier had been attacked in his absence and libelled at home.

As our carriage slowly climbed the breakneck rise up from the town 'This Ithaca,' said the Professor, 'is like its old Homeric namesake,

τρηχεῖ', ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουρότροφος,

"a steep hill but a fine University." And here we are at Cascadilla.'

As he spoke, we drew up at the main entrance of a great square limestone block, showing a broadside of some half hundred windows. You wonder what Cascadilla is? Well, the University being bound by Act of Congress to open in October 1868, found, like some big enterprises that we know of, but with more excuse, that opening day was upon it before its house was in order. It was absolutely necessary to find the teaching Faculty at least a lodging, for Ithaca down in the valley was impracticably far away, and house-room could not be furnished in a day upon the hill-top. Luckily a speculative Company had built a big caravansary, Cascadilla Place, about half a mile south of the University, with some vain hope of making a water-cure establishment of it, and glad enough, no doubt, they were to have an unexpected chance of turning their empty venture to account. So the University has set up house in Cascadilla, and a remarkably patriarchal life it leads there. President, professors, professors' wives, and about seventy students lodge and board under one capacious roof, a regular happy family. Very likely there are discomforts. It wouldn't be pleasant to be always tied as closely to one's neighbour as one is on an Atlantic steamer. But at any rate nobody grumbles. All feel that they have come there to cast in their lot with a new institution, an experiment if you will, but they feel at the same time that, if the institution is still in the rough, it is privilege enough to have a hand in shaping and smoothing it. And brave hearts have won through such a host of difficulties in the two years past that they may well look forward now with cheerful patience to the future.

There is a large dining-hall for students on the ground-floor of this great building, and a much smaller one, dismally lighted through a skylight of blue glass, for professors and their wives. In the latter, the long printed bills of fare at every meal, and the innumerable little dishes in which your order is separately served, make you fancy for a moment that you are in an American hotel. Fortunately for the professors, the resemblance does not extend to charges, as they are, properly enough, charged only bare cost price for board and lodging.

The Reception room is on the same floor, and a very characteristic feature of the place, to judge from the 'reception' at which we had the

good fortune to be present. A sort of homely *conversazione* is a 'reception,' at which the Faculty, the students, and the neighbourhood in general meet on easy terms to fraternise and talk. The boys hung bashfully about the doors at first, but as more and more people arrived they gathered courage from numbers, and soon filled up the room. Through the throng modestly came Ezra Cornell, founder of the University, with wife and daughter on his arms, a thin-visaged, earnest-looking man, with work and patience in his face. It was an odd medley, that roomful of seven hundred. The young ladies of Ithaca had come in every known variety of dress, from simple morning stuffs to snowy muslins, low-bodied and short-sleeved, with red and blue sashes worn crosswise from shoulder to waist, and white satin shoes. Picture all this millinery moving about in contact and contrast with the sober gray uniforms or ordinary everyday clothes of the boys. Boys here, you notice, as at Harvard; smooth-faced sixteen and bearded thirty are alike content to be boys as long as they are students.

You have gone very few steps on your way up from Cascadilla to the University before your attention is challenged by a specimen of the student labour, about which we shall have some words to say by and by. The stout bridge spanning this deep sudden gorge called Cascadilla Creek, and the broad road that will take you the half mile you have to go, are the work of students' hands entirely. There is, indeed, so much practical engineering power among them that they have undertaken to build the bridge and execute the other works incidental to bringing a branch railway to their doors. Turning a corner in the road you have the University buildings before you—three substantial masses of darkish limestone, and a large temporary wooden building devoted to laboratories and workshops, all fringing the Campus or College quad of the future. That unpretending campanile on the left holds the University chimes till their belfry is built, and there the master of the chimes (one of the boys) goes through a daily routine of calls and strokes from Reveille at 6 A.M. to 'Taps' at 10 at night. The great bell bears an apt inscription composed for it by Lowell, who, besides his work at Harvard, is one of the Non-resident professors here:

> I call as fly the irrevocable hours,
> Futile as air or strong as fate, to make
> Your lives of sand or granite; awful powers
> Even as men choose, they either give or take.

Meanwhile we have reached the Campus, and our curious eyes are caught at once by an object, under the lee of a big elm, that looks remarkably like one of those rough wooden monuments which abound in Roman Catholic graveyards. Surely there can't be anybody buried here? Let us go up to the spot and read the inscriptions. On one side, 'In Memory of TRIG.O.NOMETRY, who went off on a

tangent from this circle of woe, December 21st, 1869,' and on the other,

> 'Accursed be he who dares to dig
> The ashes of our buried Trig.'

Does the mystery still want explanation? Well, it seems that Trigonometry is a branch of mathematics which is traditionally abominable in the eyes of American students, and the Classes of Cornell, so soon as the established order of the University course has carried them past it, take this odd way of literally burying the subject.

[*To be continued.*]

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## The Song of the Sirens.

Come where the woods are wooing
With fragrant flowers and fair;
Come where the doves are cooing
Love notes on every air.

Come where the wave is strewing
With pink-lipped shells the shore;
Come where the tide is flowing
O'er golden-sanded floor.

Come where the sunlight straying
Mellows us as we swim;
Come where the waters playing
Dimple each rosy limb.

Come to us, come where never
North wind unkindly blows;
Come to us, come and ever
Here in our arms repose.

Come where no storms are breaking,
Come where no tempests rend;
Come where love knows no waking,
Come where love knows no end.

A. Strachan.

# France Rejuvenescent.

By an Old M.P.

The 'Écho du Nord' of Monday night, March 20, 1871, will be handed down to posterity, containing the following remarkable passage on the grave position in France:

'Neither the prostitution of Isabella of Bavaria nor the capture of Francis I. at Pavia, the ambition of Louis XIV. nor the childish and monstrous egotism of Napoleon I. at Waterloo, accumulated upon our unfortunate country so many menacing dangers. The horizon is darker than even in those days of mourning, when the Republic was attacked by the revolted Bretons on the one hand, and by foreign arms on the other; for then France by raising her voice called to her aid innumerable legions of patriots intoxicated with liberty, while to-day she lies gasping, vanquished, dismembered, and exhausted alike in blood and treasure, under the heel of victorious Germany. Under such circumstances, insurrection is worse than a fault, it is a crime, a sacrilege for which the responsibility of the guilty will be great before posterity.'

We repeat the words, 'for which the responsibility of the guilty will be great before posterity.' And who are the *guilty* in this instance? Are they the agents of the Bonapartist party, desirous by occult action to re-establish the Napoleonic throne? Are they the leaders of a national party, that fear the sceptre might slip from the republican hands of the people and be handed to some monarchical family? Are they merely the hungry reckless men who look in apathetic disdain upon the fanfaronade of military and governmental display that has brought them to such straits, and wish to taste the 'blood' of supreme power for a while; or, worse still, are they '*those guilty influences*,' as thousands and hundreds of thousands in Europe will to-day assert, embodied in the restlessly foaming spirit of the French people—a spirit which disdains to bend under the salutary order of sound government?

To whichever solution of the question we are inclined, do not let us adopt the last and throw, in wanton pharisaism, a slur upon a European

people and a sister nation, hugging perhaps to our souls the false notion of moral superiority, but let us rather in very earnest search for the '*rational reasons*' of this catastrophe, peer further into the deeper grounds of natural national development.

France 'under the heel of victorious Germany'—Paris threatened by the cannon of its own forts, manned by its own citizens—looms on a '*dark horizon*;' but still that horizon will clear, and France will rise rejuvenescent, if the French people will but see the lesson it has to learn, and if men can be found who will with unselfish earnestness and undaunted courage look for the true wants of national life and try to supply them. The sore is large, the cancer lies deep: the first must be healed, the latter eradicated. Bold and strong hands will be wanted to do the work, and to lead, regardless of tempting bye-ways, the French people—whose sound development has been neglected for centuries—into a wholesome direction of civilisation.

We have lately been making a large show of our sympathy for France: our fast sons have gone to the Alhambra, shouting the 'Marseillaise' instead of the 'Wacht am Rhine;' our well-to-do fathers have sat after dinner over their bottle of port, cursed those horrid Prussians, and pitied the poor French, and have actually dipped their fingers into their waistcoat pockets, drawing forth a couple of guineas or a cheque of larger amount for the immediate necessities of the suffering sister country. We now raise up our hands at the depravity of that French people that cannot be got into proper training like other respectable nations, but we never look for the cause of those *brusque* national movements, we never deem that in politics as in other things *effect* has a *cause* and *cause* a *reason*.

The *reason* of the development of national character lies, firstly, in the climatic conditions of the country; secondly, in the natural products engendered by the climatic conditions; thirdly, in the industrial pursuits created by these natural products—by *them* the reason for the cause of national development is formed. If the cause originated by the reason brings forth a sanguine, excitable, quick-witted race, moved by apparent necessity sooner than by more substantial grounds, this cause will produce its effect in the social and political aspirations and institutions coveted by such a people. That such a race is like an over-sensitive child, difficult to lead, is probable; but the more it is so the more it must be led carefully, not repressed or its high aims turned into wrong channels to satisfy them in a surreptitious manner. No nation has ever had a more incongruous development than the French: again and again have the French *people* been sacrificed at the shrine of 'La France.' If we go back for centuries, we find no sovereign seriously concerned with measures to develope national character according to the requirements of its individual status, but we find most of these sovereigns exciting the easily moved spirits of the nation towards

foreign objects, that they might build up a vainglorious edifice of outward show, leaving the real inward consistency of the nation hollow.

Looking at the physical character of that most western country of central Europe, we must own its very formation to possess a certain grace, springing as it does from the main continent, washed on the west by the Atlantic, in the north by the British Channel, and in the south by the Mediterranean. The country is neither rendered rugged by continuous mountain ranges nor flat by unceasing plains, but its territorial ground is modulated from the low mountainous ranges in Brittany on one side, and the chalky plains of the Champagne on the other, down to the fruitful course of the Loire. Along the western shore, marshes and the salt 'landes' of Gascogne give a rougher touch; so do the sandy tracts in the south; but the horizon culminates picturesquely into the high ridges of the Pyrenees, the Cevennes, and the Alps towards the south-east, enclosing in the interior the rich districts between the garden of the Loire—'Touraine'—and the luxurious plains of the Rhone in Provence.

The three great natural products of the country consist of the vine, the olive, and the silkworm—all three forming the staple of luxuries rather than necessities, and thereby at once stamping the character of the people that cultivates these productions. Industry must follow in the first case in the train of natural produce, and the collective industry of the French people presents the features of luxurious requirements; not that a large amount of ordinary articles is not manufactured, but the generic name of the representative work of France is 'luxury.' Wines, silks, finer leather goods, delicate oils, exquisite *bijouterie*, superior paperwares, costly laces, soft carpets and furniture materials, dainty and artistic glass and porcelain works, lithographs, and a thousand productions of the higher material wants of man, come from France. Tobacco even and the sugar of the beetroot may not reckon as immediate necessities. Till the latter part of the second Empire there was not sufficient corn grown in France for its consumption: meat was not consumed in large quantities throughout the country, but luscious fish, multifarious vegetables, and aromatic fruits in its stead gave the blood a lightness which made it bound quicker through the veins.

The higher civilisation of the French people has taken the same direction; it is not the deeper philosophical studies which have occupied its brightest spirits, but those that address the human intelligence directly, as various branches of science, medicine, surgery and physics, mathematics and mechanics. In literature France is most conspicuous—in clever historical writings, in satire and comedy, and in modern times in imaginative life-pictures: in arts, painting takes by far the lead over music.

This French people, then, dating mostly from the combinations of the Romanised Celt, inhabiting a gracefully formed country, rich in

luxurious produce, overarched by the blue, cloudless, but refreshing sky of middle Europe, living on the lighter food produced by its climate—this French people required the cleverest guidance in its development —*and received it not.* Taking the period when all its political life under the three houses of Capet, Valois, and Bourbon ended by the close of the last century in a complete collapse of governmental institutions, what can be said had then been done to develope its peculiar tendency? Nothing; if we reckon a people to include all classes from the highest to the lowest. It is true a flourishing state of the nobility, a luxurious court, a well-fed clerical estate, a great military appearance, and a certain wealthiness among the higher *bourgeoisie*, shed a glory over French civilisation that was deceptive to the superficial eye of the observer; but the utterly rotten and disgraceful financial state of the country which Necker exposed to the bewildered senses of Louis XVI., when matters were coming to a crisis, showed that one portion of the nation had grown fat on the destitution of the other, and that that other had been partially blinded to its own pauperism by the bright gewgaws of military glory.

The nobility and clergy had the country pretty well between them, the royal estate consuming the remainder. How 'le tiers-état' did manage to bear all the burdens heaped on it is a marvel. The nobility paid no 'taille' or ground rent, no 'corvées' or way tax, had no military obligations, no billeting upon them, but merely a slight 'capitation' tax to meet; they monopolised all court places and rich livings. The clergy owned, by the end of the seventeenth century, 180,000 feudal estates; 249,000 farms; 1,700,000 acres of vineyards, besides a portion of the produce of another 400,000; 600,000 acres of fields; 900,000 acres of meadow-land; 245,000 waterwheels in mills; 1,800,000 acres of forest; 1,400,000 meadows; most of the ground had besides to pay tithes, and Necker computed its income at 130 millions. When Necker made his computation, he said that 'le tiers-état' had, with the exception of one-thirtieth, to bear all burdens, that it could occupy no places, had no political personality, and that even the narrow constitution of the towns and the confining spirit of the guilds and corporations kept that 'tiers-état' in bondage, and did not allow it to develope itself according to the material wants of the age. Whatever Bossuet, Massillon, and Fénelon might preach of Christianity and humanity, it did not reach the right ears, and when Voltaire, Helvétius, and Rousseau said, in however different terms, 'Tous les hommes sont nés égaux,' the people found a ready outlet for their suppressed vitality.

The imposts had besides been farmed out to forty-four general contractors who employed for their collection 250,000 individuals. The salt tax or the terrible 'gabelle,' the tax on tobacco, the inland revenue, the excise, and the corn tax weighed beyond endurance upon the people. The 'gabelle' made it possible to earn fifty shillings of our

money within one hour, by transporting salt from Brittany to Maine. Smuggling flourished and was carried on in spite of all punishment. Burdened like this the people became furious at the extravagances of a Dubarri and a Pompadour, and Louis XV. 'acquits à comptant' had much to do in the beheading of Louis XVI. and the death of thousands of innocent men and women.

With one fell swoop the Revolution swept away the wickedness and incompetence of those who had, unrestrained by the salutary influence of a representative assembly of the nation, mismanaged its property, misguided its development, and neglected its instruction in any higher tendency of dignified independent freedom.

Here guilty and innocent had to suffer together, as they have still to-day, for again to-day, eighty years since that great catastrophe, we stand before the bleeding hands of the French people and ask again, 'Why and wherefore?'

And if the historical circumstances were not known to us, would it not be natural for us to ask: 'Did that great period of revolution not teach a better development to the French nation?' *What* would be the answer to such a question? No; or the 'Écho du Nord' would not contain that passage on March 20, 1871. But where does the guilt lie? It lies with those who will not study the idiosyncrasy of a people, but who will use their literary or other talents in preaching a false tendency, actual personal freedom, without state restraint. It lies with those who, mounting to the highest point of governmental authority in France, cannot subdue personal desires for the good of the people. It lies, too, with other nations and also with us, who in doubtful friendship have smoothed over the palpable faults in the direction of the policy of one man, the third Napoleon, and liking him for his cleverness, for his Napoleonic ideality, for his military mastery over such apparently turbulent elements, encouraged him by our tacit approval in a course that must have brought about the present catastrophe.

Till the French nation becomes individually developed it will ever be prone to be forced under a single rule. After those extraordinary exertions made in the Revolution, it was easily absorbed by the military brilliancy of Napoleon: it had to submit for a time to Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and to the evasions of their charters, and landed under Louis-Philippe's promises in a quieter sphere. Venality took the place of military glory, again a revolution ensued, and again one man absorbed the nation. This one man had a great chance, a mighty chance, and on his shoulders rests a great responsibility—could Napoleon but have forgotten that he was Napoleon; could he but have seen before him the French people and not 'La France;' could he but have stoutly resolved to leave glory and the halo of political interference alone, and have applied those lessons, he had learned in our country, of self-development (however faulty it may still be) in another shape to the excitable people he was to govern!—The *coup d'état* and all the

aggressive measures Napoleon took to reach the acme of power can be pardoned much sooner than the wasteful use made of that power. Very stout Britons, freeborn Britons, will say to-day, 'anything is good enough to keep them down.' Is it so? Is repression good for elasticity? will elasticity not rebound and overrun its limits?

What was the teaching of those twenty years? Apparently glory attended the very footsteps of the throne, the financial position became doubtful, but Paris became finer and finer. M. Thiers, speaking in 1865 of the passion of extravagant building, and of the rising of the national debt by millions, warned the Assembly of it in La Fontaine's words:

> Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs,
> Tout petit prince a des ambassadeurs,
> Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

The various wars of the second Empire cost millions; but more than that, and far worse, they carried the eyes of the people away from home, from home wants and home subjects. While Napoleon said on February 14, 1867, in reference to the Mexican expedition, that 'To regenerate a people, implant among them ideas of order and progress, to open vast outlets to our commerce, and leave the recollections of services rendered to civilisation to mark our path; such was my desire and yours —' the Minister of Instruction brought up the statistics that 51, 61, and 67 men, and 75, 80, and 98 women in 100 were in many departments not able to sign the 'Marriage Register.' Army organisation was at the same time actively pursued; but there, in those two statements, in Napoleon's grand words about civilisation and ideas of order, and in the poor contrast of the paltry education given to the people, lay the gist of the question of French wrong development.

It failed, and we stand before a sad spectacle, almost fearing for the rejuvenescent strength of that people that is in the throes of another modification. Fear not, glance courageously over to those turbulent men, and let their want of opportunity ask forgiveness for their sins. France needs men—statesmen who have big brains and stout hearts, who will go radically to work to calm, not to repress, those seething human masses. Meet them—those men of the communes—and ask their wants; meet them with statesmanlike boldness and prove to them that they will be dealt by fairly; it is all you can do now. If again military repression is used, if again apparent quiet ensues, if again the old wild ways of superficial civilisation are pursued, there will again be outbreaks, and the day may come, that came for other countries, when France will *really* lose her prestige. But take France now—take her bleeding and sorrowing, and see what you *can* do with her; not in anxiously evading difficulties, but in meeting them. Why have taken the Assembly to Versailles? Why offend the sensitiveness of the metropolis, that has not disgraced the French name in its

need? Why be afraid of the insurgents? Show courage and good faith, and lead the people as it should be led. Financial operations will, as it is, tax the cleverest brains, but hand in hand now must once for all go the determined purpose to erect schools, to give education to all; to raise up the minor clergy of the country to a higher standard; to allow free meetings and free speech, and to originate a press that will not pander to the wild desires of unrestrained licence, but will respect 'humanity,' and create ideas beyond those of naked 'socialism.' The French working classes of Paris, the most excitable of the whole French population, have a peculiar status: half educated, clever, speculative, they have had nothing to guide them but the grossest materialism. Religion they have little, nor have they seen it much respected, if observed, by their superiors; no light shines in the eye of the minor clergy, who ought to be the friends of the poor man, and who are now scoffed at by the sceptical philosophy of their hearers. General instruction or a large interest in politics are equally foreign to the Parisian workmen; they dance and attend cheap immoral theatres, they come into little contact with soundly educated men, and read little but loose novels or wild socialistic newspapers; they have none of our outlets for superabundant vitality and yet they possess more of that vitality—it *must* at last grow into grotesque shapes and fight its own kind. The whole army system wants remodelling, the whole governmental machinery a wider basis, and the principles of moral and educational light applied particularly to those country districts whose inhabitants played so sad a figure lately. Ignorance *is* the mother of crime: useful knowledge the father of morality. It would be far better if all the wise spirits in Paris had found something else to do than proscribe Germans from their clubs, their counting houses, and their streets—they were paltry measures; far better would it have been had those rich and clever people kept the material and moral wolf from the door of Montmartre and Belleville. There is no doubt that France is materially rich enough to bear its heavy burdens, but not with half measures, with hesitation, with repression, with military glory. Can such men be found, who will do more for the French people than for 'La France,' and will teach it to take for its watchword not '*La Gloire*,' but '*Le Devoir?*'

[*To be continued.*]

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

"TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST."

# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

## CHAPTER III.

### *SOCIETY CHORAL.*

Blankton is musical. The influence of its cathedral, if not religious, is mildly artistic. People, who in less ecclesiastical places would dance, are here content to sing. The grand centre, therefore, of all sociality is the Shire Hall, where ladies and gentlemen assemble for the practice of part-music, under the able conductorship of the cathedral organist. On these occasions Mrs. Dean is lady paramount. No one has the hardihood to dispute her authority as arbitress of taste; least of all the organist, who, with much mental reservation, is ever prepared to eat his own words, it being his especial function to *kow-tow*. More honest is Mrs. Dean. She believes in herself, and accepts the consequences of such belief smilingly. Great is her power, but it is wielded from conviction rather than caprice. The evidence of her senses, she asserts, goes to prove that the music she prefers is best. Therefore it is best—a form of argument, by the way, hardly confined to one sex, so we must not be uncharitable.

It was the will of this able lady that the Blankton Choral Society, of which she was foundress, should be open to all grades of citizens. Practically nothing much lower than shopkeepery managed to enter. Subscriptions were conveniently high, lorgnettes too potent. Nevertheless there was some small admixture of *ple*, with ecclesiastical, and blue blood in these meetings. The cathedral choir, both boys and men, were *ex officio* honorary members, or in plainer words, obliged to attend against their will. From a musical point of view they were the backbone of the Society. Indeed, without their aid the performances would have been simply ludicrous. Not that Mrs. Dean, and her fellows, the lady-singers, were prepared with any such admission. They held, on the contrary, an unexpressed opinion, that the trebles would gain in quality by the elimination of 'those screeching boys;' whilst young Hawder, lieutenant in the regiment quartered in Blankton, entertained sentiments akin to hatred towards respectable Mr. Botham, basso profundo in cathedral, whose pedal utterances completely drowned his own less potent pipes. Often did he stoop to take a mean revenge

in the pianissimo passages, which the honest professional conscientiously observed. Then, indeed, a listener might catch somewhat of the flavour of 'shoulder hums,' with which this energetic young vocalist was wont to electrify the privates of his corps. What matter if the organist frowned imploringly, or gesticulated furiously. What matter if the effect of the passage was marred. Mr. Hawder was gratified in that his voice was heard for once; a fact which he chose to regard as a legitimate triumph over the adversary, Mr. Botham.

Vocalisation apart, this was by no means a bad fellow. A trifle over military in style, he rejoiced in the sterling common-sense which characterises most men of his profession. His manner was so agreeable as to render him a positive social good; and if in conformity with existing usage his conversation savoured of scandal, it was never venomous, and invariably good-humoured. Soldier-like, he was attentive to the fair sex, not so much by way of duty, as because of wholesome appreciation. We may observe this amiable trait in his character as he leans over the chair of Miss Block, the eldest unmarried daughter of Canon Block, a young person between thirty and forty, whose tongue must assuredly at one time have been steeped in acetate of iron.

It is the rehearsal for the open night or concert of the Choral Society. A chill autumn evening. Some of the ladies are vested in morning costume, others in demi-toilette surmounted by wraps. Of the entire chorus a majority are present, the female element being exceptionally punctual. There is a good deal of unrest, owing to sundry copies having been mislaid. The organist and secretary appear distracted. The company generally split up into twos and threes, placidly gossip, or vacuously yawn, whilst a feeble enthusiast in spectacles is with great difficulty endeavouring to pick out a tough tenor passage on the piano in the centre of the room. Mr. Hawder and Miss Block would seem to be good friends. At all events they have selected a position sufficiently remote from the rest to justify confidences. The lady is not a little fascinated by the society of a young *militaire* undeniably handsome.

'So very charmed that we have at last one voice from the barracks,' she remarks. 'I began to believe that army music was confined to military bands and kettledrums, and that sort of thing.'

Mr. Hawder smiled. 'What would you say if I were to assert that ladies never get beyond the vapid nonsense of Brinley Richards? Martial music is as popular with us as the tickle-and-tear school of pianoforte writing in most drawing-rooms. Nevertheless, some of you aim higher. So also do some of us. The proportion, I should say, is about equal in either case.'

'You have plenty of time on your hands to study art if you choose,' she rejoins.

'I don't quite know about time, but I can assure you that examinations have quite suppressed all desire for study, whether of art or of

anything else in the army. Our only books, you know, are woman's looks.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Hawder.' And Miss Block failing in an attempt to blush, begins to scan the room through her glass. This is not effrontery on her part. She is shortsighted, and an aid to vision is necessary. 'A very fair library for you to read,' she adds, 'among that bevy of damsels.'

'Unfortunately I don't know their faces,' he replied. 'I wish you would translate for me.'

This was true, for the regiment had but recently been moved from Aldershott. He had attended in all but some half-dozen practices, and this was the first *levée en masse* of the Society.

'Well, I will do what I can. I will tell you the name of each and all, if you like. Their natures I must leave to experience. Begin your catechism; I am all attention.'

'Hum! Let us start with the mammas. Who is that very vivacious woman attired in red?'

'Hush! Not quite so loud.' No one could hear; but Miss Block was ambitious of being observed on the whisper with so very eligible a *parti* as Mr. Hawder of the —th Fusileers. Who after this dare call her *passée*? She would show certain bread-and-butter misses, her especial detestations, that the style of womanhood could be preferred to that of the schoolroom. 'That dress is not red, but *cerise*, and the wearer is the potentate of Blankton.'

'Mrs. Dean?'

'Yes; and the mamma close to her with the five daughters in blue is Mrs. Archdeacon. She was educated in a chandler's shop, and plays all sorts of eccentricities with the vernacular. The girls are very proper. Dorcas Society people, and that sort of thing.'

'Rather cold objects to contemplate at any time, and especially at this temperature. Why is it that all public rooms always smell of damp dust?'

'Give it up. Do you call that young lady pretty in the green velvet costume dress?'

'You don't surely mean the young person next to the girl with golden hair and blue eyes; eh? Why, of course she is painfully plain.'

A fact, be it remarked, Miss Block was fully cognisant of. There are some women, however, who will lay any trap, if only to hear the sweet assurance that some one of the sisterhood is uninviting. Said she, 'It is Miss Hart, the great Blankton heiress. She has five thousand a year, which I may observe is something towards gilding a not very brilliant brunette complexion, and a defective figure.'

'She appears to labour under a hump.'

'No, no; a slight curvature. Besides which, it is most uncharitable

to laugh at bodily defects. Miss Hart is very amiable, and deserves a better fate than is destined for her.'

'She certainly looks admirably adapted to make an excellent wife for—well, a respectable Christy Minstrel.'

Miss Block laughed, but at her own thoughts. 'You are perhaps not so very far from the truth. Do you see that very repulsive clergyman, who is seated by Miss Hart, but seems nevertheless to be entertaining the fair girl with golden hair?'

'Yes. And I have my own opinion as to the propriety of talking across a lady. It is a common clerical error.'

'Take care. I always do battle for our cloth. However, I must make this one exception, for I dislike the man. His name is Blackley—Horace Blackley—and he is engaged to five thousand a year and Miss Hart.'

'Hum! Rather cool of him to keep up such a marked flirtation with the other girl, then. By Jove! I beg your pardon, but she is very pretty. You don't often see such eyes.'

Although Miss Block could not blush, she could flush. There was a very disagreeable twinkle in her own small eyes as she acquiesced in Mr. Hawder's eulogium of the golden-haired girl's orbits. If you want to insult a woman, praise another woman to her face. Such was not the intention of this gentleman, but he was young, and of small experience.

'A very strikingly beautiful face,' he continued; 'such a seraphic expression when in repose, and yet such marvellous play of feature.'

'Better still,' sneered Miss Block, 'she is not slow. Mr. Horace Blackley and Miss Adine Sinclair are very old allies, although he is an engaged man. However, I must not tell tales out of school.'

'What can she see to admire in such a fellow? 'Pon honour, I begin to think that the uglier the phiz, the more attractive it seems to the fairer portion of your sex.' And Mr. Hawder stroked his moustache with the air of a martyr to good looks.

'I don't imagine,' said the lady meditatively, 'that she has lost her heart to that gentleman, although I could tell a strange story if I chose about those same two people. Oh no! she is flirting desperately with him for two amiable reasons: first, to annoy Miss Five-thousand-a-year; secondly, to provoke to jealousy a certain individual with a very thick skin, on whom she has flopped her young affections, as the song has it.'

'Good! This is interesting: a game of cross purposes. Pray, who is the elected swain of the fair Adine?'

'Look round this way. Do you see that broad-shouldered, fine-animal sort of person, in the clerical coat? He is much too interested about discovering the missing copies to pay much attention to Miss Sinclair. In short, a very unromantic piece of goods.'

'Why, that must be Lovett surely. Dined with us at mess. Good

fellow. Sings well, too, when he isn't croaky. Canon, or something, I fancy.'

'*Minor* canon,' hissed Miss Block, emphasising the 'minor.'

'Ha! yes. You don't seem to like him?'

'I don't *know* Mr. Lovett,' retorted Miss Block. 'Of course you are aware that he is not exactly in society?

'Indeed! Why not? We thought him very good style.' Mr. Hawder was really puzzled.

'Oh! the minor canons somehow never are received—at least,' correcting herself, 'never in our set.'

'But you seem to know the same people that Lovett is in with?'

'Not well. We do not visit Miss Effler, who is Miss Sinclair's aunt and duenna; nor do I know much of the young lady. Mamma thinks her too fast. My small acquaintance with her is through my youngest sister. They were at school together in Brighton, and got up one of those foolish affairs, a school-girl friendship.'

'Don't you know Miss Hart?' enquired Mr. Hawder, mischievously.

'Yes, of course. She is very nice in her own way. Besides she is really almost above one on account of her large fortune. The only bore about her is, that one has to tolerate that odious Mr. Blackley.'

'Isn't he in society? He don't look the sort of man we should care to keep in our corps. But, then, I suppose it's different in the Church.'

Miss Block quite stared. 'Of course Mr. Blackley is received. Why, he is the son of the well-known stockbroker! Some day he will be a sort of millionnaire; and as it is, his papa has just bought him a big living somewhere. It cost I can't tell you how many thousand pounds! I do not like him, but he is very eligible.'

'Well, but if he is so overcharged with coin, why ever didn't he make his running with that pretty girl there, instead of tacking his life on to such a miserable—'

'Hush! Miss Hart is my friend. I can't answer your question. Mr. Blackley assuredly at one time must have had a sort of chance of Adine Sinclair, and everyone believes to this hour that he is in love with her; but then, you see, he is fond of money, and——'

'Yes! Is money the only reason?'

Miss Block, however, seemed to have tired of cross-questioning, for she muttered something about the rehearsal being about to commence, rising at the same time to join the rest. It is a judgment on gossips, that very often a gossipping conversation takes an awkward turn. If this young lady had been content to talk commonplace, she could easily have monopolised her cavalier, who, to tell the truth, was not over-gratified at this abrupt termination to their *tête-à-tête*. He was beginning to be interested in Miss Adine Sinclair. That such was the case had not escaped the quick perception of Miss Block, for his eyes were fixed very attentively on the beautiful face, which seemed to be smiling on Mr. Blackley. Hence *amour propre* was outraged, and she

determined to tell him no more about the young lady, Nevertheless, with apparent inconsistency, yet perhaps not altogether without design, she said, facing him with a half-satirical smile, 'I must introduce you to Miss Sinclair, I think, Mr. Hawder.'

'Thanks,' he replied; 'but I thought you were hardly on terms?'

'Oh! yes, sufficiently so, I assure you.' And Miss Block moved across to Miss Hart, with whom she shook hands cordially, Mr. Hawder of course following in her trail.

'I want one word with you, dearest Louise,' she whispered aloud. 'Mr. Hawder, please excuse me for a minute. Stop though,' she added, as she passed her arm through Miss Hart's. 'I must not leave you desolate. How do you do, Miss Sinclair? Will you take care of my friend Mr. Hawder, whilst I impart a small confidence to Louise? Thanks. Mr. Hawder, Miss Sinclair.'

And without noticing Mr. Blackley, Miss Block marched off, leaving Mr Hawder to do the polite to the belle of Blankton.

In less than a trice the handsome officer and Miss Adine were well on towards a flirtation. Mr. Blackley bit his lip and retired; whilst, strange to say, Mr. Lovett, who hitherto had appeared perfectly callous as to the attentions of one man, now began to cast glances uneasy at another. The truth was he was vain enough not to be jealous of ill-looks, but quite enough in love to be alarmed lest the very attractive ways of a graceful gentleman might work him mischief. There was no engagement between himself and Adine Sinclair. On the contrary, he had hesitated to propose out of an honest regard for her. She was penniless, he poor. To-day, however, had made a change in his prospects. He was vicar elect of Mudflat. He had at least a humble home to offer her, and she had evinced quite enough of partiality to induce him to believe that she would accept it. As yet no one knew of his fortune. He had resolved to tell Adine Sinclair first of all, and to follow up his news by a proposal. Having such an intention, he was almost angry to see her so very complaisant to Mr. Hawder, whose attentions were marked enough. Oblivious of the fact that, from a mistaken sense of duty to the Choral Society, of which he was treasurer, he had left her for some twenty minutes to amuse herself as she could, in a fit of pet he demanded of the organist, why the rehearsal did not begin. He wished the entire army at Jericho and the Fusileers further still. The reason of the delay was obvious enough. The chorister boys, from some unexplained cause, had not yet condescended to put in an appearance, and the organist was fully aware that the trebles were simply nowhere without the aid of his boys. At length, however, he took out his watch, and, after much instigation by Mr. Lovett, tapped the desk with his *bâton*, announcing that he proposed to run through part of the programme at once. Accordingly there was much rustling of silks and stuffs, and shuffling of boots as the singers proceeded, in obedience to orders, to arrange themselves in squadrons according to voice. As

young Hawder filed off to the other side of the room to join the basses, Mr. Lovett fancied he observed a shade pass over the face of Adine Sinclair, as if she had already begun to appreciate him. It was the veriest illusion; but love is jealous, and this man was over head and ears in love.

The Blankton Shire Hall you might from its designation judge to be a noble Gothic pile, the *hôtel de ville* of the city. It is nothing of the sort, being in fact a very low dingy room, with a floor in waves, and a flat ceiling. Its exterior is stucco; its interior wash, called, for civility's sake, white. In order to impart thereunto a quasi-heraldic character, some fatuous mind has besprinkled its cornices with small coats of arms. Their significance is obscure. At the end of the hall hangs a full-length portrait of a person strongly resembling an attorney's clerk with a roll of deeds in his hand. The remaining walls are bare of all ornament. The entrance, except perhaps on extraordinary occasions, is decorated with a mop, a pail, and a flannel. In this hall the human frame undergoes processes in some respects analogous to those of the Turkish bath. To one entering the chill even in summer is thrilling. Slowly but surely gas and animal heat combine to raise its temperature to boiling point. Whereupon windows are flung open on either side, admitting a thorough draught of the most deleterious kind. On emerging you become aware that the seeds of bronchitis or pneumonia are firmly sown in a constitution unable to endure experiment.

The hall's acoustic properties are about on a par with its architectural pretensions. The designer—you cannot call him architect—must have been the veriest hater of music generally, of vocal music in particular. An entire absence of resonance renders it impossible for the voice to produce an effect. You may excoriate your throat, or burst a bloodvessel, but you do not seem to yourself to be audible ten yards off.

As soon as the chorus had discovered their copies, and had been 'hished' with difficulty into a state of attention, the organist gave the preliminary beats, and the trebles led off with the glorious strain of old Wilbye:

> Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do ye still
> Surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets?

As a body very feeble were these trebles, very uncertain, and extremely apt to quarrel with the altos for treading on their heels. Nor, alas! did bees ever indulge in suction to such variable tune, the high notes being uniformly flat, the low notes in proportion sharp. Down came the conductor's *bâton* with indignation on his desk, and they prepared to start afresh.

'Come, Miss Sinclair,' cried the musician cheerily, 'we must ask you to render us your valuable aid.'

The truth was Miss Sinclair had been fidgeting with her copy instead

of singing her part. Mr. Lovett looked at her reproachfully. In matters of music he was a martinet; to him the chorus-singer was a slave to the conductor's beat. Hitherto Miss Adine had quite risen to his notions of artistic propriety. She not only could sing—and she was the only woman in the room who could—but she sang *con amore*. Her remissness to-night he put down to the score of Mr. Hawder, and felt sulky and injured accordingly.

Miss Sinclair gave a little sweet blush, and joined with the rest in their second attempt at Wilbye's madrigal. Somehow, however, she felt flustered. Mr. Lovett had avoided her, and her little heart was set on Mr. Lovett. It was all very amusing to flirt with other men, but then—perhaps, if Mr. Lovett had guessed what she was thinking about, he would have found an alkali for his acid. The upshot of her thoughts being remote from the music was, that instead of leading, with her tell-tale tones her sister trebles correctly, she went to decided grief; they of course following her.

'Dear, dear,' muttered the mild organist, 'this won't do at all. We must hark back. And, if you please, ladies, do pay some little attention to my beat.'

Most happily for the suffering musician's peace of ear, a clanking of thick shoes was heard outside, and in stalked the chorister-boys. Their *sangfroid* was perfect. They did not attempt an apology for coming half an hour after time. At their head marched smilingly one Master Ralph, a graceful boy of fifteen, with a countenance girlish in its delicate prettiness, and possessed of a voice which would have made the fortune of many a would-be prima donna. To him the organist was rather sarcastic than severe. He looked as if he should like to administer *toco*; but that was quite out of the question for a boy of Ralph's calibre. Lay a finger on that young person, or indeed irritate him by your words, and every anthem would go wrong for a week. The organist was at his mercy, for he was the soul of the choir, and the semblance of authority but shadowy. Yet Ralph was honourable in his way. A stranger who heard him sing had given him a tip of precious metal after service, and the generous-hearted lad had spent it in taking his friends in the choir to see a circus. As it was, they had to come out in the middle of the performance in order to attend this rehearsal; but Master Ralph made up his mind that, irrespective of time, he would witness the extraordinary feat of Dick Turpin's ride to York, and he accordingly took on his own shoulders the weight of his instructor's displeasure.

The Blankton Choral Society, with the effective aid of Master Ralph and his colleagues, ran merrily through the entire programme. There was no more halting utterance; the organist took pains with his boys; they were good readers, excellent timeists, and quite capable of steering any number of ladies through the intricacies of madrigal writing. Perhaps if our sisters, whose education in music is so costly, were

taught to read, they might do as well as these boys, despite their weaker vocal organs. To effect such a result, however, we must have a total change of system. The ignorant harpies who, under the magniloquent designation of 'professors,' prey on our ladies' schools—men as a rule of shady character, and most flash accomplishments—these rogues must be deposed in favour of properly qualified instructors. Surely it is hardly to the interest of parents to risk their daughters' affections being affixed to a vulgarian, who is probably married, and whose pronunciation of the letter 'h' is so much a matter of difficulty, that he has to affect a quasi-foreign mode of speaking English to disguise ignorance; still less to pay valuable consideration for no further result than mischief.

They say that music has charms to soothe, and the case of King Saul is quoted appositely enough to support the assertion; they say also that the exception proves the rule. Mr. Lovett then stands in the position of an exception, inasmuch as a selection from the old Elizabethan school, relieved by exquisite conceptions of Pearsall, and H. Smart, with a few German part-songs, were not adequate to compose his ruffled feelings. Great, broad, honest soul! flirtation, the playing at falsehood, to him was a sin. He chewed the cud of ill-temper. Adine Sinclair was not to-night so perfect in his eyes, although so dear, that he could have rent his clothes, or been guilty of any similar insanity in the interests of tailors, from sheer vexation of spirit. In short, the demon jealousy had begun to rage. Horace Blackley he had known at college, and from his heart despised. Mr. Hawder, with whom he had fraternised at mess, he now began to fear and hate. As for telling the young lady the news of his translation to Mudflat—news which had filled his breast with hope—he could not in his present state of mind. Almost he doubted whether he could ever ask that, which might be accepted in levity, or even perhaps refused. Accordingly, as soon as the organist had concluded the practice, and having deposed his *bâton*, retired into very private life—his main object being to slink out before he could be collared by some female magnate—Mr. Lovett, darting one reproachful glance at the enquiring eyes of Adine Sinclair, which seemed to say, 'Do come and be kind,' beat a hasty retreat, leaving Messrs. Hawder and Blackley in possession of the field.

Don't, if you please, fair readers, judge the gentleman harshly!

'Still waters run deep,' and a matter-of-fact man is not necessarily devoid of sensibilities. We may, perhaps, accept a verdict of 'not nice' all the more readily because we have a secret contempt for 'nice' men. He shall appear to greater advantage ere long.

Miss Block with promptitude retook possession of her officer, who was told off to escort her and her party to the mansion in the Close. Miss Hart glanced round to find her engaged swain once more at Miss Sinclair's side. Not for long, however, for some small utterance having passed, causing the fair face to frown angrily, Mr. Blackley returned to Miss Hart, and was for once exceptionally tender.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *A RESPECTABLE SINNER.*

THE strictures of Miss Block on the Rev. Horace Blackley were not wholly unmerited. No man can help being ugly, and indeed ugly men are not unfrequently exceedingly good hearted; if, however, you meet a man, whose repulsive countenance is in harmony with his moral nature, you are wise to keep out of his way. *Hic niger est; hunc, tu Romane caveto!*'

At the University Blackley was over-dressed, slangy, and to all appearance extravagant. His intimates knew that he had an innate love of vice, with a more than ordinary lust after money. His betting and his billiards paid; he was perpetually 'landing' round sums, more particularly out of freshmen. This bump of acquisitiveness was inherited from his father the stockbroker, who, if report spoke aright, possessed the same talent for 'landing' the coin of other people. After taking his degree, he acquiesced very reluctantly in his father's desire that he should embrace holy orders. It is, indeed, an extraordinary circumstance that many men who have lived a life of avarice, if not of usury, should earnestly wish their sons to adopt the clerical profession. The fascination of a white tie is unaccountable. They surely cannot imagine that by forcing a man into a profession for which he is unfitted he is likely to be better. Perhaps ten per cent. on capital invested, and an improving security, or, in other words, the chance of buying an advowson cheap, may have its weight; or it may be the notion of social status attaching itself to the incumbent of a plethoric rectory. Be that as it may, Mr. Blackley the elder insisted on his son prefixing 'Reverend' to his classical prænomen, and the son obeyed in fear.

Sometimes the effort to insert squares in circles only magnifies angularity. Seldom or never does it succeed in rounding them off. Horace Blackley, when he found himself, as curate of a fashionable Brighton church, expected to act the part of saint, began to study hypocrisy as a science. Indeed he had an ulterior motive: conscious of his own unprepossessing appearance, he was ambitious nevertheless of marrying well. Rank or money would suit him. To beauty he was by no means insensible, yet he banished the idea from his calculating brain as a delusion and a snare. He flung himself into society, hoping, by means of an easily acquired reputation for earnestness, to attract some member of the weaker sex. London, too, is conveniently within range of the Sussex downs, and nothing could be easier than to take an occasional holiday, when the 'parson and the don' being temporarily deposed, he found his old haunts all the more enjoyable by reason of restraint. So well did he play his cards, that he very nearly suc-

ceeded in captivating a lady of high position, not indeed with himself but rather with a creed of which he simulated the visible incarnation, when an untoward accident upset his little game.

He fell in love.

A certain Miss, or Mademoiselle, Lagrange, as she prefers to style herself, takes, on the strength of her French name, a limited number of young ladies to finish their education. The number never exceeds half a dozen, and the finishing consists in flirtation with different masters of different degrees of demerit, and a modicum of mild society. Miss Lagrange's establishment was situated in Horace Blackley's district. Being so, she felt it alike a duty and a privilege to invite that truly faithful man—so she termed him—to tea and turn-out. The truly faithful went with mingled feelings of anger and disgust; nevertheless, having come to scoff, he remained to indulge in a passion, which so completely absorbed his nature, that it made him for a few weeks a true man. He cut the seductions of the metropolis; he took to preaching his own sermons—a great disimprovement by the way; he returned, anonymously of course, several sums, which he had arrived at during his university career indiscriminately. In a moment of recklessness he even went so far as to give his *own* money away to the poor, and he published a very moral tract on 'Simplicity,' dedicated, to give it an odour, to a dowager duchess of narrow means, and narrower mind. Above all, when his father wrote and stated that, if his son approved, he proposed to buy him, with instantaneous possession, a very sweet thing in preferment then in the market, Master Horace positively replied that he had conscientious scruples on the subject of the barter of ecclesiastical property, and begged respectfully to decline.

Very incredulous was old Blackley. 'Doesn't like the place, I suppose,' he grunted. 'Ah! well, it's no great matter. They asked too much money for it. We shall pick up something cheaper, and just as good in the long run.'

The object of Mr. Horace Blackley's adoration was Miss Adine Sinclair. She was at that time one of Miss Lagrange's pupils, and a very restive one too. Sweet sixteen is attractive in itself. Sweet sixteen also is mischief-loving. No sooner did the young lady discover the impression her eyes were making on Miss Lagrange's faithful man, than she set to work, *pour s'amuser*, to initiate a determined flirtation. She and her superior were on terms of mutual defiance. It occurred to the little playful brain, that nothing could succeed better in setting up Mademoiselle's back than an *affaire de cœur* between herself and the pet parson, whilst it would be extremely difficult even to whisper disapproval. Accordingly she wrote to her aunt—of whom more anon—who acted as her guardian, regretting her profound ignorance of divinity, and requesting instruction in that study. She hinted that the pupils had received much benefit from the discourses of the Reverend Horace, son and heir of the well-known city man, Blackley.

The name of the rich broker produced the proper effect. 'Sly minx!' thought her aunt. 'Fallen in love with young Plutus. Very good idea of hers to get pleasant *tête-à-têtes* with this eligible *parti*. She is certainly pretty, and her eyes may do execution.' A letter to Miss Lagrange, indited in very sanctimonious phrase, regretted the ignorance of the rising generation on the most important of all branches of knowledge, and went on to suggest, as her own idea, that it would be well if her dearest Adine had instruction of some theologically minded clergyman—say, of that treasure the rising preacher, whose recent publication on 'Simplicity' revealed such depth of feeling, combined with a profound acquaintance with orthodox doctrine. Mademoiselle, who was predisposed towards her Blackley, fell easily into the trap, and a volume of the Judicious Hooker having been purchased, the lady with the French name put it as a personal favour to the curate, that he would devote two hours per week of his precious time to the catechising and information of Miss Adine Sinclair.

Mr. Horace was more than amazed; he was intensely gratified. Luckily, he had ground up the Judicious for the episcopal examination, and thus was able to treat the matter *au sérieux*. Armed with a damask-rose and spray of stephanotis, furtively concealed in cotton wool, he betook himself to the Lagrange dwelling, and was presented to Adine, very demure, and apparently involved in the perusal of a work, whose leaves inadvertently were uncut.

Great was the schoolmistress's belief in parsons, or perhaps she would have listened at the door. She could do so; more especially in the case of the music-master, for whom she entertained a concealed and ill-requited attachment, and of whom she was morbidly jealous. 'May I venture to see,' asked he, bending over the young lady with an offensive leer—'to see the passage you are—ahem!—engaged upon?'

Miss Adine in reply shut the book with a bang. 'You don't imagine,' she cried merrily, 'that I am going to plod through this kind of dry-as-dust?'

Don't be too severe upon her, Propriety! She was only sixteen. Of course Mr. Horace Blackley was anything but aggrieved. He meant to have mingled judgmatically sour and sweet, Hooker and love-making. The entire elimination of the acid seemed a very pleasant prospect. He took her hand, and after a little simple chatter, harmless enough in its little way, produced his pretty flowers, which evoked a flash of gratification—flowers always do in youn ; girls, even from the hand of an enemy. There must be an affinity between the two sweetest things in nature.

A worse diplomatist than this man would have gone too far. He was wise enough to perceive that this was all innocent play, and that if he began making a declaration of the state of his feelings the coach would be upset. Vanity whispered that she was distinctly attracted

by him, yet there was a something in her manner, which kept him from exceeding the broad bounds of a lively flirtation. A very charming hour he spent; but when at its conclusion he was emboldened to kiss the tips of her fingers, it was rather mortifying to hear her ringing laughter.

He meant it.

To these hours on Tuesdays and Fridays he looked forward with eagerness. Love was changing the man's very tone of thought. The world found Horace Blackley so delightfully suave, that it began to vote him an excellent fellow. Slippers increased, and he amassed sermon-cases enough for a whole rural deanery.

Adine Sinclair's confidante was the youngest Miss Block, who also was being finished. This girl was plain. She was devoted to her darling Adine; but, not having any admirer in the flesh—she had several creations of imagination—was inclined to be envious. Still in the case of budding girlhood romance is sacred. She was quite prepared to aid and abet in its accomplishment. Now Miss Adine Sinclair had a high spirit, and was apt to chafe at discipline, more especially at that form of it, which is adopted by old maids. At first she had designed to utilise Horace Blackley as an engine of annoyance for Mademoiselle Lagrange. Unluckily, that gentleman was so accomplished an actor, that suspicion never crossed the brain of the lady, who, instead of increased hostility, began to be obnoxiously patronising. At last Adine, wearied of an intrigue, which was utterly purposeless—for she entertained no feeling beyond a liking for this lover of hers—and still more bored by the monotony of school-life, arrived at the singular determination of making a *tabula rasa* of Mademoiselle, Horace Blackley, and the entire environment of circumstance.

They say that fact is stranger than fiction. Certainly, few authors would dare to indite such improbabilities as one reads now and again in the papers.

This harum-scarum young lady, in short, made up her mind to retire surreptitiously from the Lagrange supervision, and to make use of Mr. Horace Blackley in order to attain that desirable end. Little Miss Block, believing, in spite of protestations to the contrary, that her dearest friend was devotedly attached, and that it was to be the most delightful of adventures in love, readily promised her aid, although she had a good cry at the idea of separation from Adine.

Mr. Horace himself was not quite so manageable. He had a large amount of cunning, plus some *savoir-faire*.

To aid a schoolgirl run away seemed to his mind, infatuated though he was, rather an absurdity. He talked common-sense, till she fairly lost her temper, for the fair sex detest the interference of matter-of-fact beyond all things. This decided the question. He was too much her slave to refuse obedience. Then, too, her eyes looked so beseeching

He quite believed that the coy damsel meant to make a runaway match; why, he could hardly say.

One evening the whole house of Lagrange was thrown into commotion by the sudden seizure of Miss Block with hysterics. This young person's emotion was truly violent. She screamed herself purple. She bit Mademoiselle till that respectable female gave utterance to the strangest English—such certainly as had never before been heard from her severe lips. She succeeded in smashing much crockery, and altogether acted her part heroically. Under cover of this fire Miss Adine slipped out, joined her faithful Horace disguised as a military man, and was half-way to London before she was missed.

The sequel of this episode was, as may be anticipated, painful. To sport with the real heart-whole affection of any human being is emphatically cruel. Adine discovered, to her horror, that she had inspired a full-grown man with a deep passion. He at least was in earnest. For her sake he had placed himself in a very equivocal position. He told her so, and begged that she would respect his deep devotion. All in vain. The silly girl had to confess, that she meant nothing—that she could only regard him as a friend. He knelt to her, and whispered the real truth, how that her love had purified his whole being, how that its loss would turn him, not into a bad man as heretofore, but into a very bad man. Alas! sixteen is very ignorant of men. All her response was a feeble admonition not to be so silly.

They drove to 'The Langham,' where they engaged rooms as Mr. and Miss Smith. Adine locked herself into her apartment, and indulged in a hearty flow of tears. She had good cause for reproach, for Horace Blackley, maddened beyond endurance, sought relief in drink, and the next morning presented an appearance at breakfast, which caused her to shudder for the wrong she had done.

'Put me into the train for Blankton,' she said, 'and for Heaven's sake go back to your duties, and forget me. No one need know, that you were the partner of my journey yesterday.'

His answer was somewhat different from that she could have anticipated. 'Adine Sinclair,' he murmured hoarsely, 'you have deceived me. You have injured me most heartlessly. Look in my face. Am I the sort of man to forget, or forgive a great wrong? I shall have my recompense for this, sooner or later!'

'Pooh! Do your worst!' she cried, for her high spirit rose at his words.

'Recollect,' he said coolly, 'you have compromised yourself. I need not say how; or what interpretation the world would put on the last twelve hours.'

'You will damage yourself more than me,' she rejoined, 'by informing against yourself. I am not a clergyman.'

'Nor I an unmarried young lady. No, I am not going to publish to

the *world* my own idiotcy, Miss Adine. Nevertheless, some day you will love. Perhaps even now you do love. Anyhow, I can wait for that day, when I shall disappoint your hopes, as you have crushed mine.'

She hid her face in her hands.

When she looked up, his hand was on the door. 'I have ordered a carriage to take you to the station,' he said. 'The porter will procure you your ticket, and a seat in the lady's carriage. *Au revoir.*'

As she met his gaze she read what a bad heart she was now in the power of. Her *escapade*, from first to last, was worse than a crime. It was a blunder.

*Du reste.* Mr. Blackley kept his word. Not a soul suspected that he had been the cause of her flitting. Miss Lagrange of course was enraged, and the sudden appearance of Adine in Blankton made a nine days' wonder; Miss Effler laughed heartily at that, which she was pleased to term her niece's force of character, and took her to London for music lessons; divinity was somehow avoided, until one day the uncut volume of Hooker cropped up, with its silent accusation, over which Miss Effler made very merry indeed.

The reader will now understand the elder Miss Block's dark allusion to Mr. Hawder about Adine Sinclair. The poor girl was in the power of Horace Blackley. His engagement to Miss Hart—an affair much of avarice, more of pique—which happened shortly after, did not alter his evil intentions. He took a grim delight in making her feel the bit. Above all, she had cause to tremble lest he should come between her and the man whom she really did love.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *UNACCOUNTABLE.*

It must not be supposed, because Mr. Lovett devoted time and energy to his parish, to the cathedral, and to musical art, that therefore he was averse to society. Certes, musicians, if tinged with apolausticism, are gregarious enough. He was not pleasantly placed as regards a section of the Blankton community. Beyond that dull line he was acceptable enough, being equal to tea for the sake of attractive womanhood; nay more, his conversational powers were capable of average tension. Not that he was a prime favourite with the sex. He did not affect overmuch piety—good as he really was—so missed popularity with the serious; nor had he one grain of the gay deceiver in his composition, so failed to please the girls of the period. For all that, his sterling worth was recognised by one. One heart was his, and that heart he had in firm faith prized above rubies.

For some time he had been a constant visitor at the house of Miss

Effler, Adine Sinclair's nearest relation, and guardian. This lady, although an old maid, differed widely from the majority of her variety. In person she was obese, with a loud, almost jolly, laugh, and an amazing love of admiration. Her theory was that she could marry anyone. Let a man show her a small amount of civility, and she construed it into attention. She possessed a life interest in property to a considerable extent, and lived well up to her income. Perhaps it was the consciousness of pecuniary advantage that induced an idea of her acceptability with the stern sex. With the exception of that amiable weakness, she was tolerably hard-headed, indeed in business matters singularly acute; nevertheless, one vein of eccentricity is apt to pervert the whole mental system; and this was the case with Miss Effler.

It is the morning after the rehearsal. Adine Sinclair does not feel quite up to the mark. She has now no confidante into whose listening ears to pour her troubles. Miss Block (the youngest) cooled of her ardour of friendship long before she married an ancient widower of large means, and settled down into very staid sobriety. Her elderly aunt was nobody's intimate, and assuredly not so towards her niece—your boisterous persons are of all most unsympathetic. She is seated at the piano in the drawing-room, a delicious old-fashioned chamber relieved from dinginess by various elegancies of her own manufacture. Mendelssohn has been her study, and her mind seems allured to his plaintive fancies, for she has much to distract her, and hope is unpleasantly jostled by a kind of nameless dread. Her thoughts centre on Mr. Lovett, of whose promotion not a whisper had reached her, but around this centre Horace Blackley, and his threat of vendetta seems to hover.

Thought she: 'If he should dare to abuse me to him '—him is the usual expression of woman's deification—'if he should dare, I will tell my tale to Louise Hart.'

Then she reflected, that after all Horace Blackley did not care a rush for Miss Hart, also that the *rôle* of mischief-creator was beneath contempt. In short, she fell rapidly into a brown study.

To her, thus involved in cloud, enter Miss Effler *tempo di marcia*, smirking jauntily, and full of import, as though bursting with a secret.

Such an interruption would awake the mesmerised. Adine faced right about, with 'Well, aunt, and what is your news?' She perceived intuitively that something was to be revealed.

'I've been, my dear, to matins in Cathedral,'—triumphantly.

'Yes? And—and what was the anthem?'—drily.

'Psa! What do I know about anthems? Some horrid little wretch shrieked something about a panting hart. One surely doesn't go to church for the sake of anthems!'

'Well, aunt?'—meekly.

Miss Effler in lieu of replying burst into an inane giggle—a perfect anachronism in laughter. It would have been perchance becoming

forty years back; now it gave her rather coarse features a slightly porcine expression. Evidently she was in high exaltation of spirits. So strange was the manner assumed, that her niece could but regard her with suspicious curiosity; more especially as, advancing a step, she began to whisper, but inaudibly.

'Whatever is this mystery of yours, aunt dear? I am burning to hear it.'

'Hum, I have got a surprise—such a surprise for you, my dearest child. However, after all, there's nothing new under the sun, nor under anything else for the matter of that!'

'Very well, I am quite prepared to be intensely surprised,'—ironically.

'You pert Miss! However, I prophesy you will laugh on the wrong side ere long. Mr. Lovett will not tolerate girls in his house, I can assure you, unless they are very mindful of their Ps and Qs.'

'Mr. Lovett, aunt! This is indeed a real mystery. I am not aware that I am ever likely to enter Mr. Lovett's house. In fact, I was told on good authority—that is, he said, he lived in lodgings.'

Miss Adine, however, in spite of this disclaimer turned first ashen, then scarlet, then ashen again. Could it be that Mr. Lovett had formally petitioned for permission to pay her his addresses? Dared she hope as much? The beautiful thought caused the little heart to begin to thump, the lovely eye to grow strangely lustrous.

But Miss Effler instead of vouchsafing a response continued vacuously on the broad grin. Then Adine's temper began to feel impatient.

'I wish, aunt, you would be so very kind as to say what you do mean!'

'All in good time, my child'—this with dignity. 'However, as what I am about to announce concerns you only in an indirect way, I don't think there is any just cause for your over-anxiety. No doubt the question of your home here will be amicably settled for you. One more mouth to feed don't signify, especially a little one. Besides, some day you may find a husband for yourself—who knows? I used to fancy there was something between you and young Blackley. However, Miss Hart has intruded there with her five thousand a year. Never mind, there are as many fish in the sea as on the shore.'

Miss Sinclair's eyes doubled in size. 'Aunt,' she cried, 'you amaze me. I am bewildered.'

'Then you haven't the sense I gave you credit for. As if you didn't see all along how the land lay. *We* perfectly understand each other, I assure you.'

Adine gave a little irritable stamp with her foot. 'Pray, who is we?' Bad grammar, but intelligible.

'We, my dear? How absurd you are! Why of course Mr. Lovett and I.'

Very pale was Adine as she faltered, 'Mr. Lovett, aunt—and you, aunt—I am fairly puzzled.'

Whereupon Miss Effler's visage assumed a serious and an offended expression. 'You will be pleased, my dear niece,' she observed, 'to consider Mr. Lovett as my affianced husband. I met him this morning after service, and—a—the affair is arranged.' There was a peculiar hesitation about this speech, but it might be only the halting of pomposity.

Adine was silent from sheer surprise.

'He is coming to call after luncheon,' continued Miss Effler loftily; 'and——well, girl, whatever makes you look so odd? Eh?'

'Aunt, it is impossible!'

There was that in the bright girl's face, which was most tell-tale of pain. It was the first shock to the centre of her nervous system, and a very severe shock too.

'Impossible? Nothing of the sort. What does a slip of a child like you know of men—or of women either?'

'I do know this, aunt, that I utterly refuse to believe that Mr. Lovett has—has——' and the tears began to flow apace, and the young bosom to heave convulsively.

'Why not, indeed?' snorted Miss Effler. 'Surely there are some men in the world who have the good taste to prefer full growth to embryo, women to girls! Mr. Lovett is emphatically a man.'

'He must have taken leave of his senses,' sobbed Adine.

'Senses!' shouted she irate old lady; 'senses! You conceited creature, what are you whimpering about? Come now, you don't mean to have the effrontery to tell me to my face, that Mr. Lovett ever gave you to suppose that he admired you? You are not by any means his style. I am.'

The self-sufficiency of her aunt's speech, coupled with an involuntary glance at the 'style' of her dress and figure, which was a combination of ostentation and fifteen stone, caused an hysterical reaction in the young lady. For all her tears she could not help laughing.

It was Miss Effler's turn to be surprised now. 'I—I do not perceive anything to laugh at,' she exclaimed.

But Miss Adine could not coincide with this sentiment. Therefore, not to offend by her varied emotions, she hurried from the room, leaving the elder lady in a state of fume.

As soon, however, as she was alone, tears supplanted smiles. Her aunt, for all her occasional oddness on the subject of mankind, of which Adine was fully aware, would hardly venture on such an astounding assertion as the one just heard without foundation. She had never known her equivocate. It must, then, be true. And yet—to believe such a libel on her ideal would seem to be base. Mr. Lovett had paid her attentions more than marked. She had felt, too, that sort of sympathetic intelligence, which tells a maiden that she holds the love of her love. His shyness in not making a full avowal she had forgiven. He was poor, and doubtless feared lest Miss Effler's authority should

defeat a clandestine, or prevent an open engagement. Her idol she had indeed accredited with the purest of motives, and now she heard that he was about to marry a woman old enough to be his mother. What for? Money, perhaps. She was penniless. Her aunt—oh! no. It could not be that. Had Mr. Blackley poisoned his mind? She remembered his coolness of the previous evening. Was it intentional? She hardly dare trust her thoughts.

Poor heart! a bitter hour to spend alone. How ever could she receive him? All was so changed. It seemed a refinement of cruelty to intrude upon her sorrow so soon. She gazed out at a brilliant day, which illumined the asters in her window, to think an old and a sweet fancy of hers. To her mind the sunshine was always true—ill fate, she refused to believe, accompanying his brilliant rays. Her nature was implete with love of the beautiful, and to such light and warmth are more than adjuncts—they are necessaries, and welcomed fondly. Yet if the bright morn forbad the extinction of hope, bitter and angry were her thoughts. The sun was no sedative. Indeed pride once roused seemed to be predominant over every other feeling, and to nerve her to exertion. She made a most careful *toilette*, taking the utmost pains to look her very best; and so, with a beaming smile, she tripped to meet the soul whom she was trying to steel herself to hate.

On re-entering the drawing-room she found him already arrived, and chatting amicably to her aunt, who was displaying signs of unusual animation. About to speak words of congratulation, her voice very nearly failed her. She contrived, however, to cover a slight confusion of manner by a most winning smile.

Said Miss Effler sarcastically, 'Is your headache better, my dear?' 'My dear' is an infallible token of latent malice, when uttered in a 'company' tone.

'Thanks,' replied Adine, 'I am quite well—never better in fact—and quite ready to felicitate Mr. Lovett on his prospects.'

A little unintentional, perhaps unavoidable stiffness, Miss Adine!

As for Mr. Lovett he was astounded. Who could have told her about Mudflat? Perhaps the Dean had told the Blocks, and so it had come round.

'Thank you very truly,' he replied with warmth. 'I can say with truth, Miss Sinclair, that I am on the way to a happier life than I ever dreamt of. A change, you know, when the old ways have grown to be irksome, is so very hopeful. One takes a fresh start. Above all I must confess, that after years of solitary durance in lodgings the prospect of a home of one's own, and a nice garden, and pleasant surroundings, and, and——' Mr. Lovett positively blushed as he hesitated how to end his sentence. A tender blush too.

But Adine was by no means disposed to help him out of his little difficulty. His words sounded to her ear little short of impertinence. It required an effort to conceal her pique.

'I am sure you will find everything *en couleur de rose*,' cried Miss Effler, who applied every word he said to herself.

'Ah, yes, exactly,' responded he, inattentive to the purport of her remark. He could not take his eyes off Adine, and yet there was something in her face expressive of antipathy rather than sympathy.

'I hope, Miss Sinclair,' he stammered clumsily enough, 'that you will approve of my new *pied à terre*. A good position in society, a moderate income, and a sphere of happy usefulness, form together a bright future.'

But Adine was only too discomposed at words, which she regarded as an apology for heartlessness. Besides, under the circumstances his manner seemed too intrusive. She turned aside, feigning to be preoccupied with some flowers on a side table.

There was an awkward pause, for Miss Effler was anything but pleased at his every utterance being addressed to her niece. She had honestly expected to monopolise the good-looking clergyman, whereas Adine's 'impossible' began to appear very like truth even to a mind clouded by vanity.

At length Adine enquired listlessly, when he thought of making this happy change he spoke of. She preferred this periphrastic method of expressing an ugly fact.

Mr. Lovett was a little nettled by her cool tone. 'In a month or so,' he answered simply enough.

'That is rather short time for the necessary preparations. However I wish you every happiness.'

She addressed her remark in a tone of cheery uninterestedness to both her hearers.

Miss Effler frowned, and looked rather foolish. 'Adine, you don't appear very sympathetic,' she murmured.

'I'm sure,' blurted honest Mr. Lovett, who was getting downright vexed at this curious turn of affairs, and to whom the face of Mr. Hawder occurred, 'I'm sure I do not court sympathy. I certainly hope that some people, whose good wishes I value'—this with emotion—'will rejoice at my change for the better. Of course I leave old associations —old remembrances. One can but live one's life once, and therefore every fraction of it has its proper value. I have my past, as well as— as my future.'

At all which Adine smiled sweetly, although there was war in her little heart. She regarded him for the nonce as a shameless hypocrite. It was on the tip of her tongue to ask plump the exact date of the happy event, when the door was flung open and the servant announced:

'Mr. Horace Blackley.'

[*To be continued.*]

# The End of a Month.

The night last night was strange and shaken :
More strange the change of you and me.
Once more, the old love's love forsaken,
We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,
One last time, one more and no more,
We watched the waves set in, the serried
Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
Heard hardly through the windy night
Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,
The clashing channels rocked and rang
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,
Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes
From the rolled surf that flashed and noted
Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing
At the sand's edge, a short sad breath
Trembling to touch the goal, and dying
With weak heart heaved up once in death--

The rustling sand and shingle shaken
With light sweet touches and small sound—
These could not move us, could not waken
Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,
Under grey skies by waters white.
Our hearts were full of windy weather,
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted
And streaming storms and straying fires,
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted
By doubts and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed the sea;
And one with me I could not dream you:
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes
Touched and slid over and flashed past—
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes—
As on the old gods' untended altars
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shine relighted
Sees the last fiery shadow shine,
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine.)

So once with fiery breath and flying
Your winged heart touched mine and went,
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,
Sundered and smiled and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,
Enough we found, we found too much;
For the unlit shrine is hardly lonely
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,
Slight as the sun's sight of the star:
Enough to show one must not deem you
For love's sake other than you are.

Who snares and tames with fear and danger
A bright beast of a fiery kin,
Only to mar, only to change her
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise;
What profit, if she yield her tamer
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,
Take all she is or leave complete;
Transmute you will not form or feature,
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give her;
Sweet is the sweet thing as it is.
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her;
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?

So may one read his weird, and reason,
And with vain drugs assuage no pain;
For each man in his loving season
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,
Spells that appease not any grief,
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses!
What help? the world is full of loves;
Night after night of running kisses,
Chirp after chirp of changing doves.

Should Love disown or disesteem you
For loving one man more or less?
You could not tame your light white sea-mew,
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,
We are what life made us, and shall be.
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,
And south for you and north for me.

But this one broken foam-white feather
I throw you off the hither wing,
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, daytime over,
You, couched at long length on hot sand
With some sleek sun-discoloured lover,
Wince from his breath as from a brand:

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

But I, who leave my queen of panthers,
As a tired honey-heavy bee
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardours of the chaliced centre,
From the amorous anther's golden grime,
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets
The flower-dust and the flower-smell clings;
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets
Leave the sand marked with print of rings;

So to my soul in surer fashion
Your savage stamp and savour hangs;
The print and perfume of old passion,
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

# The People's Education.

Under the title of the people of England—*populus Anglicanus*—we must suppose to be meant every man, woman, and child of the inhabitants of Great Britain, and if we therefore pronounce the word 'people's education' we might apparently include under that head *all* the means that have been and are used for the purposes of education. Casting our eyes over those means, both historical and present, taking in the learned universities, the many grammar schools, the glorious public schools of England, dating their existence from the first foundations of Saxon kings, their most encouraging increase from that fruitful educational period, the 'Tudor times,' and bringing down to our own age their actual activity, we find one glaring fact opposed to us—that all these means have been used for *one* portion of the *populus Anglicanus*, the male portion only, and that all endowments for superior culture have been absorbed by it. If therefore some of the papers of higher tone rail against the frivolity of female society, and against the incompetency of female management, they must look for the reason to the utter want of educational means in a broader sense, in reference to the female portion of the community. Not till we come down in the social scale to the working classes, who send their children *for charity* to the parish school, or still lower to the pauper population of the 'workhouse,' is the female element recognised and do we acknowledge that both sexes have a claim upon society for education.

The want of means for female education has been recognised by an able educationalist, Mr. Fearon, in his report to the Royal Commissioners; and lately another able educationalist, the Right Honourable Lord Lyttelton, while presiding over the Victoria Discussion Society, remarked that this absorption of endowments by the male portion of the population was most apparent in reference to Christ's Hospital, where the proportion existed of one thousand boys to some twenty or so girls!

If we therefore intended by speaking of the 'people's education' to review the means in existence for the education of the higher and middle classes, we could only refer to that of boys and young men; but the term 'people's education' has become the exponent of something else—it expresses the education of those classes who can either not pay adequately

or not at all for the education of their children. In that sense we must take 'people's education,' and on that foundation was framed the Bill which was carried last year; a period when the conscience of the governing classes of Great Britain expanded sufficiently to see the necessity for giving the future generation of the poorer classes a chance of living a life of higher purpose. This measure recognised the female element in education, and in the establishment of the principal medium, 'The School Board,' to carry out its provisions, it went even so far as to allow female direction. Women came forward, not flauntingly, not carrying in their hands the flag of freedom from restraint or equality of rights, but modestly, gently, and firmly to say that as girls would have to be educated women might be supposed to have a voice in the matter; and women were elected as members of boards. Now, therefore, in speaking of 'people's education' we speak of male and female alike.

To bring forward and carry a Bill for the 'education of the people' in England was a Herculean task; till then Government had trusted to the efforts of Christian kind-hearted men and women to give some portion of their time and some part of their money towards the establishment of schools, in which the children of those who have to bear the brunt of every day's heavy toil without adequate remuneration might be taught that which would fit them for useful life. But the horizon becoming enlarged, the fact became apparent that if the State wanted good citizens it must do something towards such an object among those classes that are not free agents. A man was at last found, who tried to unite the discordant elements of English individuality into a firm basis, and brought forward an Educational Bill. How this Bill was fought over we all know; but now that it has been carried we ask—How will it operate? what will it, or its working medium the School Boards, do for its efficient action?

A Board is a reunion of men, and in this case of women, who being thought, one and all, to be acquainted with the particulars of some question, are to legislate on it; possessing the benefit of the different views of its various members. Most Educational Boards were elected on the faith of the general high character of its members, or of their ability in some branch or other of knowledge, but perhaps most had as yet to learn the lesson of 'Education.' That all, one and all, were earnest in the cause needs no proof, but there is something more wanted than earnestness in any cause, and that is experience. The London School Board, the light which in some measure must become the beacon for the Country Boards, is composed of men and women whose names carry weight—they have all been active—but much weight becomes heavy and often stultifies action. And action we want —large, expanded action; action in all directions, not hindered by pusillanimous considerations, but spurred on by the fact that hundreds of thousands of poor ignorant children are wallowing in the

moral filth of London back streets and yards, and that they are waiting to be redeemed. In all cases where soundness of deduction is required statistics are necessary; they are the proof of the positive state of affairs, but when new measures have to be carried out, embodying new ideas, there is a danger that overcrowding of statistics may impede the direct view necessary to perform boldly the task set. Time has already been lost and although we may be sure that the utmost activity is used at the weekly meetings and in the sub-committees, still questions have been occupying the time of the Board that ought to have been shelved for the present, to wait on their betters, or referred to Committee.

The people's education means large airy-built houses, with spaces for playground adjoining; a not too extended time for instruction, and good sound teachers to give it.

Supposing that the houses have not yet been thought of, because all the statistics about existing schools had not yet come in, what has been done for the playground, the instruction, and the teachers?

First of all, elementary schools must take up attention. Industrial schools are a further development of the system and have as yet no right to occupy the time of Board or Committee: they cannot come in the first plan, or the simplicity of its construction will he muddled and marred. Elementary schools, then, we want first, and it can take but little time to know in which districts there must such be built, and consequently to begin where the greatest need exists. The very building of the schools will have a beneficial influence on the neighbourhood.

The playground is merely a name for physical exercise, but a very important one. Various opinions have been mooted on the subject. Decidedly the school must have a playground: wherever there are children there ought to be play; that is, the free exercise of the limbs without restraint. It refreshes the circulation, has a beneficial effect on the brain, and accelerates its action. But to give purpose to the physical exercise, to infuse into the human muscle something like regularity and determination, let children be drilled—a short quick drill. Those children will do their school work with more regularity and determination also; you cannot too much assimilate the healthful action of the mind to the healthful action of the body, and the play and drill taken in the school precincts have a far more enlivening influence than the noisy turbulent games in the streets, the only playground London children possess. Instruction may appear the most important of all the items in the people's education, but it is not the only one. Instruction has two objects: one to fit the recipient for the work of life; the other to fit him or her to use that life rationally. The first embodies *reading*, or the ability to understand the thoughts of others by signs; *writing*, or the ability to make our thoughts known to others in signs; *arithmetic*, or the ability to compute the representative signs of quantities. But those three are rather learnt as means to understand

other instruction than as instruction itself, and it is in this other instruction that we often fail in reference to children. The mere ability to read, write, and do sums, as it is called, will leave a child's mind empty; you must also teach the child to apply the three and give it sufficient general knowledge of nature above, below, and around it, of the outlines of the history of the race it belongs to, and of the laws by which nature works. These things may sound grand, but they are not so; they can be simplified to any child's mind, and only those who have thus instructed children instead of cramming them with useless facts know how sweet was the fruit their exertions bore. The second object of instruction, *to use our life rationally*, is one of the most important of the day's questions: it comprises the two subjects of 'religion and pleasure.' The connection of these two may appear incongruous at least, even irreverent; it is not so. Religion and pleasure are the holiest influences of our being: the former is to lead our minds upwards, and make them acquainted with that spiritual existence whose power we have to submit and conform to; the latter is to bring us into connection with the harmonious agencies that may relax our close attention to actual labour. There is no worse guide than false religion and no greater curse than false pleasure; there is no more elevating principle than pure religion and no more strengthening exertion than rational pleasure. Neither can be neglected in the people's education. Pure religion, however various may be the opinions on any School Board, is simple in application; the judicious reading of the Bible must be recognised by us as Christians, and if the School Boards have any jurisdiction over the teachers, they ought to be able to leave indirect religious teaching in their hands. But beware of permitting the learning of long Scripture lessons by heart; single verses that stand out in bold relief may be thus acquired, but the custom to allow children to learn by the most troublesome exertion chapters, and then rattle them off without meaning, is subversive of all religious feeling. For our advocacy of religious teaching we may find many supporters; not so for teaching rational pleasure. And yet how important is it to teach the child's mind early, that to throw off restraint, in whatever sense, is not pleasure! The greatest agency for pleasure is 'singing.' We cannot expect instrumental music to be taught to large masses of children, but we can expect singing to be taught to them, and it is a foundation-subject in all German schools. To give tone to 'National Education' this cannot be overlooked, and we must trust that those who framed the Bill and those who have the carrying out of it in their hands will not refuse this boon to the people's children.

The next consideration we here wish to refer to is that of the 'teachers.' There is scarcely anything we could say sufficiently strong to draw attention to the inadequate remuneration, the inferior position, and the difficult path of teachers. Teachers' semi-

naries ought to be taken in hand with the utmost energy, and such plans provided as will give us strong, well prepared men and women, who can look forward to a rising career, backed by their abilities and exertions, and who above all do not only acquire sufficient knowledge to pass the necessary examination, but learn, as part of their profession, that most difficult art, 'Good Teaching.' Against the system of 'pupil teaching' we are entirely set; it is radically bad, and prevents those who take up teaching as a life's occupation from becoming such strong and active members of the profession as they otherwise would be. There ought to be various classes of teachers.

The last point is the attendance of children at the schools; but as the schools are established for the *children* and not for the parents, embodying the principle of our duty to the community, it simply resolves itself into the necessity of 'compulsion;' not directly legislated for by Government, but broken in its direct application by the orders of the School Boards. If it be against the character of the English nation to compel it to educate its children, it is not against its spirit to want to get its money's worth, if rated for it by the School Boards.

AMELIA LEWIS.

# ALCIBIADES.

*Note.*—Lysander told Pharnabazus that the sacrifice of Alcibiades was necessary for the safety of that form of government which had recently been established in Athens. . . . A band of armed Phrygians was sent to surprise and destroy Alcibiades. Such was the fame of his prowess that these timid assassins durst not attack him in broad day or by open force. They chose the obscurity of night to surround and set fire to his house, which, according to the fashion of the country, was chiefly composed of light and combustible materials. . . . He snatched his sword, and, twisting his mantle round his left arm, rushed through the flaming edifice, followed by his faithful Arcadian friend, and by his affectionate mistress Timandra. The cowardice of the Phrygians declining to meet the fury of his assault covered him with a shower of javelins. But even these barbarians spared the weakness and the sex of Timandra, whose tears and entreaties obtained the melancholy consolation of burying her unfortunate lover.—Gillies' 'History of Greece,' ch. xxiii.

He leans upon her breast, his own, his loving one,
Timandra! Twinèd in those arms, forgot
Alike his cares, his crimes, and the rude din
Of workday strife; all for a moment gone,
And love remains supreme. The kisses rain
From lip to lip, with mutual ardour fired;
The while his form, exposed so oft in fight,
Half covered or caressed by the fine gold
That clung in amorous tresses for his joy.
Love prompts, Love acts, Love blesses. On that breast,
So white, so full, and all so full of love,
To yield up life were sweet! And she upturns
Her eyes of gray, languid with lustrous fires,
And eloquent in mute meaning, but to seize,
But to devour with long and lingering look,
Her soldier and her lover.

But hark, the Phrygian band surrounds the house,
By Pharnabazus sent, in civic wile;
With foreheads low, and dirty matted hair,
And vulgar speech, and souls that crawl in craft
With cowardice mingled—an ill-favoured set.
Of all the crew—they were as ten to one—

No man dare meet the hero face to face;
Too well indeed they know the mighty arm
Of him they come to kill. And wiselier thus
The treacherous flame shall minister their will,
For flashing steel is terrible to cowards.
Fast speed the obedient flames on fatal work!
The hero wakens, lighted by strange torch
From dreams of love; and round his manly arm
Twisting his mantle, followed by his friend,
And watched by eyes of love, with rapid stride
Eager he rushes. Back the hirelings fall:
Never a one might meet the living glance,
The eye that spoke, the weapon that struck sure.
Afar retreating, then the Phrygians hurl
Their pointed darts of death: and so at last
The son of Clinias falls—greater in death
Than e'er in dubious life. Forgot his faults,
A soldier and a gentleman he died.

She falls before those rude and brutish men:
So fair her face, so full of prayers her tears,
Even they may not deny her sole request—
'T is only one—'that I with faithful care
Might bury ALCIBIADES.'

T. H. GIBSON.

# Petty Parnassus.

The other night, having by dint of considerable patience and perseverance accomplished the perusal of 'The Outlaw's Oath, and other poems,' by Mr. Timothy Camoens Milton Tomkyns, I took down an odd volume of 'The Spectator,' with the intention of reading a few pages in order to take the taste of the Tomkynsian Castaly out of my mouth; just as Mr. Sothern, I have been given to understand, is in the habit of reading Shakespeare aloud for certain hours a day, while performing Dundreary, that he may correct a tendency to talk Dundrearily in private life.

But I had clearly miscalculated the potency of Tomkyns's muse: for barely had I opened the volume (it was the seventh) of 'The Spectator' and cast my eye on the opening of the five hundred and twenty-fourth paper, when my mind 'gave way to the forcible Oppressions of Slumber and Sleep, whilst Fancy presented me with the following Vision.'

Methought I was but just roused from a Nap. The Place where I found myself was a large and spacious Plain, in the centre of which arose a lofty Mountain, whereof the summit was divided into two Peaks. Looking more intently at the Eminence, I became aware of a large number of People, who either clomb the sides or rested on the apex, or crown. While I was wondering within myself what this Mountain might be, I perceived standing beside me a Stranger of dignified aspect, who, seeing the bewilderment I was in, informed me that the Prospect which I was regarding was that famous Mountain of Parnassus whereof the Bards and Poets wont to sing. This News, you may be sure, set me agog to know more of the Mountain and of those that dwell there; for which purpose I hastened towards it to procure a nearer View, and make a closer Observation of what was passing within its Precincts.

Gazing with great Attention I perceived that there were two Figures reclining on the Summit, which was clothed with a thick carpet of asphodels. One of them, whose brows were bound with a wreath of Laurel, had beside him a butt of Xeres Wine. The other was reclining on a Block of marble, apparently a portion of a Frieze from some antique Ruin, for there was on it portion of an inscription wherein occurred

the word 'Italia.' He was looking up into the sky, listening to a Voice that seemed to be singing, as it were a Lark, at the Gate of Heaven—yet with such a touch of Sadness in its note as is alway found in Music, since the great God Pan fashioned his pipe from the reeds in the River. About half-way up the Mountain I saw a Youth, who strode up the steep Side with as swift a pace as Atalanta herself, but was hindered as she was, not indeed by stooping to pick up an Apple of the Hesperides, but because coming upon a sort of Nymphs and Satyrs dancing in honour of The God of the Gardens, he loitered on his way to watch them. I was turning to consider other Groups of Travellers up the Hill, when my Attention was distracted by a violent Noise and Shouting on my left Hand. Turning in that Direction I beheld a piece of rising Ground, about half the height of Primrose Hill: and I observed great Clusters of People, who toiling and panting up the easy incline fell to thinking they had achieved Parnassus itself. And the whole Crowd of them was shouting and making a Clamour upon all kinds of Instruments. Yet at the same time I could see on close Observation that each sneered at his Neighbour, though he was well pleased with his own Noise. Having noted among Lunatics that this same thing occurs, and each is aware of the Madness of the others, but perceives not his own, I turned to the Stranger, who had accompanied me so far, and enquired whether these were Bedlamites holding a Concert. He answered me with a smile that it was not so; but that the Mound was Petty Parnassus, and its Occupants were the Poetasters, who believed their Hillock to be the veritable Parnassus. All this he had to shout into my Ear, it being quite impossible to make oneself heard otherwise for the Brangle that these People kept up with Drums, Trumpets, Banjos, and all kind of Instruments. There was one, I observed, who made a persistent dinging by striking upon a Butcher's Cleaver with the end of a Marrow Bone; but what was more laughable still was to watch the Antics of some, who mimicked the manner of the Poets on the Top of Parnassus, striking their Lyres in the same style, yet—owing to their Instruments being strung not with gold or silver Wire but with Grocer's Twine—with very different effect.

While I was considering their Folly, I became aware of a number of Persons who went about among the Performers, apparently collecting Money of them—as I guessed—for the Hire of the Instruments. On my referring the matter to him, my Guide informed me that these were Printers, Papermakers, and Publishers, who were the only Persons that made anything out of this Uproar; for that by putting Cotton Wool in their Ears they were enabled to go about and pouch their Profits without Inconvenience, and so were well pleased. It was a Weakness in me, I confess it; but being somewhat kindly disposed and feeling Pain to see so many worthy Folks labouring in such a Delusion, I took advantage of a passing Lull and addressed the Performers. They were

still, I told them, some Distance from Parnassus, and they would certainly never reach it until they had set themselves to learn the Rudiments of the Art of Music, so as to have a little Knowledge of the various Instruments on which they affected to play. At this they raised such an Outcry as put Slumber to rout, and one of them in his Rage flinging his Trombone at my Head I stooped to avoid the Blow and gave such a Nod in my Chair that I suddenly awoke.

Whether this vision—the combined effect of Tomkyns's poetry and The Spectator's prose—is prophetic or not I cannot say: but I am fully aware of the perils of plain-speaking in the matter of Petty Parnassus. Yet it is high time that something were done to stop that inundation of feeble verse, which overflows the tables of editors, and wearies the brains of critics, ere it finds its way to its last resting-place, the 'any-volume-in-this-lot-2*d*.' box of the second-hand bookstall. The critics possibly do not deserve much sympathy, since to a great extent they have brought the evil on themselves. There are so many books published nowadays that they cannot pretend to read a third of them, and they therefore only skim the 'poetry,' and hence we have but two styles of critique thereon: either the 'friendly' because someone has written 'if you can conscientiously give Tomkyns's poems a good word, do, there's a good fellow;' or the 'general,' which is of a favourable nature, because the critic is too honest to condemn a book he hasn't read, and forgets that it is quite as unjust to praise it—however faintly—under the same condition. Hence it is that no volume of 'poems,' no matter how worthless, can arrive at a second edition (and the poet has little vanity who won't go to that expense) without being able to give two or three pages of 'Opinions of the Press,' of a very favourable kind: 'a pleasing little volume'—'has the genuine ring about it'—'Mr. Emorenn possesses true poetic instincts'—'these poems deserve to be widely read'—'will establish their author's claim to a place in the front ranks'—and so on and so on, with stereotyped phrases, which intended to mean nothing—and meaning very little—with the original context, are made to mean a great deal when thus extracted and isolated. Indeed it must be an exceptionally severe adverse critique from which an experienced compiler of 'Opinions of the Press,' cannot quote something that will look like commendation. I can give an instance within my own experience to show how this can be done. In the notice of a new singer there occurred a passage to the following effect: 'If Miss A.'—the *débutante*—'wishes to acquire a style of singing at once graceful and popular she should take for her model Madame B., and not Miss C.'—a Music Hall songstress of the 'comique' order. This was shortly afterwards inserted among the 'Opinions of the Press' appended to a book of Miss C.'s songs, but inserted with a judicious omission, thus—'If Miss A. wishes to acquire a style

of singing at once graceful and popular she should take for her model . . . . Miss C.'!

I fear that fable about Keats's being killed by an unfavourable notice is answerable for much of the tenderness with which the critics handle the poetasters. And yet critics like surgeons must use the scalpel, and should not hesitate to cut, when to cut is to cure. If our friend Camoens Milton Tomkyns had been told plainly when he published his first 'poems' that he was as fit to write poetry as a child learning its notes is able to compose a Mass, he would by this time have become a useful member of society and we should have been spared the 'Outlaw's Oath.' And his case is the case of scores, who, knowing the rudiments of verse incompletely enough but being just able to scan, 'string ink on paper' (to use an expressive Yankeeism) in the shape of some hundreds of lines of blank verse, wherein the blankness is infinitely more perceptible than the verse, and then publish them, with a few additional 'poems,' chiefly remarkable for halting measure and Cockney rhymes. Away they go, bobbing along the stream of publicity, calling on everyone to 'see how we apples swim!' and the critics instead of exposing their mistake bid them good speed with a careless 'Go it, my pippins.'

Failing the critics, what other remedy have we? An Academy!—well, the working of an Academy has not proved so clearly and indisputably an advantage to Art that it would be a safe experiment to try with Literature. The publishers, who do not publish on commission, can do something to check the evil. The late Mr. Moxon was not to be prevailed on to allow his name to be associated with the writings of poetasters, and bitter were their murmurs in consequence, as I can remember, in more than one instance. Mr. Strahan, The Poet's Publisher of our time, appears to be equally determined not to suffer the 'hall mark' to be stamped on base metal, and it is to be hoped he will adhere to so good a resolution. Of course such restraints will cause some heart-burning. It is noticeable that the suppression of this kind of poetry tends to the secretion of bile. Mr. Disraeli's definition of critics, as men who have failed in literature and art, is somewhat too sweeping; but there is a good deal of truth in it nevertheless. The young gentleman, who under some *nom de plume* has for long delighted his little world in 'The Poet's Corner' of the 'Little Pedlington Gazette' comes up to London and thinks that the arrival of the Pedlington Poet will shake the Laureate on his throne; instead of which the Pedlington Poet is lucky if he himself manages to shake down into no higher a throne than a sub-editorship, with occasional chances of reviewing other people's poems.

And yet I suppose there are few wielders of the pen who have not at some time or other given way to the generous impulse—the last infirmity of noble minds—and made excursions to Parnassus. Not a few of them perhaps have, if only once in a lifetime, set foot on

the soil: one knows more than one writer who has written one poem. But these good fellows soon perceive that Parnassus is not for them, and that they have their bread and cheese to earn: so they have the grace to retire, and give place to others, whom they can view climbing the forked hill, without envy; nor long to rush after them, as our friend of Poet's Corner does, to daub them with the paste, and stab them in the back with the scissors.

But the remedy? you ask again. How are we to discourage the poetaster and encourage the poet? It appears to me the remedy is simple enough. The mistake of the poetasters is that they confound the mere mechanism, *verse*, with the essence, *poetry*. Let the mechanical business be taught at our schools, let the lads learn to write English verse as they learn to write Latin verse. It is quite as easy to teach, I know from experience; and when a boy knows what constitutes verse, it follows he must perceive the difference between verse and poetry, and will therefore appreciate the latter the more highly. For to the child that has not learnt its letters pothooks and hangers must seem like witchcraft; whereas when it can write, it can see the difference between pothooks and hangers and a written sentence. And verse is to poetry what pothooks and hangers are to writing. If Camoens Milton Tomkyns had been taught verse he would never have published a volume of pothooks and hangers; and if the thousand and one poetasters of the day were instructed by order of the School Board in the Rudiments of Verse, how astonished they would be to discover that they had been writing prose all their lives without knowing it!

Some may imagine that to teach people to versify will encourage them to write 'poetry.' I doubt it, having noticed—to argue from a parallel case—that the men who know most about the science of boxing are just the men who most seldom get into a row.

I once met an old Oxford acquaintance I had not seen for years, and on enquiring what he was doing, learnt that he thought he had got an appointment as Instructor of English in the Russian navy. Remembering that a mastery of foreign tongues had not in old days been his strong point, I asked if he was acquainted with Russian? No! With French? No! With German? No! 'But,' he added triumphantly, 'I know English, old boy!'

Now it is certainly an advantage for an Instructor of English to the Russian fleet to have a slight acquaintance with English, but there are other qualifications of equal necessity; and although to be able to versify is not useless to a man who wishes to write poetry it is not the only requisite, as he will very speedily find out, and the more speedily for his knowledge of the mechanical nature of verse. For verse is purely form, and poetry is essence—verse is manner, and poetry is matter; and the more thoroughly this is understood and taught, the sooner we shall be delivered from the swarm of poetasters—the flies

who won't get into the ointment, but buzz and flutter and tickle us into fury.

As I finish this paper, my eye rests upon a long row of little volumes occupying a shelf in my book-case. They are 'Bell's Poets of Great Britain, complete from Chaucer to Churchill,' published by him, near Exeter Change in the Strand, in the year 1779 or thereabouts. Ah me! who knows anything now-a-days about one half of them? Who reads King, or Parnell, or Garth, or Donne, or Hughes, or Malet, or Fenton, or Tickell, or Waller, or even the most modern on the list —Churchill? And yet forgotten as these are—some of them not undeservedly—there is not one of them who does not better deserve to be read than the clamorous crew of Petty Parnassus!

TOM HOOD.

# The University Boat Race.

The Boat Race of 1871 will be more than usually interesting. If Cambridge can do that without Morrison which she did last year with him, she will have fairly broken the spell of Oxford success. The prestige of nine years' victories is shaken, but not dispelled by one defeat. The fact of Cambridge having won last will bring more people than ever to see the race this year. More swarms will be hanging to the chains of Hammersmith suspension bridge, more reporters will be scribbling on the steamers, more niggers will be singing on the banks, more light and dark blue ribbons will be fluttering in the carriages, and more money will be lost and won this year than ever was before. And where is all this to end? Is our University race really to become what 'the Gentlemen of the Press' are so fond of calling it—the Aquatic Derby? Heaven forbid! But it will be so in spite of us unless the powers that be take care.

The Cambridge Crew were first at Putney by some days: by April 1 they will have been nearly three weeks on the London water. Of late years both crews have spent much more time at Putney than they did formerly. Rowing on the deep London tideway is a very different sensation to pounding up and down the Cam and Isis, and the more of it a crew can have the better. Oxford have taken new quarters this year near the railway station. The time-honoured White Lion is deserted; and not a year too soon, as will be acknowledged by all who have experienced the hospitality of that noisy pothouse—

Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.

Cambridge are as usual at the Star and Garter. On the principle of first come first serve, we will take a look at the Cambridge men first, as they step into their boat for their first row over the course. As to their antecedents, where have they rowed, and with what success?

Follett, bow, steps in first: he is an Etonian fresh from the coaching of Warre: two years he has rowed in the Eton eight at Henley, it is needless to add successfully. Two is Close, the elder of two rowing brothers, who has won the pairs at Cambridge, has rowed stroke to a winning University four and trial eight: he has carried off the Diamonds at Henley, the Colquhouns at Cambridge. He is therefore

champion sculler of the Isis and Cam, and is perhaps the most successful oar in either crew. Lomax rowed in Close's winning boat in the University fours. Spencer rowed four last year against Oxford, and four he rows again. Lowe is a veteran: he rowed against Oxford so far back as 1868. Since then he has won nearly as much as Close. Twice he has won the University fours for Sidney, last year the University race, and once he has carried off the Colquhouns. Phelps is another of last year's crew. All the five after oars have beaten Oxford once. Randolph, seven, rowed bow in last year's crew, and has rowed in the Pitt Club boat, which was beaten for the grand challenge at Henley. Last and not least comes Goldie, the stroke. All the world knows that he it was who rowed stroke of the first Cambridge boat that beat Oxford for nine years. He also rowed stroke in 1869, and he won the Colquhouns last autumn, beating Close of Diamonds' celebrity. He began public life by rowing four in the Eton boys' boat at Henley in 1868. Since then he has rowed stroke of many boats at Henley and elsewhere; but, except in the Oxford and Cambridge race last year, without much success. Warner, the coxswain, has steered twice at Putney before.

Impertinent remarks on individual oars are permissible only to coaches; moreover, inasmuch as they are apt to be offensive to the subject of them and uninteresting if not unintelligible to the reader, we will refrain. The particular faults of each man will be duly chronicled in the daily papers, to which we beg to refer the reader

As a crew the Cambridge men are far above the average of University crews in the matter of weight and strength. There are no giants such as have been seen in the Oxford boats of some years past; but they are of fairly uniform weight, and do not vary much from the very high average of 12 stone 2 or 3 lbs. It is remarkable that they have no less than three successful scullers among them. It is seldom that the winner of University sculls is in the University crew; there probably never was a crew with three Colquhoun winners in it. In point of size, strength, weight, and prestige then, these same Cambridge men are as likely a crew to 'go' as any we have ever seen.

Now for the antecedents of the Oxford crew. Bow is Woodhouse, who has rowed twice before against Cambridge, once as bow and last year as six. In the Eton, University College, and Oxford Etonian boats of the last four or five years he has rowed many races and won most of them. He also was first choice out of, and would have rowed in, the Oxford four against Harvard in case of illness or accident to any one of that four. Giles, two, has not figured except in College crews and trial eights. Baker has rowed for two years as three in the Oxford boat. Malan is as yet new to fame. Moss rowed last year as four; he was captain of the boats at Eaton, and rowed for two years at Henley in the Eton eight. He has won the grand challenge in the Etonian club crew, and the University fours in the Balliol crew

twice. Payne rowed five in last year's crew. Bunbury was stroke of the Eton boys' eight at Henley in 1869 and 1870, and captain of the boats at Eton. Lesley is stroke; he comes from Radley, and has rowed for the steward's cup at Henley twice in an old Radleian four. Hall steered last year against Cambridge, and against the Harvard four in 1869.

The Oxford men are not deficient in weight. They average a pound or two more than their opponents, and consequently are an enormously heavy crew. Too heavy for speed, say some good judges; but it is not speed alone that wins over the Putney course. A heavy boat is apt to go as fast the last two miles as it does the first two, provided there are no shufflers. They have not been so fortunate as Cambridge in having a two-year old stroke. Lesley has only been rowing in his present place since Ash Wednesday. He and Bunbury have changed places more than once. But though Oxford have not an experienced stroke, they have had the advantage of having a president who could afford to give up his place in the boat to coach; and there can be no lack of good men if Benson's place can so easily be filled. Though they have only one Putney medal in the boat to show against their opponents' half dozen, they have many Henley trophies, so that in the matter of antecedents there is not much to choose between the two crews. There are no weak men in the Oxford boat, but there need be some very strong ones to pull along all they have to carry. It is probably the heaviest crew that has ever been sent to Putney: and their size corresponds with their weight. In their boat they even look bigger than they really are, as compared with Cambridge, owing to their sitting much higher in Salter's boat than the Cambridge men do in Clasper's. The difference in the build of the two boats is considerable; the Oxford boat is not altogether satisfactory, and another is under way building for them at the last moment. This is a great pity, if a mistake has really been made in the moulds of their new ship. It is late to begin building a new boat within three weeks of the race. Who is responsible for a mistake of this sort? Is it that in building for an exceptionally heavy crew Salter has got out of the beaten track and so failed? The whole subject of boat building requires ventilating, for very little is really known about the proper lines for racing boats. Our boat builders are not scientific men; they all build more or less by guess-work and rule of thumb, consequently sometimes produce a beast of a boat, nobody knows why. It would be a grand thing if some scientific person would tell us something of the principles on which racing boats' lines should be drawn. But this is a digression. To return to our crews. Which is going to win? This is the question every other person is asking just now; and one we must answer somehow. To arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the relative merits of the two boats, a great many hours must be passed on the tow-path and a great many observations taken. The results of a few hours so

passed and a few such observations we give for what they are worth; though all we say here must be taken *cum grano salis*, for great are the changes a week's rowing at Putney may work.

When Cambridge rowed over the course for the first time on March 17 they were the most finished crew we have seen come to Putney. Their time over the course was fair but not fast. Their partisans were enthusiastic. To us they seemed to lack what, for want of a better term, we must call 'devil.' Not beginning, for that is a cant phrase and means nothing in particular; nor length, nor strength, nor pace, for all three of these they had enough of. But it is still the Cambridge rowing of the last half dozen years; improved, indeed, but not altered. The glaring faults of past years are gone, the result of good and systematic coaching; but Cambridge will never be materially better than they are now. First-rate coaching may do much for them: much depends on the coaching they get in the next ten days.

They require something more than commonplace advice about reaching out, beginning, and such-like platitudes. The 'essence' of good coaching is the power to *make* men do what is wanted, the constraining influence of a superior will. All our greatest coaches have had this power: has Cambridge such a will at work this year? At present they are a good crew, and will take a deal of beating. But excellence is relative, and unless they are better than the Oxford boat of 1871 it is no use their being better than those of other years, as indeed they are.

Oxford are potentially the better crew. Still more than Cambridge do they want care to make them all they should be. The difference between the Oxford and Cambridge boats is the difference between their strokes. The style of the two Universities is personified in Goldie and Lesley. They are both first rate, one perhaps as good as the other, but, we shall add with the Irishman, especially Lesley. The Oxford crew are rough and are not well together; but 'devil' lurks behind that roughness or we are mistaken. Cried down by the papers they are sure to be; but, readers, beware of the papers. They have rowed the course but once when this paper is printed, and then not quickly; but they rowed the last half mile in a way that did one's heart good to see. Our advice, then, to our readers is: first, go to Putney and judge for yourselves; secondly, stick to the '*Dark Blue*.'

R. C. MARSDEN.

# The Lay of the Seven Oars

Listen! Lords of the sounding oar,
Where on meadow-margined shore
Shrine and spire of Gothic grace
Fall embowered o'er Isis' face;
Broken, where most broadly glassed,
By the boat-race flashing past:
List to the deeds of the doughtiest crew—
Famous deeds—less famed than true,
That ever dipped oar for the loved 'Dark Blue.'

Where at Henley's woodland brink
Silver-dimpling eddies blink,
Where the islet sees the reach
Broad'ning through the belted beech,
Twice ten years and seven agone,
On the Thames their oar-wake shone.
Short of an oar—their stroke-oar too,
For vict'ry they were not too few,
And I, who now sing of it, was there to view.

Talk of Thebes with her champions seven!
There the tug of war was even.
At each portal the chief who watched
Was with an equal hero matched.
The warrior bard[1] to fight at odds
Backed not even his demigods.
What would they have deemed of fate,
If her scales had borne unequal freight,
And the wall, kept by seven, been assailed by eight?

Hero names delight the muse:
Lowndes and Bourne and Royds and Hughes
Trimmed one pinion—the balance bore
Three, the worth and weight of four,

[1] The poet Æschylus, who fought at Marathon.

Brewster, Menzies, Cocks, but ranged
In places from their wont estranged;[1]
For with anguished heart and throbbing head
Bold Menzies, the captain, lay pining abed;
And Shadwell at the helm the forlorn hope led.

Brewster—honoured name and dear!—
Pressed in death a soldier's bier.
Well his noble form I knew,
The darling stroke of our college crew.
'Pull, you men!' was his cheery tone,
A merry Irish eye o'er his shoulder thrown.
Long since then, 'neath a southern sky
He led his riflemen lovingly,
But sapped his dear life, in his prime to die.[2]

A message reached the rival crew,
'Menzies is helpless, and we too few;
Deign, in honour's name, to row
Seven to seven.' They would not so—
Answer unworthy oarsmen's fame!
That boat—but I'll not tell her name—
Any odds were offered on her.
So ours took her station, and gazing upon her
We said in our hearts, 'All is lost save our honour!'

[1] The striking feature of the race was not only that one oar was missing, and that the stroke that should have been, but that a considerable proportion of the crew changed their places on the spur of the moment in order to balance, or approximately so, the two sides of the boat. The real amount of this disadvantage perhaps only those who have rowed in an eight can truly measure. Thus, though the missing oar was Mr. Menzies the stroke (brother or cousin, I believe, of the one named in line 5), the place left ultimately vacant was the bow. More fully given, the crew were as follows: No. 2, G. Hughes, Oriel; No. 3, R. Menzies, University; No. 4, E. Royds, Brasenose; No. 5, W. Brewster, St. John's; No. 6, G. D. Bourne, Oriel; No. 7, J. C. Cocks, Trinity; No. 8, R. Lowndes, Christchurch; Coxswain, A. Shadwell, Balliol.

[2] Captain Brewster of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade. He served in the Kaffir war of 1852–3 and received the medal. There exposure and hardships brought on rheumatic fever, and, it is supposed, laid the foundation of mortal disease. When his battalion was ordered to the Crimea, he marched with it as far as Portsmouth, but was forbidden by the medical board to embark. He had the reputation of being one of the ablest adjutants and most popular officers of his time. For him and with him his men would do anything, and in bush-fighting against the Kaffirs he was very active in finding work for them to do. Being thus disqualified for foreign service, he became colonel of the Inns of Court Volunteers, who followed him to his premature grave in July 1864. His popularity at College was equal to that which he enjoyed in the army, as the present writer can testify. Besides his share in the seven-oared race he had formed one of the victorious crew in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race of the previous year, 1842.

Hark! their blades in war-dance crash;
Waters kindle at the flash.
Home each oar, from aft to fore,
Drawn like a cloth-yard shaft of yore,
All, in high-flown pride of feather,
Curl, and soar, and dive together.
Then what a storm of joyful fear
Bursts from our lips in a thunder-cheer,
For the 'Dark Blue' is leading as the bend they near.

In her thoroughbred stride, like a rush of flame,
Whirling her water-fans, on she came.
Father Thames, beneath the roar,
Rocked in his bed from shore to shore.
The empty bow[1] the flag shot past,
Scantly won by a length at last!
Gallant Menzies felt his blood
Toss his heart like the troubled flood,
For he knew his men's music and it did him good.

Oxford, in whose laurelled shrine
Athens and Olympia shine,
Be thine oar's march ever such,
Thine the long-drawn water-clutch,
That spans the wave in stately time,
Like Great Tom heaving his vesper chime!
Though many a laurel thine—yet this,
The crowning flower of perfect bliss,
Thine oarsmen shall reckon their Salamis.

From the Thames their oar-track fades,
Other champions wield the blades;
But on the flood of Time 'tis bright,
An ever broad'ning line of light.
In memory of their fame, I vote
We call the Great Bear the Seven-oared Boat,
To which to sink 'tis never given[2]
For what heroes ever in the stars of heaven
So well have earned a place as the glorious Seven?

H. HAYMAN.

[1] See the note on stanza 4.

[2] οἵη δ' ἀμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.—*Homer.*

# In Town.

After the peaceful manner in which the German occupation of Paris passed off, everyone was prepared to congratulate the inhabitants on the admirable way in which they sustained their last and greatest trial, the instances of misconduct on their part being comparatively few in proportion to their number, fewer, we might fear, than would have been the case had the riff-raff of London been subjected to a similar ordeal. But our dreams of amendment on the part of the Parisian mob were doomed to speedy disappointment. Heavy as has been the hand laid on them, their chastisement seems unfortunately to have been insufficient as yet.

The reorganisation of Spain, which our 'advanced thinkers' *et hoc genus omne* hailed as such a grand work, seems to proceed with anything but the smoothness that was anticipated for it, and King Amadeus appears to be but too soon finding the proverbial uneasiness of the head that wears a crown. With such examples before us we cannot but congratulate ourselves that our own revolutions are of such an innocent character as may usually be compressed into a few sentences of 'Punch's' Essence of Parliament. The Arcadian delights of the county of Westmeath, though perhaps a little too *prononcés*, afforded much sport to the lions of debate from all parts of the House, especially below the gangway, and the collapse of the Government measure so far as regards secrecy of enquiry was in reality a triumph for Mr. Disraeli and his friends, though unattended with solid results. Then we have had the Army Bill debates, which have been very pleasant to read, and also instructive, in showing how many different conclusions the same people could come to in regarding the same question in different aspects.

The intellectual abilities of the young men who *did* go up for the open competitions for the Civil Service afforded a striking proof of our assertion, that high class minds were not to be had at the price, two-thirds of the candidates having been plucked in reading, orthography, and arithmetic, *teste* the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Much as has been said with a view to soften down the reported action of the members of the Stock Exchange in the case of the Russian loan,

and with singular disregard of truth, the fact remains that it was almost universally opposed. The indiscretion (to say the least of it) of introducing this loan at a time when the Conference was yet sitting, and when the intentions of Russia were utterly unknown, was very properly felt and resented by the members. Since this, the Conference has concluded its sitting, Russia has got her own way, and the loan has been subscribed—somehow.

We are very proud of our system of keeping our streets clean, which to do it justice does not often break down under the pressure of anything under an inch and a half of snow, but we have yet one or two little things to learn. In March we might naturally expect high winds, and, of course, dust. Who is responsible for sweeping, instead of watering, the leading thoroughfares at this time? It was recently our misfortune to walk along the Strand at about half-past eleven one windy morning. A number of persons were busily engaged in trying to sweep up the dust, &c., into a lot of little heaps which the wind seemed to take a malignant delight in scattering over the passers-by. Then the scavengers took shovels and endeavoured to throw the heaps into carts, as if in imitation of the ancient process of winnowing—the result may be imagined. But we ask again in sadness, 'Who is responsible for all this?'

With one exception, the theatres afford little worthy of notice just now. Mr. Phelps is still admirable as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and Mr. Clarke's astounding realisation of Quilp, not to mention Mr. David Fisher's rollicking Dick Swiveller, redeem the dramatised version of the 'Old Curiosity Shop' from the fate it merits, in spite of the shameless absurdity of the apotheosis of the heroine in the concluding scene.

Probably one of the best pieces that have lately been produced is Mr. Albery's 'Two Thorns' at the St. James's. It is decidedly superior to his more successful 'Two Roses,' though possessing many and glaring faults. It is not surprising that a provincial company failed to command success with it on its former appearance under another title, as it requires good and careful acting, which it now enjoys. The intricacy of the plot, too, we fear requires more attention than ordinary playgoers are apt to give. If we except 'Randall's Thumb' at the Court Theatre, with its supremely comic *dénouement*, there is really nothing else worthy of notice among the new pieces. A wicked wit observed the other day to us that he thought Mr. Toole's reiterated expression 'I am not happy' must have been suggested by that gentleman's having taken part in the preceding piece 'Wait and Hope' wherein an endeavour is made to sustain the interest by means of puns, as if in a burlesque. Good puns some of them, too, but sadly out of place. We look for better things at the Gaiety.

Mr. Gye is first in the field with a prospectus of the Italian Opera. Powerful as his company are in the matter of 'stars,' we fear that in representing such operas as 'Don Giovanni,' &c. where strength is

required in all the parts, the weakness of the background will be unpleasantly noticeable. We cannot help regretting the 'positively last appearance' of our old favourite Signor Mario, but are somehow or other reminded of the many 'farewells' of poor Grisi, and should not be surprised to hear 'More last Words of Mr. Baxter' advertised next season.

The private musical societies have as usual been busy with the commencement of the season, and the treat afforded to the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts of a Gounod concert, conducted by the great *maestro* in person, was calculated to excite the envy of the outside public who delight in music, which was allayed by the opportunity of hearing M. Gounod's music conducted by himself at the Oratorio concerts, where Dr. Ferdinand Hiller also received a well-deserved ovation.

After all the 'tall talk' we have heard about the Albert Hall, it would appear not to be the gigantic success, in one respect at least, that was anticipated. Many will probably recall the acoustic arrangements of the Greek theatre in Mr. Peacock's clever story of 'Gryll Grange' which, though admirable in theory, did not have that practical effect that was anticipated. There were of course plenty of excuses ready for the sad failure of the preliminary trial, but yet there is no doubt that the instance we have just quoted affords far too true a parallel. The International Exhibition would not appear to have taken any very strong hold on public interest. We suspect the thing has been overdone. Of course no one in his senses ever believed the extravagant ideas which claimed for these exhibitions the position of so many avatars of peace, and it is unnecessary to point to the conspicuous failures of the New York and Paris Exhibitions in this respect, even had weapons of destruction not formed a striking feature in the displays. The influx of pictures has been something wonderful, and the hanging committee, or whoever answer to them at Kensington, will probably have as arduous and invidious a task as their brethren at the Royal Academy, with an equal certainty of being well abused. We wonder if the disappointed artists will dispute the judgment of their censors again this year by challenging a comparison with their own works collected into one exhibition. While on the subject we would venture to express to the Committee our hope that the walls of the Academy will not be occupied to the former extent by portraits of illustrious nobodies. Of course the universal question in speaking of the coming Academy is 'What will Millais do?' We have heard great accounts of a picture by this gentleman, representing a fair somnambulist, candle in hand, and dressed, or rather undressed, in a *robe de nuit*, walking on the edge of a cliff, which will no doubt be one of the pictures of the season.

We ought not to forget to commemorate the royal marriage. It is not for us to take upon ourselves the duty which Mr. Tennyson so

persistently neglects, and indite an epithalamium, to say nothing of the fact that every possible compliment has already been paid the happy pair. We believe the scene at Windsor was impressive, but cannot speak from experience. As regards what we did see, the London illuminations, they were the poorest we ever witnessed, not coming up even to the level of the birthday displays.

There are connoisseurs and connoisseurs, and one of the most remarkable we have lately heard of is the expert who recently announced his power of identifying German female hair. Whatever may be the origin of the wonderful superstructures we see around us at evening parties, these unsubstantial fictions appear to sustain no abatement; and no wonder, too, considering the statistics of the human hair import trade we have lately been favoured with. How long is this to last?

But of all the extraordinary dictates of fashion, those which prescribe particular colours, whether suitable or not, are the most extraordinary. We see ladies wherever we go, no matter of what age or complexion, clad in bottle green: a little while ago it was brown, once mauve. What will it be next? The bottle green has not perhaps obtained quite so wide a circulation as its predecessors, but it is more than sufficiently plentiful. There is one case in which we can take delight in uniformity of colour, and that, need we say it, is in the display to which we look forward on the Boat Race day. Then, ladies, as much DARK BLUE as ever you like.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

Readers of 'The Dark Blue' who have the inestimable good fortune not as yet to have opened Mr. Wilkie Collins's dramatic satire entitled 'Man and Wife' can hardly realise the measure of success with which that potent plot-weaver has attacked Athleticism. After all, he does but echo through the medium of fiction the energetically expressed sentiments of the late Dr. Daubeny, whose major premiss was half a century of observation of academic muscularity, whose minor premiss was a Zacchæan *physique* of his own. Perhaps the fallacy could be found latent in the minor, rather than the major, in the case of that learned professor. For the arguments advanced by Mr. Collins the nearest library should be consulted forthwith. It is impossible to acquiesce in their soundness; still *fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The hero-villain of the story is successively stroke-oar of his University boat, and champion runner in a race between the North and South. Ergo, argues the novel, he must be a brute, and may be appropriately manipulated into a murderer. Now imagine the feelings with which an emotional young lady, just fresh from such tri-voluminous teaching, will regard the manly forms of Messrs. Goldie and Lesley at Putney—if you can. Quite irrespective of all minor considerations as to strain on wind and muscle, he is improvident of reputation who handles a stroke-oar. Cain seems graved on his brow. Seven we presume is less criminal: perhaps forgery would be more his *métier*. Six again might, if brought to justice, escape with seven years. Thus the sins of the boat would graduate to bow, who might be convicted of no more than a modest breach of promise of marriage. Who, then, we ask, can possibly desire the barren disgrace of thus energising on behalf of his University? *Pace* Mr. Collins, for the honour of Cam and Isis, the answer is ready. Most men—all men of manly blood assuredly—these sixteen Englishmen are worthy of honest envy. It is well to be first in one line, although of course better to be first in two or three, and best to be good all round. Let us summon as witnesses my Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and the present head-masters of Malvern, Eton, and Winchester. This doctrine may seem to savour too strongly of Dark Blue. It will however bear the closest investigation. Nay, more, it has stood the test of experience. Our recent

academic history proclaims the wholesome fact that those colleges which gain the highest intellectual honours show also the best average on the river, in the cricket-field, and in the fives-court. Nor does the *corpus sanum* brutalise the *mens sana*. We have known oarsmen to be admirable singers, graceful dancers, skilled instrumentalists. The great ruck of Oxford rowers take holy orders, and very soon develop the common clerical faults, one of which is not by any means a lack of polish. Mr. Collins attempts to prove the truth of his most unreal conception of a University oarsman by quoting 'The Times' on the fracas in the theatre at the Commemoration of 1869, and the burning of the Christ Church statues, but he fails to establish the fact that one single boating man had hand or voice in either of those scandals. The real inference from his data is, not that the river is degrading, but that authority goes the wrong way to work with impulsive natures. Never was there a mutiny which was caused by the mutineers. The officers are the right men to be called to account.

This year's race ought to be—will be—superb. At either seat of learning there is latent a wholesome stock of self-sufficiency. Oxonians are perhaps the more inclined to believe in their success, from the gigantesque quantity of bone and muscle which goes to form their crew. It may be our vanity; it may be the result of memories; but we cannot bring ourselves to imagine how such an eight can lose on the Putney water. They are large, grand men, and as we write are by no means in bad form. Mr. Bunbury commands greater confidence as number seven than he succeeded in gaining as stroke. Mr. Lesley is worthy of the post of honour. As for the ship's company, satire growls that they look prettier in a photograph, or on the bank, than afloat. Let the critics have their say; words do not stop the way of the boat. *Apropos* of the racing boat, by the bye, Messrs. Salter's art workmen have built her of a size equal to eight engines, and a feather. For the more accurate information of the anxious engineer, it may be added that she is registered A1, copper-bottomed.

The month of March has seen our torpid races. The torpid racing-boats are for the most part manned by junior aspirants after aquatic honours. Every college, including infantine Keble, has its torpid. The weather was perfect, and the attendance of spectators very large. Old Trinity men will rejoice to learn that their crew bumped five times in succession, ending third on the river. Christ Church and University contributed excellent crews, whilst Magdalen deserves a word of encomium for three bumps. There is abundance of healthy material among the rising generation of Bosporee. Matter, however, as we learn from our logic books, does not always shape itself at once to correct form. In one or two of the less practised torpids slightly eccentric performances might be noticed even by the most unobservant. 'What a fearful amount of exertion number eight in that boat is undergoing!' gasped a fair witness of a certain torpid. She gave utterance doubtless

to fact. 'Number eight,' by which it is needless to add she meant 'bow,' was wriggling, attitudinising, gyrating like a Frenchman. You might have imagined him to be pulling by his own unaided muscularity, not eight, but eighty sitters. In former years it was *de rigueur* for at least one torpid to capsize. Not as a joke. Oh no! Isis in March is much too cool for that sort of sportive experiment. Simply because some item—possibly number eight—elected to catch a crab. Since those primeval days of torpidity Oxford has progressed. We may have our contortionists, but they are not wild enough to be dangerous. There is no need now to label the worst of the torpids 'Keep this side up!'

In spite of races, and royal marriages, and other mundane delights we must not forget that it is Lent. Many and potent have been the discourses delivered, and the preachers address audiences alike attentive and appreciative. At St. Mary's Dean Stanley preached a sermon of rare pictorial merit. It is reported *in extenso* in the current number of 'The Undergraduates' Journal,' and is well worth an investment of sixpence. Alas! the solemn lessons of the Church's gravest season have been painfully enforced by the deaths of three junior members of the University. Christ Church, New, and Worcester Colleges are in mourning, whilst more than one murmur of indignation may be heard at this—we hope—the *last* harvest of defective drainage. The incredible parsimony of the city, and the stolid conservatism of the University have combined to foster pollution, till even the supineness of Government has felt the responsibility of interference, and something is to be done.

To descend from matters serious to questions ecclesiastical—Mr. Voysey's case, although that gentleman is an Oxonian, has excited but feeble interest in the University. *Per contra*, the Purchas judgment has affected every common room. This is easily accounted for. Practically there are no Low Churchmen in Oxford. Oxford mixture may be defined as the pepper of 'the Broad' blent with the salt of 'the High.' Now the major portion of the High party are incensed, and the Broad Churchmen by no means pleased, with the tightening of a system already too narrow to fit their expansive consciences. It is rumoured that the bishop of the diocese intends to treat the judgment as a cipher. At all events his ritualist clergy mean to show fight. They will not stultify their past by deposing vestments assumed on principle. As for the position of the celebrant, the ruling of Lord Hatherley is viewed angrily by many who dislike vestments, incense, and every accessory of the Mass. In short, matters have at last come to a deadlock. And the only possible solution of the difficulty is to be sought in Convocation. Ritualists must obey the spoken voice of their Church. If her Majesty will give the Convocations of the two provinces opportunity for joint legislation these questions will be settled finally. The responsibility ought to rest with the Church. Make the Church bear

it, and, so far as externals are concerned, we shall have uniformity, if not unanimity.

Talking of clergy, there is a fragment of news going, which may interest them. Who has not heard of that peculiar species of harpy known as the Clerical Agent? Through such instrumentality not only have gross scandals arisen, but, worse still, harmless men have been plundered shamelessly. Perhaps Parson Square has become Vicar of Round. Conscious of his unfitness for that particular post, he desires to exchange. Agent offers him the Rectory of Quadrilateral—just the very thing—and so the exchange is arranged. Parson Circular, rector of Quadrilateral falls in with the notion, and the upshot of the negotiation is that it becomes somehow, through the agent's dexterity, tainted with simony. Either man is forced to pay heavily; and should there be a whisper of *vendetta*, there is the threat of prosecution for this strange ecclesiatical offence, provable by the wording of some careless letter, written to the confidential agent in confidence. Worst of all, the sufferers not merely have to endure extortion, they are liable to demands for hush-money to their dying day. To come to the point. These evils being acknowledged, and fair play for those who desire to keep within limits of the law being something more than a *desideratum*, a society has been formed in Oxford for the transaction of all necessary ecclesiastical business. This society is in the hands of gentlemen, and being remote from London, and courting the criticism of a great clerical centre, is likely to prove a decided boon to Vicar Square, Rector Circular, and parsons and patrons generally.

From Oxford ecclesiastical to Oxford musical the transition is easy, inasmuch as what little music exists in the place grows out of the college choirs. The Philharmonic Society gave their usual Lent oratorio in the Corn Exchange—a very first-rate concert-room acoustically and atmospherically—chorus respectable—boys to pull the women through would be an improvement—orchestra so so. A performance is announced of the 'Männergesangverein'—Oxford, not Leipsic. Madame Norman Neruda and Mr. Hallé delighted a more than enthusiastic audience in the Town Hall, which (as it was freezing) was carefully 'draughted' for the occasion by civic malevolence. Are the medical profession in collusion with the corporation? Lastly, Mr. Hamilton Clarke of Queen's, aided by his wife, performed some of his own compositions satisfactorily in the Holywell room. This is the sum of our March music, saving and except of course the anthems in various chapels. *À propos* of anthems, Christ Church men of twenty years back can frame but a faint idea of how much the cathedral service has improved during the reign of Dean Liddell. It is said, too, that the restored cathedral will contain some small amount of resonance. For the size of the building more trebles are required, and the addition of a few good amateur men's voices would fortify the chorus. The old choristers used to take servitorships. Now, we presume, they

are, in justice, offered exhibitions. If so, it would seem a pity not to give away these exhibitions for musical proficiency. That at least is as meritorious as favour or interest. A strong choir would thus be secured, at all events in term time. New College have collected a really effective body of voices, but we do not think that the end justifies or even palliates the means used to obtain this result. Wykeham left a thumping legacy to feed so many priests and quiristers. In the Roman Catholic days these priests occupied an enviable position. What with salaries superior to those allotted to the senior fellows, and perquisites in the shape of fees for Masses for the dead, they thrived. The Reformation did not alter the constitution of the choir. Ritual only changed. The foundation remained as of yore. Nevertheless Protestant honesty regarded by the sober light of subsequent facts, does not show to advantage. The priests being at the mercy of the fellows—for visitors have ever been Gallios in supineness—became, as cycles rolled on, poor, poorer, very poor. Yet the musical qualification continued, and one of the later priests was no less a man than Mr. Havergall, the composer. Poverty brought contempt in her train. The fellows, and especially the clerical fellows, began to stamp on these ordained brethren of theirs. They ejected them from college privileges in defiance of the letter and spirit of statutes. They heaped upon them insults petty and unmerited. Some in consequence resigned in disgust. Others, and gray-headed men too, held on from force of habit, or in hopes of a day of righteousness. That day never came. The University Commission refused to listen to grievances. Their function was to destroy, not to reform; so they handed over the priests to the tender mercies of their foes, who turned them out of the gates forthwith, proving thereby the words of the old adage, 'that a college has not a soul to be saved or a body to be kicked.' Next the college tried the experiment of choral scholars—an experiment of brief duration, which was quashed by a jest. 'What,' it was asked, 'is the precise significance of the term choral scholar?' 'None,' replied a wag 'for they are not choral, and they are not scholars.' The end of all this shuffling of the cards—if it be the end—is a system which produces creditable results so far as music goes. Well-salaried lay clerks take the men's part in the chapel service, whilst in lieu of the old set of chorister boys, who were taught classics with a view to a subsequent University education, the college has suppressed its school, bein content with the sons of artisans. Such is the story of New College choir. Let Archbishop Manning point the moral. Its tale is one needing no adornment.

In brilliant relief to Wykeham's foundation, Waynflete's larger-hearted college is pre-eminent for liberality to chorister boys. Like New College, Magdalen was endowed with a school for the children of her choir. One of the last acts of the great theologian president, Dr. Routh, was to revive the college school on the scale designed by the

founder. Every Oxonian knows Magdalen School. But not all are aware of its unparalleled success. It educates about one hundred and fifty boys; and since the election of its present head master has obtained—in proportion to its numbers—a fuller average of fellowships, scholarships, and other honours than any school in the kingdom.

There is a great dearth of gossip worth recording. It is said that there is to be a guild of art workmen established in Oxford, to combine the advantages of a club with a school for design, and prizes for excellence—Mr. Ruskin, of course, to be its head centre; Mr. Tyrwhitt and other amateurs of eminence to join on terms of equality. The dons seem tolerably puzzled to know how to deal with Dr. Temple's white elephant, the unattached student. He is a quiet, ruminant animal, but the responsibility of his well-being presses on the minds of his keepers. The office of Librarian to the Taylor Institution is vacant. Required a perfect knowledge of all modern languages, salary 150*l*. We ask, 'Is it possible?' How many thousands per annum does the University draw, and what is the average surplus funded—simply funded? Perhaps, however, the odd money is wanted for dons, perhaps for drains. It is certainly not easy to arrive at. The other day a small sum was required for St. Mary's organ. Dr. Stainer—who by the by has written a glorious anthem, entitled 'Lead, kindly light'—made an appeal for a few pounds. Of course there was a difficulty raised. Congregation do not like the sound 'St. Mary.' The exterior of the old church has cost a pretty penny, and the interior remains in a state of Georgian barbarity. Can nothing be done towards restoration? Dean Liddell is supposed to be architecturally minded, and is now at the head of affairs. As doubtless he has the good taste to peruse 'The Dark Blue,' perhaps the hint may not be lost. One subscription list would suffice.

# UGONE: A TRAGEDY.[1]

THE gifted author of 'Ugone' tells us in his 'Apology' that the main portion of this drama is based on fact, and further that the characters are sketches from life. This statement finds an echo in almost every scene of the poem, for it is no exaggeration to say that nowhere in this drama do we meet with that unnaturalness and utter improbability of incident which mars so much the development of plot in so many of our recent dramas, and that everywhere we find the *dramatis personæ* not merely speaking a language most consistent with their character as presented by the poet, but acting in a manner consistent with the natural conditions of the circumstances in which they are supposed to be placed. The terrible tale of this tragedy may be told in a very few words. Ugone Bardi, a Milanese, poor in purse but rich in the inheritance of good blood and princely qualities, 'a king of men,' loves and is beloved by Adelaide, the daughter of an English nobleman resident in Milan. Count Rocco Fiore plots with success to blast the character of the favoured Ugone, and even to destroy his sister and brother, and meets, as he deserves, the death punishment due to his 'multiplying villainies' at the hands of the man upon whom and upon whose family he had perpetrated a long series of crimes of the deepest dye.

From the merits of the poem before us we are induced to place a high value on the poetical abilities of the author—although, for reasons which we shall detail, we cannot accept his dramatic poem as even a second-rate drama, notwithstanding the dramatic power almost everywhere visible in it, for almost every scene of it thrills us with terror or melts us with pity. Power is the special characteristic of Mr. Armstrong's poetry, and the skill to chasten, to subdue, to husband, and to subordinate to the highest purposes of art that most essential of poetical gifts is the special weakness of his muse. The powerful current of his poetry is not the majestic might of the calm, broad, deep river which flows on, reflecting on its placid bosom the overhanging beauty of the heavens and the surrounding brightness of the earth, but it is the unrestrained and impetuous strength of the mountain

[1] By GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, B.A. London: Moxon.

torrent stream overflowing its banks and sweeping away in its resistless deluge every object that it meets. It is in vain that we look into this intensely absorbing poem for that harmonious union of strength and repose, of simplicity and sublimity, of calm grandeur and tumultuous passion, which go to make up the excellence of the highest form of tragedy. Mr. Armstrong evidently admires 'the grandeur of the self-restraint of the most ocean-minded of English poets.' Now, there is no sincerer form of admiration, and no higher mark of homage which can be paid, than that of imitation, and on this account we recommend Mr. Armstrong to study well and to imitate the 'self-restraint' of the greatest of all dramatic poets. Two other faults, akin to this we must notice; the excessive length of the play, and the excessive amount of needless verbiage in occasional passages, which we equally trace to want of 'self-restraint.' Mr. Armstrong must learn the necessity of the 'labor limæ' if he is sincerely anxious to do the fullest justice to his own great and original powers as a poet of no mean order.

We think our author would do well to avoid such Latin forms of our language as 'fructifying ducts,' and 'the *revivification* of our acquaintance,' and to stick more closely to that marvellous Saxon element which is so capable when well handled of touching our sympathies and winning its way to our apprehension. He should also avoid, we think, such parlance of the counter as the description of a lady's dress as 'quite a new thing,' and such sporting metaphors as when he speaks of Hell *bagging* souls. Occasionally, too, our poet rushes in his impassioned fervour from one image to another, utterly incongruous, if not absolutely inconsistent, rather to the amusement of the reader, whose deepest feelings are supposed to be appealed to by the poet. This fault is expressly notable in the speech of Ugone to his inamorata, where he tells her that for her sake his soul will be inspired by the divine breathings of the Lord's Prayer, which teaches us to forgive them that trespass against us, while in the very next breath the good Christian becomes a very pagan and tells his lady-love that he adores her as his *Dian!*

Whatever the faults of the poem, it bears notwithstanding the undoubted impress of genius, as none will doubt who feel the pulse of poetry in their blood. The love scenes between Adelaide and Ugone are pervaded with the highest and purest inspirations of passion, and the last scene, where Adelaide dies in the arms of her lover, reaches the height of intense tragedy, and reveals a degree of power on the part of the poet rarely equalled by the most popular poets of the day even in their best passages.

# The Life & Times of Henry, Lord Brougham.[1]

Written by Himself.

Although in the venerable author's latest directions touching this work it is spoken of as an 'Autobiography,' we think the term is hardly, at least as regards the volume now before us, an appropriate one. The work might with more propriety have been described as 'Memorials of the late Lord Brougham, edited by himself.'

The life of Henry Brougham, extending as it did over a longer period than that usually allotted to man and through some of the most stirring times in British history, could not be other than an interesting one, even had its subject not been so intimately connected, as he was, with the political and literary history of his times. When, however, we have the life of one who took such a prominent part in nearly all the important events of his time placed before us by himself we are doubly interested.

The present volume embraces the earlier part of Henry Brougham's career, before his brilliant political successes had raised him to the height of fame. To the historical student the later volumes will probably prove more valuable, but there is much in the present one that will probably interest the general reader more than the records of Brougham's later days. The memorials of his childhood, written by his mother, are very curious, showing the acuteness of his perceptive powers, even in his earliest days, and the desire for universality which marked him when a mere boy. His journals of his early travels show the same features in a yet more marked degree. It is strange to observe the extreme distaste for the trammels of the legal profession which appears at one time to have animated his restless intellect, and to compare it with the remembrance that his greatest triumphs in reality took their rise from the opportunities given him by that profession, and with the anecdote which he tells of himself, as a mere boy, proclaiming himself as the 'Lord Chancellor.' That vanity which, we may almost say, gave birth to this work, and that extreme restlessness of disposition which was his other most notable characteristic, were well shown in the wild pranks of his student life, which the old man evidently dwelt upon with something of the spirit which caused the

[1] Volume I. William Blackwood & Sons.

sedate Justice Shallow to call to memory how he had heard the chimes at midnight.

One of the episodes in Brougham's career, on which he dwells at much length in this volume, is the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' to his work upon which periodical no small amount of his subsequent success was doubtless due. The history of the celebrated 'blue and yellow' is calculated to interest the literary student as much as anything in the whole book. The discrepancy between his account and the well-known one by Sydney Smith of its birth is very singular, although not altogether irreconcilable, and it is not easy to divest ourselves of the idea, from the tone in which he speaks of Sydney Smith throughout, that that reverend, or rather irreverent, joker must have occasionally let off some sarcasms displeasing to Brougham's notorious vanity.

After this we come to the journal of a continental tour, written with the same observant power as that of his earlier journeys, and displaying in the same marked manner his critical acumen on every subject, now matured by the work of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Not long after his return he made his first start in active political life, having been appointed as secretary of a mission to Portugal. From this epoch to the conclusion of the volume, a period of about six years, the history of himself and his times is told in a series of letters, chiefly interesting to the historical student from the light thrown by them on the intrigues of the two great parties in the State. The memorable election of Lord Grenville for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford in 1809 was welcomed by Brougham as the death-blow of 'No Popery' and the foundation of Liberalism 'even' in Oxford. A few months after the apostle of Liberal principles was elected member for the rotten borough of Camelford! Still, however, it is but fair to say that he seems to have been far from satisfied with this position, and to have only been deterred by the expense which accompanied such a proceeding in those days from appearing as the popular candidate for a larger borough.

As might be expected in the case of a work compiled at such an advanced period of life, there are many inaccuracies in the present volume, one of the most noteworthy of which is Brougham's having taken his juvenile translation of Voltaire's 'Memnon' for one of his own original works. His express directions to his executors that the work should not be submitted to any editor have operated very prejudicially in this and other instances, such as in the case of many of the proper names referred to.

It has been justly said that the writer of an autobiography must be possessed of inordinate vanity, and Brougham was evidently no exception to the rule. An autobiographer cannot be a Boswell, but in proportion to the excess of that vanity he will approach more nearly to the standard of that prince of biographers by seeing something worthy of note even in his most trivial actions.

# Mr. Weatherly's Poems.[1]

Versemaking is so notoriously a failure, no less than a failing, among young men at our Universities, that an undergraduate's volume of poems is usually received with very just misgivings. Mr. Weatherly has, however, succeeded in putting forth a book which, had it been pruned down to one half its size, would probably have been famous, and which has, even at present, attracted far more than an average share of notice.

'Muriel, the Sea-King's Daughter,' is based on Andersen's delightful story 'The Little Mermaid;' and we intend no slight praise in saying that the tale gains by its adaptation. The metre, blank verse strongly resembling the style of parts of the 'Princess,' is handled with a skill very unusual in so young a man.

And yet we cannot lay our hand upon it and say confidently 'the man who wrote this will be a great poet.' The plot is a borrowed one, and has undergone little alteration or expansion. To alter or expand it after the manner of Tennyson and Morris would, we take it, have been in this instance a decided mistake. But by this very fact we are left ignorant whether Mr. Weatherly has the power of originating a poem of any length, with incident, character, light and shade, developed and sustained. That, encouraged by his success in 'Muriel,' he will hasten to take the measure of his capability in this respect we venture to hope: to the result we shall look with more than ordinary interest.

We pass to the minor poems. It has been already said that Mr. Weatherly would have done well to reduce the size of his book by one half. It is doubtless hard to resist publishers' importunities for a thick volume, and still harder to keep a wise restraint on that excessive tenderness with which young poets regard their productions. And so we find in this book a number of pieces far inferior to the rest. Many are without plot, object, or climax—simply sketches, and not even good as sketches; almost all of them are in that short limping measure, part anapaest, part iambic, which, because it never has been and perhaps never can be written with success, is by a strange fatality so

[1] *Muriel, and other Poems.* By Frederick Edward Weatherly. Oxford: Thos. Shrimpton & Son; London: Whittaker & Co.

dear to youthful versifiers. However, we are glad to see that all or nearly all were written some years back.

But there is one of the 'Early Poems' which stands in striking contrast to these. 'Gone Home on New Year's Eve' is the story of a husband's desertion told by a starving woman, sitting on a doorstep, to her starving child; as she is concluding it, the child dies. The piece is simple in the extreme, and yet we know no more pathetic ballad in the language. Well recited, it would produce on almost any audience an effect positively painful. We do not care to mar the poem by quotation; but we conscientiously assert that it ought by itself to make its author's name.

Among the remaining pieces we especially like the companion poem 'A Last New Year's Eve,' 'Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi,' 'A glimpse of Sunlight' and 'The Lady Isobel' (both imitated from Tennyson), 'Shadows,' and the Songs for Mr. Roeckel's new cantata of Fair Rosamond: indeed the last are really exquisite. Mr. Weatherly's skill in metrical form is very noticeable; but he should not neglect the beautiful class of metres so successfully cultivated by Swinburne and O'Shaughnessy. And let him be always convinced that the shapes of his thoughts are original before committing them to print; one or two echoes from well-known authors, which he has doubtless long since detected and regretted, have crept into his volume. There are also some of those minutiæ of style which need so constantly to be corrected in young poets—the too frequent use of the auxiliary 'do,' of French and Latin refrains, of the ejaculations 'Ah! God,' 'Ah! Christ,' and the straining after archaic and unusual forms such as 'miserie,' 'Christobel,' 'Isobel,' and the absolutely ungrammatical 'afterawhiles.' Finally, let him essay higher subjects and a higher treatment of them.

A young Oxford man of our acquaintance submitted some of his verses not long since to one of the great poets of the day. 'I want,' he was told, 'to find more weight in your work both of style and matter; but you must remember that I was to say all I thought of this poem, and I assure you that I think it quite good enough (considering the circumstances, which must be considered in such cases) for me to have said nothing but praise of it. I am anxious to see more of your writing, and have no doubt that you will do better things (though this is good, I repeat) if you look at matters steadily and seriously, and do nothing but what you like very much yourself.' Every word of this will hold good for Mr. Weatherly. We feel that he *can* do 'better things' even than the best in the pleasant volume before us. If he *will* we do not care to conceal our opinion that a very bright future is before him.

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## CONTENTS.


PAGE

'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, *Exeter College*, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson . 129
CHAPTER V.—London.
" VI.—Greek Verse in Eaton Square.
" VII.—Sergeant Christian in Lodgings.
" VIII.—The Old Attaché.

POETS AND PROPHETS. By W. H. Mallock, *Balliol College* . 152

'TRAGEDY.' By Heine. Translated from the German by Franz Hüffer . . . . . 163

THE EDUCATION OF SCEPTICUS. By H. D. Traill, B.C.L., *St. John's College* . . . . . 164

THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD. Translated from the Icelandic by William Morris, *Exeter College* . . . . . 176
CHAPTER XI.—Frithiof goes to see King Ring and Ingibiorg.
" XII.—Frithiof saves the King and Queen on the ice.
" XIII.—The King sleeps before Frithiof.
" XIV.—King Ring's gift to Frithiof.
" XV.—Frithiof King in Sogni.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES. By Thomas Hughes, M.P., *Oriel College*, and W. D. Rawlins, *Trinity College* 183

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS. By A. Strachan, *Trinity College* . 189

FRANCE REJUVENESCENT. By an Old M.P. . . . . 190

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST. By Compton Reade, *Magdalen College*. Illustrated by Miss Edwards . . . . . 197
CHAPTER III.—Society Choral.
" IV.—A Respectable Sinner.
" V.—Unaccountable.

THE END OF A MONTH. By Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Balliol College*. Illustrated by Simeon Solomon . . . . . 216

THE PEOPLE'S EDUCATION. By Amelia Lewis . . . . 221

ALCIBIADES. By T. H. Gibson, *St. Andrew's University* . . 226

PETTY PARNASSUS. By Tom Hood, *St. Mary Hall* . . . 228

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. By R. G. Marsden, *Merton College*, late President of the O.U.B.C. . . . . 234

THE LAY OF THE SEVEN OARS. By Henry Hayman, D.D., *St. John's College*, Head Master of Rugby School . . 238

IN TOWN . . . . . 241

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 245

REVIEWS:—Ugone, a Tragedy . . . . . 251
" The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham . 253
" Mr. Weatherley's Poems . . . . . 255

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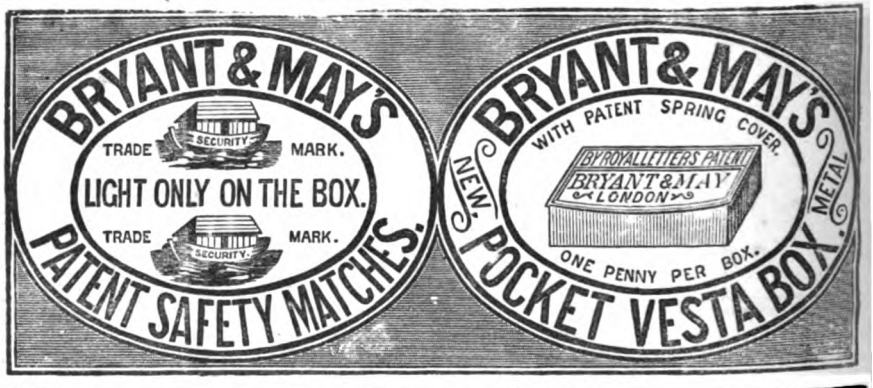


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MAY 1871.

## 'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

### CHAPTER IX.

*A HUMAN TUTOR.*

POLLY, we are both of us miserable and disreputable wretches.'

'Pretty Polly! poor Harry!'

'You stupid bird, pretty Polly indeed. Why you crazy looking scraggy creature, with half your plumage gone and your bones sticking out of your skin; *you are* a disgrace to the house, as my father says *I am* a disgrace to the family. But for that madcap girl Eliza the housemaid and me, who have both soft hearts, you'd been shunted long ago—ah, you wicked, tipsy looking beast, don't cock your eyes at me!'

'Pretty, pretty Polly! — poo — oor Harry!'

'Get along, you canting wretch; wanting to make yourself out better and prettier than poo—oor Harry indeed. I tell you, nobody'd trust you. If you don't look respectable you'll make no one believe you are so. The world is too wise for that; I've found it out. Look at my brother Edward, he *is* respectability itself, and looks it. I am disrespectability itself and I suppose I look it. I tell you, we are

both disreputable. It's a wonder you haven't been turned out long ago, as I have been turned away from the breakfast table just now, for shouting 'Hurrah' when my father told me that the Rev. Mr. Ward, my tutor, had got a living. I come here to tell you of my troubles, and you, you set yourself up for something better, you disreputable old beast!'

'Pretty Polly, poo—oor Harry!'

'Hish, hish, hish—I'll give it you, you hypocrite.'

'Poo—oor Harry!'

'You determined old rascal, so you will have it I'm worse than you? Well, if *you* begin to pity me I must be badly off. Polly, my dear, I wish I were dead, for I can't see the way to get on. Yes, look out into the November fog, and look in at the grand library—what's the use of it? it don't make me happy. I am a poor forlorn wretch, and never shall be anything else, if they treat me like this. Suppose we cut our sticks, Polly bird, and go a-wandering; we might earn our living somehow—I don't care for all this finery, it's no use to me. Will you come, Polly?'

Polly turned her sly old head and said nothing.

'Faithless, faithless—I suppose I'm not respectable and genteel enough for Miss Polly, you scraggy old thing. Curse you, you hypocrite, I could strangle you'—and Harry stamped his foot.

A gentle presence appeared behind Harry at that moment, enveloped him with soft arms and murmured, 'Harry, Harry, don't curse; don't break your mother's heart.' A warm tear fell on Harry's hand from his mother's eyes.

Harry looked up, saw Mrs. Damer's tearful countenance and threw himself face downwards on the hearthrug, as if there, on mother earth's breast, as far as *he* could reach it—he should find protection and comfort. Short dry sobs escaped him. Mrs. Damer called him softly—no use; more sobs, sobs as if the poor boy were choking. Mrs. Damer knelt down by him—no use; sobs, sobs, sobs getting more and more violent, till the hands became clenched and Harry struck his head against the ground in the agony of his boyish misery. Mrs. Damer was frightened: she sat down on the hearthrug by him, put his head on her lap, found his face swollen and purple, opened his shirt collar, loosened his tie, and bent gently down to stroke the boy's face and kiss it. Then the spell was broken, the sobs ceased, the tears began to flow, and short sentences were heard.

'Dearest mamma, I am such a wretch to make you cry—and miserable—and have words with papa—and you my own good mamma, the best friend I have—oh, I am such a horrid wretch!'

'Poo—oor Harry!' put in Polly.

'There, that old beast even pities me. Oh, mamma, mamma, what is to become of me?'

'Harry, my boy, don't excite yourself so violently. We'll have a long talk by and by; do get quiet now,' and Mrs. Damer bent again over her boy and stroked his hair—thinking in a faint glimmering way that it seemed odd for her husband to be there in his study with his private secretary over the concerns of the country, while she was left alone to battle with the agonies of his boy's froward temper.

At that moment the door opened, and a footman said to somebody—

'Will you walk in here, sir, if you please?'

Hermann Zollwitz stood on the threshold. Mrs. Damer softly put away her boy's head, and rose quickly, surprised and confused; the servant had not known the library was occupied. A blush covered that still handsome lovely countenance, and with a gentle inclination towards Zollwitz, she pointed to a chair—'Will you not take a seat, sir?'—and left the room.

Harry threw one vivid glance on the new comer, and rushed after his mother, looking at that moment decidedly more disreputable than Polly. Outside the room, he caught at Mrs. Damer's skirt and whispered excitedly,

'Oh, mamma, mamma, if that were my new tutor!—something tells me it is so. What a noble frank face! there, I could love that man.'

'Perhaps you are right, my boy. Now, you go up to your room, hope for the best, and when you have cooled your poor hot face with fresh water, go and see cousin Ethel. She'll be glad to see you and it will do you good. I must attend to the housekeeper, and besides I want to be quiet for a little while.'

'Dearest, dearest mamma, don't be cross with me!'

A kiss from his mother was Harry's answer.

The Right Hon. Mr. Damer entered his wife's boudoir half an hour later—Mrs. Damer was bending over her writing table. 'Jane, I want to speak to you,' said the Cabinet Minister; 'you were unjust to me this morning on Harry's account. You are spoiling that boy; he must be managed with a high hand, else he will disgrace our name. I think I have chosen a tutor for him now who will suit him better.'

'I hope he will be no pedant,' answered Mrs. Damer, a little coldly.

'Why do you say so? Can you not trust me? Have I no judgment? I have gone so far as to overcome my aversion for foreigners and have selected a young German, who may be able to put himself more on a par with Harry, and will not be so severe about classical studies. D'Alvensleben has recommended him, and I can depend on his discretion; besides, the young man's countenance and manner speak for him; he seems to be a gentleman. His English is a little

foreign and awkward, but that does not matter; he was highly recommended. Are you satisfied, Jane?'

'Why not?' said Mrs. Damer, still coldly. 'Surely a father would try to do the best for his son.'

'Jane, you are horribly unjust to me about that boy; I tell you I have tried to do the best, but I also say that, if Harry cannot be brought to a better course now, I have made up my mind that he shall emigrate to Australia. I shall send him to my father's distant relatives. I never will see our name disgraced—an honest if not a noble name.'

Mrs. Damer had risen: she felt the cut at her own noble descent and the blue blood in her veins rebelled; she confronted her husband, looked straight into his eyes, and said still coldly:

'Then I shall go with him; Harry will want me more than you do.'

'Jane!'

'Robert!'

Mr. Damer looked again at his wife, turned round and slammed the door as he left the room; not a very dignified proceeding for a Cabinet Minister. Humanity is humanity still.

Mrs. Damer sat down to her writing table and thought, and she thought it the hardest hour she had had since that joyous bridal morning of hers years ago.

Three weeks later the November fogs had it all their own way; they saturated London; they had taken so much vitality out of the poor bodily system, that they had rendered rich and well-to-do people cross—and poor miserable people poorer and more miserable still. They, the fogs, had consumed no end of alcoholic strength and nutritious food, imbibing it through the vehicle of human constitutions. If you had a meat breakfast and a meat lunch and a good dinner, why you didn't want the alcohol so much and might take it in a refined way in clarets and hocks, champagnes, even sherries, ports or cognacs. But suppose you couldn't get the meat breakfast and meat lunch and good dinner? Why then you had to take the alcoholic strength somewhat coarser in stout, ale and porter, British brandy, whisky, even down to vulgar and much-abused gin. But the November fogs would have it out of the British public. Suppose any member of the British public had to screw up his or her vitality to a higher pitch! Suppose that member had to meet its creditors; or its husband or wife in the divorce court; or a jury on a charge of libel in the guise of the unsuspecting printer, who knew nothing about it; or its enraged father at its Oxford debts; or the 'Times' on some literary failure, which Jupiter Scribens deigned to notice; or suppose its mother-in-law or its constituents wrathful at not having had their individual vagaries represented in the last session of Parliament, or, worst of all, its shareholders in a limited liability concern—then the November fogs gloried,

because such member of the British public had necessarily to imbibe a deal of alcoholic strength and the fogs got it out of it again. Yet somehow the November fogs never got tipsy, they seemed to have no limit to their power of absorption.

The November fogs had had it all their own way till sharp, stern December had cut their ways short and told them they had had enough of it. The fire burnt brightly in the grate of the Right Honourable Mr. Damer's library, for the Cabinet Minister was still in town. Zollwitz and Harry Damer were there, going to work. But three short weeks and what a different scene! Zollwitz, a little pale it is true, but with the same bright look in his face, sat poring over a blue book —trying to understand the British constitution, poor fellow—and Harry Damer just rushed in brimful of talk, news, and private communications.

'I say, Zollwitz, ain't you a jolly old brick? Whatever should we do without you now? Look around you and see the difference the few weeks you have been here have made? I don't lie on the hearthrug now, trying to clutch hold of mother earth. Here I am, getting a decent boy again. Oh, Miss Polly, no crowing over me now—see how crestfallen she looks, Zollwitz, she dare not even put in a word.'

It was true, Polly never stirred, but sat in sullen silence.

'I say, Zollwitz, don't study that stupid blue book any more, but listen to me, I have such lots to tell you, you are such a downright brick. Only think, papa actually smiled again at breakfast, and my dearest mamma looked pleased. Papa says I did that essay very well on William III.'s character; how could I have done it if you hadn't told me what a clever old Dutch mummy he was, and how he saved the British Constitution, and how he made England respected everywhere? And, I say, Zollwitz, when you were out of the room, papa did praise you up so, and he said you were bearing down all his prejudices against the Germans, and that he was astonished at your knowledge of English history and English affairs——'

'Harry, Harry, you should not repeat your father's private remarks.'

'Oh, bother—I want to make you see what a jolly fellow you are! There now, Zollwitz, when I look at you, I think it is all nonsense your being here as my tutor; why, I do believe you are as much a gentleman, I mean as grand, as we are, if not grander. Why, your very face shows it, and I am sure that there's lots, downright lots of pluck in you—gentlemanly pluck—that'll boil up if a fellow hits you hard, or if you see another poor fellow hit hard. Zollwitz, I like you as a friend, but I think you'd be a precious hard enemy. I must tell you more: papa said really Edward, my respectable brother, seemed to know very little about England and English history—why, how can he? He has always been bothering

about those old fogies, the Volsi and Samnites and the Latins and Carthaginians and the Persians and Greeks—why, he never had time to learn anything about home. "Papa," I said, "*I* even know more than he; for when the Rev. Mr. Ward used to give me no end of chapters to get up in English history and I couldn't do it, because my brain wouldn't hold them, then mamma used to put it before me all in real scenes and real actions, and never shall I forget what a jolly old girl I thought Queen Margaret, Henry VI.'s wife, when she so pluckily used to march up and down England and Scotland, and think nothing of rushing over to France for troops or money to fight it out with Master Edward of York." My father nodded and said I talked too fast, and if I only didn't act like a fool, and talk like a wise man, I might do something some day. Now, I say Zollwitz, it's no use papa denying it, I am more like him than Edward, for I have got his pluck. There, you don't know papa's pluck; he isn't afraid of mamma, because she is too gentle by far—I've never seen *her* in a huff—and he isn't afraid of her Majesty I think; I'm sure he'd beard the whole House of Commons and the Lords too, if they'd say too much to him—but *I* know, Zollwitz, of whom he is afraid; there, it's a secret—of old Aunt Sarah in Suffolk! Ha, ha, ha! you'll see her, she *is* a cure; but I don't mind her, for I am her darling and can do anything with her.'

'Harry, please stop that voluminous conversation and fetch your study books.'

'How grand you do talk sometimes, Zollwitz, it's such funny stuff, but I don't mind it because you are such a dear old fellow. Look here, Zollwitz, we are going to Suffolk in the Christmas holidays; some other poor unlucky Cabinet Minister will have to stick in town. And I'll tell you, Zollwitz, dear sweet cousin Ethel is coming too. Oh, you've never seen her—she's everything beautiful and jolly put together—old Diana and young Hebe and soft Venus all put together—she's without doubt the dearest girl in the world. But I'm always afraid I shall lose her, because she is older than I am and she won't wait perhaps for me, but I'll kill her if she won't; and do you know, Zollwitz, I always seem to feel about and stretch out my hands like a blind boy for people I love like her and you, as if they'd get away from me, and I should lose them. I do feel I want somebody to tie me to life; how happy people must be who are respectable and self-sufficient and don't want anybody to tie them to life! But I mustn't talk nonsense, and when I say my thoughts they seem to be nonsense. You won't leave us, Zollwitz, and get a swell of some kind or other—I hate swells, Zollwitz. There, I am always afraid everything I love'll go away from me, like what some poet said——'

'You mean Moore, Harry:

'Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!'

'Ain't you a poetical swell, and not in your own language even. Now I shouldn't have thought where it was, only I knew it was somewhere.'

'But, Harry, I must have the books now!'

'All right, Zollwitz, don't get cross—I'll be off like a shot.'

---

## CHAPTER X.

### *LADY PRUSSIA AND ANGELINA.*

THERE was a street in Chelsea—a lonely, miserable, dull, damp and wretched street; the flare of the public house did not enliven it; the gas of the cheap baker's burnt not here; the pawnbroker's secret temptations and relief had no charms for it. The street *was* lonely because it seemed to go nowhere; the street *was* miserable because it had no buying and selling; it *was* damp because the Thames odours fumigated it; and it *was* wretched because wretched poor forlorn people lived in it. There was a street in Chelsea where children played sullenly and poor men walked slouchingly and miserable women dragged along slovenly: a street in a suburb of the queen of cities of Europe—big, rich, wealthy, purseproud London. This street knew want and hunger and heartburning and unconscious living death, and it harboured somebody—worse than forlorn, and miserable and lonely, for that somebody had broken the links that united it to the voltaic pile of social life, had got detached and was hanging on somehow by Newton's principle of the earth's gravitation downward, till the poor bones of that somebody would gravitate into the pauper's grave.

Goethe, the great anatomist of moral humanity, imagined the misery of actual want, when he placed young Wilhelm Meister with his fresh buoyant soul outside the door of the garret listening to the white-headed ecstatic old man, as he sang:

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.[1]

But Goethe's idea of human want was but, could be but, the

---

[1] Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who never passed the night's long hours
Sleepless and weeping on his bed,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

imaginary idea of the soul of genius. To find it, that true want, you must have seen it, have searched for it, have recognised its existence, have been burdened by its crushing presence, have positively known that hunger and thirst and dirt and the grasping consciousness of being below the allowable status of human requirements do have their being among us! Goethe, he of the well-to-do Frankfort family, he who had been rocked in the cradle of comfort and indulgence, how could *he* know that want? By such intuition as all brain-geniuses have, who see with their spiritual eyes, who feel with their spiritual nerves, and who thus become one with humanity! Well indeed do the Germans value those lines and appreciate them and cherish every trace of their great men! But look, you neglectful Briton, who will but attend to shares and the last prices of the corn market, and the telegrams on Indian shirtings; look, the German loves his Goethe, treasures this picture of human want, and you, you have a finer one, but you won't see it, old, dear, broad Johnson, the very impersonation of humanity, carrying home the forlorn girl from the Strand—shed a tear over that grand old picture drawn for *ever*—the old lexicographer carrying home the girl from the Strand, and remember that a young literary man once told the tale in pretty words one Christmas time to his children—poor William Brough! Goethe, the towering heroic painter, painted the want in the old man's words, and Johnson, broad Johnson, relieved it! The work of genius, the work of reality! Over and over again do we live them day after day. The genius leaves its bright streams of light on the floating ages, the reality goes down into eternal forgotten consciousness of doing! Paint humanity! why an old head and a young heart are trying to do it together, are trying to write a romance, but trying, not with the elephantine marks of certain superiority, but humbly and modestly are trying to knock at the door of reality, and give in the faintest colours some touches of that last phase of the natural selection of mankind, according to the Darwinian principle—the civilisation of the nineteenth century. If all the romances written with the most vivid imagination, the widest life experience, the most earnest search after truth, from the 'Milesian Tales' to 'Lothair,' taking in the 'Arabian Nights'—if all were gathered together they would not represent the amount of real humanity produced by six months' circulation of life-blood in Chancery Lane and Fleet Street! Oh, humanity! oh, reality!

And there was a street in Chelsea miserable and forlorn because miserable and forlorn people lived in it! The wind it blew, the wind it moaned one evening in December; great big moans coming from somewhere, from the Siberian mines and the Russian plains, the Polish prisons and the Baltic gulfs—for it was an easterly wind; and laden with moaning gusts it came across right to the miserable street in Chelsea—the street in a suburb of big, purseproud London. The wind blew along and it drove before it a tall woman, poorly clad, with a

desponding air in her walk and a little yellow-haired girl by her side. They entered a low house with a half-shut door and ricketty stairs and mounted to the first floor.

'Shall I light the fire, ma'am?' said the little girl softly, and the tall woman answered, 'Oh, yes,' and sat down. Shivering and drawing her shawl round her she sat by the shaking window, and as she sat, she saw opposite in the dusk a shabby man walk along hopelessly, his head bent forward and his hands clasped tightly before him, and the easterly moaning Siberian wind rushing over him and drying up the last spark of electrical power in him. The woman saw the shabby man and she shivered again, but seemed satisfied. The fire it flickered and threw uncertain lights over the room and over the woman; and the little girl went and fetched a comb and gave it to the woman, who rocked herself to and fro and undid her wealth of golden hair, that flowed down in rich waving streams. The little girl sat down by the woman on a stool and was still—so still—till she said:

'Won't you sing to-night, ma'am?' and the woman said:

'Oh, yes,' and began the Loreley, the Loreley—crooning it off in soft sweet tones—low and waning, waning like old love, old love—long, long gone—gone to the grave of hopeless loss!

[1] Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin,
Ein Mährchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

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[1] I know not what thoughts are thronging
My heart with their wondrous chime;
They fill me with passionate longing
For a dream of the bygone time.

The sky with clouds is darkling,
But gently flows the Rhine;
In dyes of sunset sparkling
The mountain summits shine.

And there on the height is reclining
A lady, wondrous fair;
Her golden jewels are shining,
She binds her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh',
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Loreley gethan.

'She combed her golden hair,' she sang, and she did comb her long golden hair and looked over to the shabby man, who walked up and down and bent his head lower and pressed his hands tighter. But someone else had come into the street—a tall stiff figure had come there to follow that shadow it had seen on the day Zollwitz thought he recognised the figure near Hyde Park—the figure looked at every house and searched with peering eyes, and suddenly stood still—it heard the 'Loreley,' the 'Loreley,' from the sunny Rhine—it heard it in the miserable Chelsea street—it heard it so sweet, so soft, so weaning the boatman to come—and the figure stopped and entered that house and sat on the ricketty stairs and listened again. The woman she sat combing her golden hair and crooning the 'Loreley;' the little girl crouched by her, looking up into her pale weird face; the shabby man walked up and down and lowered his head and tightened his hands; and the tall stiff figure sat on the ricketty stairs, bent double with trouble and pain, and listened to the Loreley, the Loreley, from the sunny Rhine.

The spell held the scene till a shrill, sharp voice sounded through the house:

'Has Lady Prussia and Angelina not come in? I want those stock-

---

With a golden comb she binds it
And sings a magic song,
Intrancing melody winds it
Rivers and cliffs along.

The fisherman hears it ringing
With woe and wild surprise;
He hears but the lady singing,
He heeds not the storm arise.

And darkly will roll the river
O'er fisher and boat ere long,
Such ruin is linked for ever
With Lorley and her song.

This beautiful translation of the Loreley is from the pen of Charles Pelham Mulvany, and appeared in 'Κόττaβος,' the Dublin University Magazine, some short time ago.

ings mended to-night. Look sharp up there! I hear you— [illegible] dawdling your time away. I can see him, I can see him!'

The woman trembled, she tied up her wealth of hair and the little girl fetched a rushlight, the shabby man disappeared, and the tall stiff figure swayed backward and forward up the street moaning with the Siberian wind in sorrow!

And there was a street in Chelsea miserable and forlorn because miserable and forlorn people lived in it—and it is there now!

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### *FIRST SIGNS.*

If the stones of Torgau told their historical memories in the lurid haze of the September sun, so did the trees, the shrubs, the mansions and ruins, the meads and hollows, the cliffs and creeks, the bogs, belts, and villages of the south-east of Suffolk in the cheery December sun, as it lit up that corner of Great Britain. Grand and old memories it told, this county, of the Saxon South-folk, where even now in the vulgate of the common people pure German words and German turns of thought can be found—and it did not disdain to possess the most Saxon idiosyncrasies of any sister county in England. The reminiscences told of old Roman times, of walls and fortifications now washed over by the sea; they showed the mounds of the slain in the battles between Danes and Saxons; to a solitary heap of stones they pointed, all that was left of a castle of the Bigods, which Henry II. had razed to the ground because his sons defied him in it; in a faint way the reminiscences gave tokens of a great ancient harbour at the mouth of the Orwell from which Queen Eleanor had sailed and Edward III. had gone over to France; and they teemed with tales and stories of national interest.

The low shores of Essex led to high cliffs in south Suffolk, against which broke the waves of the North Sea; along these cliffs and in their creeks mightier treasures still might be found, innumerable shells and fossils, rendering the head dizzy with calculations how many thousand years they had lain there.

Here in this corner of Suffolk is one of the most pleasant water-courses in England: the pretty Orwell runs glistening along, and on its borders lie ancient and modern country residences, such as the English gentry love to dwell in. On the road from Ipswich to a gentleman's house situated some miles north of the Orwell, shouts could be heard on this bright December afternoon—shouts coming from the throat of a boy who was riding in his mother's open carriage with her and a gentleman. Oh, the joy to be out of dusky, foggy London, to

be here among the red holly and the brown looking fields, the crisp heath ground, and the soft meadow-land!

'Now, Zollwitz, we are coming to the village, I shall stand up and salute my constituents.'

'Harry, don't be so boisterous—you will bring the whole village upon us,' said Mrs. Damer.

'There is Farmer Richards and old Nancy: there's the crazy postman and my father's favourite, the philosopher, our half-blind schoolmaster. Hurrah for Suffolk! hurrah for Newstead! Here I am at home. How do you do, Polly Brighton—wait till to-morrow, I'll be down among you.'

The good people scraped a bow here and dropped a curtsey there and looked pleased; that carriage brought in its imaginary train kind words, comfortable Christmas cheer, and above all the presence of the family at the Hall. Had Mrs. Damer ever looked handsomer and brighter? Evidently Zollwitz was charmed with all he saw, but he said little; he looked on, as they passed through the village, comparing it to one of those primitive 'Bauerndörfer' (peasant-villages) in Germany. He every now and then quieted Harry, and lastly his eye rested with much admiration upon Harry's mother. For Zollwitz Mrs. Damer was becoming some beneficent deity that shed soft rays of glorious light around her—but a deity in human flesh and blood, possessed of large hazel eyes overshadowed by long deep lashes, a dainty transparent complexion, a cut of feature of the most refined type, and that soft undulating figure, bespeaking the woman above thirty, whose every movement had some sweet graceful charm; such deities make a young man's senses worship rather warmly. Zollwitz at twenty-two was a dangerous worshipper: he had scarcely ever been in the society of ladies; his brotherly love for Mary, his sister, was of the nature of quiet possession, and here his young ardent soul came suddenly into contact with a woman who showed him a tender regard, due from her to the man who was evidently becoming the saviour of her very impulsive and intractable boy Harry.

The carriage stopped before Newstead Hall, and the trio were at home; at home in an English country house, with fires brightly blazing, with respectful welcome from the servants, and with that intense atmosphere of easy, well bred, unostentatious comfort that *must* harmonise the outer and inner nature of man, and for which those who enjoy it *are not* and *cannot* be sufficiently grateful, for they seldom know the other side of the social picture and its sombre disadvantages.

Newstead Hall lay in a hollow in quiet beauty. It was not an ancient nor a magnificent residence, but rather a modern building of moderate size and scarcely of sufficient pretension—one might have thought—for so wealthy and rising a family as the Damers. But it had charms, and what charms! The large wide-spread ground

belonging to it; in which you might wander and wander and find new beauties—not forced, not over cultivated, but in their simple natural loveliness. The immense green that spread out before the house—studded with some mighty trees—allowed the eye to roam freely to the upland copses beyond, where the pheasant brooded and the partridge fluttered. The plantations to the right led on and on in ever varying form to the thick forest glades in which unspeakable noises of the animal world startled you and made you think yourself far off from man, his wants and ways. The smooth ground to the left brought you to a sprightly rivulet and its shaky wooden bridge, over which the village path led to the high road; and the whole scene was enshrined in that repose which is the real charm of a country residence.

Fancy Harry Damer and Zollwitz out here—out under the trees, out in the sunshine, out in the breezy air. Zollwitz drew a long long breath: upon him this big vast sense of nature's influence on human nerves had an overpowering effect. He now became aware that ever since he had arrived in England on that September evening something had cramped his energies, something had constrained his mental activity, and at the moment he could have sent out one long harrowing cry into those glades, into that wide scene of natural beauty, that it might be taken up in sympathy and somewhat relieve his overcharged heart.

'Don't you like this place?' said Harry, 'you look so miserable; I tell you, it is awfully jolly to be here.'

'I like it immensely,' said Zollwitz, 'its beauty and stillness quite affect me.'

'You are always so feeling, Zollwitz; I don't know where you get it all from. But look there!' cried Harry; 'look, there is Aunt Sarah just coming round the corner of the house. What a dear old girl to come at once and I dare say on foot, for *she* won't encourage laziness. Aunty, aunty, here I am, Harry Damer, your own boy!'

Harry rushed to meet his aunt, and went with her into the house, and Zollwitz sat down on the hard wintry ground—not afraid of cold, rheumatism, or lumbago. He began to ask himself why he was there, how he had got there, where should he be led to? And some dim answer came from a corner of his brain, You meant to find the land of political liberty and study its social aspect. Just as he began to sound the impressions he had already received, Harry rushed back again.

'Oh, Zollwitz, you must come in, for the old lady had spied you out and had a good stare at you. When I came in she asked me who you were, and I said, "My new tutor;" so she answered in her rough way, "Fiddlesticks, tutor! why he is only a lad himself, and a forlorn lad he looks too; what's the matter with him—doesn't he eat enough? Has he no father or mother? Why he looks forlorn and miserable. You

call him in; I want to speak to him." Now, do come in, Zollwitz; I never knew Aunt Sarah want to be introduced to anyone before.'

'Harry, your aunt is very rude and impolite. I shall not go in, and I warn you, Harry, never to mention my father's or mother's name again.' Zollwitz stood opposite Harry with gleaming angry eyes, a red forehead, on which shame had put its mark, and compressed lips.

'For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?' said Harry. 'Don't look so, don't speak so. Didn't I say you'd be a precious hard enemy? I can't stand it, I can't indeed. If you don't change this minute I shall throw myself on the ground and howl.'

Zollwitz's harsh mood was over: he took Harry's hand, told him quietly to go in, and that he would remain out a little longer. Harry went, afraid to rouse the lion again, and turning round every now and then, to see that Zollwitz stayed in the same place.

This time there was no sitting down to think; Zollwitz stood up, leaning his hot head against the trunk of the tree, ready to send forth once more that one harrowing cry for sympathy.

A young deer had bounded towards him, and stood still, tame and shy at the same time. Zollwitz stretched out his hand to touch it, the deer sprang up to him, smelled his clothes, and bounded away. Who could have said why that deer brought comfort to the young man? but it did—and Zollwitz went firmly forward to enter the house and meet his inquisitor.

Harry had been watching all the time behind the principal entrance. He stared at his tutor when Zollwitz said, 'Take me to your aunt, I will be introduced to her now.'

Silently Harry led the way, he had not yet got over his fright.

They entered the dining-room, cosy, gleaming in purple light, and warming itself at the big log fire. Mrs. Damer and Aunt Sarah were there, both deep in busy talk about a thousand homely family matters.

'So here you come, my dear. I thought that madcap Harry had forgotten my message. How are you, Mr.—Mr. Zollbritz—no, Zollwitz. I beg your pardon, one ought not to mistake names. Well, I'll introduce myself, I am Aunt Sarah, Mrs. Damer, that is the Right Hon. Mr. Damer's aunt, Harry's great aunt—the roughest, crossest old woman in Suffolk; but I can judge good faces and good horses. Now you don't mind me, you come and sit down here by me, and tell me all about your country.'

Zollwitz was disarmed—he saw the style was only peculiar, and so took confidence; and if he had not been disarmed that reassuring glance from Mrs. Damer's eyes would have accomplished it; that glance sent a bright colour into his face. He sat down by the old lady and answered all her questions minutely, she listening with decorum—only when she asked, 'Do your father and mother live in that funny place—Turgo, I think you say?' he hesitated a little, and replied sharply:

'No, madam, they died long ago, when I was a little child, and I and my sister have been brought up by an uncle and a friend.'

'And I think they have brought you up very well, and I like you. You shall come and see my place, not modern like this, but in the old style, like its crusty old mistress.'

'I shall be happy to come, madam,' said Zollwitz politely, rising, as Harry was frantically beckoning to him outside the window. With foreign gallantry Zollwitz kissed the hand which the old lady gave him to shake—he had never yet ventured to kiss Mrs. Damer's hand, though she often shook hands with him. Why not?

'Well,' said Aunt Sarah, when he had left the room; 'well, that is a nice young man. I don't know, I don't know, that young man might be dangerous to me,' and she looked on the hand Zollwitz had kissed.

It was too much even for Mrs. Damer's good behaviour; she burst out laughing on looking at that wrinkled countenance of more than sixty.

'Well, niece Jane, I don't mean now, I mean long ago—he resembles somebody of long ago, only somebody had wicked bad eyes, and this one has good trusting eyes. I like that young man, I like him very much—and if you laugh, niece Jane, he mightn't be so dangerous to me as to you; take care, my dear. I love you, you are the only person I never did quarrel with, though I have quarrelled with everybody I could, from the Lord of the Manor and the Rector to the cow-boy; but then I make it up by quarrelling double with your husband, my own nephew, and he deserves it, the haughty Right Honourable. Let him come, I'll get some of his pride lowered; he had better look a little at home, and not so much at the country. Your boys are growing up, and their mother is growing young again—take care, niece Jane, don't be too much alone with that young man; send him to me with Harry to-morrow, I'll take care of him: I like him very very much; I've quite taken to him. There, if you don't all mind what you are about, I may put him in my will. I do like him—send him to-morrow, and take care, niece Jane.' The old lady embraced her niece, and marched off, muttering to herself. No one was ever allowed to accompany her out.

When Aunt Sarah was gone, Mrs. Damer opened a locket on her watchchain, and kissed her husband's portrait in it, perhaps to counteract that warning speech addressed to her; then she went about her house duties.

The next day a smart gig, Aunt Sarah's own conveyance on her jauntings to keep her various dependents in order, was sent to fetch Zollwitz and Harry. Mrs. Damer smiled when she saw the sacred vehicle, which had never been sent for any guest before. She told Harry to take care of his tutor and not let the traditional ghost at the 'old hall' carry him off. And Zollwitz might think himself in clover;

he would see something at the old hall of true English life, far more than many a foreign prince who comes over and believes he has entered our English life by attending a levée, a court ball, careering half a dozen times round Hyde Park, going to the Opera, perhaps to the races, and sunning himself in the splendour of West-end finery. In the evening of the same day down came the great man, the Hon. Mr. Damer, his private secretary, and eldest son, just to have one day's breathing time before the crush of visitors arrived. And such a crush! The house would be full to overflowing, for invitations from the Damers were high-prized treasures. Who would not have come to such a host and hostess, to enjoy a life of real easy elegance and comfort and intellectual occupation? No confusion at the Damers about horses and hounds, and carriages and engagements, and liking this or the other, or liking nothing at all. There was the house—itself the most agreeable home you could be in—not a fine place, but a refined home; there were the grounds you might lose yourself in if you liked; there was shooting if you did please to go out; there were three carriages of moderate dimensions, and half a dozen horses at your service; and that was all. No fuss or circumstance; and yet big people, and very big people, never refused an invitation to the Damers, for there was the towering figure of the host, topped by his powerful brain and strengthened by his weighty character; there was the true womanly intellectual presence of the hostess. Two such people were not met every day. The big swells actually deigned to acknowledge it and to live in the agreeable society of this noble pair for a few days.

Mr. Damer was somewhat displeased when he heard that Aunt Sarah had carried off Harry and his tutor, and a message was despatched on the very evening of their departure for both to come back the next day. Mrs. Damer was a little constrained in her manner towards her husband; it seemed as if the affairs of the country were vigorously pushing themselves in between the wedded pair. Yet she was ever ready to sacrifice leisure, or her favourite occupation, or even her children's society, to any demand on her time; for Mrs. Damer was a capital amanuensis and would with the greatest precision and patience assist in reasoning out a practical question.

Zollwitz and Harry returned the next day as Mr. Damer had requested, full of praise of the welcome they had received at the old hall. They brought a very cross note from Aunt Sarah, in which the Right Honourable was told that though he might think himself a tower of strength to the country, he was no such thing to his family, and that she, Aunt Sarah, would come in a few days and open his eyes to his own neglectful ways. This note did chafe the Cabinet Minister, who retired upon it to despatches and an inexhaustible correspondence.

The holidays began and visitors arrived. The house was astir with manly voices and rustling robes; graceful women swept through the

rooms, and gentlemanly men stood about talking and consulting on various matters. The sharp wintry weather kept few within; some men were always about the green smoking and promenading, delightfully at ease, and talking sense too, for somehow the atmosphere of the place put a dead weight upon frivolity and snobbishness.

The Hon. Mr. Damer and Lord Howden were promenading after luncheon, both gentlemen smoking good cigars and enjoying the pleasure of each other's society: old school companions they had been and firm friends they had remained, never dreading a good downright political tilt when their opinions clashed; coming out of it with more respect for each other.

'Damer,' said Lord Howden, 'whom have you got there for your boy's tutor? It is a remarkably handsome and intelligent countenance that.'

'D'Alvensleben—you know d'Alvensleben the former attaché, Lady Julia Crofton's husband—recommended him very highly; and he has fully come up to his recommendation. We have become attached to that young man, all of us, in a few weeks, a thing *I* never did in my life.'

'I never could understand your friendship for that man d'Alvensleben. I never could bear him, he is as cold-blooded as a snake and as wary as a weazel.'

'Howden, you always were strong in your likes and dislikes, and stronger in your epithets. Nonsense, d'Alvensleben is only the most discreet man I know. I should never mind asking his opinion on any subject; he'll never get himself into the holes you and I are for ever tumbling into.'

'Thank God then we do! I don't mind a tussle if I can get up again all the better for it. That man is not even capable of a fair fight, and I am sure there is some black spot somewhere to be wiped off his character, and he is for ever rubbing at it to whiten it.'

'Don't be unjust, Howden; leave him alone—dislike him if you please, but don't take away his character. I have come out to have another kind of chat with you, and want to consult you on some ideas of mine.'

'*Mirabile dictu! You* consult anybody? Why, I thought the whole country would some day have to bend to your powerful will—but old Aunt Sarah!'

'Don't chaff, Howden, the people might hear; a fine thing for two sober men in our position to make fools of themselves.'

'Hang the position! it'll make me go back to town next week, and I like being here in preference to our own castle in Norfolk. You are a jolly fellow, and your wife is the cleverest and sweetest woman I ever saw. There are no such women now.'

'Bosh! Don't fall in love with her—I shouldn't like it.'

'I suppose not; but if *I* don't *somebody* else will. She looks younger

and handsomer every day, and her face becomes more *spirituel* as she grows older.'

'Howden, you are mad.'

'No, I am not; but you don't see what a treasure you have, and you don't deserve her, you big bully—that's what you always were, Damer.'

'I am not going to quarrel this time—have it all your own way. We have been at it these twenty-five years, and I want you for once to be calm, and listen to me.'

'Well?'

'The few weeks the young German has been with us have made me reflect on something I want to talk to you about. Before he came we were in great trouble about our youngest boy, Harry, who has a most peculiar temper. I even intended to send him to Australia—and matters had gone so far that my wife threatened to go with him, and she would have done it too. Since that young man has been Harry's tutor the boy is changed—cheerful, tractable, and even anxious to learn. Before, it was a daily tornado to get him to attend to any studies at all!'

'Simple enough. I suppose they didn't give him the right studies to attend to.'

'All very well; but what will you do? you *must* let a boy study classics and mathematics—the rest he can learn himself, we used to think.'

'No, he can't; and that rest he wants most. I never could manage classics and mathematics myself, but I was the best quoter at school, and am the best in the House, because I remember the 'tit-bits' and always could make decent verse, when you couldn't make any at Eton.'

'But who held the best English speech, old boy?' said Damer with old schoolboy pride.

'Why you, to be sure. Who could have bounced so and taken up the ear of the House? Ha, ha, ha! Wasn't it that the papers said of you the other day?'

'Howden, this won't do, you shall listen to one, this time; because I mean to study the subject, and if I find I am in the right I'll make a stir about it.'

'I am sure you will—no doubt of that.'

'The subject is, "What position should the study of the classical languages take in our modern education?" I do not think that it is right for us to allow our youth to spend the best, the most fruit-bearing years of their life over the minutiæ of languages spoken by peoples who were great, it is true, in their day, and who have impressed future peoples with their greatness, but who had different modes of thought from our own, whose civilisation was built on other ideas, who had other aims to reach, and however much we may learn from them, whose whole

moving idea was selfishness—artistic selfishness in one way, patriotic selfishness is another—in our times we *must* follow a broader principle, we must widen the lines, and if our sons are to belong to the legislating classes, I think it is time that they should learn what they are to legislate about and on what principles. I can understand the worth of the remains of those older nations, but we set up these remains as the standard for the excellence of our own education, and there I say we are wrong. I should not like to see the culture obtained by such arduous exertions lost, but I should like much to see Greek and Roman civilisation put before the general educated public in a clearer style, embodying its *meaning* more than its form; and on the other side, I should wish it to become an honourable accessory to our higher education, not its principal and undivided aim. We have gone further in many branches of knowledge than the old nations, and this knowledge has been hanging about us in undefined terms; we want to engraft it in a bolder way on our youth and benefit mankind by it in a larger sense.'

'Spoken like a prophet, Damer. Make a stir about it, do—it will make a jolly row, and you'll be called pretty names.'

'Oh, I know if I moot such a subject, it may be said it shows my plebeian ancestry, but they must own that ancestry to be English: for the rest I don't care. You seem in no mood to discuss anything. I shall ponder the question till I can invite over the tutor's old friend, Professor Holmann; he'll be my man, he speaks English, for like a true Englishman, having wasted in my youth my time on Latin prose and Greek verse, I speak no other tongue, and I'll introduce him to some of our University professors. They may see what I mean, and I may set agoing something that will not allow our young men, in a general way, to be such rubbish heaps of broken classical morsels, and nothing else, as most of them are now. Let us winnow the wheat from the chaff. I have the highest respect for those who make it their life-study to preserve that ancient culture—there is a purpose—I only say that this ancient culture gets among the *general* public in a way that engrosses the time due to other more vital subjects and that it retards the progress of the nation.'

'Very wise, but it's lost upon me. There comes the tutor with Harry and your wife—I shall join them. My dear Mrs. Damer, will you allow me to stroll with you three down towards the water—we have just an hour before the mists. I shall enjoy it. Damer is lording it mightily over me; he has taken to having new ideas and frightens me. There comes the Attorney-General, a much bigger man than I, look Damer, he'll profit by your intellectual conversation—tell *him* your ideas. I am off in better company than yours.'

So the Right Honourable, making a wry face, had to see Lord Howden, Mrs. Damer, Zollwitz, and Harry start off, and had himself to talk over the 'Land Tenure Bill' with the Attorney-General.

There was quite a *soirée* in the evening. Zollwitz had heard of some late arrivals, but had asked Harry to leave him alone for a couple of hours, as he had promised to finish an essay for Mr. Damer on 'The state of Germany immediately before the great "Liberation War."' Harry *had* come twice to the room, saying, 'There was such a secret, such a secret. Zollwitz must be sure to come to the drawing-room at nine o'clock, he would fetch him.' Nine o'clock came and Harry stood sentinel at the door; Zollwitz descended with him, found the house ablaze with lights, and heard soft laughter and the tones of subdued voices. He almost hesitated to enter—was it a foreboding?

Harry marched him in as if he preceded some prince of the blood, but Zollwitz smoothed down the *brusquerie* of the entrance by his own gentlemanly manner. On went Harry up to a bright girl sitting by Mrs. Damer.

'Zollwitz, who is it?' Zollwitz blushed and bowed. 'Well, who is it? Can't you guess? Don't be so slow of comprehension. Why it's Ethel—cousin Ethel—and this is Zollwitz, Hermann Zollwitz, the best fellow going.'

The style of this impromptu introduction rendered both Ethel and Zollwitz confused and stiff; he bowed, she gracefully responded to it, not a word was spoken, and Zollwitz retired into a corner, not even approaching Mrs. Damer.

'Now I thought, Ethel, you would say a few kind words to him; you are a bad cross girl, and I don't like you at all for it. I thought you would be such friends, and you have spoiled it all!'

'Don't, Harry, you are treading on my dress.'

'Oh, you naughty girl to speak like that! I shall go to him, he has a better temper than you, and I sha'n't speak to you again to-night.'

Ethel did not seem to mind this, and Harry strutted off.

Mrs. Damer sat down at the piano and played one of those fanciful, dreamy 'Lieder' of Mendelssohn's; *petit-à-petit* approached Zollwitz, behind all the ladies' chairs and ottomans, till he stood next to Mrs. Damer, and the fire of the musician began to take hold of him against his will.

'I think I should take that a little quicker,' he said, when Mrs. Damer turned and looked up at him, astonished that he was there.

'Do you play, Mr. Zollwitz?' she asked.

'Yes,' he answered quietly.

'Will you take my place? We should be so grateful.'

Who could have refused that voice? Zollwitz sat down, played a prelude, and stormed away into the midst of Chopin's mazurkas—such playing, such characteristic style. The gentlemen were just coming in from the dining-room, and they even listened. Mr. Damer approached the piano, stood still and never took his eyes off Zollwitz. When the fire lessened, when the soul had spoken in those last bizarre chords, Mr. Damer put his hand on his tutor's shoulder.

'You are a brave fellow, Zollwitz; the essay was on my table at the appointed time, and here you are giving us a performance worthy of a master of the art.'

'You are mistaken, sir. I do not play as well as Mrs. Damer, but my head is easily set on fire, and then I am carried away, and may make the impression that I play better than I do.'

Harry stood transfixed with astonishment: he began to look upon Zollwitz with awe, as a person who knew and would do everything.

The company conversed. Lord Howden took possession of Zollwitz, and after a pleasant half hour's talk led him up to Mrs. Damer, in the midst of a bevy of fair dames. 'Now, ladies,' said Lord Howden, 'our German friend can sing, and I want a treat; I am an old-fashioned bachelor, but I love one "love song" very much—that is Beethoven's "Adelaide," and I want Mr. Zollwitz to sing it; help me to ask him.'

A dozen bright and soft eyes were directed towards him. Mrs. Damer rose and said, 'Shall I accompany you?'

'If you please.'

When some great creation of genius passes over us in musical strains, we must have little within us to respond to it, if we cannot grant some minutes' attention; and yet how often are not these same strains drowned by trivial talk. When Zollwitz's voice rose again and again, impassionately breathing that name 'Ade-lai-de,' the room was hushed; but one young man, putting his eyeglass up and fixing a stare on the German student, turned to Harry and said—

'Quite a remarkable young man, your tutor. Has he ever performed at concerts?'

The words were distinct. Zollwitz heard them, turned boldly round, broke off his song, and looking straight across the room from where the words had come, said sharply and loudly,

'No, sir!' He touched one note to regain the pitch and finished the 'Adelaide' a little harsher than he had begun it.

There was some confusion. Zollwitz was spoken to by Mrs. Damer; the young man by Mr. Damer. As Zollwitz raised his eyes, he looked opposite to him into another pair of brown eyes, and felt on his hand a slight timid touch.

'I am so sorry my brother was rude—do forgive him; you sang so beautifully.' The touch was gone, and for all the world Zollwitz thought the young deer had again approached him, tame and shy at the same time.

Mr. Damer came up with the aggressor. 'Beg pardon, sir; did not mean to offend. Ethel, I shall go back to town to-morrow morning. Good-bye!'

'Good-bye, George,' Ethel responded, for it was Ethel who had spoken to Zollwitz; and it was her brother, the Oxford swell, as Harry called him, who had so grossly offended.

Zollwitz also retired quietly: he felt that d'Alvensleben had been

right—he would clash when he came into contact with English society, and he felt also that his temper had not yet been subdued to society level.

The moon rose over that Suffolk corner, and shone upon the face of a young man who stood at his open window, looking out into the calm still night. The bared trees stretched out their naked limbs to catch the faint glimmer of the moonbeams, and the young man also stretched out his arms to ask something of the chaste moon—to grant him a response to the many enquiries his soul was beginning to address to the riddles of actual life. His enthusiasm had slumbered for a while, but fiercely it would awaken again, and would ask him to bestir himself and realise in some way or other his early youthful dreams! Never since he had left Halle had Zollwitz so vividly remembered his home—they were all before him, those dear old friends—should he have left them? His brain was too much in a whirl, he did not even try to answer his own question, but sat down at the writing table and addressed a long long letter to sister Mary in Torgau, detailing all his adventures, and begging her to write to him at once.

Torgau was once more covered with the snowflakes; there was no abatement in their energy, though they might, since we saw them first hover over the streets and the esplanade, have carried many a brave heart to sleep and covered many a tiny grave: *they* were the same, coming and going and coming again. A renewal of nature! What will be our renewal? There hangs the curtain over the mysterious picture, and there hangs the curtain over our own mysterious future!

Professor Holmann was in Torgau spending his Christmas with the Major and Mary. He was sad and restless since that last letter of Christian's, the contents of which he had communicated to no one. He was sitting on this morning, the day after Christmas, by the window looking through its frozen panes into the wintry sky, and having by him one of his favourite books, Zimmermann 'On Solitude.' He had opened it at the place 'Oh, you who suffer, all seems to weigh on your soul, and yet, believe me, there are afflictions that elevate us above the earth, that give us an energy of which we might have thought ourselves incapable.'

Mary stood by him looking out. Suddenly she exclaimed:

'The postman is coming here. Who can have written—Aunt Augusta?'

There were two letters with foreign post-marks: hieroglyphics of joy and sorrow, they came to this house in Torgau covered by the snowflakes. Mary took them, gave one to the Professor without heeding its address, and cried out joyfully:

'Oh, dearest Professor, it is from my own, own brother. Oh, let me

read quickly—I cannot see the letters, my eyes are swimming with joy!'

Mary read and read on—she had no time to think of anything else. When at last she drew a long deep breath, and looked up to give her letter to the Professor, she started back—there was the good dear Professor cold and stiff, fallen back in his chair, a bluish shade over his face, and blood oozing from his lips. Zimmermann had fallen from his hand, and in the other he grasped, crushed in the agony of suffering, a letter—the letter that had come with Hermann's and bearing a foreign post-mark. Mary rushed upon him, screaming in despair—

'Uncle, uncle, quick! do come quick—Professor Holmann is dying!'

## CHAPTER XII.

### *A JUDAS KISS IN SPRING.*

May and April and March you think form Spring—the leaves you see, the buds you scent, the flowers you pluck, represent spring to you; but spring lives before you see it; spring exists within; spring is the birth of life begotten within, and the embryo breath of spring is truly upon the earth long before—in February, when the damp air is heavy with new powers combined by the vapours rising from mother earth, and the swift solar ray. Then the living essence is formed that clothes nature in fresh colours and sends her forth once more on her round, in a new dress and in renewed force of production.

In love's sleep lies the earth in February, dreaming of coming life. It comes and brings joy, and ought to bring happiness and goodwill, among men;—it ought to bring fresh hope and desire for a new goal and a higher, more harmonious purpose. But nature is true to *herself*, and man is not true to *himself*. Man has passions and false aims, and greedy longings and selfish inclinations: he follows and snatches after them and falls. Not once he fell; again and again he falls; day by day, spring by spring, year by year is recorded his weakness and his unsteady course. Not only false to himself, but false to others is man; selling his life for thirty silver pieces, selling it in spring, when nature was rich, clothed in joy and heavenly green, rocking her newborn sweetness in eastern grandeur and enchanting scenery. The kiss in spring was given, that dainty false kiss—the emblem of nature's love and goodwill; the kiss revenged itself, and destroyed the giver through conscious sinfulness.

One Judas kiss brought woe, woe in spring—how many Judas kisses are given now, hour by hour and day by day? Has the recording angel chalked them up? Have the thirty silver pieces been paid? Has conscious sinfulness avenged them? Who knows? The Judas

kiss is given and will be given; it will be given under the young willow, the quivering lime, and the sprouting oak, over the soft mead and on the brown heath, beneath the blue azure and in the sweet-smelling porch. In spring it will be given—the spring flower will buy it, the soft glance ask it, the smooth speech beg it, and the warm embrace entreat it; and when given, it will instil its poison, and work with it, till it has destroyed the chalice and the flower has drooped and is no more. The thirty silver pieces have been paid and brought forth heavy sorrow.

Spring had been once—when May had opened her cornucopia round Castle Freiberg—upon the earth, such a sweet spring. Berlin was gay that spring, and the Judas kiss had lurked under the cloak of desire and false love—it was given and it was taken—it had worked its way, the silver pieces had been paid, the life had been staked; and the result of *that* Judas kiss, given so long ago, had been much sorrow, great shame, and had brought forth our story to weave into men and women's lives the threads of grief and long bearing woe, of some joy when repentance and death had destroyed the wages of sin!

Spring is upon the earth; it has clothed her in sweet dress and sends her forth on her round. Beware of that Judas kiss: it was given far away two thousand years ago, it was given in Berlin many years ago, it may be given now; beware of it, that you need weave no story called 'Lost' from the effects of its dainty lotus-like sweetness!

The Judas kiss was given in spring; the prelude is done; the drama opens, and when Zollwitz in England, and sister Mary in Torgau welcomed those first fragrant signs of our story-spring, their life began in truth, the grand battle with men's struggles, women's hopes, and with the desire to reach the acme of happiness on earth! The Judas kiss given in spring would be paid!

[*To be continued.*]

# THREE POETS OF FRENCH BOHEMIA.

FRANÇOYS VILLON, 1431-14; GÉRARD DE NERVAL, 1808-1855;
HENRI MURGER, 1822-1861.

*R. I. P.*

HENRI MURGER says somewhere that 'the true Bohemia is only possible in Paris,' and the remark is so far true that it is only Paris which afforded the proper conditions for the growth of that curious artistic society, whose mate is Poverty, and which knows no laws save those of comradeship. Bohemia is the land of poor students, of unrecognised artists, of everyone that loves letters and license, and is vexed by the conventions of society. It was mediæval Paris that first brought together the elements of Bohemia, containing as she did the most luxurious and lawless court, side by side with the University, overcrowded by poor students. Among the effects of the Academy too, and of those tendencies in the French mind which produced the Academy, was the growth of a literary class, of which the *raison d'être* was to resist the Academy, to be reckless while the Forty were intensely respectable, young while they were old, inspired and indolent while they were learned. And even before the institution of the Academy, there was an official literature patronised by the court, and a literature that envied and despised. The dissolute student who gets his ten crowns for writing a religious farce or *sotie* is in natural opposition to the rhymers who live with Charles d'Orleans, or to Ronsard exchanging sonnets and compliments with Charles IX. The ragged muse gibes at the muse attired in silks and lace; the lover of *la belle qui fut Heaulmière*, Villon's mistress, the first of historical grisettes, looks down on the courtlier suitors with their allegories and cold complimentary sonnets. England has never combined the university with the capital, nor fixed so wide a gulf between two classes of men of letters The students of mediæval Oxford may have been as poor and miserable as those of Paris, but they did not live in the midst of the license of a great city. They might beg, if they were lucky enough to get permission, but they could not *tromper devant et derrière*, trick and steal right and left, undetected, like Maître Françoys

Villon. The students of the Inns of Court, whose position might seem more closely to resemble that of the Parisian undergraduate, were neither so poor nor so sprightly as they. Little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Will Squele the Cotswold man, with all their mad doings 'about Turnbull Street,' had ever the fear of the law they were supposed to study before their eyes. Besides, the English character is too domestic, has too little of the gaiety that takes no care for its own morrow, too little of the melancholy that is oppressed by the over-keenly felt sadness of all the forgotten yesterdays and hopeless morrows of all humanity, to produce the sentimental Bohemian.

It is to France, then, that we must turn for studies of this strange kingdom of poetry and lawless art, of loves and duns, of banquets and starvation; a country filled with an air that only youth should breathe, informed with a magic that holds youth too often spell-bound with a spell only broken by shameful death. This is a realm the history of which is not worth writing, though its annals are neither happy nor uneventful, for here, at least, history repeats itself. It is enough to glance at a page or two: Villon's life is only a ruder form of Savage's, De Nerval's of Otway's, and his last end is as his. Musicians and painters we pass over, for their art is not necessarily the record of their lives, and turn to Françoys Villon, the earliest French poet, exhibiting in the bud all the sad colour and strange scent of the perfect flower; the first French Bohemian, 'first vocal tongue of the dumb painful people.'

The first poet we have called him, because it is in him first that poetry wakes to personality, ceases to sing, however gracefully, of imaginary sorrows and in traditional forms. Villon does not dream of walking in the woods in spring-time, he hears in his visions no singing birds of April, meets no imagined mistress, is prisoner in no fancied Castle of Dangier or Soussy. His prison is in truth the Châtelet, where he eats of the cold and drinks of the warm, and whence he expects only to pass to the gibbet; the songs are those of son's love, that he makes for his mother of true love that death has severed; of loveless love for *la grosse Margot*. Life and death he sees with purged and purely human eyes, not as they came draped in fantastic attire to his courtly rival and benefactor, Charles Duke of Orleans. His subject is his own life, a wasted fragment of time, full of regrets and of despised pleasures, yet to him worth writing of.

Villon was born in Paris in the year 1431, 'of poor and lowly line.' In the winter of his twenty-fifth year, 'the dead season, when the wolves are filled with wind for food, and all men bide by the fire,' and again in his thirtieth year, he wrote his confessions, 'the Great and Little Testaments,' and relieved, as far as might be, his regretful soul. In these poems we have the whole life of a child of the people, and of that age and all ages. We see him sent to the University, 'but to what good? I shunned the school like a truant child; in writing this my heart is

almost broken.' We can fancy Villon, living in the best of bad society, his chief share in true University life being to make a noise at the election of Rectors; we can imagine him one of the unlucky students whom the chief of the town police 'used to amuse himself by imprisoning,' as the historian of Paris University relates. Probably there was no more sturdy rebel against the rule of Cardinal d'Estouteville, that the students in general, like the poorer undergraduates at St. Andrews in old times, should sit on the ground during lecture. We may spare a sigh, too, for the fact that in Villon's time the same reformer introduced an examination, bearing all the most repulsive features of that now known as responsions or smalls. Perhaps this was the intolerable infliction that drove Villon from study, and sent him wandering over France with a band of strolling players. He loses sight of his old set, of whom he writes thus in the 'Grand Testament:'

Ah, where be all the gallants young
With whom I went, in days of old,
So sweet of song, so kind of tongue,
In deed and word so glad and bold?
Lo! many a one is dead and cold,
Their souls abide the saints among,
Of them it is no longer told;
God give the rest good reckoning.

And some that I of old did know
Are lords and masters in the land;
And naked some a-begging go,
And see bread only when they stand
To stare through windows; and a band
Turned monks, in cells of the Chartreuse:
No oyster fishers through the sand
Than these my friends trail thicker shoes.

The exact force of the allusion to oyster fishers is not very clear, but Villon is full of obscurities, which after the lapse of only two generations were unintelligible to Clément Marot.

Ever after he left Paris Villon's career is that of an obscure wanderer in the subterranean regions of Rascaldom. We are told by Rabelais that in his old age—Villon's name and old age seem almost a contradiction in terms—he retired to St. Maxent in Poictou, and there continued to direct the acting of Passion-plays. He himself, in his ballad 'A ceux de mauvaise vie,' confesses that this was a disreputable mode of life, and that its proceeds went *tout aux tavernes et aux filles*. When spectators were few or stingy, he and his band would be driven to all the thievish tricks to obtain a supper, celebrated in the 'Franches Repues,' or Free Dinner tables. For such exploits the people had easy forgiveness; they form the incidents of the contemporary farce of 'Patelin,' which has been attributed to Villon, though almost certainly it is not his. But if the people laughed at the way in

which Taverner, Draper, Baker were tricked, the law took a different view. Twice at least Villon was cast into prison, escaping hanging by the grace of Louis XI. These were times when, as a writer of the next century says, 'Paris was shadowy with a grove of gallows trees.' From the gloom of this forest Villon wandered who knows where? He was the laureate of the thieves' house; we may imagine how his companions bullied, despised, wondered at him, and his fits of melancholy and repentance. Doubtless when the end came 'the worms found no great feast, for famine had been before them.' Our present concern is not with his life but with his poems.

These, as they are the first, are almost the greatest of all French lyrics, and they contain almost all the qualities, good and bad, of the French muse. To appreciate them requires no historical attitude of mind, they deal with the universal elements of human life. Villon is as frankly shameless as Rousseau; his own shame is often the material of his art; it is only in the 'Confessions' that the ballad of 'La Grosse Margot' is to be matched. Yet even here the note of repentance comes in:

> Nous deffuyons honneur, il nous deffuyt,
> En ce bourdel où tenons nostre estat.

In all his treatment of love Villon is thoroughly French. The advice of 'la belle Heaulmière' has been acted on by her descendants all through fiction and life. They are to be harpies, serpents, cats,

> swift and white,
> And subtly warm, and half perverse,
> And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,
> And like a snake's love lithe and fierce.

Listen to her words of wisdom:

> Prenez à dextre et à senestre,
> N'espargnez homme, je vous prie.

Yet Villon has another note and can sing of another woman; this Gringoire has an Esmeralda unlike Margot, as Hesperia is unlike Dolores. To this lost love he addressed the 'Lay of Death,' translated by Mr. Rossetti, and in a courtlier strain the ballad, if it be really his, called 'La Plante d'Amours.' This we have attempted to translate, as an example of the recurring rhymes and refrain of which Villon is a master.

ARBOR AMORIS.

I have a tree, a graft of Love,
  That in my heart has taken root;
Sad are the buds and blooms thereof
  And bitter sorrow is its fruit;
  Yet, since it was a tender shoot,
So greatly hath its shadow spread,

That underneath all joy is dead,
And all my pleasant days are flown,
Nor can I slay it, nor instead
Plant any tree, save this alone.

Ah, yet, for long and long enough
My tears were rain about its root,
And though the fruit be harsh thereof,
I scarcely looked for better fruit
Than this, that carefully I put
In garner, for the bitter bread
Whereon my weary life is fed:
Ah, better were the soil unsown
That bears such growths, but Love instead
Will plant no tree, but this alone.

Ah, would that this new spring, whereof
The leaves and flowers flush into shoot,
I might have succour and aid of Love
To prune these branches at the root,
That long have borne such bitter fruit;
And graft a new bough, comforted
With happy blossoms white and red,
So pleasure should for pain atone,
Nor Love slay this tree, nor instead
Plant any tree, but this alone.

L'ENVOY.

Princess, by whom my hopes are fed,
My heart thee prays in lowlihead
To prune the ill boughs overgrown,
Nor slay Love's tree, nor plant instead
Another tree, save this alone.

Intensely French in the bitterness with which he sings of his lighter loves, Villon is no less French in the beauty of his filial tenderness. In the Great Testament he writes that 'much sadness' his mother bore for his sake, and the ballad he made for her to our Lady, so wonderfully translated by Mr. Rossetti, is the most innocent and pathetic of his poems. 'She must die one day, poor woman, and she knows it,' he says, and then he begins to dream, after his custom, of death and of fading beauty, that 'cannot keep her lustrous eyes.' This theme has an unconquerable attraction for him. Like Charles Baudelaire he has written of *les petites vieilles*, the women who have been queens of hearts, and whose sceptre has passed with the passing of their beauty. For him, no less than for the sombre later singer, these eyes have power to waken sad reveries:

Ces yeux sont des puits faits d'un million de larmes,
Des creusets qu'un métal refroidi pailleta . . .
Ces yeux mystérieux ont d'invincibles charmes.

On this theme his greatest poem is the famous 'Ballad of Dead Ladies.' Mr. Rossetti's translation, perhaps the most perfect of all his exquisite translations, must again be referred to. This note of passionate regret for past youth and passing life, too bitter and too grievous to deal with symbols of fleeting roses, as in Herrick, is not struck first by Villon in French poetry. He only prolongs the air sounded by Thibault de Marly, the grandson of our own Henry I., the weary crusader who wrote a book of *chansons* on Death, and saw Death hiding where Sophocles saw Love:

ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς
νεάνιδος,

or, as the antique French has it:

Mors, qui est veue et escr
En le vielle face despite,
Se repont bien en jovenciax.

In tenderness and bitterness, in recklessness and repentance, in lighter malice and in the sorrowing sense of life's brief endurance, Villon is the master of Regnier, of Baudelaire, of Chateaubriand, of De Musset; while in keen pity for human fortunes and in grotesque power he sometimes recalls Victor Hugo. Compare his 'Ballad of the Gibbet' with the terrible scene of the hanged men in 'L'homme qui rit:'

## BALLAD OF THE GIBBET.

[An epitaph in the form of a ballad that Françoys Villon wrote of himself and his company, they expecting shortly to be hanged.]

Brothers and men that shall after us be,
Let not your hearts be hard to us:
For pitying this our misery
Ye shall find God the more piteous.
Look on us six that are hanging thus,
And for the flesh that so much we cherished
How it is eaten of birds and perished,
And ashes and dust fill our bones' place,
Mock not at us that so feeble be,
But pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,
Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die,
Ye wot no man so wise is born
That keeps his wisdom constantly.
Be ye then merciful and cry
To Mary's Son that is piteous,
That His mercy take no stain from us,
Saving us out of the fiery place.
We are but dead, let no soul deny
To pray God succour us of His grace.

The water of heaven has washed us clean,
The sun has scorched us black and bare,
Ravens and rooks they have pecked at our een,
And lined their nests with our beards and hair;
Round are we tossed, and here and there,
This way and that at the wild wind's will,
Not for a moment our bodies are still—
Birds they are busy about my face.
Be not as we, nor fare as we fare—
Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Our translation cannot hope to render the intensity of vision displayed in this poem, the very cadence of which has a heavy and reluctant swing:

Puis çà, puis là, comme le vent varie.

When after this ballad is read 'Les Contredictz de Franc Gontier,' a gay and cynical mockery of the fancied pleasures of pastoral life and pastoral poetry, the coarse bread and cold water that have no ideal attraction for the wandering player, we have considered the most characteristic examples of Villon's genius. It may be said of him that to the originality which dared to be straightforward in an age of allegory, to be personal in an age of traditional matter and form, to deal with the people's life as it was in an age that knew not the people, to the skill which strikes music from the most complicated and difficult metres, to the clear vision and sad heart of a great poet, he adds the historic charm which informs all ancient ballads springing from the gladness or regret of some nameless son of the people. His poems have the touching truth of Clerk Saunders, or the 'Wife of Usher's Well,' or of those French country ballads which the subject of our next sketch, Gérard de Nerval, was wont to collect. Like these, they are a voice from hidden places, fragments of a history that can never be written, the history of the villein and the serf and the lesser bourgeoisie.

Four hundred years are supposed to pass, as in a stage direction, before we come to our next Bohemian poet. The scene is still Paris, as she was before the ædileship of Hausmann. The lanes and spires and quaint deserted palaces that Doré has drawn still exist, and are tenanted, here and there, by the members of a new Bohemia. These are the leaders of the Romantic school, not miserable students and thieves like Villon, but young men of genius, of education, of fair means, some of them of noble birth, all in mad revolt against the Academy and classicism, all bent either on reproducing the Middle Ages or on exaggerating the modern times. Reaction against commonplace in literature and life has been carried to the point of supposing that art should either breathe in the dreamy atmosphere, the languid garden air of mediæval love, and go clad in 'strait gowns of vair' of antique hue and shape, or explore the inmost recesses of corrupt society and sing of the remotest vagaries of wearied passion. In real

life society and her rules were as much despised as convention in art. The family and family life were only fit for grocers, politics might interest national guards, but a poet should be occupied by pleasure, and by the '*passion féroce du beau.*' Some of the band of young artists lived to regret their folly and affectation; to the best of them their lawless life, Mohawk quite as much as Bohemian, had never been anything but a jest. But there was one, unhappily, who took the thing in earnest, who really despised wealth and fame and repute, who imitated in no half-hearted fashion the migratory scholars and poets of the middle age and the earlier Renaissance. This was the poet who wrote under the assumed name of Gérard de Nerval. A distinguished school companion of Théophile Gautier's, a linguist, a philosopher—he actually studied Böhm and Hegel—he possessed in a degree exceeding even De Quincy the quality of 'casualness.' Money was a perplexing convention in his eyes, a home a mere piece of pedantry. He preferred to have no fixed place of residence, and would travel through Germany or the East, like a wandering scholar of the Renaissance, trusting to the charity of convents and consuls, and writing articles and tales in the local reviews. His original poems were composed, for the most part, before he began this nomad life. They are slight and graceful, moving in the antique metres of Du Belleau. As a specimen we may translate

AN OLD TUNE.

There is an air for which I would disown
  Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies;
  A sad sweet air that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old—
  Two hundred years are 'mist that rolls away'—
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
  A green land golden in the dying day,

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
  The windows bright with many-coloured glass,
Wide plains, and streamlets flowing among flowers,
  That wash the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,
  A lady looks forth from her casement high,
It may be that I knew and found her fair
  In some forgotten life long time gone by.

In another poem he compares the black spot which floats everywhere before the eyes of one who had gazed too steadily on the sun to the shadow that covers the life of those who have looked forward eagerly to fame and know that they have missed it. This can scarcely have been a sorrow of this born Bohemian. His pleasure was to wander

alone and dreamily in the loneliest country places, making friends with the peasants, and learning from their shy lips the musical old ballads of provincial France. We think of him as M. Champfleury describes him in these his happy days, lying in the poplar shadow, a careless figure, with no answer but some scrap of song, *vole, mon cœur, vole*, to the puzzled gendarme's demand for his passport. One such ballad we may translate, collected by Gérard in fragments, and pieced out from the Provençal *chanson* on the same theme. The central incident will be recognised by all readers of the Border minstrelsy.

THE THREE CAPTAINS.

All beneath the white-rose tree,
Walks a lady fair to see,
  She is as white as the snows,
She is as fair as the day:
  From her father's garden close
Three knights have ta'en her away.

He has ta'en her by the hand,
  The youngest of the three—
'Mount and ride, my bonny bride,
  On my white horse with me.'

And ever they rode, and better rode,
  Till they came to Senlis town,
The hostess she looked hard at them
  As they were lighting down.

'And are ye here by force,' she said,
  'Or are ye here for play?'
'From out my father's garden close
  Three knights me stole away.

'And fain would I win back,' she said,
  'The weary way I come,
And fain would see my father dear,
  And fain go maiden home.'

'Oh, weep not lady fair,' said she,
  'You shall win back,' she said,
'For you shall take this draught from me
  Will make you lie for dead.'

'Come in and sup, fair lady,' they said,
  'Come busk ye and be bright,
It is with three bold captains
  That ye must be this night.'

When they had eaten well and drunk,
  She fell down like one slain:
'Now, out and alas for my bonny may
  Shall live no more again.'

They bore her to her father's house,
They bore her all the three,
They laid her in her father's close,
Beneath the white-rose tree.

She had not lain a day, a day,
A day but barely three,
When the may awakes, 'Oh, open, father,
Oh, open the door for me.

'Tis I have lain for dead, father,
Have lain the long days three,
That I might maiden come again
To my mother and to thee.'

This modern scholar-gipsy was unhappily not born

In days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames.

The 'feverish contact' and the 'strange disease of modern life' infected him, Paris claimed him, the love of one of his own *filles de feu* and her death ruined his reason. He recovered and relapsed, wrote mystic sonnets and reveries as strange as those of Poe. One January night of 1855 he was a guest at a gay supper of artists and actresses, was singing 'with pallid lips,'

Les belles choses
N'ont qu'un temps;
Semons de roses
Les pas du temps.

The winter roses could not hide Time's flying feet that had left Gérard's youth behind. Before February came in Gérard de Nerval had died by a sadder death than Chatterton's. Of his many prisons none now held—neither wall nor bar nor body of flesh—that light and tameless soul from the dreamed-of ways and waters of the Hollow Land. Earth and men's censure may be light on the light dust and the uncared-for fame.

With Henri Murger we are introduced to a Bohemia which is neither that of ingenious scoundrelism nor of fantasy and affectation. His 'Bohemians,' whose miseries and pleasures he sketches with so light a hand, are young men of the poorer classes, conscious of a vocation for art, and bearing the hardships of their probation with French gaiety and endurance. It is the life that Balzac describes in 'Les Illusions perdus,' a life of cheap restaurants with 'bread at discretion,' of hard work, of brief holidays at Meudon and Fontainebleu. For those who have true genius and good constitutions Bohemia is only a debatable land between youth and fame, for others it is an enchanted country with no outlet. Murger found it to be both. His descriptions of student and grisette brought him money and reputation, but Bohemian life had become necessary to him, existence after youth had

passed was worthless to him, and he died in a hospital at the age of thirty-eight. Murger's own story is very much that of one of his characters. He was the son of poor parents, he educated himself, and threw himself on the *petits journaux* for his means of livelihood. In fine weather he may have sometimes resided, like his hero Rodolphe, 'in the Avenue St. Cloud, the third tree on the left as you leave the Bois de Boulogne, on the fifth branch.' In winter he may have warmed himself, when all his furniture had been used as firewood, by burning his early poetry, and may have found 'that the third act was much too short.' He wrote in a journal of fashion, and no doubt gave balls to Phémie *Teinturière*, to Mimi and Musette, when he had a play accepted at one of the little theatres; and walked with the same young ladies in the woods of Versailles. That his life was a hard one there can be no doubt: his pathetic 'Lettre à un Mort' tells with obvious sincerity how he lacked house and bread and fire, how he envied his dead friend's rest, how hopeless he was of success and fame. These came to him at last. He was introduced by M. de Pontmartin, who spoke cruelly of him after his death—as he has the habit of speaking of everyone who is successful, or deserves success—to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But good fortune came too late to Henri Murger; he had never intended to grow old: he had arranged his life in the certain expectation of early death. Life became a race with debts, the winters grew longer, the springs less happy; he died in his thirty-eighth year. Of his novels this is not the place to speak; no one who has read them but has laughed with Schaunard and Marcel, but has gone near to weep with Francine. De Musset has written nothing more gay, more sad, more gracious. His poetry, collected in a little volume, 'Les Nuits d'Hiver,' has less of the mirth, more of the pain and hopelessness of the Bohemian. Spring and youth are the themes, and the light passing loves that are all the Bohemian can hope for.

If the stray love that is ours
  Of her chance grace for a while
Make our song flush into flowers
  In the sunshine of her smile,
Thanks be hers as kind and dear:
  Love her while so much is sure,
Though she's constant, though she veer,
  'Youth's a stuff will not endure.'

The song of 'Musette' is in the same key. A student is mourning for that flown bird when she returns, to find the old love dead in both.

Your memory has not had time to pass,
  Our youth has days of its lifetime yet,
If you only knocked at the door, alas!
  My heart would open the door, Musette.
Still at your name must my sad heart beat,
  Ah Muse, ah maiden of faithlessness!
Return for a moment, and deign to eat
  The bread that pleasure was wont to bless.

Come, you shall wear the raiment white
  You wore of old, when the world was gay,
We will wander in woods of the heart's delight
  The whole of the Sunday holiday.
Come, we will sit by the wayside inn,
  Come, and your song will gain force to fly,
Dipping its wing in the clear and thin
  Wine, as of old, ere it scale the sky.

Musette, who had scarcely forgotten withal
  One beautiful dawn of the new year's best,
Returned at the end of the carnival,
  A flown bird, to a forsaken nest.
Ah faithless and fair, I embrace her yet,
  With no heart-beat, and with never a sigh,
And Musette, no longer the old Musette,
  Declares that I am no longer I.

Farewell, my dear that was once so dear,
  Dead with the death of our latest love,
Our youth is laid in its sepulchre,
  The calendar stands for a stone above.
'Tis only in searching the dust of the days,
  The ashes of all old memories,
That we find the key of the woodland ways
  That lead to the place of our paradise.

Of all the French poets who have sung of spring, since spring songs were the commonplace of poetry, none have celebrated the year's renewal with more acute pleasure than Murger. 'Winter killed him,' it has been said, and the longing for spring was a fever with him who knew so well the cold of wintry Paris. Our last quotation from him is full of his qualities, the gay and regretful life, with its sordid cares, and gleams of summer.

### SPRING IN THE STUDENTS' QUARTER.

Winter is passing, and the bells
  For ever with their silver lay
Murmur a melody that tells
  Of April and of Easter day.
High in sweet air the light vane sets,
  The weathercocks all southward twirl;
A sou will buy her violets
  And make Nini a happy girl.

The winter to the poor was sore,
  Counting the weary winter days,
Watching his little fire-wood store,
  The cruel snow-flakes fell always;
And now his last log dimly gleamed,
  Lighting the room with feeble glare,
Half cinder and half smoke it seemed
  That the wind wafted into air.

Pilgrims from ocean and far isles
  See where the east is reddening,
The flocks that fly a thousand miles
  From sunsetting to sunsetting;
Look up, look out, behold the swallows,
  The throats that twitter, the wings that beat,
And on their song the summer follows,
  And in the summer life is sweet.

. . . . . .

With the green tender buds that know
  The shoot and sap of lusty spring
My neighbour of a year ago
  Her casement, see, is opening;
Through all the bitter months that were,
  Forth from her nest she dared not flee,
She was a study for Boucher,
  She now might sit to Gavarni.

With these lines we may take farewell of Murger. He said of himself, that in reading La Fontaine's fable his heart was always on the side of the singing grasshopper. He made no provision for that latest and early winter of his life—his life that was in love with youth, and did not care to live without 'Nature, Hope, and Poesy;' that knew

no grief more bitter than to say
Farewell, still yearning for the days gone gray.

A. Lang.

# Under the Bark.

By Rev. J. G. Wood.

There is a time for all things, and this is the time for that pursuit so dear to the heart of all entomologists, hunting 'under the bark.' And well may it be dear to him, for, putting aside the fact that 'under the bark,' and there only, are found some of the rarest insects that can enrich a cabinet, the pursuit is in itself one of singular fascination. By withdrawing the curtain of the bark we are admitted, as it were, on the stage whereon Nature acts her ever-varying drama, and indeed penetrate behind the scenes of the theatre. We trace insects throughout the various stages of their existence, and see how by regular degrees the fat, white, round-bodied, slow-moving grub is transformed into the active, ample-winged, long-legged beetle. Then there is all the fascination of the lottery attendant upon the search under the bark, and every fresh tree or stump contains within it new elements of amusement. That there will be something under the bark is absolutely certain; but what it may be no one can tell. There may be perhaps nothing but a common woodlouse or centipede, but there may be, and very likely will be, some insect which the searcher never expected to find, and for which he has been long looking. Without further preface I will give an account of a few hours just spent in looking under the bark.

Close to my house—only across the road indeed—there is a piece of ground which at one time was thickly planted with oak, birch, and fir trees, but which has been of late years partially cleared, the stumps of the trees being in most cases left standing, so as to project a foot or so above the ground. These trees are on the upper part of the ground, while on the lower, through which runs a tiny but permanent brooklet, some willow trees are planted, one or two of them being very old. In this ground I lately spent between two and three hours, armed with a mortice chisel, a pair of forceps, and a laurel-bottle, i.e. a bottle in which are some young crushed laurel leaves, the odour of which is fatal to beetles, and prevents them from eating each other. At this time of year, however, no young laurel leaves are sufficiently grown, so I had to make a substitute for them by putting a little Easter's insect powder

at the bottom of the bottle, and covering it with a finely perforated card This plan answered so well that I shall try it through the season, for not only was the odour of the powder fatal to the insects, but it did not stiffen their limbs, which is the result of laurel-leaf vapour.

As I have already mentioned, this is a good time for searching under the bark. The severe frosts of winter have passed away, so that the fingers of the searcher are not chilled into uselessness, a circumstance which is very apt to occur when the enthusiastic entomologist pursues his task in mid-winter. Moreover, towards the spring a vast number of tree-inhabiting insects become developed and make their way towards the open air before they undergo their last change, so that at this time of year we may find almost immediately under the bark many insects which at other times would be buried deeply in the wood.

Taken roughly, all the creatures which are found under the bark may be divided into two classes, namely, those which have resorted there for shelter during the cold months of winter, and those which feed upon the bark or the substance of the tree itself. The former can always be found under the bark of old trees, especially oaks and willows. The latter, however, are the most prolific in insect life. In many old willows the bark is slightly separated from the trunk for many feet, and although no external sign be given of this fact, the hollow sound which is returned when the outside of the tree is tapped is a sufficient proof. On carefully removing one of these sheets of bark from the tree a most extraordinary sight is often presented.

The space between the bark and wood is a vast camp of insect armies, their white and glittering tents being set so closely together that there is not room for a finger's tip between them. Under the bark also flourish certain colonies of flat white cryptogams, which spread themselves in fan-like rays, and almost rival the silken insect tents in whiteness. Now and then comes a circular tent, through which can be seen a quantity of little yellow globular objects. The character of the silk tells us that the nest is certainly that of a spider, and we just pull off a little of the cover to get a better view of the eggs. Scarcely has the tip of the forceps stretched the silken roof than a simultaneous stir becomes apparent through the eggs, and all at once they suddenly start into life, unpacking in some mysterious way the limbs which had been folded round their globular bodies, and all running about as busily and aimlessly as the inhabitants of a disturbed ants' nest. In fact, the seeming eggs are not eggs at all, but very young spiders which have only just been hatched and are waiting for warmer weather before they make their appearance in the world.

This same space between the bark and the wood is a favourite resort of many moth-caterpillars. Led by instinct they proceed to the tree and climb up the bark, seeking for some recess in which to pass their short period of helpless existence. In comparatively young trees they content themselves with the crevices formed by the rugged and knotty

bark, but in old trees, such as have been described, they manage to discover some aperture through which they crawl into the large sheltered space and there spin their silken home. Careful investigation shows that however safe such a retreat may be for the insect while in its pupal or chrysalis condition, it is little more than a trap for the perfect insect. For not only are spiders' eggs to be found 'under the bark,' but spiders themselves also take up their residence there, and find ample subsistence in the many insects that have found their way under the bark and cannot find the way out again. Only two or three days ago I found, under the bark of an old willow tree, the remains of a beetle (*Pristonychus terricola*) which had fallen a victim to a spider. Unfortunately the edge of the chisel came upon it and damaged the specimen, or I should have cut it out and preserved it for my museum, as I never saw anything more curious. In the first place, that the insect had been caught by a spider was evident from the fact that it was bound to the tree by spider web. In the next, it was laid on its back with the limbs, jaws, wings, and wing-cases separated and displayed with as much regularity, in spread-eagle fashion, as if it had been prepared by an entomologist as a specimen of insect anatomy. Now, that any beetle should have been so treated is remarkable enough, but it is still more wonderful when we remember that the insect in question is one of the predacious beetles and measures three-quarters of an inch in length, so that it appears to be much more likely to eat the spider than to allow itself to be eaten.

Of all the insects which hibernate in the crevices of the bark, by far the greater number seem to be the chrysalides of various moths, which, as a rule, hide themselves so well that they need a practised eye to see them, and even though the greatest care be taken, are often accidentally destroyed. It is extremely provoking, after selecting an apparently safe spot for the chisel, to see a white creamy fluid run along the blade, and then to know that the tool has passed through the body of a chrysalis which has hidden itself so cleverly as to escape observation. The most successful of these hiders is the Puss Moth (*Cerura vinula*), the chrysalis of which lies hidden in a singularly ingenious cocoon. When the caterpillar is full fed it crawls to the trunk of the tree and looks about for a crevice in the rough bark. Into this crevice it insinuates itself, and begins at once to nibble the bark into tiny chips, which it fastens together with the silk-fluid discharged from its spinnerets, and so makes a cocoon which completely shelters it. Owing to the materials of which the cocoon is made it exactly resembles the bark and can scarcely be distinguished from it, and as the caterpillar took care to retire into the crevice before spinning, the surface of the cocoon does not project beyond that of the bark in general. Very often when the eye fails in detecting a cocoon the touch succeeds, the material of the cocoon being soft; but this is not the case with the Puss Moth,

whose cocoon is much harder than the bark of which it was made, the silk-fluid forming a wonderfully firm and tough cement.

As for woodlice, millipedes, armadillos, and centipedes, they swarm under the bark, especially the woodlice, whose dried and whitened skeletons can be seen by hundreds, showing at once their crustaceous descent. Earwigs also are sure to appear in great force, and, as is their wont, do not lose their presence of mind when disturbed, but make their way instinctively for the nearest crevice, and wriggle their lithe bodies out of reach almost before they have been seen.

Under the bark are also the relics of other creatures. For example, in one willow tree, the nuthatch and the squirrel have both left their marks in the shape of sundry hazel nuts. There is no difficulty of distinguishing the work of these two creatures. The nuthatch wedges the nut firmly into a crevice of the bark, and hammers rapidly and perseveringly at the point until the nut is split in two as neatly as a boy could do it with his knife. The bird then goes off with the kernel and leaves the halves of the shell where they happen to lie, some of them being still fixed in the bark, some lying on the ground, and some having slipped between the bark and the wood. In this place the nuthatch abounds, so that there is every opportunity for watching its habits. The squirrel treats its nuts in a different manner, first gnawing off the tip and then splitting the shell with its chisel-shaped teeth. Sometimes it gets hold of a bad nut, and after nibbling at the tip throws it away. In the same tree that has just been mentioned were several bad nuts, each of which had been tested by a squirrel and then thrown into the hollow between the tree and the bark.

There are plenty of beetles which find a shelter under the bark during the months of winter. While taking off one of the bark strips I saw something black wriggling violently under the chisel, and presently saw that it was a fine 'Devil's Coach-horse' (*Goerius olens*), which had evidently attacked the chisel after the manner of its fearless kind, and got itself caught between the blade and the wood. This is not a pretty creature, but it is a wonderfully courageous one, and will fight any antagonist without the least regard to size. These beetles are very common at Margate, living in the clefts of the chalk cliffs. I found one of them at the foot of a flight of stone steps, and was exceedingly amused at the manner in which it attacked my stick. It retreated fighting to the very top of the stairs, keeping its front well to the enemy, and acting on the offensive as well as the defensive whenever it found a chance. These are useful beetles to the gardener, as they feed upon many injurious insects, and I rather fancy that the unfortunate individual which was caught by the chisel had found its way under the bark as much for the sake of food as of shelter.

Having thus examined the willow trees, I ascended the hill and turned the chisel upon the stumps of the fir trees. These were, as I thought they would be, very prolific in insect life. In all cases I began by

gently removing the outer bark, and in the first stump that I opened a gleam of rich metallic purple caught my eye. It was well below the bark, and buried in the soft decayed wood, and had it not been that a bright ray of sunshine happened to light upon it, I should perhaps have missed it altogether. On picking away the wood a fine specimen of the Purple Ground Beetle (*Carabus catenulatus*) was disclosed—in my opinion one of the handsomest of our British beetles, with its rich purple thorax, and the purple edging of its beautifully sculptured and elegantly shaped elytra. To find one of these beetles is easy enough, because it is one of our commonest species. But I certainly never expected to find it in such a position. It is one of the predacious beetles, and both in its larval and perfect condition is a destroyer of other insects, so that unless it fed while in the larval state upon the wood-eating insects that inhabited the stump, I can scarcely account for its presence. It was not a beetle which had merely hidden itself under the bark by way of finding shelter, for the beautifully perfect condition of the insect shows that it has not as yet undergone any battle with the world. Moreover, it was hidden rather deeply in the wood, and was not merely lying under the bark. I think, therefore, that it must have fed while in the larval state upon the insects which inhabited the stump, and have crawled into the spot where it lay for the purpose of undergoing its transformation. Under the bark of the same stump, and in many others, were found various little beetles, which are popularly known as Sun-beetles or Sunshiners.

Carefully opening another stump, and removing half an inch or so of the rotten and damp wood, a slight movement caught my eye, and in a short time an antenna, evidently of a beetle, was seen gradually working its way to the light. Presently another antenna appeared, and then the head, which at once proclaimed itself as that of one of the wood-burrowing, long-horn beetles, called *Rhagium bifasciatum*. I do not know that it has any popular name, as is indeed the case with most beetles, however common they may be. This is a pretty, though soberly coloured insect, long bodied, long horned, long legged, and having a bold and sharp spike on each side of the thorax. To the unassisted eye it is only blackish gray, with four diagonal, cream coloured marks on the elytra. But when a powerful light is concentrated upon it and the magnifying lens is employed the colouring assumes a very curious aspect. The elytra seem to be made of black glass, ribbed, and covered on the surface with a multitude of tiny white specks, while the cream coloured marks appear to lie quite beneath the surface as if they were painted under the glass.

I was very glad to find this beetle, having tried in vain to discover one of its curious nests, but, though three more were in the same little stump, I could not find a perfect nest. At last, however, in another stump I succeeded in finding the nest, cut off the stump with a saw and brought it home.

Just before these insects are about to change into the perfect state they make for themselves an oval cell, so shaped that the head of the insect is upwards. This cell is lined with strips of wood, which are torn away by the jaws of the larva and arranged regularly, like the tiles of a house. The nest that is now before me is a little more than an inch in depth, and on the outside is an inch and a quarter in length by three-eighths of an inch in width. This diminishes, however, both in length and breadth in proportion to the depth, so that at the bottom, where the insect reposed, it is only five-eighths of an inch in length and a quarter of an inch in width—just large enough indeed to hold the beetle with its limbs and antennæ packed tightly to the body. The insect which made this nest differed from all the others in one respect. In the other cases the beetles seemed only too anxious to escape from their dark home and pass into the open air, while this one persisted in adhering to its nest, and, as the light was admitted, seemed to prefer darkness, pressing itself into the farthest recesses of its cell.

Another stump disclosed a really wonderful scene of insect life. On stripping off the bark of a small stump, barely eight inches in diameter and about as much in height from the surface of the ground, a large colony of the Yellow Ant (*Formica flava*) was suddenly exposed to the light. The insects had the strongest objection to the inroad upon their premises, and ran about actively in all directions. Their habitation was elaborately made of small particles of earth, which had been built together after the fashion of ants, and had been arranged between the bark and the wood so as to form a perfect labyrinth of soil cells and passages. I was really sorry to have broken into so elaborate a piece of insect architecture, but the mischief had been done, and was aggravated by a brisk and decidedly cold wind which had just sprung up, and which blew the unfortunate ants about in a way of which they did not at all approve.

This species of ant is very common, especially on heaths and similar places, and has the power of varying the structure of its nest so as to suit all conditions. On open ground it builds little hillocks, which, fragile as they appear, are quite capable of throwing off the rain. If, however, it can find a flat stone, it takes advantage of so good a shelter, and makes its habitation immediately beneath it, while in the present instance it had run up its chambers from the earth and extended them between the wood and bark of the stump. The bark was very close to the wood, and the insects had gained the requisite space by making shallow cavities in the decaying wood. During a severe winter they carry their habitations deeply into the ground, and make chambers, sunk well beneath the surface, communicating with each other by passages some four inches in length. It is in these nests, by the way, that some of our rarest beetles are discovered. The colour

of the insect is bright but pale yellow, the larger workers being brighter in hue than the smaller.

Having already done as much mischief as could be done, I had no scruple in removing the remainder of the bark. To my astonishment, another ants' nest was disclosed, but that of a different species, namely, the Jet Ant (*Formica fuliginosa*). Thus we have the curious fact that on opposite sides of the same little stump were two flourishing colonies of two different species of ant, neither interfering with the other, and both so completely concealed that no traces of them were seen until the bark was removed.

When their house was thus broken open, the ants showed at once the difference in disposition as well as in form. The yellow ants ran about in a state of great perturbation, and although they could do but little appeared to do a great deal. They were very angry too, and one of them, when put into the bottle, attacked a sun-beetle, grasped one of its antennæ with a hold like that of a bull-dog, and so died under the influence of the poisoned vapour. As a memorial of the occasion, I intend to place in my cabinet the beetle with the dead ant still griping the antenna between its jaws. The jet ants displayed no such fussiness, but took matters very coolly indeed. At first they seemed to be surprised into something like activity, but they soon appeared to make up their minds that there was no use in troubling themselves more than necessary. So they quietly slipped away under cover, some dropping at once to the ground and so escaping into the recesses of the nest, and others crawling very leisurely down the ruins of their home and disappearing into the deep-lying cells. Still, quiet, and almost sluggish as were their movements, they answered their purpose wonderfully well, for the retreat was made so quickly that almost before I had recovered from my surprise at finding this second nest so close to the first scarcely an ant was to be seen.

The jet ants carry this easy-going style into ordinary life, and may be seen in the summer time doing what few ants do, namely, idling. They have a way of assembling together in considerable numbers just outside the nest and remaining quite still in the sunshine, instead of running about and working as do most other ants, whether the sun shine upon them or not. I need scarcely say that both these ants are well worthy of examination under the microscope. All insects are worthy of such an examination, but some seem to be more worthy than others, and of such are these two species of ants, so different from each other in form, colour, and disposition.

The same fir-wood is also much frequented by the magnificent insect called *Sirex gigas*—the insect that is so common in the neighbourhood of fir woods, and is so often mistaken for a hornet. When the bark is removed from the tree, the holes made by the sirex in its larval state are very evident, but as the insect is an inhabitant of the wood itself, and is seldom to be found under the bark, I pass but lightly over it

in the present instance. Under the bark is a favourite resort of many of the weevil tribe, and those which do worst harm to fruit-trees are mostly in the habit of hiding themselves during the winter in the crevices of the bark. So all growers of fruit-trees will do well during the winter to search carefully under the bark of the older trees, and to fill up the crevices with some greasy composition, which will smother the beetles as they lie in their hiding-places. Stripping off the bark is much recommended, but I doubt its efficacy, inasmuch as these beetles always let themselves fall to the ground when they are alarmed, so that the greater number would escape when they were disturbed. The greasy composition, however, which can be laid on with a brush, does no harm to the tree, and very effectually smothers the insects that are lying hidden 'under the bark.'

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## SPRING SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

I.

THE gentle zephyrs wakening blow
And day and night they rustle low
By sweet bowers softly ranging.
Refreshing scent! reviving sound!
That breathe to hearts still winter-bound
'Hope even ye, for all is changing.'

II.

The earth grows fairer day by day
As Spring moves on from March to May,
Her wand of magic wielding.
'Tis waved! the sombrest valleys bloom,
And the sad soul smiles through its gloom,
To grief's divine exorcist yielding.

ROSAMUND PERCEVAL.

# JACKSON OF PAUL'S.

By Henry Kingsley.

'It is a terribly fast college,' said Mrs. Jackson to the Dean of Crediton as they lay in bed together one night; 'it is getting a very bad name. Mr. Dickson, who was senior proctor last year, said that it had the worst name for riotous conduct in the whole university; he said that quiet men were afraid to walk past the gate, because the men dropped champagne bottles on the pavement, which exploded just in front of the feet of passers-by.'

'My dear,' said the Dean, 'I have done that trick with an empty bottle a hundred times; it is perfectly safe if you calculate your distance: all you have got to look to is the pace your man is walking, and so put it well in front of him and not hit him on the head. I don't see any harm in that.'

Mrs. Dean sniffed and went on with her accusation: 'Then they caught one of the marshall's men who was posting a notice on the buttery door rather late, and they forced ice cream down his throat with spoons, until he roared for mercy, and has had neuralgia ever since.'

'Serve him right,' said the Dean. 'The marshall's men have no right inside our gates, the notices are always posted by the porter. In my time I'd have——'

'Never mind what you would have done, Mr. Dean; spare me if you please,' said Mrs. Dean. 'I suppose that you approve of their getting over the master's garden wall, stealing his cabbages, and planting them in rows in the turf in quad. with their pokers; I shall hear of your approving of that next, I suppose. Perhaps you would like the minor canons and the choristers to do the same by you.'

'Well, I don't uphold that,' said the Dean, who was a great gardener. 'Of course they oughtn't to do that; but a cad can't exist in that college, if he ever gets in, the men are all gentlemen.'

'Do you call it gentlemanly to steal cabbages, Dean?'

'They did not steal them, my love,' said the Dean, 'they did not put them to any improper use—or at least they made no use of them,' he added, correcting himself.

'*I* consider that cabbages are not grown to be planted on grassplots,' said Mrs. Jackson.

'My dear, boys will be boys,' said the Dean, 'and they have had four first classes in this year, and are head of the river. By George—I meant St. George, my love—how I laughed when I saw the dear lads go dancing away ahead of Balliol. No, no, my love, he will come to no harm there.'

'There have been eighteen rustications in two terms,' said Mrs. Jackson.

'Well, my dear,' said the Dean, 'there were about as many when I was there, and the college has turned out ME!'

There was no use for the good-natured lady to continue the argument any further; she only laughed and said that she wished Charles was going anywhere else.

Charles Jackson was following fairly in his father's footsteps, and there was every appearance of his taking a first-rate position in the world. At the great school of Stevedon, almost the greatest in all England, the cleverest masters said that he was a boy who would 'do' before he had been there a week. Among the other boys of his own age he was a little king, and very soon gained the respect of the senior boys by his talents and his manly bearing; he went through the school like a lord, taking at one examination more prizes than he could carry, as many as Prince Giglio in 'the Rose and the Ring' ever got; he left that school captain, and his name is fondly remembered there now by the older masters.

When he went to that school he met another new boy, and in the confusion of the new comers that boy and he were thrown together in the junior dormitory. Here, for the first time, all the new boys were overhauled, and their names asked. Charles Jackson was passed without any particular comment, for he was excessively cool and strong, and looked quite the match for any boy in the room; but when his ordeal was over the other boy, with whom Charles had made a slight acquaintance, without asking his name, was had up before the conclave on the biggest boy's bed, and he was asked his name. He was as big and as bold as Charles, and he answered quite quietly and coolly,

'Lord Edward Deverest.'

'Oh, this one's a lord,' said one of them. 'Here's a lark! Who is your father?'

'Lord Eyre.'

'How much money have you got, my lord?' said the biggest boy sarcastically.

'Three and sixpence' the boy answered with the most perfect coolness, and added, 'that must last me to the end of the half, so I shall take care of it.'

There were yells of laughter and wild dances round the lord with

the three and sixpence, but Charles, slipping on his trousers, ducked in among them and laid his hand on Lord Edward's shoulder.

'You snobs and cowards,' he said, 'ridiculing a boy because he has no money. Come, we two will fight any four in the room, won't we, you other boy?'

Lord Edward Deverest thought highly of the arrangement, but no other four seemed to see their way to it, and so after a few growlings from the senior boys (the eldest of whom had not been there a year) about cocky youngsters, our pair were allowed to go to bed unmolested; and during the whole of the school career the notorious impecuniosity of Lord Edward Deverest was never once alluded to. He never went in debt and never borrowed. Once Charles, who was an only son and very rich, begged him to borrow the money from him to buy a new bat on which Lord Edward had set his heart. On that one occasion the lad borrowed the money of Charles, and instantly wrote to his father to say what he had done, adding that nothing but *extreme emergency* would have caused him to do such a thing, for that the bat would have been gone the next day; by return of post Lord Eyre sent back the money, but not one farthing extra. A short time after he met the Dean in society, and said to him:

'My son borrowed fifteen shillings of yours the other day, Mr. Dean. I have paid it back without a word, because I want to teach my young rascal economy. I am poor enough in all conscience, and Northcot' (his eldest son) 'being blind and unable to take his place in the world, Edward will have next to nothing.'

These two went through school together. This poverty of Lord Edward kept him from a great deal of the society of the school, because many of the amusements were very expensive, and Lord Edward would have nothing for which he could not pay. This fact threw him almost entirely on the society of Charles Jackson, and the two boys had that boy love for one another which I hope none of our readers have forgotten in the turmoils of life: there is no love except the love of a good woman which surpasses it in purity and in the incitement to noble deeds. Lord Edward was very clever, but not quite so clever as Charles Jackson, yet his diligence was such that they ran a kindly race with one another: when the Erle scholarship was competed for the matter seemed to lie between Lord Edward and Charles. Charles won.

Lord Edward's tutor had him into his private room, and said, 'Deverest, what a horrible mess you have made.'

'Well, sir, I could not help it.'

'It is your Latin prose has ruined you, and would ruin any tutor's reputation, sir. You put "dicebit" for the future of "dico."'

'I did it on purpose, sir,' he said looking stubborn.

'In the name of confusion why?'

'Can I trust you not to tell?'

'Of course,' said the tutor.

'I did it to lose the scholarship. Charles Jackson is the only friend I have in the world, and I think he is glad he has got it. I did not know how the thing was going, for I am better than him in mathematics, and so I muckered my Latin prose.'

The tutor said not one word, but he tapped the lad on the shoulder and sent him out of the room.

So came the end of school and the parting. Lord Eyre was terribly poor, and had been saving hard, poor gentleman, to keep Lord Edward at the university, in hopes that he might make a great name and get into office. The loss of the scholarship determined him; he wrote to his son:

'Dear Lad,—Better luck next time, but you must go into the army; you have done well and nobly, but your mother and I have talked over matters, and you must prepare your mind for the Grenadier Guards. Come home, my boy, and bring Charles Jackson with you.

'EYRE.'

So it came about that while the Dean and his wife were disputing in bed about Charles being entered at another college (Charles had been already entered at Paul's) the two lads were amusing themselves at Eyre Castle.

Lord Eyre was a lean and worn gentleman of the middle age, bitterly poor for his station, paying everyone their last penny, but often trudging home from the House of Lords to his lodging through the mud to save the expense of a cab. He said once at the foreign minister's dinner to a young nobleman, 'My lord, my daughter Edith is dressed very much by the money which I save in cabs and cigars.'

'But you are a great smoker,' said Lord Desmoulins (he was an advanced Radical, and claimed collateral kinship with the great Camille Desmoulins of the Revolution).

'Yes, my lord, but I smoke pipes; and to tell the truth I always drink beer, when I can get it, in preference to wine. I drink Mr. Michael Bass's beer, my lord, a most respectable man whose acquaintance I have the honour to have made. It has been urged against him in a late election that he is a brewer, a fact which he cannot deny, but further than that there is nothing against his character.'

Lord Desmoulins, the extravagant dandy Radical, ventured no more words, but asked after Lady Edith Deverest.

'She is quite well, and will appear rather later this season in consequence of one of my tenants having died, and of my refusing to push his widow for the rent. I had only eighteen pounds to come to town with myself.'

This Lord Eyre, with the heart and head of a gentleman, the body of a giant, and the kindliness of a Pantagruel, was the justest, kindest, and best loved landlord in the county. Poor as he was, no

man ever dreamt of seeking a farm on any other man's estate, if there was one to be had on his. The people called him 'the good lord,' and although on economic grounds he smoked tobacco and drank Bass's beer he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the land, and his house was the most refined and perfectly *mise* for twenty miles round.

'There is my father,' said Lord Edward to Charles as they got out at the station. 'God bless his sweet heart! he's getting younger every year. He has brought over the waggonette, and I'm blessed if there is not Edith sitting in it. Here, Tom, Tom, see after the luggage. Charley, let me run on.' And in less than a minute the young gentleman had bounced into the waggonette, and was exchanging kisses with his father and sister.

Charles came up and was welcomed.

'Now,' said my lord, 'we have got the young rascal who has robbed my son of his scholarship. Now we have him, and we will put him in the dungeon under the keep. Mind he does not bolt, Tom,' he added to the groom.

The groom laughed so pleasantly that Charles came to the conclusion that Lord Eyre was a good master. He looked at Lord Eyre and gave his word of honour that he would not make any attempt to escape. While they were laughing he turned, and for the first time in his life saw Lady Edith.

It was all over at once. There was no doubt about the matter. In Lady Edith he saw the friend of his heart, his boy love, transformed into a beautiful young woman, the flash of whose eyes sent his blood tingling about his ears. The creature he had loved best in the world had been Lord Edward, and he was repeated in his sister. It was all over at once, there was no mistake about it: that woman or death—that woman or ruin.

To all honest men this matter will come sooner or later: what I say is the sooner the better. In this particular case, however, the young lady had been to a certain extent prepared for the arrival of her brother's friend. He had written to her about him for four years, and had extolled him as a marvel of learning and diligence. He had confided to her the fact that he was doubtful about Charles's mathematics, and that he had deliberately muckered his own Latin prose, and she had congratulated herself on the nobility of her brother. She had expected to see a pale-faced young bookworm; the lad she saw was one of the grandest and noblest lads ever seen.

'He is more beautiful than my brother,' she thought.

And he thought, 'She is far handsomer than her brother.'

Now this is not a love-making story; it is a simple matter-of-fact little story of no pretensions whatever, limited as to space (for our Editor stands no nonsense, and I do not blame him), and so I will just say this. Three weeks afterwards Charles Jackson had his arm round

Lady Edith's waist in the conservatory. And if you do not know what that means you had better try it by experience. The fact is they were engaged; with only the father to get over.

'You had better go to papa,' she said.

'I think I had.' And he went to papa.

Lord Eyre was busy at his accounts. 'What do you want, my dear Charles?' he said briskly and cheerfully.

'I am in love with Lady Edith, sir,' blurted out Charles.

'I don't see my way to it, my lad,' said Lord Eyre. 'It won't do.'

'Can't you, as we are both plain speakers, my lord, give me a trial, and see how I do at the University?'

Lord Eyre hesitated: but at the end he said, 'No, the thing must be finished and ended.' He would not even give him a trial. 'Have you spoken to her?' he added.

'Yes, my lord.'

'And she?'

'She said yes, my lord.'

'Well, come back with a good degree this time three years, and we will think of it.'

'May I see her before I go, my lord?'

'You may see her as much as you like as long as you stay; and as for the letters you write to her, you may write as many as you like, and her mother shan't look at them. I am going to write one now, so good night.'

His lordship wrote:

'Dear Dean,—Your son has proposed to my daughter. I am utterly opposed to the matter altogether, for I believe she would have Lord Atterly, who will be home from the Mediterranean next week. If your son does well within the next three years, I shall have no objection further to offer.

'EYRE.'

The Dean wrote:

'My Lord,—I am perfectly astounded at what you tell me. The ungrateful audacity of my son in proposing marriage at the age of nineteen has filled me with dismay. At my death my son will have nearly 80,000*l.* first and last, and the idea of his daring to propose marriage without consulting me is absolutely preposterous. I have ordered him home by this post.'

Lord Eyre wrote:

'Dear Dean,—You had better keep your breath to cool your porridge. I am a very poor man because I have to pay off some heavy mortgages; but I shall be a rich man, if I live, in ten years. Northcot will have no children, and I am going to send Edward into the Guards, where, if I am any judge of politics, he stands a good chance of having his head

broke. I won't have the matter broken off entirely unless she accepts Atterly. If she does that it is all over between us. I am at present a poor man, and I want to keep two strings to my bow. Your son will be a very good second string, and I believe that the girl likes him better than she does Atterly.

'EYRE.'

It was all over for the present, and Charles went to St. Paul's, while Lord Edward went into the Guards. Sometimes Lord Edward would come to Paul's and have a boisterous day and night, and sometimes Charles would get leave from the head of his house to go to London, and have a rather boisterous day in Birdcage Walk. On one occasion, I remember, he missed the last train, and the kindly Guardsmen invaded the Paddington station and chartered a special engine for him. He got to his destination at a quarter past two. It is not true that he knocked up the vice-chancellor to explain the delay. It was Giggles of the Fusileers who did that, and the vice-chancellor pointed out to him in a neat speech that he was not sober (which was actually the fact). The Guardsmen telegraphed up the line and then went back on the engine at half-past three. Where are they now? Rotting on Crimean hillsides.

Charles was the steadiest of youths. He certainly caught it most fearfully at collections for this engine escapade: all his dons had a turn at him one after the other; but his diligence was so great and his escapades were so few, that he got off pretty easily; the more so as they had previously whetted their teeth on one Charles Ravenshoe, a very bad character, who had come up just before, and had caught it hot and heavy. The fact of the matter was that the dons saw a prospective first in Charles Jackson, and they liked firsts at Paul's. Making a first out of Charles Ravenshoe was a hopeless thing, but Charles Jackson was a very hopeful subject, and a proper amount of wigging might do it. The master said that really and truly when all was said and done, he did not see much wrong in the young man's collections. His papers were simply admirable, and his 'viva voce' was as good as he had ever heard.

The dean said that his papers were good enough, and his 'viva voce' good enough, but that if he was going to make it a practice to come down in the dead of night on steam-engines with a parcel of howling drunken Guardsmen, he had better carry his talents elsewhere.

The bursar, no one ever knew why, said that his father was a most eminent man in the Church.

This exasperated the dean, who said that some of the most troublesome cubs he had ever known had come from great Church families.

Charles got his caution from his first collections, and was very careful, working hard for the first three terms. His smalls were of course a day's holiday to him, but he wanted honours in moderation; there he

was a certain first, in two schools. Everything was going well with him, when——

There came a letter from Lord Eyre:

'Dear Lad,—Cease corresponding with Edith. Conceive it to be all over. Atterly is come, and she will have him.

'EYRE.'

Consider it as all over! Certainly he had not heard of her for weeks. 'They will break her heart, but I will not help,' the gallant lad said. 'Oh, my darling, my darling!'

He had already rowed stroke in the torpid, young as he was, and the torpid was a good one. He went to Jones, the captain and secretary, and he said—

'Jones, you only row well bow side.'

'Well, that is true, young one. I row three in the four now. What do you mean?'

'Try me as stroke of the four.'

Jones looked at him. 'Can you mark your stroke, lad. You are very young.'

'Try me,' said Charles.

'You row well, but you are very inexperienced.'

'I'll tear the d—d boat to pieces for strength,' said Charles.

'We don't want the boat torn to pieces,' said Jones; 'but you row before me and see what we can do. We ought not to go on at all; there is not a week to the race, and we are all mops and brooms. Urquhart is sick and I cannot row stroke side. My lad, if you can give us a stroke well marked, we will take the boat from Chelsea to Hackney.'

They paddled down to the white tree, getting gently together. 'See,' said Balliol and Exeter, 'those Paul's men have got their torpid stroke in their four.' And the cads betted six to four against Paul's at Iffly, but the watermen at the University barge only would bet at evens.'

For before starting from the white tree Charles said quietly, 'I only want my stroke rowed up to, and if you can do it we must win, for I have the devil in me.'

The watermen listened to the oars all clicking together, and made their arrangements at once. In times of extreme anguish the intellect gets quickened, and Charles's intellect was quickened now. He knew the stroke those men wanted, he had studied them from the bank day after day; he had seen that four long-backed men will never row well behind a short-backed stroke, and he gave them their will. As soon as they had stretched themselves he gave them a sharper stroke and they answered to it in that short course. They came thundering up from the gut in a way which made any speculation about the fours perfectly useless. Paul's raced down Pembroke and Exeter in an

absurd manner, and Jones, the Paul's captain, said, 'I will never distrust a youngster as stroke.'

Must I go on? I fear so; there is so much mincing of matters now-a-days that real truth is nearly useless. After the race Charles went to the supper in the rooms of a man he hardly knew, and there and then, before the first lobster was eaten, he announced his intention of getting entirely drunk.

Jones, the captain, reasoned with him, but he was not to be dissuaded. 'I am going to get drunk. Indeed I am drunk now.'

'But you have had nothing to drink,' urged Jones.

'But I am drunk, and intend to be more so. I'll be a drunkard for the rest of my life, and I will die of delirium tremens. Confound it, our family is a gŏod one, and we could buy him up ten times over. But he is a good fellow, and yet I have ten devils in me.'

'Don't get drunk, old fellow,' said the captain.

'Oh, you mean intoxicated. No, I have not come to *that* yet. But I am going to make hay.'

'Don't be a fool,' said the captain in a whisper.

'Why not?' replied Charles; 'a girl has made a fool of me. I will make a fool of myself. I say, you fellows, I want to know the number of your staircases. Jones, old boy, one word with you.'

'Come here, old man,' said the captain gently.

'Jones, I am mad. I have been true to her, and during this last week, after her father cast me off, she has not written one solitary line. If she had written one solitary line to say that she loved me I would not have cared, but she is false, and I am mad!'

Jones (God bless thee, dear Jones, our old captain! shall I give thy name? no, for thou art a country parson now) did not quite know what to say. He asked if insanity was congenital in the family, for he had been in for physical science, and knew what he was about.

'No,' said Charles, 'there is no madness in our family; but I am going to have a bonfire in quad this very evening.'

'I will punch your head if you try it,' said the captain.

'Of course you can do it if you choose,' said Charles; and so the matter ended for the time.

Now it so happened that Charles, who had announced his intention of getting drunk, took hardly anything to drink, and although he grew more boisterous and reckless as the hours went on, remained perfectly sober as far as stimulants were concerned. 'One thing she shall never hear of me,' he thought; 'she shall never hear that I was drunk.' But all this time, I regret to say, our beloved old captain insisted on drinking 'bishop' in large quantities, and what with coming off training and with being half intoxicated with success at winning the fours before he began at the 'bishop,' he at about eleven o'clock began to look on Charles Jackson's idea of a bonfire in quad as a very good one, and to wonder that he had not thought of it himself.

'You are a deuced clever fellow, Jackson,' he said in a loud voice to no one in particular. 'You are fit to be an arch-chancellor, I should say a vice-bishop. We'll do it, my lad.'

'What shall we do?' shouted Jack Croft (No. 2.)

'You are interrupting the chair, sir,' said the captain; 'you always are interrupting the chair. Hold your tongue, sir.'

'Hang it, old chap,' said Jack, 'we are out of training, and a man may speak.'

'A man may *not* speak, sir,' said the captain solemnly. 'I believe that I am captain of the boat, sir; you will scarcely go as far, I take it, in your course of mendacious inebriety, as to deny that, sir.'

'I never denied it,' said Jack Croft, who saw that his chief had had more than was good for him, and who wanted to keep matters quite quiet.

'Very good, sir. I am captain of the eight, but I am *not* captain of the eleven. The captain of the eleven is a gentleman possessed of every Christian virtue; but he his doing his best to ruin the boat, and ruin this college in the eyes of Europe.'

The captain of the eleven, who was present, said, 'You had better go to bed, old chap.'

'Not at all, sir,' said the captain of the eight. 'To a mind constituted like yours, sir, I should conceive that the spectacle of my being carried to bed drunk would give satisfaction. But I am not drunk, sir; I never am. You seduce my best men, sir, to your cricket—a most immoral game, sir—and leave me a widow and an orphan, comparatively speaking; have you no morality, sir? have you no thought about what I must feel? Why, only last term, sir, you spoilt the boat by carrying away young Dickson—you tore him shrieking from my arms, and instead of rowing a good seven in the boat he was bowled out with five runs at Kennington. And you, calling yourself after that a man and a Christian, tell me to go to bed. Sir, I propose that we have a bonfire in quad.'

There was no hope of the captain after this, but his nonsense seemed contagious. What in broad daylight would have seemed a monstrous piece of folly, now seemed rather a smart piece of nonsense. It was odd to see Charles Jackson, the only perfectly sober man of the party, marshalling this outrageous and perfectly objectless act against law and order. He was the most persistent of the whole lot. Jack Croft told him to take care, and not be too prominent; Dundas warned him about the same matter, like a cautious Scotchman; Livingstone the American pointed out to him that he had a career before him, and that he might better leave it to others; O'Flaherty the Irishman, who loved him well, told him that he would see the bonfire through and the captain to bed, and take the consequences. But Charles Jackson said quietly to O'Flaherty, 'A girl has sold me, and I am going to the devil,' and O'Flaherty understood at once.

O'Flaherty and Charles had never been hearty friends before, but they were friends now. 'I'll be into it with you, lad: there'll be blazes own row, but save the captain. If there's a woman in the case I'm your man. But the captain is drunk, and will think better of it on the morrow. We must save the captain.'

Among all the young lunatics the Irishman was the most thoughtful. 'We will have the divvle's own diversion,' he said. 'I have no reputation to lose, but you and the captain have. Come, go to your beds.'

But Charles was perfectly desperate—he *wanted* to be rusticated. He and O'Flaherty ransacked the scout's holes and got the necessary faggots. The proceedings were very much interrupted by the captain, who insisted that no bonfire in quad could be lucky unless it was fed by a freshman's teathings; they accordingly went to the next freshman's door, broke it down with a coal hammer, and threw (under the captain's and O'Flaherty's directions) all his things out of window. I am not exaggerating in the slightest degree. I would give chapter and verse for every word of this, and at the same time I would have let any lady I know walk unattended through the town, while I would not have let her walk through Bonn or through Paris.

The bonfire came off at eleven: a little before twelve there was a great riot at the porter's lodge. The captain had been carried to bed after trying to immolate himself on the ashes. His ground for this proceeding was that the quad was Smithfield, and that he was a true Protestant so far as regarded the captain of the eleven. The dean came out in his shirt and trousers, and said that if the porter could not keep the place quiet he would do it himself. He then, after recognising two or three rioters, went to see the smouldering bonfire. The next morning there was a common room on Charles Jackson and O'Flaherty the Irishman.

'Could not you have spared Charles Jackson, Mr. Dean?' said the master.

'No,' said the dean, 'the boy has gone mad and must be brought to his senses. It is make a spoon or spoil a horn with him. I think there is a good chance with him; he has been disappointed about a woman; give him two terms, master, and he will come back again. I like a boy that will go to the mischief for a woman.'

'And O'Flaherty?'

'O'Flaherty is an Irishman and consequently a lunatic. But he is a fine fellow, and the time will come when the English and Irish heart will beat together. Don't send him down, master, it would break his heart. Dear master, whatever you do, don't send O'Flaherty down.'

The young gentlemen were brought in at once. The master asked Charles Jackson if he had anything to do with the gross breach of discipline which had occurred the night before.

'I am in reality the sole culprit,' said Charles; 'I egged the others on.'

'Why?' said the dean.

'I wanted to get rusticated, sir. You are a good man, Mr. Dean, and I tell you that I am half mad.'

There was a flush on the dean's face which had not been there for many years when he said to the master, 'He must go down for two terms, master.' Master acquiesced, and down went Charles for two terms; and the dean followed him out of the room.

'Don't be downhearted, old man,' said the dean when they were on the stairs; 'go back and study with your father and come back to us. Have I ever been harsh to you? if I have, forgive me. My poor boy, win her by work: you can do anything.'

'Sir,' said Charles, 'she is going to be married.'

And the dean said, 'The devil!' It was very wrong of him to do so, but he said it.

The dean was much shorter and sharper with Mr. O'Flaherty than the master supposed he would have been. The dean on returning to the common room requested sharply to be informed whether English colleges were to be invaded by low Irish riff-raff; but Mr. O'Flaherty, seeing with the wonderful perception of his nation that the dean meant no mischief, replied that 'Begorra, he couldn't tell.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'Only what I say, sir. I was sent here to be educated, and I'm having a beautiful education, the best part of which I have got from you. This is a fine University altogether, Mr. Dean; and if there is a bonfire in quad now and then, why it's good for the gardeners. Put it to yourself, sir: you look out of window and see us making a bonfire, and we look up at your window and see you looking out at it. I'd bet my life, sir, that whenever we make a bonfire we shall find you looking out at it.'

'It's no use rusticating the man, Mr. Master,' said the dean. 'Gate him.'

'That's not much,' said the irrepressible Irishman; 'I've been gated ever since I came here. I was gated two days after I came into residence, and my accumulations of gating have got so large that if the last trump sounds next Good Friday before nine, as Dr. Cumming says it will, I sha'n't be out of college.'

'Don't talk that nonsense here, sir,' said the dean. 'You are gated.'

[*To be continued.*]

# The Musical Frogs.

By Professor Blackie.

Some dozen or more years ago, while living at Liebenstein, a German hydropathic establishment in Sachse-Meiningen, I took a stroll across the country on a hot summer's day, when coming near some low marshy ground I became aware of a concert of soft musical notes, floating up gently from the pools of water among the reeds. Never having heard anything of the kind before, I went close up to the brink of the water, and soon found that the most sweet discourse came from a colony of green frogs. Their music made such an impression on me, that on the way back to my water-quarters I wrote some lines as a memorandum of the event, the same that I now send, if they shall seem worthy, for insertion in the various pages of the 'Dark Blue.' Perhaps the verses, however small their poetical merit, may be fortunate enough to bring out some batrachian commentary from learned naturalists, that might prove both interesting and instructive to me and your readers. Are these green boggy musicians to be found in any part of England? Scotland certainly is too cold for them; otherwise I should have met with them in my many wanderings.

J. S. B.

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!
How sweet ye sing! Would God that I
Upon the bubbling pool might lie,
And sun myself to-day
With you! No curtained bride, I ween,
Nor pillowed babe, nor cushioned queen,
Nor tiny fay on emerald green,
Nor silken lady gay,
Lies on a softer couch. O Heaven!
How many a lofty mortal, riven
By keen-fanged inflammation,
Might change his lot with yours, to float
On sunny pond with bright green coat,
And sing with gently throbbing throat
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!
Happy the bard who weaves his rhyme
Recumbent on the purple thyme,
In the fragrant month of June;
Happy the sage, whose lofty mood

Doth with far-searching ken intrude
Into the vast infinitude
Of things beyond the moon;
But happier not the wisest man
Whose daring thought leads on the van
Of star-eyed speculation,
Than thou, quick-legged, light-bellied thing,
Within the green pond's reedy ring,
That with a murmurous joy dost sing
Among the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!
Great Jove with dark clouds sweeps the sky,
Where thunders roll and lightnings fly,
And gusty winds are roaring;
Fierce Mars his stormy steed bestrides,
And, lashing wild its bleeding sides,
O'er dead and dying madly rides,
Where the iron hail is pouring.
'Tis well; such crash of mighty Powers
Must be: the spell may not be ours
To tame the hot creation.
But little frogs with paddling foot
Can sing when gods and kings dispute,
And little bards can strum the lute
Amid the croaking nation,
With Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!
Farewell! not always I may sing
Around the green pond's reedy ring
With you, ye boggy Muses!
But I must go and do stern battle
With lawless herds of human cattle,
Whose eager lust of windy prattle
The quiet rein refuses.
O if!—but all such *ifs* are vain—
I'll go and blow my trump again,
With brazen iteration:
And when, by Logic's iron rule,
I've quash'd each briskly babbling fool,
I'll seek again your gentle school,
And hum beside the tuneful pool
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy happy frogs!

# Recollections of American Universities: Harvard and Cornell.

By Thomas Hughes, M.P., and W. D. Rawlins.

It is not surprising that a new university, beginning life in what may still be called a new country, untrammelled by educational traditions, and fostered by practical common-sense enthusiasts, should present numerous points of individuality. Cornell abounds in specialities both notable and interesting, pre-eminent among which stands the voluntary labour scheme. Admittedly an experiment this, suggested perhaps by the prominence given in the charter of the institution to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. The university authorities have determined to try, fairly and fully, whether, and how far, it is practicable for students to pay the expenses of a college education by manual work done on the spot. The founder's words, 'I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study,' are the text from which Cornell preaches, and the labour scheme is one practical means of helping 'any person' in his search. But, granted willing hands, what are they to work at, and how much may they expect to earn? Of course no general answer can be given to these questions. If you have entered the University with any experience as carpenter, mason, or machinist, you may be sure of regular employment for years to come, in building and fitting up students' quarters, professors' houses, lecture-rooms, and the like. You have been a printer, perhaps. In that case you will naturally join the staff of the University Press, where foreman, compositors, pressmen, and engineer—to the number last autumn of five-and-twenty—are all matriculated students of the University. Any of the above trades, worked at with a will, may be counted on to pay the greater part of a student's necessary expenses without encroaching unduly upon lectures or private reading. But how about the great majority, who have only unskilled labour to offer? It is proposed to introduce for their benefit some simple remunerative industries, chair and boot-making for instance; but for the present they must be content either to 'grade' roads and paths on the University property, or to work under the assistant pro-

fesor of agriculture on the University farm. This gentleman, a practical and scientific farmer of our best Lothian or Lincolnshire type, told us that he was paying weekly wages to thirty of the students. From two to five every afternoon are the usual labour hours in term time, and those who are in earnest about self-support will spend their vacations, especially the long summer one, upon the farm. For indeed self-support is, in practice, no easy matter. In the race with outsiders there is no handicapping in favour of the labour corps. Each student is paid just what his work is worth in the labour market, and no more. The bare statement of this fact is probably enough to convince the most sanguine believer in the experiment that the average student must not expect to make his hands keep his head at Cornell more than partially. Only a moderate portion of each day can be given to manual labour, or sheer physical weariness will put vigorous mental exertion out of the question. Hear what the 'University Register' has to say on this point: 'At this time the University authorities cannot recommend any young man to come relying entirely on unskilled labour for support. Some few have that peculiar combination of mental and physical strength required thus to entirely support themselves, the great majority have not.'

Still, whether the labour scheme eventually succeeds or fails, it will always deserve to be had in honour, since, from the mere fact of its existence, it has come about that, at one university in the world at any rate, poor men can and do work openly with their hands towards their student expenses, without fear of being looked down upon by their fellows. Oxford in the thirteenth century probably offered the same advantages to poor students, and will not be all that she should be to the nation until she does so again.

Another characteristic feature of Cornell is the system of Elective and Special courses. Seven general courses have been mapped out and placed under the direction of committees of the teaching Faculty. Such are the so-called Colleges of Language, History, Mathematics, and so on. But a student need not tie himself down to any one of these departments of knowledge unless he is so minded. Out of the multitude of subjects lectured upon, he may form any combination that best falls in with his individual tastes or educational objects, and devote his four years to the subjects of his choice alone. To this absolute freedom of selection only two or three reasonable conditions are attached. The student may not choose studies which he is not in some degree fitted by his previous preparation to pursue. He may select, in each Trimester, or Term, only such studies as are set down in the University programme for that Trimester. And, unless specially exempted, he is required to attend three lectures daily, and to pass the ordinary terminal examinations of the classes which he attends. The degree given is to be that which in each case best corresponds to the character of the subjects studied. A very nice arrangement in theory; but sup-

pose a student to have devoted a year apiece to Agriculture, Chemistry, Languages, and Literature. Which of the three possible degrees ought he to have at the end of his time? Will you dub him Bachelor of Science, Philosophy, or Arts? This difficulty, however, does not seem to weigh much with the students, for at the beginning of last year no less than 156 out of the then whole number of 563 were following Elective Courses. The Special courses, too, are highly popular; their principle being, as the name implies, that any single branch of study may be made a specialty, with due precautions taken to ensure every 'special' student's going through a proper *quantum* of daily work.

The voluntary labour scheme, and Elective Courses system, are fair samples of the boldness of Cornell in experimentalising in any promising direction. From the very first the University has been equally bold and decided in the rejection of ideas and methods which, in its judgment, have been tried and found wanting. There is no passage more vigorous in President White's Inaugural Address than that in which he denounces what he calls the ideas of the pedants, and the ideas of the Philistines. 'Of the first,' he says, 'are they who gnaw for ever at the dry husks and bitter rinds of learning, and never get at the real precious kernel. These are they who in so many public schools teach boys geography by stupid parrotings upon leaden text-books, and leave them to come before the examiners of this University to be rejected for statements that Egypt is a province of Russia, and the like. These are they who in so many high schools teach young men by text-books to parse, and by their teachers' example to speak ungrammatically. These are they who in so many Colleges teach your young men endless metaphysics of the Latin subjunctive, and second-hand dilutions of doubtful philosophy, with not an idea of the massiveness of statesmanship in Cicero, or the vigour of patriotism in Tacitus. Out upon the whole race of these owls! Let us have done with them!' After this, it is hardly necessary to add that the absurd daily marking system, that falsest and most mischievous criterion of merit, has no place at all at Cornell. And the authorities have only obeyed the genius of the place in setting stern, unsympathetic faces against those puerilities of 'hazing' and 'rushing' which flourish in the older Universities of the country.

The great lesson of self-help is pressed upon every Cornell student by throwing on him the responsibility of the widest liberty of action compatible with discipline. So long as he is orderly in his habits, and attends the required number of lectures and examinations, he may lodge and board where and as he likes, and study just such and so many subjects as he chooses. So far, indeed, has this principle been carried, that at first all the scouts' and bedmakers' work in the University buildings was left entirely in the hands of the occupants of rooms there. Servants have since been introduced, and wisely; for it was with reason feared that, here and there, the slovenly or indolent might

prefer unsavoury dirt and discomfort to the trouble of cleanliness. But in the matters of furnishing their rooms, and disposing of the space at their command, the in-College students are in no way interfered with. An amusing instance of this came under our notice. Each set of roons consists of a good-sized sitting-room and a couple of smaller chambers, presumably intended for the bed-rooms of the two joint-tenant chums. We visited a set in which one of the small rooms having been fitted up as a study, in the other both beds had been hoisted up some eight feet from the floor upon stout wooden supports, leaving space for table, chairs, and so on below. Against the wall rested a ladder, ready to serve both chums in turn as staircase to their narrow nests overhead. Clearly they had no fears of ever being restless in the night, and rolling out of bed, the mere thought of which contingency would be enough to set imaginative temperaments quaking at such an arrangement. In their large room were pictures, arm-chairs, piano, and a general air of comfort, with which even an English undergraduate would have been satisfied.

They know how to work at Cornell; indeed everybody in the place is almost painfully in earnest; but I am not sure that they are, as yet, properly alive to the claims and needfulness of play. The universal base-ball seems to be the only established game. Football is coming in, but is at present played after the most primitive and unscientific fashion imaginable. Our experience of it was this. It having been settled after a good deal of confused talking that the class of '72 should play those of '73 and '74, all who cared to play collected into two irregular crowds, unorganised and leaderless, and stood facing one another. Most, but not all, of the players took their coats off. Then a big, oddly-shaped ball arrived, somebody started it with a kick-off, and away went both sides in chase, wildly jostling one another, kicking, catching, throwing, or hitting the ball, according to fancy, all thoughts more bent, seemingly, upon the pure delight of the struggle than upon any particular goal. 'Are there any goals, and, if so, where?' we asked, toiling after the ball, which appeared to be visiting all sides of the field with strict impartiality and equal satisfaction to the players. 'Oh, yes, anywhere between those trees'—two great elms, standing perhaps thirty feet apart. Occasionally the ball got wedged in a dense 'scrummage' of the contending parties, and while some went in boldly to extricate it, many more would stand round looking on and naïvely clap their hands for joy. And so the game went on, simple, hearty, and rough, as football's nature is, a game of games for everyone while wind and limb are sound. The science of 'touch,' 'off your side,' goal kicking, and the rest, will come, no doubt, to Cornell in due course.

Still there will always be in a university men who care little for out-door amusements, however numerous and varied. To such Cornell can offer the excitements of a capital debating society, and the pleasures of

amateur editorship. For as Oxford has her 'Undergraduates' Journal,' even so Cornell rejoices in her 'Era,' a weekly journal, edited, printed, and published by students of the University. The 'Era' aims at being at once instructive and amusing. That articles are contributed to it by President White, Goldwin Smith, Bayard Taylor, and other professors of wide American, if not cosmopolitan fame, is proof enough that its first aim is fairly gained. And that it can be entertaining no one will deny who has skimmed the columns headed 'University Items' and 'Personal,' in any chance half-dozen of its files. There is something very comical, to our old-world notions, in the coolness with which American journalists all over the Continent make personal remarks about their neighbours in print. Take these 'Personals' from the 'Era' for instance: 'Van Gorder of the [University] Press has decided not to shave.'—'G. H. Crafts is at San Bernardino, California. He welcomes any rusticated '72 man to that land of wine, milk, and honey.' In the same issue we have a scathing bit of sarcasm: 'Eggs are regularly served in the Cascadilla once in a fortnight;' while among 'College Gossip' comes the odd announcement, ''72 of Trinity burned analytic on July 10 last,' referring probably to some Trinity custom analogous to that Cornell one of burying Trigonometry, of which we wrote last month. There may be perhaps some literary rawness in the 'Era,' but it is in truth a most creditable production, and will no doubt in future years be widely popular with Old Cornelians as a constant freshener of their interest in the life and doings of their University.

We turned our steps from Cornell with the regret which must always be felt on leaving one of the critical spots in the world of one's own time—an advanced post where a crucial experiment of first-rate importance is being tried by brave men, under wise guidance. If our age is to prove, as many of us hope, the day of the poor—the time long looked and prayed for, in which 'John o' the smithy shall come by his right'—intimate relations in early life with men of the highest character, refinement, and acquirements, and the tone and culture which only such association can ensure, stand at the threshold, as the most pressing need of millions, and the most precious gift which society has to offer them. And here, on the hill above Ithaca, the thing is being done, and, so far as passing strangers may judge, with a success which may cheer the least hopeful amongst us. Those who were familiar with the London Working Men's College in its early days speak of the very remarkable effect of a few months of college life on the students. What was then (and we trust is still) doing in Great Ormond Street on a small scale, by volunteer work, in the short evening hours after the day's work, is going on at Cornell in a university which already numbers upwards of 800 students, and in a generation will possess endowments rivaling those of Oxford. The young mechanics, farmers, printers, who are studying at Cornell are much like men of the same rank here, so far as respects outward polish; but you cannot watch them or talk to them without feeling that they have

been lifted in true manliness and gentleness until they need not fear comparison with the *jeunesse dorée* of their own or any other country. 'They are rough, as you see, but the best material I ever had under my hand,' was the remark of one of the professors whose experience has been wide and varied; and from all of the staff we heard the same testimony as to the pleasure of lecturing to classes where every scholar was really anxious to learn.

This earnestness in work is the most hopeful feature of Cornell. No student enters there because it has been the custom of his family, or is the correct thing in his class, and the established and fashionable way of wasting three or four of the best years of his life. He comes because he is bent on learning, and, as a rule, because he is bent on learning whatever will be of use to him in the line of life he means to follow. The young Cornelian is before all things practical, and he comes to the most practical of Universities. And in this lies the danger as well as the strength of the place as a seat of education. If not carefully watched it may easily drift into a mere technical training school, and miss the highest function, of rousing the thirst for knowledge for its own sake, and lifting the thought and culture of the country to a truer standard and a higher level. Fortunately for Cornell those who are at the helm in these early years are well aware of this danger, and, while they are pledged by their charter to make the education they offer bear practically on the trades and businesses for which their students are qualifying, will resolutely hold up the higher ideal before them.

There is no place, even in the New World, which brings home to one more vividly the startling possibilities of a future not very far ahead of us, as this poor man's University. The demand for such institutions in the States grows with astounding rapidity. The Michigan University (very few years senior to Cornell) is, we heard, crammed to overflowing, and there is scarcely a western state which is not making provision for bringing the highest education the country can give within the reach of the poorest boy who will stretch out his hand for it. Two hundred and fifty freshmen matriculated at Cornell last Michaelmas, when its schools had only been open two years, and in 1872 the numbers will almost certainly far exceed those of any English University. The same tide has been setting in silently at home for this last twenty years. Owen's College, the Working Men's Colleges in London and Ipswich, the Oxford and Cambridge middle class examinations, are so many signs of how it has been gaining ground without observation. The Endowed Schools Bill and the great educational measure of last year will bring it to the flood; and in another twenty years 'the institutions and property of the country' will be face to face with an educated people. Is there any class amongst us which fears that day? Let them set their house in order and take courage. It is not knowledge, but ignorance, which is the destroyer of anything that is worth preserving.

# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

## CHAPTER VI.

*HOW JEALOUSY WAS BLIND.*

Mr. Lovett, it has been stated, entertained sentiments of secret contempt for Horace Blackley. Not that the fact of Adine Sinclair's facile manners towards that person had altogether escaped his notice. It was indeed only too evident; but in his mind more than counteracted by certain observations the young lady had let fall in private with reference to her dislike of ugliness and forwardness—observations bearing an obvious meaning. Besides which, the man was engaged to Miss Hart. That to a simple mind seemed proof positive of harmlessness. Mr. Lovett was one of those ignorant and innocent beings who have a belief in wickedness in the abstract, but cannot bring their intelligence to affix the notion to any one individual; a class of people who are given to begging off murderers, and would empty jails of all criminals—burglars and garotters perhaps excepted.

At the university these two men had been acquaintances, nothing more. Blackley, disliked by his College, had actually courted Lovett the popular man. Lovett, against the advice of friends, had tolerated Blackley, until one day he was disgusted by a discovery of something akin to card-sharping. Even then the charitable soul was ready to condone, with some mental reservation, ways of patent crookedness. To him it was easier to laugh away a fault than to blame it seriously. Good-nature was his vice, and he had to suffer for it.

When Horace Blackley was ushered into Miss Effler's drawing-room, Mr. Lovett, conscious that the longed for *tête-à-tête* with Adine Sinclair was impossible, at once concealed a sense of disappointment by taking his departure. No sooner had he closed the drawing-room door, than Miss Effler with a few words of muttered apology ran after him, leaving her niece willy-nilly to do the civil to the newly arrived caller.

That young lady was in a frame of mind very much the reverse of saccharine. Her brain had undergone a process of mystification, which reacted on the temper, and caused her little foot to beat a

measure on the carpet *tempo agitato*. An interview with the person of all others whom she most detested was about as much as she could endure, and her face looked it, as she coolly resigned herself to listen.

Horace Blackley did not seem in a hurry to open conversation; his eyes began to take stock gloatingly of the charms of her figure, which were enhanced by a well-fitting dress. In short, he stared her all over, in a way which quite disposed of his small claims to be called gentleman. Then raising his eyes suddenly to hers, he drawled forth, 'So charmed to have the pleasure of a word with you quite alone. It reminds me of old times.'

Adine lost her forced composure at this. 'What is your pleasure, Mr. Blackley, in coming here to-day?' she enquired resolutely, recollecting, with resentment, some of his recent attentions, which in reality were little short of persecutions. There shot a strange flash from Horace Blackley's dull eye as she vented these words. He looked like an injured man, when after a short pause he replied to her, 'You have yet to learn, Miss Adine, the truth of what I have told you, how that the feelings of a man are too strong to be held in perfect control. You girls, who treat us as your toys, cannot realise passion.'

'I thought as much!' exclaimed Adine. 'I thought as much. I felt convinced that, as soon as I was unlucky enough to be near you, and out of my aunt's hearing, I should be subjected to this sort of thing. Pray go on. I am in your power, so I must hear you, much as I dislike it.'

He turned very pale. Her scorn was torment. An idea had fixed itself on his brain that she had recoiled from him on account of his bad nature. Her pure presence ever made him wince for the vileness of his past. It was with a downcast expression of shame that he murmured, 'You ought not in common equity to speak to me quite so harshly. I at least was not acting a part at Brighton—I was in earnest. Nor am I rightly to be held responsible for a state of feeling evoked by your beauty, and by your kindness—you were kind to me, you know, very kind. I may waste my life in a marriage of convenience; I may sink to the lowest level in my own self-esteem, but I cannot forget, I cannot wipe away from my dreams the image of one whom I have adored. Forgive me, I had no intention of saying so much.'

His ugly physiognomy wore a mask of crestfallen humility very well assumed. Ugliness is relieved by the garb of meekness—a secret not unknown, by the way, to certain dilettanti sisters of mercy in this world. No offence to the real sisters, to whose devotion all honour is due.

Adine Sinclair appeared, as was natural, pained at his words. Nevertheless, there arose a flush of displeasure on her countenance, displaying decision of purpose. 'You would do better to avoid me, if such are your sentiments,' she said. 'Besides which, surely you

owe a duty to Louise Hart. She at least is devotedly attached to you.'

'Yes,' he rejoined with a sneer; 'yes, she is all very well. If I am in the end forced to accept any wife but one, she will answer the purpose admirably, no doubt.'

This was too much for Adine. 'Horace Blackley,' she exclaimed indignantly, 'if I hear any more of this dishonourable language, I shall leave the room!' Quite flustered was the fair countenance as she arose hastily from her seat as if to carry out this threat. Then the cloven foot began to show itself. Bursting into a low cynical laugh, defiant of her virtue, he cried, 'You dare not. You dare not get up a *fracas* with me. I am not afraid of that.' He paused, regarding her steadfastly from his seat, as she stood opposite to him with eyes flashing hatred.

'I dare not,' she murmured mechanically.

'It would be unwise. Do you remember, Adine, how that on a certain famous occasion I prophesied that the day would come when you would love. Eh? That day has come—you do love!'

'I used to think that it was an unmanly thing to insult a girl.'

'You love a man,' he continued, disregarding her interruption, 'who has a respectable appreciation of organ fugues and eight-part anthems, but of you little or none. Ah! you start; you cannot tell me that he has attempted to press his suit, or to advance beyond the limits of a society aquaintance. Yet *you* assuredly have displayed a marked preference for one who does not conceal his indifference. Now, I *will* be heard: I ask you to compare such coldness with an ardent passion, which has never been daunted by repulse, which for you would cast to the winds fortune, reputation, every barrier. Do me justice, Adine Sinclair.'

'Yes,' she faltered, as the thought of her lover's possible falsehood crossed her mind. 'Yes, I am ready to do you even more justice than you do yourself. I would fain believe that, having pledged your faith to Louise Hart, you mean to keep it.'

It was his turn to show anger. 'You are trifling with me,' he cried, rising from his seat and advancing towards her. 'Yes, trifling barbarously. It seems to be your *métier* to sport with the most sacred springs of a man's being. Take care lest a recoil may some day deal you a blow by way of punishment.'

But this threat, so often, and in so many forms repeated by him, served but to raise her spirit. She moved in silence towards the door, he following her with features more hideous than ugly by reason of hardly suppressed fury.

'You must not leave me thus,' he whispered hoarsely.

'Why not, if you please? By what right are you here to heap your ungentlemanly insolence on an orphan girl? If I had a brother——'

'I don't want anything,' he rejoined, 'but to be allowed to—to say

my say for myself—to plead my own cause. Oh, Adine! you have no so true a heart that you can call your own as mine. If I saw you tenderly, really adored by the man of your choice, then indeed I might——'

But she was again moving slowly towards the door, evidently bent on bringing the interview to an end. In a second he changed his tone from supplication to defiance:

'You refuse even to listen to me?'

Her lips moved in acquiescence.

'Then suppose I do that which—come what may—you will always fear to do yourself?' He spoke with great deliberation. 'Suppose I take my old college friend Theodore Lovett into my confidence—eh? A high-souled piece of humanity is that same Lovett. One who is too proud to love where he cannot trust; one, too, who would shrink from the contamination of a soiled reputation!'

Her hand was on the door handle; she quitted it at once, and drawing herself to her full height, advanced towards him with an expression he did not easily forget:

'Then assuredly, Horace Blackley, you will not gain your object. Now, I pity you. From my heart I am sorry for the thoughtless wrong of my girlhood. But if you cross my path—if you, in pursuit of a paltry revenge, attempt to injure me—then, Horace Blackley, I shall hate you!'

With her eye fixed steadily on his she retreated from the room.

'The game is up,' he muttered, gnashing his teeth. 'It is all that cursed Lovett. Even if I had not been idiot enough to tack myself on to Louise Hart's money, that sleek-faced sawney would have come in my way. *Bien*, Miss Adine, you shall hate me. I will take you at your word. Only, as I happen to see your hand I shall not play into it. Yes, by Heaven, you shall hate me, and worse than you have an idea of to-day! You have ruined my life, I will ruin yours!'

Taking up his hat, he was leisurely marching through the hall to let himself out—for Adine in her agitation had forgotten to ring for the servant—when he encountered Miss Effler.

'My dear Mr. Blackley, pray don't think me rude—very important engagement—Ah, must you go? Yes. And pray tell me when are you about to make our friend Miss Hart the happiest of girls?'

With an effort he recovered his composure during these awkward ejaculations.

'I am going to ask for this day month,' he replied, 'and Louise hopes that Miss Sinclair will be one of our bridesmaids.'

## CHAPTER VII.

### *THE CONCERT.*

ADINE saw almost nothing of her aunt until the evening. To tell the truth, each avoided each. The elder lady, whose infatuation about Mr. Lovett had reached a climax in the morning, was suffering from a reaction of feeling, unpleasant enough in its way. Vain almost beyond the verge of sanity, she had enough of common sense latent in her brain to feel keenly a mistake. The fact was that Mr. Lovett in the truest spirit of good breeding had always payed marked deference to the lady of the house, where he was a tolerably constant visitor, although he came simply and solely to see, and hear, and enjoy the presence of, Adine. Unfortunately Miss Effler, accrediting herself with unreal charms, and choosing to regard her very lovely niece as a mere unmeaning chit, took all these little attentions to herself. To her distorted imagination she was the attraction, her niece the gooseberry-picker. Of late, too, she had become a frequent, almost regular attendant, at the cathedral prayers. Occupying a seat exactly opposite to the minor canon's stall, she fancied that Mr. Lovett was guilty of chronic irreverence in making eyes at her. Very awkward were her vagaries for that gentleman during his ministrations. He could not lift his face from his book without encountering a pair of enquiring eyes, which fastened upon his mesmerically. Then he would light upon little sprays of rare exotics inserted in his prayer-book, or placed on the desk—gifts which in his simplicity he put down to the score of Master Ralph, a boy of gentle tastes, and a *protégé* of his. Lastly, on one occasion the collect for the day, on being turned out, revealed a fat and amorous valentine, which directly after service he handed to the master of the choristers angrily enough, regarding this as an indecent practical joke perpetrated by some small boy. Enquiries were instituted, but the evil deed could be brought home to no chorister.

Now, it so happened that Miss Effler, having located herself in the usual position of *vis-à-vis* to Mr. Lovett in cathedral at morning service, obtained what to her was an ample corroboration of this theory of his passion for herself. Persons in the habit of very frequently attending daily functions—of any sort—are apt to fall into the snare of forgetfulness of what is going on, more especially if the mind be preoccupied with any very absorbing thoughts. The astute directors of consciences in the Roman Church are aware of this evil, and have provided against it. As soon as the sermon begins, or any portion of a service in which they bear no direct part, the priests set to work either at devotions, or some meditation adequate to engross their

minds. The English Church has made no such provision for the weaker brethren. If you don't listen, you may let your brain roam where it will. No marvel then that Mr. Lovett, his soul inflate by jealousy, should give way to cogitations remote from those of the Psalmist. It was in consequence of this mental aberration that his eyes, usually rivetted on the pages before him, involuntarily strayed away from King David's inspired utterances, set to Dr. Crotch's melodious strains, and fastened their gaze, as he would have told you, on nothing; as Miss Effler was led to believe, on her own smiling countenance. Had she attended to the prayers, she would have discovered that he made two mistakes, owing to this same absence of memory. He cut out a suffrage entirely, and subsequently repeated the prayer for the parliament twice—a work of supererogation not contemplated by its verbose compiler, whoever he may happen to have been. Unluckily her entire self was wrapped up in the contemplation of Mr. Lovett's manly form, a process which led to and fostered all sorts of delusive imaginations. After the last amen, when the choir disappeared, she lingered in the nave hoping that he might overtake her, and when she espied him striding hastily over the pavement, deliberately turned round, and welcomed him with such a warm squeeze of the hand as cheered his heart. 'Good old soul,' he thought, 'she at least is my friend, and feels for me!'

Being rather hurried, he could not remain to listen to her tongue, which already had begun to wag rapidly, but the idea struck him that he would hint the purpose of his intended visit. He therefore begged permission to call earlier than ordinary calling-time, as he had *something* of importance to say. So graciously did Miss Effler accede to his request, that he rushed off to his parochial duties a happier if not a wiser man.

The upshot of this was that the silly old lady, unable to keep a secret for a second, had completely stultified herself in the eyes of her niece. Whatever Mr. Lovett had got to say had remained unsaid; his manners, too, had been unsatisfactory to the last degree; and, worst of all, when she had despatched after him her Buttons with a message to the effect that she could speak to him in private if he desired it, Buttons, having expended much breath in overtaking the excited clergyman, had brought back a curt and ominous negative. Could it be that he—he, her *beau ideal* of a sensible man—had fallen in love with that bread-and-butter Miss her niece? Absurd! And yet Adine's tears when she told her this secret were rather suspicious. Evidently there was an uncomfortable mystery somewhere, which time would clear up. In the meanwhile she felt herself to be in a false position. Her only course—like the characters on the stage—was to dissemble, and she resolved to dissemble accordingly.

Both ladies were attired for the concert, which was to commence at eight o'clock precisely. By something short of a miracle they were

ready too soon. The carriage had not come round, and it was indeed but little after seven. They were occupying the interval with tea, after the manner of their sex, Miss Effler lapping that beverage in a defiantly noisy way. Adine very *distraite*, very *silencieuse*.

'Hum,' remarked Miss Effler with pursy dignity, 'we have no cavalier to-night. I told Mr. Lovett not to mind me, as I know that he has the entire management of all the musical arrangements.'

This was utterly untrue. She had uttered no such words. Verily this necessity for dissembling involves people in strange assertions.

Adine regarded her dubiously. 'Ah yes,' she replied, 'to be sure he has. It doesn't matter.'

'Not to *you*,' snapped Miss Effler.

Adine's sole reply was a sarcastic shrug of the shoulders. She certainly could not comprehend Mr. Lovett, but she was incredulous of her aunt.

'We don't require a gentleman for a small affair like this,' she said after a pause. 'Blankton isn't like London or Brighton.'

'I beg your pardon,' rejoined the old lady in a very contradictious spirit. 'In a small town with a staring, ill-mannered populace——'

'Policemen,' interpolated Adine.

'Populace, I was saying, not police.'

'Yes, but the police keep the people in order.'

'No, my dear, they don't. Thirty years ago there was a dreadful riot at the town hall, and I recollect my poor father observing, that if any ladies had been present there would have been bloodshed!'

Adine yawned. Rude but logical.

'Therefore,' continued Miss Effler, 'the company of a gentleman is in every way desirable. Bless me, it's not half-past seven, and it never does to be too early at the town hall. I once spoilt a dress with tea-leaves owing to being there before the time. They hadn't finished sweeping. Let us see, who is there? Mr. Lovett—well, we can't ask him. He's too busy. Horace Blackley? Hum. No. He is in attendance on Louey Hart. Who is there, child?'

'Not a soul,' replied Adine drily.

'My dear, how can you be so absurd! Blankton is overrun with young men. Ah! I have it. Who was your *beau* last night? The military man, I mean, Mr.—Mr. Sawder?'

'Hawder. He is engaged to the Blocks.'

'Impossible. Their carriage won't hold more than five, and he would hardly condescend to ride on the box.'

Adine remarked that Mr. Hawder was 'rather nice.'

'Of course he is, you sly puss,' cried Miss Effler jocosely.

Adine added that her aunt did not know Mr. Hawder. That, however, to this perfervid lady seemed not the slightest drawback, for she sat down forthwith, and presenting her compliments to the young officer begged to offer him a seat in her carriage to the Shire Hall.

Then she sent off Buttons to the barracks with her *billet doux*, and orders to wait for an answer.

At a few minutes before eight the carriage—a stylish clarence—returned bringing Mr. Hawder brimming over with good humour and self-complacency. This unlooked-for civility he quite accepted as coming from Adine, and voted himself accordingly her parasite for the entire evening. Terrible would be the chagrin of Miss Block. Of that he was fully aware. Nevertheless Adine represented to his appreciation gold, Miss Block pinchbeck. He was not going to resign the chance of a happy flirtation with a real beauty, for all the Blocks in the close. If they elected to take offence, he would endeavour to survive it.

As for Adine, a few minutes of this lively gentleman's agreeable rattle quite revived her drooping spirits. Always rapid, mostly vapid, it was sufficiently amusing, and after all it does not so much matter what you say in society as how you say it. Equally gratified was Miss Effler. She liked the army. What woman does not? In her secret heart, too, she was not sorry that her niece was tacked on to a handsome man. Mr. Lovett would see—not that she was jealous. Oh, no! Not that she would admit that so practical a man could allow himself to be attracted by an inane miss. Not in the least. Nothing of the sort. Still—it was just as well that he should obtain an insight into the frivolous ways of the girl who was to become his niece, or rather to whom he would be guardian. Just as well. And Miss Effler grinned very sardonically as she perceived Mr. Hawder's determination to flirt reciprocated heartily by Adine.

At the door of the Shire Hall Mr. Lovett was in waiting to receive them. Very quickly did the sunshine of his countenance subside into shade, when he beheld the girl he loved escorted by the man whom he inconsiderately rated as his rival. Miss Effler marched first, leaving Adine in the rear chatting so volubly to Mr. Hawder as to be unaware of Mr. Lovett's presence, until she was startled by discovering that he had offered his arm to her aunt, and was escorting that lady solemnly down the room. Adine bit her lip at this *contretemps*, but there was no help for it. Mr. Hawder mercilessly marched her off to a secluded corner of the retiring room with the stern resolve of establishing a monopoly, and thereby inflating half the men in the chorus with jealous indignation.

As for Mr. Lovett he felt sad and irritable; he began, too, to detest Miss Effler. 'Confounded scheming old woman!' he thought, 'wants no doubt to fling Adine at the head of this pecunious fusileer.' Nor were his outraged feelings appeased by her very tender amatory glances, enforced by sundry tweaks of the forearm; less still by an enquiry of hers, as to why his visit in the afternoon had been so brief—an enquiry which, failing to comprehend, he affected not to hear. He contented himself by towing the well-rounded portly lady to an appropriate and

adequate seat in a front row. Then, having coolly and courteously handed her a programme, he bowed himself off decidedly abruptly to a conversation with some jack-in-office, on the subject of moderator lamps, which flared filthily, and inferior candles, whose speciality appeared to be the scattering of much grease, the shedding of little light.

Truly Mr. Lovett was the worst of love-makers. In the retiring room sat Adine in considerable perplexity, hoping against hope that someone would come and speak to her in his old gentle, caressing tones; so preoccupied were her thoughts that more than once she caught herself responding 'Yes' to Mr. Hawder's brilliant rhetoric, when by rights she ought to have said 'No.' Whilst all the while sulking on the platform, venting the commonest of commonplaces to a common man was this identical someone in a pitiable state of injured jealousy about nothing. If it had not been that his feelings were inflated almost beyond control—a small excuse—he would have richly deserved a good shaking. Jealous heart, as much as faint heart, risks the loss of fair lady.

Ere long the congregation—quite distinct, be it remarked, from audience—were assembled and seated. Then, as their manner is, they began to exhibit appropriate and complimentary signs of impatience by the scraping of feet and applause of nothing. At length from the retiring room shyly marched the chorus, basses first, as being the most brave, next the tenors, then the ladies with their treble coadjutors of the cathedral choir. Last, with an air suggestive of confident nervousness, emerged the organist bâton in hand, leading his daughter the contralto soloist to a chair in front of the chorus, the advent of whom was a signal for very hearty stamping and clapping.

'For 'evin's sake don't!' cried a nervous alderman to the people round him. 'The beams I knows to be rottin, and there's nothink underneath but the County Court!'

'County Court!' echoed a seedy man. 'You're always plaintiff there. If the floor gives way your case for once will be a non-suit.'

But the floor stood, and Mr. and Miss Organist quelled the tumult of popular favour by inclinations of the head and all other things corporeal, the one with too little, the other with too much grace. These preliminaries settled to the entire satisfaction of everyone, Miss Organist sank into a very large chair, which she utterly obscured with some kind of inflammable material; whereupon Mr. Organist solemnly waved to chairs in front, Mr. Botham bass, and Mr. Lovett tenor soloists, as also Master Ralph the *prima donna* of the concert. Each of these public characters seated himself after his own fashion, Mr. Lovett of course naturally, Mr. Botham obsequiously, whilst little Ralph, being provided with accommodation equal to a Daniel Lambert, modestly sat on the edge of the chair, which at once tilted, and all but capsized him.

Not to be prolix, the concert went off after the fashion of amateur

concerts. About one-eighth of the entire chorus sang the first three bars of every piece, a modesty prevailing, which took fright at the chance of singing the wrong note. Errors committed, and corrected in rehearsal were one and all with care repeated. Pianissimo passages afforded the vainglorious an excellent opportunity for display, whilst *ff*'s (except in unison) could hardly be extracted even when the bâton smote frantically the inoffensive music-stand. The physical exertion of Mr. Organist was a sight to witness; he stroked, he patted, he urged, he beat, he fairly thrashed time. He came in frigid, he went out melting; in short, he did his duty like a man and a musician, and suffered uncomfortably from stiffness for at least a week. As for the audience it was at first very stolid. In vain did Miss Organist simper and smirk. Her laudable efforts to assimilate the feminine treble to the quality of a hollow male voice only succeeded in evoking a very forced approval. Equally futile was the roaring of Mr. Botham, who instigated the virtue of revenge by a horrible expression of savagery on his inoffensive countenance, swaying his body to and fro, and utilising his shoulders after the manner of organ-bellows. At last a part-song of a mildly comic character put the people in a good temper. The chorus grinned at its friends in the body of the hall, and the friends reciprocated their satisfaction. Then at the happiest nick of time up rose Master Ralph, and *ore rotundo* trilled forth Sir H. Bishop's perennial melody 'Bid me discourse.' At once the whole room was taken by storm. The platform exceeded in enthusiasm the audience proper. In his shoes shivered Mr. Alderman wishing himself and family anywhere else, for the floor with its 'rottin' beams was assuredly jeopardised. However, the boy with better taste than is always exhibited by older people accepted his *encore* at once without one grain of *mauvaise honte*, substituting 'Should he upbraid' for its companion song.

After this the room became hilarious, and encored everything, except an attempt of poor Mr. Lovett to render a conception beyond the capabilities of most artistes, Beethoven's 'Adelaïde'—a very flat performance indeed.

'Hardly up to the mark,' volunteered Mr. Hawder to Mr. Botham, who had resumed his place among the chorus.

'Looks a trifle unhappy,' replied the basso, 'not got his usual smile either. Surprising too—I heard to-day that the Dean's given him a living.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed the other, interested.

'It's his young woman, I expects,' observed the plain-spoken singer.

'Young woman?—who?'

'Why that there girl with the fair hair, that you come with this evening. Perhaps she've altered her mind now it's come to the point.'

But a rap on the desk announced 'Sweet honey-sucking Bees,' and interrupted the conversation.

Mr. Hawder was as good-hearted a young soldier as ever brandished sword, or wore padding. During the performance of Wilbye's madrigal he looked across at Adine. For the first time he perceived, that she too looked miserable. He began to reflect that something was wrong somewhere.

'Jealousy, ten to one,' he thought. 'Man surely couldn't be such a donkey as to be jealous of me! By Jove though, he don't look over amicable.'—Mr. Lovett did happen to cast a very ill-natured glance at his supposed rival.—'Well, I never mean to act marplot. As soon as this affair is over I'll go and console Clara Block. What muffs parsons are, even the best of them!'

Accordingly as soon as 'God save the Queen' had testified to Blankton loyalty, Mr. Hawder without so much as a word to Adine took himself and his small talk to the side of Miss Block.

Then the truant had no alternative but to advance towards Adine. His manner was stiff. She looked, as she felt, hurt by his inattention. He had ever been to her the most faithful of *cavalieri*. Having made up her mind to disbelieve *in toto* the insane invention of her aunt's brain, it seemed all the more ungracious that he should prove disloyal to her, who in evil report was so loyal to him.

'Have you enjoyed the concert?' he enquired melodramatically.

'So much—oh so much!' Her face brightened. She was too proud to confess the smallest feelings of mortification.

'I was a little disappointed with the way in which some things went,' he observed somewhat dismally; 'a want of precision to say the least of it.'

'Oh, that doesn't signify!' she exclaimed merrily. 'Everyone was delighted, and that's the best feature in a concert.'

This speech was designed by way of mild irritation. He was much too artistic to coincide in such a doctrine; too much depressed however to argue; so he was silent.

They remained on the platform. The chorus were rapidly dispersing, some to the side door, others to their friends in the body of the hall. There was the usual mixture of civil shoving and genteel corn-treading going on. Both involuntarily looking down on the scene below, perceived Miss Effler in a rather excitable state conversing with an elderly gentleman, who seemed, to use a common phrase, to be 'putting her out' of temper.

'What can my aunt be arguing about so vehemently with Mr. Chowner?' cried Adine, her dignity absorbed in genuine surprise.

'They appear to be talking about you,' replied he after a pause; 'at all events, both are staring hard this way.'

'How very odd! I think we must move. Dear me, there is *my* shawl in the retiring room. How stupid of me to forget it.'

In a second they were both in the retiring room—and alone. Perhaps she meant this manœuvre.

Of course the shawl was lost. Equally of course, Mr. Lovett, burning to say something, somehow failed to screw off his tongue aught save feeble commonplaces. Then Adine, convinced by his embarrassment of manner that he had a confidence to impart, aided him by an enquiry if he felt unwell.

'Oh no! not by any means unwell,' he jerked forth. 'Why, do I look ill?'

'Not ill, but I thought——'

'That there was something unusual about my manner. Yes, Miss Sinclair, I must confess that there is a cause for——' He was smiling, as she interrupted him hastily, for an ugly idea crossed her brain.

'You don't mean to tell me that this strange story is true!'

He was staggered by her tone of voice. No dissembler by habit or instinct, she displayed her feelings, which were varied, indignation being uppermost.

'Ye-es,' he replied; 'it's true. Things might have been worse. Why you yourself congratulated me this morning.'

'I think we had better join my aunt,' she remarked frigidly.

'One word,' he whispered eagerly. 'I hoped for a word to-day, but Blackley's inopportune call prevented it.'

But she was walking deliberately towards the door. Then the poor man's feelings overcame his diffidence. 'Adine Sinclair,' he whispered, following her; 'there is that which I must say to you; you will surely not refuse to hear me!'

'Mr. Lovett!'

She turned round. One glance at his face changed her tone. Love was too strong for pride, although it was pride backed by a suspicion of injury. She felt in her heart that, however much appearances might be against him, he was a true man. Just then the voice of her aunt in its not most amiable tone vociferated down the corridor. 'Adine, Adine, whatever has become of you, child!'

Actuated by one of those quick perceptive impulses, which only woman's heart can evoke, she hurriedly tore the rose from her breast, and placing it in Mr. Lovett's hand, to him uttered one little word, 'To-morrow,' whilst in the same breath she responded to Miss Effler, 'Mr. Lovett has been helping me find my shawl.'

Imagine the discomfiture of the irate old lady as Mr. Lovett advanced to meet her with a flush of glorious hope on his brow, bearing Adine's exquisite blush rose in his grasp, and anon pressing it to his lips.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *LAW AND EQUITY.*

THE elderly gentleman who had been sparring with Miss Effler after the Blankton concert was a certain John Chowner, attorney-at-law, a man of considerable influence, and a staunch admirer of Rev. Theodore Lovett.

On the morning succeeding the concert that clergyman with a very happy countenance took a seat in Mr. Chowner's office for the purpose of a confidential *tête-à-tête*.

To him enter the lawyer, a bald-pated, fresh complexioned, cheery sort of man, with a blunt manner, and very impetuous tongue. After a few platitudes about the weather, and some warm congratulations on the subject of Mudflat, he asked Mr. Lovett point-blank the object of his visit. 'You see, Vicar,' he added jocosely, taking out his watch; 'time was made for slaves, and for lawyers. If you asked me for a definition of time, I should say the abstract of six and eight-pences.'

But Mr. Lovett was inclined to fidget, and evidently experienced the sort of difficulty one feels in even hinting to a dentist the necessity of extracting a tooth.

'Out with it!' cried lawyer Chowner.

'Well,' stammered the clergyman, evidently suffering from shyness. 'You see, Mr. Chowner, that in my new position as Vicar of Mudflat I must—that is you know I must——'

'Quite so!' interrupted Mr. Chowner with something approaching a wink.

'I must take to myself—that is—I must marry, you know.'

'Precisely so, and you are over head and ears in love with Adine Sinclair, and she hasn't said No.'

'I havn't asked her.'

'Hum! Sly dog. You don't look like a rejected suitor. Eh? However we won't argue. Let the premisses be assumed; now for your conclusion?'

'I—I cannot travel so fast,' rejoined Mr. Lovett, laughing merrily enough. 'My object in occupying your time was not to presuppose possibilities—I want advice.'

'You shall have it, my boy.'

'Well then, supposing that Miss Adine Sinclair should—a—accept my unworthy self, what about Miss Effler?'

Mr. Chowner looked grave all in a moment. Ways and means coming upon the board, he was himself again. Professional, rather than friend. 'Dangerous ground' he said; 'very. Oddly enough, last night, after your very charming concert, I was conversing with the old lady,

and I happened to mention your promotion. By Jove, sir, she hadn't heard the news, and——'

'Not heard the news! Why she congrat—— No, by the way, she didn't. Adine did though. Perhaps Adine didn't tell her.'

'My dear fellow, it was news to her, and when I remarked in joke, that now was her niece's chance, she put herself in a rare tantrum, and ejaculated—ha, ha!—I can hardly speak for laughing—that, that you had sold your birthright for a mess of pottage!'

Mr. Lovett was lost in amazement. The lawyer continued: 'She is very eccentric. Most old maids are. It is plain however that, as regards your marrying Adine Sinclair, she is dead against it. The strangest part of it all is, that she did not seem so much to raise objections on her niece's account, as for your sake.'

'Very awkward indeed—very awkward. What do you advise?'

The lawyer bit his nails in silence.

'The fact is that I am about to make a formal proposal for Miss Sinclair's hand. Miss Effler has encouraged my visits at her house, and must have guessed the true state of affairs. I never anticipated for a moment that she would raise any difficulty as to our union. The worst I suspected was, that she would not do her part in the way of settlements, and that sort of thing.'

'For which reason you came to consult me. Yes. Precisely. Well, I should advise your getting the old woman's consent first, and we will talk about money-matters afterwards.'

What a very uncomfortable thing common sense is! Cold water falls warmer on fire. There is however no resisting its stern logic. Mr. Lovett, with a rather perturbed countenance, took his departure.

'I hope,' added Mr. Chowner, 'that I shall have the gratification of drawing up a satisfactory marriage settlement.'

At the office door he encountered a very hearty-looking British yeoman, who touched his hat civilly. He had returned the salute with a friendly 'Good morning,' and was striding away, when the voice of Mr. Chowner recalled him.

'Here, Mr. Vicar of Mudflat, I must introduce you to one of your new parishioners, farmer Roper.'

'Sir to you,' said the farmer, shaking hands cordially; 'and very pleeced to have the pleasure of meeting on you. Muster Chowner, sir, he'll tell'ee that I be a born and bred Mudflat man, and I have heard as how folks in Blankton despises our parish. Let 'em. I oodn't change places.'

'I mean to like Mudflat, and I hope Mudflat will like me,' replied the vicar in the same sententious strain.

'No doubt us will be best of friends, sir,' answered farmer Roper, not to be outdone in civility. 'We wants a man, sir—a man as will come and live amongst us, and be a mouth to the parish. Our parish arn't had no mouth for many a 'ear, what with yer canons, who lives

somewheres else, and is too grand to care for the salvation o' sowls, and yer curits as gets into debt, and mostly drinks——'

'Come, come,' cried the lawyer, 'you mustn't malign the clergy in this way.'

'No offence, Muster—I don't know yer name?'

'Lovett,' suggested Mr. Chowner.

'Lovick—no offence whatever. However, I be talking rather fast when I ought to be doing on my business. My missus she says to me she says, Timothy——'

Here, as he was coming to the point, Mr. Roper took out a copious bandanna, and sounded the loud timbrel on his nose.

'"Timothy," says she, "on no account come 'ome without having arranged matters satisfact'ry with the new passon."'

'Ah! I see,' observed Mr. Chowner. 'Of course. Lucky you met Mr. Lovett, who has important private business to attend to. I must explain,' he continued, turning to that gentleman. 'Mr. Roper, you must know, is tenant of your new glebe farm, and his natural wish is to remain tenant, if you and he can agree as to rent.'

'I put myself in your hands,' responded the clergyman.

'Thankee sir, kindly,' cried farmer Roper, something like a tear rising into his eye. 'Fact is, sir, father, grandf'ther, and grit grandf'ther all on 'em farmed them acres; and I loves the old farm, I do. I 'oodent go—no, not for Indies.'

'Indies' to Mr. Roper meant the highest power of wealth.

Mr. Chowner grinned. 'All very fine, Roper, but you mustn't consider everything settled just yet.'

'No fear, Mr. Chowner. The gennel'm put it in your hands. You will act honourable.'

'Quite so, and straightforwardly also. Roper, the land's underlet, and you know it to be so.'

Mr. Roper winced. 'Have it valued,' he said.

'No need to go to that expense,' interrupted Mr. Lovett. 'I shall be quite content to abide by Mr. Chowner's arbitration.'

'You speak right down fair,' replied the farmer admiringly. 'Let it be so, lawyer. 'You say what's square.'

'Two pounds an acre.'

Farmer Roper gasped as if he had received a blow below the belt. 'Offal,' he cried; 'offal, Muster Chowner.'

'Bosh! You have been paying Canon Grabbe thirty shillings, and he has kept the shooting in order to please Lord St. Just. Eh? And Lord St. Just's hares have eaten half your crops, and your land's out of condition. Very well. Now you take the land at its full value, but your new vicar gives you the liberty of killing off the game, and better still, engages not to turn you out for a term of years, provided of course that you fulfil the conditions. You, like a sensible man, put a few hundreds into the farm, improve your crops, and double your returns.'

The farmer cogitated profoundly, then he turned to his new vicar, and gazing steadfastly into his broad manly face, said: 'I ask, sir, a plain question. You baint one o' these 'ere canons, nor none of that sort. You mean to come and live and die among us?'

'In all likelihood,' answered Mr. Lovett.

'That's so. Now we understands each other. You, lawyer Chowner, you asks me to take the old farm, and put my savings into it. Yes, I says; but how if Muster Lovick here goes away, and another canon comes, and mayhap turns me out? Drat him! that there Grabbe was always talking about it.'

'Mr. Lovett is certain to be a fixture,' observed the lawyer oracularly.

'So be it then,' answered the farmer. 'Two pound an acre—two pound, and the shootin'. It might be wus.'

'I hope it isn't a hard bargain,' volunteered Mr. Lovett, as he shook hands with his tenant.

But Mr. Roper would not express a decided opinion.

'Us hopes we shall be good friends for many a long year to come, sir.'

And so met for the first time two men who were destined to influence each other's fortunes in no mean measure. They met as friends, and parted as well-wishers, on terms of mutual congratulation.

Glad to be rid of tiresome technicalities which, though of real importance, seemed the veriest trivialities, Mr. Lovett was again walking in the direction of Miss Effler's house, when he met with a second interruption, as he neared the cathedral.

Little Ralph ran up to him eagerly, seized his hand, and essayed at speech unavailingly. The poor child was convulsed with sobs. Absorbed as Mr. Lovett was in his own anxieties, his heart was too kind to neglect this young grief. Ralph was usually all smiles. He was endowed with a happy disposition, which made sunshine for itself. Evidently something was amiss—perhaps seriously amiss. He stopped at once, and enquired gently what was the matter.

But the poor boy could not gasp out his trouble. Whatever it was, it appeared to be utterly overwhelming.

Taking his arm with the gentle firmness of a kind soul, Mr. Lovett led him to the cathedral library, of which he held a key, and which—of course—was empty. 'Now, my boy,' said he, 'compose yourself, and let me hear what has upset you.'

Very much ashamed did Master Ralph appear for his weakness, yet perhaps not every one will despise him for it. Cause enough was there for misery to one, whose aspirations were something above the earth, earthy. As soon as he was able to control his emotion he related how that the strain of the concert, or the evil influence of an east wind, or both combined, had affected his voice. In short, that that really

magnificent organ was going to break—to employ the common, but very inaccurate term used to signify nature's progress from treble to tenor or bass quality. This loss of voice is to all choristers of excellence a source of sorrow. The rare power of electrifying large audiences is one, which even thoughtless, hopeful, buoyant boyhood appreciates as a nugget. Most choristers indeed in after life have to look back upon their treble singing as the one success they ever accomplished. Ralph, who was an enthusiast for musical art, felt bitterly his first failure; but this was not all. He had cherished dreams of being one day a musician; harmless, pretty dreams evoked by histories of such noble beings as Felix Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and Beethoven; dreams too which to-day had travelled far from the grand German masters, with their successful art careers, to sadder English histories—to John Stroud, the Windsor chorister of two centuries back, who lived to compose a tone-poem of the highest inspiration, and then found its wish realised; the wings of a dove were his, and he is at rest—to Michael Wise, the Chatterton of music—to Rogers, the pet of kings and colleges, who died in squalor, suffering unmerited injury—and he could but think, that it would have been happy for him had he been born a fair-haired German. For this morning his sensibilities had received a rude shock. After matins in cathedral he went home, and related sadly his failure of voice. His father, a small tanner, who lived at the outskirts of Blankton, heard his boy attentively, and straightway gave vent to the following utterance:

'Voice breaking, be ut? Well, we've 'ad amost enough of singun. About time, lad, thee thought'st of earnun bread. Lucky now I found a mon to apprentice thee to.'

'Apprentice?' enquired the boy, turning pale.

'Yes, lad. Agreement was with the Chapter to give'ee ten pounds towards thy articles of apprenticeship, and a suit a clothes. Master Payne, the butcher, he come to me, and offers——'

'I won't degrade myself by such a loathsome trade,' shrieked the child. 'I've been educated for a musician, and a musician I mean to be.'

'Thou wilt be such as thy father wills,' was the stern reply. 'Ten pounds won't make a musician of thee. 'No nor a 'underd. Besides, where be thy keep? I baint going to feed idle fellers.'

*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

Mr. Lovett bit his lip. 'Ten pounds? Is that all they mean to give you for your services?' he enquired.

'I suppose so,' answered the boy meekly.

Mr. Lovett's eyes flashed fire. The Chapter had got rid of him, but he could never forget how that for years he himself had been engaged in the interesting occupation of making bricks without straw in order that certain Egyptian task-masters might amass pyramids of wealth. He was a meek man, and had borne his own wrongs patiently.

To-day, however, when he saw such a result before his eyes of maladministration of sacred funds, he felt that he could have shaken hands with Moses over the corpse of the Egyptian oppressor. Parson was swamped in man.

At that moment the door of the library opened, and in marched the Dean. He had come to consult a copy of Zuinglius, or some other reformer, and was not a little outraged at discovering Mr. Lovett in the cathedral library. After his usual manner he snorted defiance, but appeared unaware of the presence of a soul.

Mr. Lovett, however, was too angered to preserve his ordinary submissive silence. Square-shouldered and broad-browed, he faced the ecclesiastic, who regarded him with a cool stare.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean,' he said firmly, 'but I venture to hope you can spare me a moment's conversation.'

The Dean bowed condescendingly, imagining that Mudflat was to be the topic selected.

'I have just heard that young Ralph our chorister is about to leave the choir, and that the only recompense the Chapter will allow for his transcendent services is the usual ten pounds fee towards apprenticeship.'

The Dean looked quite amused at his interlocutor's energy. 'Ralph,' he observed coolly; 'Ralph. Is there a chorister of that name?'

'That is the boy, sir. You may recognise him as our best solo singer.' Pointing to the boy, who stood at a respectful distance.

'Indeed? No. I do not recognise the lad's face. If he has behaved well during divine service, during the term he has served the cathedral, he will have his donation of ten pounds.'

'But, Mr. Dean, this same sum is granted to boys who have been of little or no value to the choir. Surely——'

'Mr. Lovett,' retorted the Dean. 'I do not permit the action of the Chapter to be called in question. We reward good behaviour, which is meritorious, not excellence of voice, which is a mere accident.'

But Mr. Lovett's blood was up, and he was not prepared to accept such an answer. 'Sir!' he cried, 'this boy has been the ornament and glory of the cathedral for over three years. He it is, who has been the main cause of those overflowing congregations, which have been made a warm subject of congratulation by the clergy generally. He has done his duty magnificently, and now that he can sing no longer, you turn him out with a small sum adequate only to apprentice him to a menial trade. He has the genius in him which will make with cultivation a rare musician. You condemn him to be—a butcher!'

Mr. Lovett's voice was loud, his demeanour that of an angry man. The Dean set his teeth fixedly; it was a tussle for mastery, and he had the vantage ground.

Then he faced little Ralph.

'Boy, come here. What trade does your father desire you to be apprenticed to?'

'A butcher, Mr. Dean.'

'Then, boy, if you don't take ten pounds to apprentice you to the trade of a butcher, you will have—nothing!'

With which Mr. Dean marched off to his book-shelf to imbibe the moral axioms of theologians, without deigning one look or one glance at Mr. Lovett.

As for that inferior clergyman, he though little of his own wounded pride, much of the pitiful boy-face, which gazed so appealingly up at him.

More words would have been equally futile, and degrading. He took little Ralph's arm kindly, and as he led him from the august presence of his ecclesiastical superior, whispered kindly enough, 'Never fear, my boy, you shall not be condemned to degradation; and, please God, you shall become a student of music.'

'How, sir?'

'Trust to me.'

He did trust. There came such a gleam of gratitude over his countenance as more than rewarded a good heart for the sacrifice it proposed to itself to make for the cause of art and truth. Often did he remember the boy's face changed by one word from sorrow to joy. Suffice it, that as he kept his word so he had his reward.

Thought Mr. Lovett as he strode away towards Miss Effler's habitation, 'Nothing like a good deed to propitiate good fortune.' All clergy are by nature a trifle inclined to superstition, and this man was no exception to the general rule. As he traversed the narrow streets of the old cathedral town his heart beat thumps of anticipation against his waistcoat. A crisis is apt to proclaim itself to one's inner consciousness rather forcibly. In a short sixty minutes, or less, the grave question of his life was to be settled. To be, or not to be, the husband-lover of Adine. Beyond that theorem, to his mind already all but solved in the affirmative, there loomed the prospect of Miss Effler irate, *difficile*, impossible; then by degrees—hope would whisper—relenting, assenting, generous. After all the impending words of the old lady awakened more apprehensions in his mind than the answer of Adine. It was with a very full heart, a very perplexed brain, and a very timid hand that he arrived at the well-known door.

What an easy thing it is to ring a bell! Easy, that is to say, as far as physical power goes. Often, however, as regards the will, a very severe exercise. The metaphysics of bell-ringing have yet to be written. A deanery, or a seat in the House of Commons may be the prize of that volume of the future. Indeed ere now archbishoprics have been assigned for lucubrations of even less value. Only let a man write a book which few people can and none will read, and he will at once receive the substantial recognition of a grateful country.

Curiously enough Mr. Lovett's first impulse when he arrived at his destination was to turn round and walk away. This however was but transitory. He put his fingers very gently to the bell—knocker there was none; there seldom is in country towns, where Mr. Yellowplush flourishes not, nor awakens the welkin by his potent wrist. Of course the bell—that *signum rei vel conceptûs* of the logicians—not being adequately agitated, conveyed no inference to the vacant mind of Buttons. After three minutes' suspense Mr. Lovett had another tug, and this time so vehement was his pull that the door was opened before the echoes had ceased.

'Miss Sinclair, sir? Not at home, sir. Miss Effler, sir? Yes, sir.'

He was shown into the library, the sounds of Schubert's Sonata in A minor resounding through the house. No one but Adine Sinclair could play that glorious commingling of light and shade, poetry and passion, with such truth—in Blankton at all events. She *was* at home, and the page had uttered the common lie of the hireling. Evidently something was wrong. He began to feel very sick at heart.

After a few minutes the door opened, and Miss Effler entered mysteriously. She closed it softly, and as she turned to meet his greeting Mr. Lovett perceived that there was a grim saturnine expression settled on her features, very different from her ordinary jocose laugh and hearty welcome.

She gave him the tips of two fingers, and bade him be seated. Somehow her manner, altered singularly from her *empressement* of the previous evening, raised his spirit. This gave him the one thing he needed—nerve. So he began lucidly enough: 'I have come, Miss Effler, this morning, to speak to you on a subject, which I should have desired to broach some time since, but for the absence of opportunity.'

She bowed very frigidly.

'I mean of course the state of my feelings with reference to your niece, who I am sorry to find is not at home.' This with emphasis.

'Pooh! Mr. Lovett,' blurted out the old lady; 'you are old enough to be her father.'

At this he flushed angrily. He had got a temper latent; nor could any lover, however bland, quite succumb to such a method of opposition; so he proceeded leisurely enough, totally regardless of the interruption.

'I have resolved to make your niece the offer of being my wife. You have been kind enough hitherto to encourage my visits to this house, and you must have perceived that I have been from the first fascinated by Adine Sinclair. I should have made an avowal of my hopes and intentions to you, had it not been that I was embarrassed by the circumstances of my position of minor canon. As you are aware, during the last few days, my status in society has changed. I am now in effect the vicar of a pleasant country living. I have a home to

give her, in addition to that which she at least will not despise, the devotion of a lifetime.'

He paused, but Miss Effler evidently intended to hear all he had to say before vouchsafing her reply.

'You will now understand my visit of this morning. I have come to ask your permission to address Adine?'

The word 'permission' rather stuck in his throat; it was inserted as a stroke of prudential business.

'Is that the sum and substance of your request?'

'It is.'

Miss Effler's eyes flashed fire. Her hand nervously clutched at a massive gold watch-chain. There was determined perversity in that coarse face as she answered him:

'Mr. Lovett, a very dear friend of mine, one who knew my poor father, and all our family intimately, was kind enough to hint to me that the world—misinterpreting my motives in inviting your society occasionally—that the world had begun to associate your name with that of my niece. I told that very dear friend, that I never could sanction anything so utterly imbecile. You have no income—at least an income of a very moderate quantity, barely enough for a bachelor. My niece too has nothing, absolutely nothing. Independent of all such considerations, however, I beg to say that I decline, on behalf of my niece, to entertain for one moment the proposal you have made.'

He rose from his seat. There appeared indeed no alternative, but the game was not quite up.

'I believe, Miss Effler,' he answered coolly, 'you are not in law Miss Sinclair's guardian. Your brother, who is in America——'

'Exactly. My brother is her guardian, but she owes everything to me, including, I should imagine, the old-fashioned duties of obedience and gratitude.'

'Granted. Nevertheless, as a mere matter of fact, as her guardian is absent, and she is in intelligence a woman, she is her own mistress. I ask, therefore, again a permission, and, you must recollect, only out of courtesy to you—no one really has power to gainsay it—I ask the liberty of preferring my suit to Adine Sinclair.'

'I cannot sanction anything of the sort,' rejoined the old lady fussily.

'You have no right to deny it. Let Adine be mistress of her own fate.'

'Mr. Lovett! Once and for all, you have my answer. My niece shall never, never be your bride. Perhaps I say so for *your* sake, as well as for hers!'

'For my sake!'

'Yes, for your sake. You might be happier, wealthier, better matched, and you know it!'

Nettled as she was almost to hatred, strange as she was even beyond

DRAWN BY M. E. PREEE

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

the line which separates sanity from eccentricity, somehow the woman protruded itself. Mr. Lovett could not divine her meaning. He could but stare in amazement.

Then her whole visage changed, and she began to smile.

He was a man of very sterling practical sense, one who cut a clear direct path to a conclusion. Her manner had been to him a puzzle. At once the solution of it was apparent. 'Evidently,' he thought, 'the woman is mad.'

She advanced to him, and placing her heavy hand on his arm, repeated her last words, 'You know it!'

Almost rudely he shook her off, ejaculating, 'Surely I must know my own heart.' Then he took his hat, and moved from her indignantly.

'I came here to-day,' he said, 'for an interview with Adine Sinclair. I was told by your servant that she was not at home. She is at home. I heard her playing. Now once more I beg for the favour of an interview with her. You have no right to enforce a restraint upon her. She promised me herself with her own lips, only last night, that I might see her to-day.'

'Never in my house, Mr. Lovett.'

Biting his lip angrily, trembling from head to foot, he bowed himself out. At the further end of the hall he heard again the tone-poetry of the grand *maestro*. Music has an effect on musicians altogether unique. It intensifies feeling. The deep by its influence becomes deeper, the great greater, the strong stronger. As his ear caught the familiar strain his heart warmed his whole nature. He could bear this detested suspense no longer. Waving aside the page, he darted eagerly across the hall, flung open the drawing-room door, and in a trice was bending over Adine Sinclair.

[*To be continued.*]

# On the Beach.

Lines by a Private Tutor.

When the young Augustus Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward
(He's the urchin I am privileged to teach),
From my left-hand waistcoat pocket
I extract a battered locket
And I commune with it, walking on the beach.

I had often yearned for something
That would love me, e'en a dumb thing;
But such happiness seemed always out of reach:
Little boys are off like arrows
With their little spades and barrows,
When they see me bearing down upon the beach;

And although I'm rather handsome,
Tiny babes, when I would dance 'em
On my arm, set up so horrible a screech
That I pitch them to their nurses
With (I fear me) muttered curses,
And resume my lucubrations on the beach.

And the rabbits won't come nigh me,
And the gulls observe and fly me,
And I doubt, upon my honour, if a leech
Would stick on me as on others,
And I know if I had brothers
They would cut me when we met upon the beach.

So at last I bought this trinket.
For (although I love to think it)
'Twasn't *given* me, with a pretty little speech:
No! I bought it of a pedlar,
Brown and wizened as a medlar,
Who was hawking odds and ends about the beach.

But I've managed, very nearly,
To believe that I was dearly
Loved by Somebody, who (blushing like a peach)
Flung it o'er me saying 'Wear it
For my sake'—and, I declare, it
Seldom strikes me that I bought it on the beach.

I can see myself revealing
Unsuspected depths of feeling,
As in tones that half upbraid and half beseech
I aver with what delight I
Would give anything—my right eye—
For a souvenir of our stroll upon the beach.

O that eye that never glistened
And that voice to which I've listened
But in fancy, how I dote upon them each!
How, regardless what o'clock it
Is, I pore upon that locket,
Which does not contain her portrait, on the beach!

As if something were inside it
I laboriously hide it,
And a rather pretty sermon you might preach
Upon Fantasy, selecting
For your 'instance' the affecting
Tale of me and my proceedings on the beach.

I depict her, ah, how charming!
I portray myself alarming
Her by swearing I would 'mount the deadly breach,'
Or engage in any scrimmage
For a glimpse of her sweet image,
Or her shadow, or her footprint on the beach.

And I'm ever ever seeing
My imaginary Being,
And I'd rather that my marrowbones should bleach
In the winds, than that a cruel
Fate should snatch from me the jewel
Which I bought for one and sixpence on the beach.

C. S. Calverley.

# Recreation a Religious Duty.

Luther said that 'the devil hated a good laugh.' We might almost imagine his satanic majesty prowling about for prey among the downcast and gloomy, the satiated and greedy of mankind, and turning away from the hopeful and light-hearted, the innocent and generous. If we admit Luther's maxim to have embodied a truthful principle, it becomes a duty to use our utmost endeavours in applying such maxim a hundred and a thousandfold to our course of life, and to raise the laugh that will keep the devil out of our hearts and out of our lives.

We are born, and we die: the space between these two events represents our existence, which may be various—short, of medium length, or long. To maintain this existence we must supply our material wants either by our own exertions, by the exertions of others, who are providing for us, or by means left to us by those who worked for them before. This maintenance of existence is, however, not life; *life*, we might say, begins when existence is secured. The means for existence are obtained by labour, that is by exertions for the medium that supplies these means —money: but it is also said that we do not only labour for existence, but also for leisure, leisure representing quiescent or active recreation. Labour and recreation must therefore depend upon each other; one must act upon the other, and *we* must or *others* must perform the one, labour, to obtain the other, recreation.

Labour is an occupation producing a representative value; and so important is the question that this labour or occupation should be guided by right principles in regard to the interests of all classes—those for whom others have laboured, the inheriting classes—those who labour by directing the labour of others—or those who labour under the direction of others—that we must trust the time is not far distant when a 'Board of Labour' will be added to our governmental departments, and when the questions of the relations and effects of labour, or the representative daily exertions of the members that form the State, will be thoroughly sifted and guided into healthy channels without any undue State interference being at all necessary. The measures for directing the duration of labour among those who work under the direction of others have already produced the most bene-

ficial results; but far more has to be done the more our State machine becomes complicated by admitting the just interests of the larger masses. Governing becomes more difficult from year to year, requiring such men who have really been trained by study and practice to understand the questions over which they are to exercise control.

If existence can only be maintained by labour, it becomes an important question, how are we to be fitted for this labour? Continued exertion or labour to produce a representative value, merely interpolated by the positive rest required by nature for the human structure, cannot produce a healthy state of mind, and it is obvious that labour and rest in continued succession must lessen the vivifying power of the brain, and reduce even religious exercises on the final day of rest to mere machine work. The difficulty with which the actual labouring classes are got into church depends much upon the want of refreshing influence in the performance of our religious rites; and if we see these classes go to the dissenting chapels it is because the leaders of the dissenting movement, Wesley especially, understood that human nature required electrifying power. The pulpit will always be a great medium of influence, in a higher or religious sense, upon mankind, and the pulpit ought to do more than it does by its thousandfold tongue to act upon us in directing our time of leisure or recreation to be used beneficially. Worship can only affect the Deity, who is worshipped, so far as this worship elevates ourselves; a dumb show is neither of value to the Deity nor to the creature. Christ put His disapproving mark upon such worship when he denounced that of the Pharisee.

If we *must* labour to maintain existence; if we *must* rest to be fit for labour; if, finally, we find that some other agent is positively necessary to produce such a reaction in our system as will vivify our faculties to produce not only better labour but to enjoy those hours which ought to intervene between labour and rest, then recreation, or the agreeable occupation of leisure, becomes a sacred duty. Such recreation will vary among those who labour variously; but there can positively be no healthy state of being unless the three are represented in any man or woman: 'labour, rest, and recreation.'

Labour is the duty man owes to society; rest is the duty he owes to his person; recreation is the duty he owes to his mind; religion is the duty he owes to his soul.

Labour being so various in different forms, causes also recreation to be various. Those who labour regularly, and receive regular remuneration for this labour, will be able to direct their recreation into smoother channels than those who have to produce labour by sudden or periodical exertions: their recreations will partake of the nature of their labour. To this class belong all brain-workers, who have to supply quick demands.

It is wrong to consider continuous labour virtuous exertion; it is not so. Continuous or over-strained labour produces often as much

a desire of undue indulgence as neglect of labour; the passions, that is the animal desires of our nature, have as powerful a sway over those who follow dogged labour as over those who do not come under the influence of wholesome and necessary labour. Nature points to recreation as a necessity, because it gives us the means for it; recreation represents an occupation, which, producing no representative value, reacts upon ourselves in merely exercising our bodily or mental faculties in a way that creates a harmonious state of our nervous system.

We speak of the 'dignity of labour'—true—but it is not labour that represents the highest principle of human liberty, 'the conscious value of ourselves'—for labour is combined with necessity—but rational recreation represents it. Recreation brings us into harmony with ourselves, and consequently inclines us to harmony with others, and upon this recreation being directed into such channels as will perform both those functions depends the civilisation of humanity. Do *not* call the supply of material wants civilisation. You may be finely housed, fed, and clothed, and you may be selfish, unsympathetic, hard, coarse-minded, and, worse than all, voluptuous. There are three kinds of recreation; domestic recreation, social recreation, and public recreation. The ancient nations thought more of public recreation than we do, and we may safely deduce their character from it. The Greeks celebrated the exercise of their artistic tendencies in the Olympian games; the Romans feasted their eyes and their greedy lust of power on the exhibitions of extraordinary and even inhuman feats of bodily skill and strength, and the Teutons in their earliest state of civilisation lay on their bear-skins before roaring fires, allowing their women to hand them the frequent cup of mead, while their youths performed publicly skilful dances in a nude state between naked swords. Those characteristics of the old Teutons we have retained; men still like the glass to be handed to them by pretty barmaids and still delight in the exercise of youthful vigour and skill in the shape of athletic games.

In advocating recreation here as a religious duty—that means a duty necessary for the right development of our being—we do *not* mean the encouragement of public exhibitions, because these mainly trade on mere nervous excitement in seeing feats performed beyond our own capability of performance; but we mean that harmonising agency between labour and rest which *must* enter into our daily life, and which by doing so will lose that dangerous characteristic now bestowed upon many ideas of pleasure—'the throwing off restraint and letting the passions loose, whatever form these may represent in the individual.' The more we encourage rational recreation, the more we study it, the more we train our children to be capable of it, the more we place its means in the path of our youth of *both* sexes, the nearer we bring it to our adults; the more we lessen sexual license and its evil consequences, excessive alcoholic consumption, the delight at immoral exhibitions,

the admiration for torturing animals dependent on us for protection; and, above all, the more we diminish the number of human beings that pander to the false pleasures of those who can or will pay for and buy them. The pander to the false pleasures of others is indeed a person low in the social scale.

But to benefit by rational recreation we must be capable of enjoying it. This is the greatest stumbling-block; the capability for it is wasted. People will laugh at you, if you tell them one must be educated for recreation. It is loss of time, they will say. Why should recreation be founded on another principle than labour? We have to be educated for labour. But so it is, for even Government cannot be made to see that the cost of the singing master in the people's education will be a hundredfold compensated for by the means it will give the children of doing something better for amusement than pitch and toss, the roaring of obscene songs, and the torturing of little animals. We maintain that the education for recreation *must* go hand in hand with the education for labour to make a good and strong member of society; and all those who preside over educational establishments, from the governing bodies of University colleges to guardians of workhouse schools, ought to take this subject in hand seriously, if they will not gloss over secret license by superficial observance of proprieties, and thus allow the future of those, who are under their care and are to sow the seeds of their success in life, to be endangered and destroyed. Boys and girls cannot be sufficiently taught how to use their leisure, and men and women cannot have too many opportunities in meeting to exercise these faculties. All those who preside over large establishments, and who draw from the labour of others in some measure the means of their subsistence and perhaps their wealth, have a duty to perform in giving means of recreation to those whom they employ. The mass of young humanity thrown annually upon London and other large towns is excessive, and we, a church-going Christian nation, let these young full-blooded men and women flounder loosely for pleasure among the shoals and quicksands of our not over nice social life of pleasure, and drive them into the Scylla and Charybdis of Anonymas, betting men, public houses, and exhibitions of a lower class.

Can we wonder if our drama, one of the most delightful agencies of recreation, is falling down to our own level, vilifying our taste still more by doing so, and dragging with it those who exhibit its sensual feebleeness? Not even Government, the representative executive of the nation, has a right to employ a number of clerks who are often scarcely paid sufficiently to keep body and soul together and dress like gentlemen, and then omit to encourage all possible means that their leisure time be spent in a way that they may not squander their scanty means. Government ought to create a fund in every department for clubs, reading-rooms, and other social places of meeting. This is not putting the nation into leading strings—such ideas in this case are

puerile—it is keeping those whose exertions we employ, and who for them obtain but a circumscribed remuneration, out of vice, debt, and misery. We have so much to do to punish vice, why not prevent it? Not only by avoiding its being committed, but by actually raising the person that committed it a scale higher in humanity.

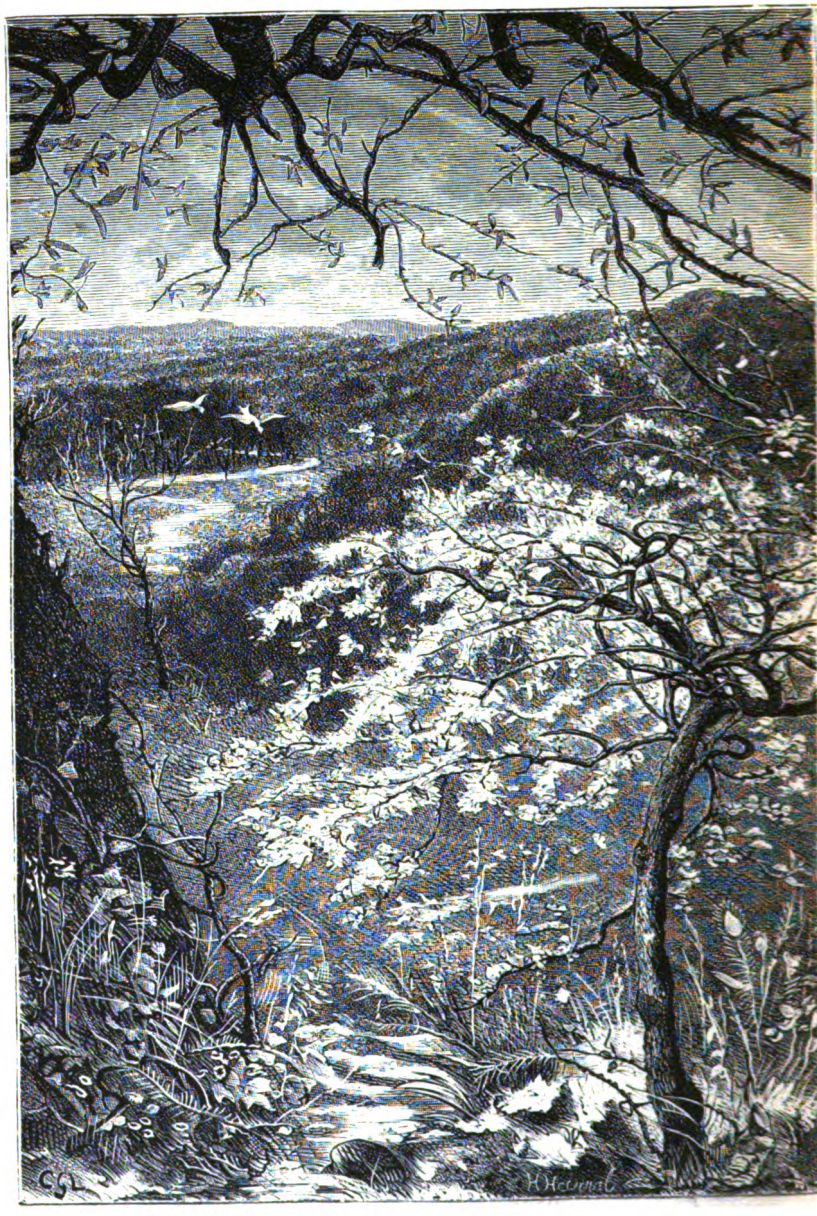
Why do we foster so many false considerations? why do we pander to so many false notions of social life and personal freedom? We may be sure that there is no better standard for judging anyone than to know how he amuses himself. *That will bring out the real character.*

Who would dare to lift, like Lesage in his 'Diable Boiteux,' the roofs from the houses in London but one night, and show to the nineteenth century the pleasures of a Christian nation? No one would wish to perform such a feat. Then, knowing that our pleasures are at a moral ebb, why should we not desire to raise their standard when it is once recognised that life *must have* recreation?

But in what consists recreation? It may be said that we wish to lessen the independent vigour of the individual in advocating training for rational recreation. By no means: we advocate regular physical and mental recreation because both are necessary, one for the body, the other for the mind. When the body has been submitted for certain hours to a strain of exertion, called labour (after all compulsory through the conditions of our existence), it wants not only cessation from that exertion but some other influence to alleviate the consequences of this exertion—lassitude. Change of occupation is as much rest to some men as positive abstinence from any occupation; and what is recreation but a change of occupation more agreeable in its conditions than labour by reacting upon ourselves only? When the brain has been exercised upon one subject for a certain time it wants reaction—occupation in a different phase—not cessation from all occupation only. Rest merely will not harmonise the faculties: recreation or agreeable occupation will. We are many of us straining for the means to supply more complicated material wants; to imitate those perhaps who are not striving at all, but have the means to supply them at their disposal. Let us strive moderately for necessities and give a portion of our time to recreation; we shall be wiser and be happier. Recreation falls flat upon overworked muscles and nerves; *they* want artificial stimulants and get them at the heavy cost of destruction of body and soul.

We have no space here to enumerate the means of recreation, we only place our ideas earnestly before those, who influence others in whatever position, that they may encourage rational recreation—physical and mental—in every phase; it will drive away evil desires that prey upon society by self-indulgence, and it will purify our being by keeping off that devil of temptation whom Luther dreaded so much.

AMELIA LEWIS.



DRAWN BY CECIL LAWSON. 'SPRING.'

# SPRING.

WITH an aching heart and a brain outweary,
From his trembling fingers he tossed the pen,
And climbed to the roof of his attic eyrie,
And gazed far down on the city of men,
And cried from above to the thronging people,
'Oh, little as ye seem, and vain and slight,
Ye are smaller, slighter'—and he turned to the steeple—
'Meaner and vainer in your Maker's sight!'
'Yea,' the bell chimed from the sacred height.

'When death,' he sighed, 'left my pillow lonely,
And my whole life loveless, hither I came
From our New World sierras—comforted only
By a far-heard echo of fame and name,
The siren voice of a phantom shrouded,
But the mystic shape is with clouds o'erclouded,
And her sweet strain silent. Proclaim, proclaim,
What may it mean? Is it well, oh bell?'
And the voice from the steeple replied, 'It is well.'

Once again he called to the Spirit in the Spire:
'If Fame forsake me as Love forsook,
What is left of all of my heart's desire
But a buried bride and a foolish book?'
The bell no more made answer hollow,
But a fresh voice fell on the poet's ear,
A voice from the west, crying, 'Follow me, follow—
Flowers waken, birds warble, and streams run clear,
Follow me, follow, for the Spring is here!'

The poet followed the sweet-voiced zephyr
To a gay green valley in the heart of the hills,
At his feet there leaped a laughing river
Crowned with thorn-blossom and daffodils:
Two robins aloft on an elm were singing,
Two wild doves o'er the stream were winging,
And this song was wafted from welkin and rills
And bird and blossom—'Sad soul, be whole
With a hope that shall strengthen as the seasons roll.'

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

# France Rejuvenescent.

By an Old M.P.

Another month has passed and still we stand before the bleeding body of the French people. So horrible is the spectacle we behold in that once proud Lutitia, that we may well expect her best friends to shudder and start back at the sad sight, ready to condemn people, country, rulers, and all, as having given themselves up to the Moloch of unruly passion and impossible political desire. But this ought not to be our judgment and this will not be the sentence of a true statesman who has to deal with *all* the component parts of a nation, and *must* adjust their various claims. Ugly indeed must appear those fratricidal struggles that kill right and left members of the same nation, tearing to shreds the last remnants of prosperity left by the Germans, and actually preventing the return to healthy active national life. But it is the punishment of falsehood and the reward of the neglect, which slightingly passed over the real democratic movement of the French people, and would not take warning that Paris was not a city to be left to its own devices after the crisis it had passed through, and that the turbulent elements under the superficial strata of above-board politics would at such times explode and throw up the burning lava of selfish, unreasoning, and cruel humanity.

The democratic, communistic, and socialistic element exists in large French towns, but especially in Paris—thanks to centuries of misrule and the cultivation of superficial national prosperity—and it will continue to exist if the Communists are even now got under by 'the party of order.' It would have been better to have met this element in the beginning of the revolt, before such irreparable mischief was done, and it would have been best to have prevented the clash altogether by having disarmed the National Guards in time, and boldly held the Assembly in Paris. It was ruled otherwise—such steps appeared uncalled for. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

What is the use that the greater part of our press teems with denunciations against the insurgents? They are there and they have to be dealt with; that is the problem. There have been many revolutions in France since that great outburst of national trouble eighty

years ago; the people, as it were, are used to the manner of it, and maintain these uprisings and self-assertions to be the proclamations of grand ideas of liberty, forgetting that ideas of liberty are relative in their value, and cannot be carried out unless they affect all classes in their tendency. French ideas of liberty have always been those of 'head-liberty,' the practical results of their feasibility never being ascertained, and this brittle temple being built up to the goddess without the corner-stone of 'respect for the law,' and the crowning-piece of 'obedience to reason.' Acknowledging the unsoundness of those superficial cries for 'equality, fraternity, and liberty,' we must, however, not disguise from ourselves the fact that below these violent exclamations there lie the desires that actuate thousands and thousands of the French people, and that the only permanent solution to this peculiar national phenomena is an assimilation of interests in the governing and governed classes. France, who prides herself on having held aloft the flag of 'Progress'—France is more conservative in some of her social elements than any other country in Europe. There is in France a wide gulf between the rich and the poor, the high and the low-born, the employer and the employed; this gulf is positively greater in France than with us, and there is no common meeting ground on which both classes would mingle freely. Our cheap press—and particularly our cheap Sunday press—is in political tendency far above anything the French can boast of, and it is this cheap Sunday press which is one of the great outlets for, and one of the important guides of, the political ideas of the working classes. There may be dross among the gold even with us, but there are conscientious papers among those Sunday publications of which we can scarcely form an adequate value.

Man will think, man will speak, man will have passions. There is only one way to manage these three functions—to furnish them with legitimate outlets. The late Charles Dickens once said at a Liverpool banquet 'that we were an overtalked nation;' we beg to differ from our great novelist—we cannot talk sufficiently. Talk is better than suppressed passion, and talk brings our great men in direct contact with the large masses, and maintains a continuous thread of mutual confidence. We remember being asked by a Frenchman what the English Government meant to do about the revolutionary ideas expressed by large meetings during the first proclamation of the French Republic last autumn; our answer was, 'It is doing quite enough, it allows the people to talk.'

Looking at the present moment over to that Paris which to many of us has been such a point of attraction in our periodical holidays, we shudder at the scenes there enacted, and, as we said in the first part of our article, 'we raise up our hands at the depravity of the French people.' But let us look at the matter in a rational light, and throw a truthful interpretation upon it. The heartrending scenes now being

performed in the French capital are the outbreaks of misdirected vitality, and let us hear what a great thinker said on London, if ever one of its great outlets of vitality, 'work,' should be stopped: 'In order to put London in flames, it would be sufficient to turn during one week people from their daily work; soon we should see the immense city desolated, ravaged by rebellion against the laws, by civil war, and the flame of incendiarism.'

To imagine a flourishing or rejuvenescent state possible in France we must hope for more than the suppression of the insurrection. If the Assembly at Versailles will act so decisively that it can speedily perform this task—a task that ought to have been sharply attempted long ago, as the 'party of order' would not meet the insurgents on the ground of a mutual understanding—all the better. It is more serviceable to a nation to know the principles that will guide its political life than to be experimented upon by crude ideas that have no experience to back them; but we maintain that the suppression of the insurrection is not sufficient and that every clear and strong head in France ought to clamour for such measures as will enfranchise the nation and give it individual life and development. The 'French people,' not 'French ideas,' must become the study of French philosophical statesmen, and all the rejuvenescent strength that still lies in those fruitful fields, in those rich vineyards, in those splendid river systems, in that beautiful natural formation, can be brought into action only, if after M. Thiers has obtained the victory he will throw aside those puerile fancies that have belated him even when Heine saw him thirty years ago careering in joyful admiration round his newly-formed and much-belauded fortifications, and take to himself the large ideas of reforming French political life by individual development, by giving free communal institutions, general education, free speech and a free press, and by encouraging independent expressions of political ideas. The sneering sarcasms that have been thrown at the insurgents are in the worst French taste, and would have been indulged in in no English House of Commons; the continual praise given to the action of the 'regular troops' is not needed, as they must fight half in sorrow: instead of these, there is needed a firm determination to meet the case. If the party in power will not confer with the insurgents on any footing of a peaceable understanding, then let it be done in a military way, but sharply and quickly; and from the ashes of smouldering houses and the pools of citizen blood let some wholesale reforming ideas arise that will be boldly proclaimed, making it possible to give back to 'La belle France' some rejuvenescent strength, and to her people above all things a unity of aim in her civilisation.

We cannot here help saying that every representative of public opinion ought to use the utmost influence it possesses not by heaping abuse upon 'Messieurs de la boue' and 'cette canaille,' but by encourag-

ing the expression of every sensible idea on this sad catastrophe in a neighbouring nation, from whom we drew largely for our amusement, and who, if ever it can reform into solidarity of purpose and unity of aim will show to the world that its natural elasticity, unless wasted by lustful materialism, is one of the finest characteristics a nation can possess and ought to render it, guided by wholesome rule, for ever rejuvenescent.

The English press possesses a large influence on the Continent, and this influence ought to be used to guide, not to condemn—anybody may do the last, few can do the first. If England is not the first military power in Europe it is the oldest political nation, and it behoves her to hold out a moral helping hand in encouraging rational views and in assisting to raise the renewed vitality of France, to whom England is bound by the ties of continued commercial intercourse and individual fellowship.

*Now* is the time to show our friendship and hope for the realisation of 'France rejuvenescent.'

## AUF WIEDERSEH'N.

THEY stood within the minster shade,
Clasped hands, and kissed, and kissed again,
The soldier and his little maid:
'Farewell, dear love, farewell,' he said,
'*Auf wiederseh'n.*'

He rode to battle, down the street;
She wept beside her window-pane;
A flower fell at the soldier's feet,
A voice fell, soft and low and sweet:
'*Auf wiederseh'n.*'

He fought afar; she kept alone:
They brought him home from battle slain:
Beneath his blood-stained tunic shone
A silver cross, with this thereon:
'*Auf wiederseh'n.*'

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

## In Memoriam.

On a balcony fronting the river
We sat on the day of the race,
She scanning the crowd with a shiver,
I warmed by her one little face.

When at last, with a tumult of cheering,
O'er the current, like coursers of strength,
The 'Varsity boats came careering,
She cried, 'Cambridge wins by a length!'

But I, in her eager eyes gazing,
Where the violet laughingly shone,
Cried, 'Oxford, we're quits in the racing,
For your dark blue already has won!'

P. M. Cantab.

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## Song.

Where eagle calls to waterfalls,
Where pines o'er chasms weep,
The rains have made a mad cascade
To thunder down the steep.

Where lilies nod their gentle heads,
Where grass is long in May,
There runs a river in the meads—
Too fast it runs away.

But where the gales drive moaning sails
O'er seas that gloom and gleam,
Across a bar the waves make war
'Gainst one persistent stream.

Too far, O river, strained thy force!
Thou ne'er shalt know again
The lilies of thy middle course,
The quiet of the plain.

Israel Davis.

# MUSAEUS:

## A LOVE TALE OF OLD GREECE.

EVERYONE has heard of Hero and Leander, everyone knows the tale of their tragic fate. Poets, from Virgil to Tom Hood, have sung of the dauntless lover who swam the Hellespont to visit his lady: Byron prided himself immensely on performing the feat, which is not one that a good swimmer would be afraid of, once in a way, and in broad daylight. But how many people know anything of the old Greek story which tells that sweet, sad tale? How many, even among professed scholars, can tell us anything about Musaeus? How many, or rather how few, have read those three hundred and forty lines which were once pronounced superior to the Iliad and Odyssey? At the Revival of Letters, when men pounced greedily on all the old manuscripts they could find, not sufficiently scrupulous, perhaps, about distinguishing the pure gold of the Periclean and Augustan from the baser metal of later ages, Musaeus was the pet of learned and unlearned alike: now, when every author is ticketed with the label of his place and relative value, and students have no time to read what will not pay, the name of our author is to most people as that of Orpheus, while the knowing ones have given him his niche among the late Byzantine romance writers, and let the dust grow over poor Musaeus along with Nonnus and Tryphiodorus. Fain would we seek to resuscitate our old favourite, fain induce some lover of poetry to spend a short evening over this most exquisite of love tales. And therefore, before proceeding to our account of the poem, we must say just one word about Musaeus himself.

The name, as most of our readers will know, is of primeval antiquity. Orpheus and Musaeus are the two mythical patriarchs of Greek literature. And until quite recently it was always supposed that in this poem we had the only extant remains of the ancient Musaeus. But the first approaches of modern criticism soon dispelled this idea. In fact, the merest tyro in Greek nowadays can scarcely fail to recognise in every page the marks of a late artificial age and style. Hero is no more like Homer's Nausicaa than Tennyson's Maud is like Chaucer's Emilie. Still more, the descriptions of Hero are removed by a whole millennium

from those of Nausicaa. Finally, the similarity between the style of Musaeus and that of writers of the late Byzantine age is most marked, lines in our poem often coinciding, down to the very wording, with passages from such writers as Nonnus and Achilles Tatius. When the internal evidence is so strong, we cannot hesitate to conclude that, so far from having here a genuine production of that Musaeus who, according to Plato, had the moon for his mother, the poem must be assigned to a writer somewhere about the fifth century A.D.; and this writer, on the authority of the manuscripts, is generally known as Musaeus the Grammarian.

'Hero and Leander' is chiefly known to the English reader by the famous poem of Marlowe. It will be well to say that that poem does not pretend to reproduce the original. The different fashions in which Greek and Englishman treat their theme is not a little remarkable; and we are sorry to say that the advantage is wholly on the side of the former. But Marlowe's fragment has achieved immortality too. Defiled as it is by an imagination which had fed on garbage till it did 'imbody and imbrute,' and in great measure 'lose the divine property of its first being,' it is nevertheless full of graceful poetry and the play of an exhaustless fancy, which of a truth, to use Chapman's description, 'stood Up to the chin in the Pierian flood.' Unluckily, it is but a fragment; for the greater part of the poem as we have it is a continuation by Chapman. This latter is only worth reading for the sake of an occasional line like that just quoted. Pedantry takes the place of fancy, labour of wit. Marlowe is loose but lively, Chapman moral but prosy.

The poem of Musaeus is not one where a licentious fancy is in place. It is all delicacy; purest nectar, fit for the gods to drink. That indefinable, ethereal glamour, as of moonlight upon water, which we express by the word romance, which belongs peculiarly to the Gothic temperament, and finds its most perfect embodiment in 'Romeo and Juliet,' is perhaps more nearly approached in 'Hero and Leander' than in any of the classic masterpieces. The late date is in our author's favour here. In the Homeric poems, love is taken for granted as the result of contiguity, and presents a situation which the poet thinks worth depicting, not for its own sake, but as bringing out the character of his hero. In the Attic tragedies, love is a stormy passion, and the gigantic emotions and aspirations of demigods and heroes are portrayed on a canvas of gigantic size. In the late romance writers, love is the one thing left in life, and they dwell on it with wearisome monotony. But when one of them, and he a true poet, writes a short tale avowedly devoted to love, and sanctifies and purifies that love till it almost rivals the chivalric ideal, the result is a poem with which modern readers can feel far more sympathy than with the brute passion of Agamemnon or the Titanic throes of Medea.

Before parting with our author *in propriâ personâ*, we cannot resist

noticing, as a slight illustration of the common sense and sympathetic insight which commentators bring to their work, one or two remarkable theories which have been broached respecting our author's personality. To discuss the identification of Musaeus with that mouthing gentleman known as Nonnus of Pannapolis, which a certain acute Peter Francia thought he had effected on the strength of a few coincidences of expression, would lead us into criticism unsuited for these pages. But what does the reader think of our author being demonstrated to have been a Christian, by means of a single line, which another sapient critic pronounced to 'smack of a Hebraism'? It must be remembered that literally nothing is known of Musaeus, so that it is just as possible he may have been a Christian as not; but it is not easy to conceive the mental state which could rest such an assertion on an isolated phrase, and that a dubious one.

Again, the poem has been assigned to a monk of the thirteenth century! The originator of this ingenious supposition, John Hardouin the Jesuit, assigned the same origin to Terence, Livy, Tacitus, and parts of Virgil, and of the 'Odes' of Horace. Truly, the unlearned reader will be apt to come to the conclusion that the lower walks of criticism are the chosen resort of the grossest incarnations of human stupidity. The gulf between Shakespeare and a village bellman is not so hopelessly enormous as that which separates a Lachmann or a Bentley from the creatures who drop their slime in interminable procession over the brightest pages of ancient literature. And even among the masters of the art nothing seems so rare as that happy mixture of critical acumen and poetic appreciation which has secured a unique place among critics for our own lamented Conington.

As a striking instance of this truth, let us look at one more opinion about Musaeus: and with it we shall bid a long farewell to the commentators. Julius Caesar Scaliger is a name which cannot be mentioned without respect. Students of philosophy will remember the terms in which Sir William Hamilton always refers to him. One of the hardest hitters that ever trod this earth of ours—perhaps that was part of his charm for Hamilton—a man intolerant of sham and remorseless in exposing it, singularly pure in his own style, and keen-eyed for faults in others, from him at least one might expect a sober, sensible verdict. The mighty Paduan was of opinion, not only that the ancient Musaeus wrote 'Hero and Leander,' but that Homer had quoted, and quoted badly, from him. 'I consider,' he says,[1] 'the style of Musaeus much more polished and elegant than that of Homer. To prove this, I shall adduce some instances. For while all his lines are incomparable, and the only lines in Greek literature which Virgil might have written, still some are so exquisitely turned that they manifestly could have been written by none other of his nation than Musaeus. Accordingly, Virgil

[1] 'Poetics,' v. 2.

makes not Homer, nor Orpheus, but Musaeus, leader of the poets in the Elysian Fields.' After quoting some of his pet verses, he proceeds: 'Here you see no license, everything perfectly polished. . . . Had Homer written these lines, I should say he had been learning his art when he wrote his "Odyssey," had made a great advance in the "Iliad," while in these lines he had surpassed himself. Whereas we may safely say that if Musaeus had written what Homer has, he would have written it far better'! Heaven preserve us from our friends, poor Musaeus might say: and certainly his fate has been hard. First exalted into a demigod, then stripped of his borrowed plumes, and thrust ignominiously down from the high company he had been keeping, friends and foes have been about equally fatal to him. Is he never to get a chance of being heard on his own merits, as the poor grammarian deep down in the iron age, who wrote but one poem, but that a gem for which all lovers of poetry ought to make room, without envious comparisons, in their casket?

Pardon, fair reader, we know we did! We promised you a sweet, pure love tale of old Greece, and here we have kept you page after page with our dusty details about critics and commentators. We have insisted on telling you about Musaeus, when you wanted to know who Hero, and still more who Leander was. We shall sin no more, but begin at once with our story. You shall hear how Musaeus tells the tale of what befel a youth and maiden many many centuries ago.

After a few introductory lines, written in the rather stilted Byzantine style, and regretting that Zeus did not take the torch which had so often led Leander (how many nights did one torch last?), and give it a place among the constellations, we are introduced to the scenery of the narrative. Sestos in Greece, Abydos in Asia, stand on either side of the Hellespont, whose waters 'still seem to mourn Leander's love and fate.' In the former dwelt a maiden named Hero, in the latter a youth named Leander. They were the pride of their respective cities; and, like twin stars, they were alike in their beauty. But, removed as their cities were by the breadth of the Hellespont, Love, says Musaeus, sent one shaft to both, wounded with one shaft those two fair young hearts. Thus simply are the pair introduced. But how, we wonder, chanced they to come together? Thereby indeed hangs a tale. And first, as is seemly, we are introduced to the heroine.

Hero the beautiful, in whose high veins ran blood o' the gods, held the office of priestess in a temple of the Cyprian queen (Venus). She did not dwell with her parents, but in a lonely tower on the seashore, served by one handmaid. 'Poor Venus' nun,' as Marlowe calls her, there, in her bright maidenhood, she lived in the round of quiet duty, absorbed in the care of her goddess's shrine, shrinking from the rude throngs of women, nor even joining the graceful dances of her coaevals: for, says Musaeus in his own sly way, she wished to shun their envious spite; since of beauty women are ever envious.

There she lived, contented and devoted; and for one thing she continually prayed, both to her goddess and to Love. Ah, Hero! what strange prescience centred your thoughts on that one wish? Her prayer was to escape the fiery shafts of love.

A prayer not destined to fulfilment. For a crisis in Hero's life was approaching, which should revolutionise its peaceful ways, till the very thought of them should be unbearable. The great yearly festival to Venus and Adonis was coming on, and visitors from far and near began to flock to Sestos. From the 'spurs of sea-crowned isles,' from Thrace and Cyprus, from the cities of Cythera, and even from the dance-filled fastnesses of spicy Lebanon, came women and graybeards, strong men and girls, ay, and young men too. Aha! it is their turn now. They had their laugh at you, fair reader, a few lines back; but old Musaeus deals no one-sided justice. He was but waiting his time, and now he quietly proceeds: 'Yes, they too came to the temple; but in truth not so much out of zeal to the immortals as on account of the beauty of the assembled maidens!' Not in Greek temples alone, perhaps, is such altogether the case.

And now the day has come. The huge old strong-built temple is filled with crowds of worshippers. Of the kind of ceremony one may form some idea from the reference in Theocritus[1] to a similar festival at Syracuse, where the chief feature is a hymn to Adonis. Some such duty, possibly, fair Hero had to perform, and Musaeus has cunningly reserved his description of his heroine to the moment when she walks through the thronged temple up to the altar, the natural blush of her cheek struggling with the agitation that seeks to pale it, as the proud girlish form bends before the gaze of a thousand eyes.

> Then through the temple walked that peerless maid
> With stateliest step; and from her glorious face
> Light seemed to beam on the beholders' eyes,
> Like the rich golden gleam of harvest-moon.
> But on the tip-top of her paléd cheeks
> Burned a soft rim of crimson, like a rose
> Twin-coloured 'mong its petals. Lower down
> The bright blush spread, till all her delicate skin,
> Where the light kissed it, glowed a living plot
> Of roses: rosy were the sweet bared arms;
> Her neck was blushing rosy; and, just seen
> Beneath the long white robe, her rosy feet
> Peeped coyly. From her steps a very host
> Of graces seemed to flow. The men of old
> Knew but three Graces: but in one bright smile
> Of those transcendent eyes a hundred shone.
> Venus had found a worthy priestess now.

So, at least, thought those sprightly youths who had come to the great festival, not with altogether unmixed motives. In fact, we are told that her beauty fairly bewitched them, and wherever she moved

[1] Idyll 15.

in the discharge of her priestly functions their eyes and wills and very souls followed her. But what could they do? She was the sacred priestess, and they could but gaze and sigh—sigh forth such fervid aspirations as Musaeus has put into the mouth of one of them. But at this juncture arrives on the scene one who seems little troubled with scruples of this kind. 'Ill-starred Leander!'—thus abruptly is he forced on our notice—'thou, when thou didst see the glorious maiden, couldst not brook to pine with secret pain, but conquered of a sudden by the fire-breathing shafts, couldst not brook to live without beauteous Hero.' A precious youth, of a surety! He has not seen the lady for above a minute, and already he is protesting that without her life is intolerable. But in those hot days, when men wore their hearts on their sleeves, and their hands were ready to the sword-hilt, the elemental passions of love and hate were swifter and stronger than with us, whose every motion and feeling has been drilled into monotony and restraint. We are better men no doubt, less spasmodic, more rational, more self-controlled; but we must not judge them by our standards. Not, however, to overlay Musaeus with sermonising, let us content ourselves with quoting his own explanation:

> Ah! Beauty's glance goes straighter to the heart,
> And sharper than the barb of whistling shaft:
> The treacherous eye a ready entrance gives,
> And the sweet poison instant fires the blood.

Thus, at least, men loved in the old days of Greece; and thus was it with Romeo and Juliet, whom one naturally thinks of in such a connection. And what saith our gossip Marlowe?

> Where both deliberate the love is slight;
> Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Poor old Kit! we spoke harshly of thee some time back; nor can we unsay our words. But our heart goes out to thee. The fierce glare of that wild meteor-life—fierce and swift and sudden of eclipse, and baleful with unhallowed light—was fed by a fire whose spark was kindled from on high, though fanned by foul earthly winds to tempestuous splendour. Pitifully bright, pitifully short, was thy mad career, and unmanly self-abandonment gave horrid sounds of sin and passion to mingle in thy noblest music; but, defiled as the dwelling was, the inspiring spirit dwelt there, and when the murderous stab cut short thy young life in a childish brawl, England and the high Muse could have better spared a better man.

But to return. Leander's was love at first sight with a vengeance. His heart leapt to his lips. All emotions rushed on him at once—'amazement, boldness, trembling, bashfulness.' For a time he stood dumb with amazement, gazing on that form divine. But mere gazing and sighing was not to his mind, and after a time the very excess of his love drove away all thoughts of shame, so that, with bold though noiseless steps, he

went and took up a commanding position right in front of the priestess. Bringing to bear a 'pair of very wicked eyes,' and a species of dumb telegraphy of looks which is more easily imagined than described, he speedily compelled her attention. And does not she rebuke the presumptuous intruder with a frown, and turn to her sacred duties? Alas for the fatal shaft which had reached that virgin breast, as well as her Asian lover's! For, according to Musaeus,

> She rejoiced at heart,
> Knowing her beauty; but, as conscious of
> His fatal power, bent her blushing brows.

Again and again did she bend her lovely face to escape those ardent eyes; but the very bendings told Leander the state of affairs; 'he was glad at heart, knowing she did not spurn his love.' Well says Marlowe, in his quaint way:

> Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide!
> Affection by the countenance is descried;
> The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
> And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.

And so, in those too seductive oglings the afternoon wore on; the assailant was too cunning to hazard a premature attack, but, sanguine and happy, waited his time,

> and ever watched
> For some still moment when his eager prayer
> Might win confession from those thrice-sweet lips.

And now the night shades are falling, and that evening star which has so much to answer for is shining brilliant in the far heaven, casting shadows of its own. Gentle reader, does not our hero begin operations with consummate grace?

> Soon as Leander saw the falling gloom,
> He stepped forth boldly to the maiden's side,
> And, silent save for one deep sigh, he pressed
> Her rosebud fingers. She, without a word,
> As if in anger, snatched her hand away.
> But when he saw, 'neath that bewitching show
> Of wrath, the half-won smile, fearless he caught
> A fluttering skirt of her embroidered robe,
> And led her to a quiet inner nook
> Of the hoary temple.

Was ever a love scene more exquisitely portrayed? The gallant not opening his lips, save to send forth one sigh more expressive than words or looks, but venturing rather to lay hold of her 'rosebud fingers.' The show of wrath with which she snatches her hand away, a show which cannot conceal from those prying eyes the inward yielding. And, finally, the address with which Leander disguises his impudence under an appearance of reverence, when, as it has been well put, 'he does not shock her, as an underbred cockney would, by an offer of his arm, but leads her by her light floating robe, as if, forsooth,

he dare not again touch that same rosy hand he so audaciously seized at the outset of the parley.' And the maiden follows reluctantly, her light steps lingering on the floor. Though the fiery bolt of the mischievous god has pierced her heart, maidenly pride comes to the rescue. Though all hope of successful resistance is gone, the citadel is still to win: the priestess of Venus is not to be thus carried off by a *coup de main*. She summons up her courage to upbraid and threaten this bold rover:

> Stranger, art mad? Unhand me, daring man!
> Know'st thou not Venus' priestess from man's touch
> Is sacred? Let me go—leave go my robe;
> Or dread, rash youth, my haughty father's rage.

Poor Hero! it will not do. 'How admirably,' says the critic quoted above, 'this conveys all her inward meaning! "Leave me alone, or I'll tell my mother. She will be very angry, and so will Venus. Heigh-ho! I suppose I ought to be."' And Leander perfectly understands it. They are alone now in their quiet inner nook, and actually, how think you, gentle reader, did Leander begin his answer? Bending over the maiden, he 'kissed her fair and fragrant neck, and said'——at length he speaks, and with all his natural impetuosity. Flattery, prayers, arguments, vows, warnings, pour forth in an overwhelming flood. She is his Venus, ay and Athene too; for goddess-born she surely is. He is her worshipper, her slave; will she not look kindly on him? Should a maiden be priestess to Aphrodite? Nay, let her take him, whom Love had brought to her, as Hermes of old led Hercules to his task-mistress. Him not Hermes had brought, but Venus herself. She had threatened him with her parent's displeasure: let her beware of that of Venus, remembering the fate of Atalanta:

> Marriage is
> Venus' peculiar worship, her best gift.
> 'Twas Venus' self that sent me here to thee:
> I come her messenger. Dread thou her rage:
> For they who slight her gifts, provoke her wrath.
> Maiden, I love thee.

Could mortal maiden resist such wooing, her heart already gone to the handsome stranger, those dark, bold eyes bent imploringly on hers, and the print of that warm kiss still fresh on her neck? Hero at least could not. A thousand thoughts swept over her as she listened to that pleading voice. The charm of her old life was gone for ever. Did she return now to her lonely dwelling, it would be to pine and languish. The very thought of that life had become intolerable to her. A new current had rushed into its placid monotony, and she was borne off, vainly struggling, on its resistless sweep. Yet still she stood silent and irresolute. But Musaeus must give his own exquisite description of the scene:

Ah, those cunning words,
They stole sweet Hero's soul. Silent, with eyes
Fixed on the ground, to hide her blushing cheek,
She stood: and her small foot kept tremulously
Beating the dust, and round her shoulders white
Once and again she shivering drew her robe.
Alas! no signs of haughty coldness these!
Poor Hero's rebel heart had won the day.

Alas, indeed! The battle is over, the flag of surrender is too plainly visible. Not white, as in war, but the *drapeau rouge*, Love's well-known ensign. That 'moist blush (ὑγρὸν ἔρευθος)' has told what she would fain have concealed. 'O'er girlhood's yielding barricade floats the great Leveller's crimson fold.' For before her downcast eyes had passed in review, not only that peerless youth, with his rare beauty and strange, slight likeness to herself, but also, as we have said, that lonely life of hers, a life which had never of old seemed wearisome, but now was loathsome in the retrospect. Swift and wondrous transformations works the potent Enchanter! And then her heart fails her, as she thinks of the dangers and difficulties—on the one side the hopelessness of this new love; on the other the hopelessness of returning to the old ways. So that when at length she speaks, it is to point out all the bars to their union, and then, in two inimitable lines, to express the feelings with which she now looked on that life he had so rashly disturbed:

Stranger! thy prayers would move the very stones.
Woe's me! who taught thee skill to tread the paths
Of witching words, and sent thee here to me?
Vain all thy sighs. A nameless wanderer,
Homeless, alone, claim high-born Hero's hand!
My lordly sire would laugh thy suit to scorn.

Our first idea would be an elopement. But of this neither lover dreams. Probably it was impossible for Hero to fly from her sacred functions without incurring the wrath of her goddess; while for him to live in Sestos was equally impracticable, since they could not hope to escape detection. So there seemed no hope for the lovers. And yet—

Tell me, I pray thee, truly, who and whence
Art thou? My name, alas! thou knowest well.
My home is in a heaven-seeking tower,
Round which strange voices wander; for it lies
In front of Sestos, close upon the sea,
O'erhanging the steep shores. There, all alone
Save for one handmaid, by my parent's will
I dwell. No friends are near, no voices rise
Of youths and maidens in the merry dance;
*But night and morn rings ever in my ears*
*The hollow murmur of the windy sea.*

And has, then, the Sestian priestess fallen at the first assault? True, she has not spoken of love: no whispered 'yes' has yet gladdened the lover's heart. But has not she as good as acknowledged her weakness? Overpowered by the sudden recollection, she stops short:

> She spoke, and hid her burning cheek again
> Within her robe, and wished her words unsaid.

But the daring one who has broke through Hero's maiden modesty is not the man to let lesser difficulties fright him. Accepting her account of the position, he is not long in devising a plan to overcome all obstacles. Their homes are opposite each other: he will swim the firth at night. Let Hero but hold a torch, and he will heed no other star—not Boötes, nor Orion, nor the Plough, 'that never dips its wheels within the brine.' One touch of flattery ends his speech. 'Hero has asked his name. He gives it, with no trumpery title attached.' All other distinctions have lost their value in his eyes, matched with this he has just won:

> And for my name, Leander I am called,
> The love of Hero beauteous-garlanded.

So ends the beautifully told tale of this delicate courtship. There, in the solemn temple, far in its 'quiet inner nook,' where the favouring night shades had gathered around them, that bright pair pledged their vows, and thus, by Greek law, became man and wife. In Greece, as in Scotland, the solemn expression of mutual consent constituted a marriage ceremony. Ordinarily, for convenience sake, this was done in public, with many traditional rites; but where, as in the case of our lovers, such public avowal was impossible, a secret interchange of vows was equivalent to a clandestine marriage. Then, loath to part, they tore themselves asunder, she returning to her lonely tower, to act over again in thought the events of that memorable day, while he took one of the many boats which we may conceive to have been returning from the festival, and, noting carefully the bearings of the tower, 'sailed through the dark night to Abydos' shore.'

How the long day wore to the west we are left to imagine. At length the night fell, and Leander, wandering along the echoing sea-strand, saw the faithful torch leap forth on the farther shore. For a moment he shrank from the thunderous waves raging on the beach: but he was no weakling, like the Leander of Ovid, to start and tremble at every gale. No, the first natural shudder past, he elects to prefer the waters of the deep to the fires of love, and springs boldly into the sea:

> His single self the rower, freight, and bark.

And the love-lorn maiden stands, in the silence of the night, listening with throbbing heart to each sound of wind and wave. Musaeus must tell the meeting:

And starlike there upon her lofty tower
Fair Hero stood, and when the wanton winds
Danced in rude gusts about her, with her robe
Shielded the precious light, until at length,
Weary and faint, she saw Leander come.
Then down she ran, and led him to her tower,
And clasped him silently, all breathless still,
And dripping with the foam-haired ocean-drops.
She led him to her chamber, washed away
The bitter brine, and dashed with fragrant oil
The rank sea-smell that hung around him still,
Devouring him with wondering eyes the while:
'Through many toils, my own, my gallant love!
Through many toils, such as no husband e'er
Dared for his wife, but thou—welcome, at last!
Forget the booming waves, the wet salt spray
Dashing, the strangling water's cold embrace:
Come, rest from all thy toils within these arms!'

Thus were these fond lovers wed. No dance, no hymn, nor glare of torches celebrated their union; but Darkness and Night decked the bride, and the envious waves escorted the bridegroom. And so, for a brief happy space, they lived and loved. The gay summer came to an end: winter winds lashed the deeps, and laid bare their moist foundations. On either shore the sailor drew up his boat for a time. But still the torch shone in its accustomed place, and still the bold swimmer passed safely over the stormy seas. Ah, hapless pair! Shall those ill-omened, hasty nuptials stand against the march of the fateful hours? Shall those fearfully snatched joys pass into sober bliss? Surely so light a foot as thine, sweet maid of Sestos, will never wear out the everlasting flint.[1] On those ironbound rocks of custom and convention, where so many gay barks have been wrecked and ruined, must thy fair young life be dashed too? Still, still, she stands, in the cold dark night, waiting for that well-known form; but little dreams she that the torch she fondly holds is the torch no longer of love, but of the dark goddesses.

For at length a night came, terrible with tempest and darkness. The icy winds darted blast on blast, as in some dread javelin-play: the waves roared, the stars were lost to sight, on

That night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The only hope of Sestos' daughter.

But no fear of winter seas had power to check Leander while the torch, dimly seen through the darkness and scudding drift, beckoned him to the familiar home:

[1] Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
*Romeo and Juliet.*

Billow was rolled on billow, in a mass
Of boiling foam; black storm-clouds hid the stars.
About him swelled the waves, till sea and sky
Seemed mingled. Terrible on all sides rose
The shout of battling winds; with maddening cries
East, west, north, south, in wild collision strove;
And ceaseless the fierce waters howled and roared
Like angry wild beasts round him. Hapless youth!
There, in the pitiless eddies, oft he called
The sea-sprung goddess to his aid, and him
Ocean's tremendous monarch: oft he bade
Fierce Boreas think upon his Attic maid.
But no one helped him, Love was all too weak
To strive with Fate. Struck by the raging rush
Of mountain-waves, tossed helpless to and fro,
Strength failed his weary feet, his restless hands
Sank motionless, and in his powerless mouth
Oft rushed the choking brine. Just then, a blast
Of bitter wind blew out the faithless torch,
And with it lost Leander's life and love.

And Hero, what thoughts were hers, all that fearful night, as she stood, with the extinguished torch in her hand, amid the rain and the wind and the darkness? Is she to drag out a joyless life, when the light and glory are gone for ever? Ah! no; she was not one of those who can live till the fires of passion have burned down to cold ashes. 'She was not made through years or moons the inner weight to bear which colder hearts endure till they are laid by age in earth.' With Musaeus' own lines we shall close, nor add one word of weak praise to mar the effect. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

But she, while still he came not, all night long
Stood sleepless-eyed, and tossed with torturing thoughts:
And morning broke, and still she saw him not.
All o'er the heaving back of the gray sea
She gazed, to see him wandering afar,
His polestar lost. At length she saw him there,
Close by the tower, his lifeless body gashed
By the sharp rocks. She rent her broidered robe
Across her breast, and with a rushing noise
From the tower-top sprang headlong, fell upon
Her husband's breast, and undivided still
They slept in death in one another's arms.

T. S. Omond.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

*Proh! pudor!* Oxford did not win the race. What was the reason of this unlooked-for failure? Is the weight of blame to be imposed on the shoulders of Mr. Salter as architect of a sluggish craft, or on certain big oarsmen, whose solid flesh would not succumb to abstinence, whose limbs excelled their lungs—or was it a matter of style? Such are the queries, which, couched in plain colloquial phraseology, meet the ears of the attentive listener everywhere in Bosporus. Needless is it to add that causes, contrary to the old logical axiom, are multiplied *præter necessitatem*; one alone, which was broached freely by the London press, being conspicuous by its absence. In the mature judgment of Oxford men Mr. Hall of Corpus did *not* lose the race. Our case was not so bad that it became needful to abuse the defendant's attorney. After all the philosophising of writers who have discovered too late that they are the victims of a misplaced confidence is apt to be petulant. Mr. Hall was as good every whit with the lines as any one man in front of him with the oar. The crew which was best on April 1, 1871, won, and that is the *ultima ratio* of the great race.

The University has at last initiated a reform really liberal and progressive. You may now matriculate on a knowledge of something beyond Alcestis and sums. True it is, that to take a degree you must perforce—until the wits of the pigmarket grant a further relaxation—hire a coach to teach you all the little requisite pettynesses; the arithmetic with two books of Euclid; the doggrel of poor old Aldrich, good musician, best of deans, but small in logic, though still of some reputation; the dodgeries of grammar and divinity, plus the so-called Latin prose, and the weary 'books;' above all the forty stripes save one which have done more towards making dogma detestable than all the difficulties of dogma itself. Now, however, the thin end of the wedge is inserted. A mere knowledge of science or history will obtain admission to the bosom of alma mater. The way to an intellectual revolution seems paved smoothly. We are going to progress. Some day even English will be read in Oxford, and men whose only idea of the sublime is derived from the παπαὶ and ὀτοτοτοῖ of Sophocles will pick up a hint from 'Hamlet' or 'Paradise Lost,' from 'Endymion' or 'Manfred.' Mayhap, too, if a man happens to possess a special talent

for any special subject he will be permitted to cultivate it in peace, without wasting his vigour on particles, composition, and sums.

There seems looming in the proximate future a very grand question: how to utilise our splendid endowments on some sort of Benthamite principle; to administer, in short, the greatest benefit to the greatest number. Scholarships are indisputable benefits. They aid those who having capacity desire to store their brains. Fellowships, on the contrary, in their present form are evil. Evil at the outset, for to endow a half-fledged male with independence for a purposeless life on the strength of three years' labour and a fluke in examination is as monstrous as immoral. Worse in their progress for they sap the interest in life, which is a natural and wholesome incentive to each reasonable being. Worst in their end, for they land a soul on such a slough of selfishness as commonly defiles the man and barbarises the gentleman. Old George Stanley Faber—himself a *quondam* fellow—said well, that 'a fellowship is a fair breakfast, an indifferent dinner, and a miserable supper.' So far as regards the holders of these expensive sinecures. *Quâ* the University and the colleges, they are so many valves to drain off the life-blood of the place. Taking into consideration the vacations, and the large proportion of nonresident fellows, it is not too much to assert that barely one-fourth of the entire annual dividend is spent *in* Oxford, or, worse still, *for* Oxford. There always was a profligate waste of academic funds—at least since the Middle Ages, an exceptionally honourable era in history—but the University Commission proved their utter incompetency to legislate by doubling it. Oxford is a very burlesque of a reformed university. Thus although there is money in abundance for the *gratuitous* teaching of every student in the place, and that too on a most efficient scale, lucid in quality, ample in quantity, yet is each individual student mulcted at the rate of from sixteen to twenty pounds per annum for tutor's fees, exclusive of private tuition, which varies from ten to forty guineas. Thus, again, although there are funds adequate to provide *every* student gratuitously with necessaries, e.g. rooms, gas, attendance, cooking, plate, linen, &c., and with wholesome food at *cost price*, each one of these items has to be paid for at a rate which subsidises either the governing body or the underlings, who provide as a rule badly enough. Thus, again, although there are libraries and library funds, the poor scholar has to purchase books at a heavy cost, for they are either not in his college library, or, if there, are inaccessible. *Every fellow ought to be a teacher.* At present about one-sixth of the entire number dally with instruction in a more or less lazy fashion. The remaining five-sixths *eat.* Vacations occupy nearly half the year, during which the student body are forcibly banished from residence, tuition, books; shops are shut, and the population becomes demoralised. The whole system is so 'out of course' that the best men persist in agitating for legislative interference, till parliament grows sick of the sound univer-

sity. Conservatism might have reformed colleges on the old lines of founders and benefactors—but, alas! Conservatism is deaf and blind. She hears not, she sees not, the signs of the times, and is waiting till a deluge makes a clean sweep—possibly even of vested interests.

'Honestly if you care to, but—get money.' Such is the motto of the average Oxford lodging keeper. The really good lodgings in this city can be numbered on your fingers. Under the fostering influence of a special delegacy appointed with unlimited meddling powers, the really bad multiply. Rent, considering accommodation offered and required, is exorbitant; peculation systematic. A female there is doing a thriving business, who accumulates her little profit in the following honourable and wholesome manner. Undergraduates occupy all her rooms. *De rigueur* most of them own dogs. These clean-mouthed quadrupeds she contracts to feed at from three to four shillings per tail per week. The staple of diet is of course bones, which the dogs scrape with that assiduity for which the canine race is remarkable. Then the good soul collects them, and they make excellent soup for the unwary lodger at sixpence per basin. Verily this is sharing your bone with your dog in most utilitarian fashion!

A member of this grasping sisterhood was heard to remark that Mr. —— had not treated her *respectful*. It was asked how? 'He owes me money,' was the reply, 'and yet he did not acknowledge me in the street.' There is a superfluous amount of 'capping' done in Oxford all round. Fellows cap their warden, undergraduates their fellows, tradespeople every solvent gownsman, scouts gown and well-coated town, whilst the uncoated *residuum* cap the scouts. The only free men in the place appear to be the bedells, who have no rims to their caps; even they contrive to do obeisance with their pokers. This lodging-house keeper would seem, however, to recognise a very realistic theory, viz. the subservience of all debtors to all creditors—a principle which, if carried to its logical extreme, would considerably alter the condition of society.

There was a pitched battle in Oxford for the School Board between Church and Dissent. Church won a triumphant victory; for the natives, Radical out of spite to a Tory university, are opposed to non-conformity inasmuch as it interferes with their habitual apolausticism. Great has been the fury of the vanquished party. The successful candidates have been vilified in the city press, whilst to crown the absurdity the local board have initiated a dead lock by refusing the needful funds. This is good. At last we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of our local government. The local board of this—the most beautiful city of the empire—is composed mainly of the most ignorant of petty tradesmen, plus a small and unwilling minority of University representatives. It is hardly credible that men of intellectual calibre and exalted status—such as the Dean of Christ Church and Warden of New College—should be compelled to endure the ungrammatical inso-

lence of small mob-orators elected under the pseudonym Liberal, in reality the most stolid of stopgaps. Yet such is the case. Citizens of Oxford there are of the highest rank in respect of intelligence and social position. These men, however, who would co-operate with the University in the cause of progress, are conspicuous by their absence from the council chamber. It is high time for a thorough reform. A local board might be constituted composed of academics for the one moiety, of superior citizens for the other moiety—no citizen to be eligible who did not belong to one of the liberal professions, or who could not show some qualification in respect of degree or diploma. Bumbledom when it rears it head to resist the cause of education, to defy the acts of the imperial legislature, and to stultify a population, becomes intolerable. Oxford exists for the University. It would therefore be no more than a sentimental hardship if the disposition of the city were in the hands of the University entirely. It would be better for all. We should have drainage, paving, roads, gas, police, all the details of civic management, confided to the brains of such eminent men as Dr. Acland and Professor Rolleston; new houses would bear the glance of an inspector; water would be drinkable; epidemics of less certain recurrence. Rates, however, might rise a fraction, which circumstance combined with the sentimental hardship renders the triumph of common sense not yet possible. By all means therefore allow the citizens to elect their palaver-men. Only, as they seem incapable of anything better than perverse action, their liberty of selection should be abridged. If we must be saddled with obstructives, let them at least be educated, and therefore amenable to reason.

The restoration of St. Frideswide's ancient cloister proceeds. To the thoughtful mind few events connected with external Oxford have been invested with deeper interest than the mason's work at Christ Church. Souls there were who grieved over the old Chaplain's quad, with its gray and black gables and rat-tenanted staircases. No one mourned for Fell's building. Worse than tumble-down, it was ugly. Most men therefore accept the grand meadow front, with its new avenue, as a decided change for the better. It wants more carving to relieve angularity, but that will come in time. The Cathedral has been thoroughly cleansed from monumental impurities, and there remains little but to restore the nave to its pristine proportions. This would entail the sacrifice of a canon's house. Stalls, however, have been suppressed, so that eventually there will be a residence to spare. No Regius Professor of Divinity could well decline to move across quad, in order to allow of the rebuilding of a fifth of his cathedral. The west end carried into Tom quad with, it may be assumed, an harmonious perpendicular window, perhaps Fell's hideous balustrade may be replaced by battlements, which should for thorough effect completely surround the great hall—the chief glory of 'the house.' A cloister round Tom quad would of course be a marvellous improvement, but it

would diminish its size, and that would afford a somewhat equivocal architectural triumph to our friends at Cambridge.

It is a matter of regret that the Chapter have determined to place the cathedral organ at the west end. So long as the nave remains curtailed this arrangement will not damage the appearance of the church, but with a worthy west window it would be a serious blot. Musically a grander error could not have been perpetrated. Imagine a Handel festival, the audience with their backs to the orchestra, and the chorus and solo singers arranged in their centre. Confusion could hardly be worse confounded. The rehabilitated east end is too artistic in its way to admit of cavil; nevertheless that pretty *morceau* of archæological effect has erased an opportunity in its way unique. More than one Continental cathedral has its organ east, covered of course by a splendid reredos. Such ought to have been the disposition of the modernised church of St. Frideswide. An organ is an essential. In either transept it would have been misplaced. There remained the choice of east or west. Had it been placed east, the people would have faced choir and altar; voices and instrument would have been close together, thereby securing strict time; and the reader could be heard easily. Above all, the whole body of sound being condensed at the east end would be doubled in quantity, and straining being unnecessary its quality would improve. However architects and ecclesiastics forget that a cathedral appeals to two senses, and they act on the principle that most human beings have eyes but very few have ears. Hence the needless sacrifice of the one to the other. At the same time it would be ungenerous to deny the Dean and Chapter all praise for a laudable display of taste and self-sacrificing zeal. On this good work they are expending 'divisible money,' i.e. hard cash, which they might pocket as their predecessors did for centuries. All criticism therefore must be qualified by gratitude for unprecedented liberality.

One kindly word for our friends the citizens, by way of *bonne bouche*. The Mayor, the aldermen, and councillors, with their officers, and many citizens, assembled in solemn conclave. An anxious expression was visible on each civic countenance, differing in kind perhaps from that displayed at the High Sheriff's annual wine party in the council chamber, when the vintage of the first bottle passes from conjecture to certainty—but anxious nevertheless. There was a whisper of opposition, but a purer taste in the end prevailed. It was proposed, seconded, and carried with unanimity, amid the plaudits of all and the emotion of some, that the 'Dark Blue' magazine be taken in at the city of Oxford public reading-room and free library. We may join issue with the 'town' on subjects of domestic interest, we may desire a sweeping reform of their local representation, but we shall ever be first to confess that the hearts of the Oxford citizens are emphatically in the right place.

# In Town.

The Boat Race turned out as it is to be shrewdly suspected even Oxford men must have inwardly anticipated that it would. There is, however, a crumb of consolation at the bottom of the cup—but one half pennyworth to an intolerable deal of sack, it is true!—and that is that one may wear one's dark blue ribbon now, which during the run of Oxford success it was uncomfortable if not impossible to do, so painfully popular was the colour among the river-side mobility. And, one may ask, how is it that the enterprising haberdashers have not even yet discovered the real dark blue, and persist in supplying knots of far lighter shade? There has been some growling at the Universities in the sporting press about the arrangements for the race. The 'sportive' writers seem to think the crews are anxious for publicity, and will not be disabused until—as is probable, and possibly desirable—the race is taken to other waters. It is not pleasant to see the odds on the Boat Race among the betting at the clubs. Of course an Englishman always backs his opinion by a bet, and so there is sure to be money laid on the Boat Race always, but that is a different thing from the event becoming a regular investment for touts and bookmakers.

The past month has been notable for the opening with much royal ceremonial of the Albert Hall, or as profane people style it the South Kensington Music Hall, a name that can only be applied on the Kelk—no, *Lucus à non lucendo* principle, because it is not at all fitted for music. There is (as might be expected from the shape of the building) so great an echo that encores are absolutely needless, for everything is heard twice over. That may possibly be the reason, however, why the price of admission is about double what it should be. By the time these lines are in the reader's hands, the International Exhibition, 'with which is incorporated' the Albert Hall and the Horticultural Gardens, will probably be open. It bids fair to be an interesting display, in spite of the recent war, which has been a stumbling-block for continental exhibitors. Report speaks highly of the exhibition of pictures, and probably with justice, for the selection of the hanging committee having been made without an inspection of the painters' names, a great many R.A.s will be conspicuous by their absence, much to the advantage of the art-display.

Before quitting the subject of South Kensington, or Albertopolis as it is now styled, we may note that there is some murmuring about the extension of Kensington Gardens to include that portion of Hyde Park in which the Albert Memorial stands. The alleged object of the encroachment is that the space around the Memorial and the approaches to it may be improved and beautified; but surely it was not absolutely necessary for that very proper purpose that Hyde Park should be made Kensington Gardens. That which we call a Rotten Row by any other name would smell as sweet, and Hyde Park might be picturesquely laid out without having to take a new title. The Memorial is fast approaching completion. It is original in design if nothing else; and time and smoke will in all probability lessen its present resemblance to a Twelfth-cake ornament. By the way, there seems to be one oversight in the design. The Prince Consort is either represented or symbolised in all his various capacities except one. The artist evidently forgot that His Royal Highness was a Field Marshal during the Crimean War.

The Licensing Bill of the Home Secretary has spread consternation among the Licensed Victuallers. The collective body of 'Bung' is working, like its own beer under the influence of cocculus indicus and other 'improvements.' The measure seems too decidedly inspired by the teetotallers, who are the most intemperate people in the world in everything but fermented liquors. If the good sense of the House modifies the Bill it may become a real national benefit. It is absurd to try and enforce sobriety by Act of Parliament, but there can be no need for a gin palace at every street corner—or at any rate, if there be a need, there should be a prohibition of the sale at such places of the deleterious adulterations which they call 'choice wines and spirits.'

The theatres are all in the first blush of their Easter pieces. The Adelphi gives us a cleverly adapted drama, 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.' Unluckily even Mr. Halliday's power of adaptation is limited, and he cannot make a dwarf of stalwart Mr. King, who would probably object to our making the trite suggestion that 'a judicious use of the pruning knife,' &c. At the Queen's Mr. Taylor's long-expected 'Joan of Arc' turns out to be a very sensational spectacle, at the end of which he out-Boucicaults Boucicault by tying a live actress to the stake and setting fire to the faggots. If there were any hitch in the descent of the curtain the consequences to Mrs. Rousby might be serious. On the first night, according to all the papers, this effect was hissed; but Punch (to which it is stated that Mr. Taylor contributes) says, firstly, that the public did not hiss, and, secondly, that if it did the hiss was drowned in applause, which is very likely, for what is the use of box-keepers if they can't applaud? Besides it is not everybody who dares signify loudly his disapproval at a theatre—as Mr. Leopold Lewis should have known, who was locked up for calling out 'speak up' at this very theatre. The piece is most magnificently mounted,

but it is melancholy to think that in spite of Ritualism and the prosecution of Mr. Purchas the dresses of the various clerics in the drama show a lamentable ignorance of 'vestments.' At the Gaiety we have an operetta from the German, with Mr. Santley singing and acting in it; he is one of the few singers who can act. At the Princess's Kean's 'Faust and Marguerite' is revived, with Phelps as Mephistopheles. At the Court Theatre Mr. Gilbert gives a second essay, and a successful one, in the way of fairy comedy, of which he may be said to be the inventor. At the Strand an old burlesque is revived, which we have not seen; nor have we seen 'Up in the World,' but we have read Thackeray's 'Cox's Diary.' London at present is fortunate in having two French companies performing, one at the Charing Cross, the other, that of M. Félix, at the Lyceum.

During the brief 'silly season' which sets in, very strongly for its size, during the Easter holidays of our over-worked legislators, the papers have allowed the old grievance of the theatrical harpy to crop up, and this time it has been ingeniously utilised as an advertisement by enterprising managers. There can be no doubt that visitors to the theatres are terribly worried by the varieties of the indigenous harpy (*Harpyia Theatralis*) which infest the lobby and entrances: there is the hat-and-coat-collecting harpy, there is the programme harpy, and we have even met with the sixpenny-footstool harpy at a theatre, where the stalls appear to be made specially high in the interests of this particular bird of prey; and there are feminine harpies which attack one's wife and daughters when one takes them to the play. Now John Bull is a generous fellow as a rule, and the system of 'tips' is a national institution. Nobody grudges a sixpence for attention and civility; but when what would be freely given as a *douceur* is demanded as a right, and by so many claimants, there is sure to be a resistance, and accordingly 'no fees' are advertised at several theatres for the glorification of managers. And the managers are to blame entirely; they took advantage of the public's generosity to boxkeepers, of which they had no right to take cognisance, and have positively let it! Naturally the harpies who farmed the fees exercised what they considered their right with some severity, as the publicans (no offence to the Licensed Victuallers) exercised theirs 'down in Judee.' We remember a most amusing instance of harpy smartness. Some years ago a young French actress created some excitement, and a gentleman who admired her talent and exerted himself to get her press notices, had many orders to dispose of, and gave one to a friend, who used it and taking his place slipt a sixpence into the hand of the attendant harpy. The harpy looked at the coin, and turning to the donor said: 'Yours is one of Mr. ——'s orders. He wouldn't like to know that one of his orders gave less than shilling!' This brings us to the latest reform arising from the harpy agitation. 'Paper' is abolished at more than one theatre, with an alarming flourish of trumpets. People who pay are

assured in advertisements that they may rest satisfied that those who sit beside them have also paid; as if one cared a dump whether they pay or not, provided they don't talk while the piece is going on. The system of orders has unquestionably been carried to an injurious extent. Their lavish distribution has given people a taste for going to a theatre without paying, and consequently a habit of staying away until they can get an order. The taste is easily created, and is not easily stamped out. Besides this there have been cases in which managers of rival theatres have sent touts with paper to distribute at the doors of, or in the bars adjacent to the house of some manager they wanted to spite, and so diverted his paying public and converted it into a 'paper' public for themselves. But in spite of all this there is something to be said for orders; the benefit is not all on one side. A full house is the best advertisement for the manager, and—still more important—it is the best and indeed *only* encouragement for the actor. The actor is a creature as sensitive as an aneroid barometer, and to empty benches he will not and cannot act. 'No orders' is a good cry to go to the country with for a time, but it will disappear soon, or the place of 'paper' will be filled by an extension of a system already in vogue at some theatres, whereby admissions are sold to benefit and other societies, at 'a large reduction on taking a quantity.'

The respectable class of London papers is for once very decidedly in the wrong. It has been heaping invective and satire upon the heads of that inspired cobbler, Mr. Odger, and his friends the London Republicans, whereas no praise is too strong, no commendation is too high for the deserts of that energetic if idiotic faction. The Odgerites if they had been hired by the friends of order and the Crown could not have done more than they have to bring Republicanism into disrepute and to cover their cause with ridicule. At a time when the Reds of Paris are committing every outrage and every folly which could be expected of the offscourings of a nation of 'apes and tigers,' the Republicans of London instead of trying to divert attention from the damaging spectacle get up demonstrations which identify their native tomfoolery with the disgraces of foreign madmen. Blatant bootmakers and communistic cobblers, the tailors of Tooley Street, and the crapulous rabble of Clerkenwell have utterly disgusted the few respectable and intelligent people who were bitten with Republican sympathies, and by so doing have done such excellent service to the cause of order that we really are inclined to hope that they will not carry their farce any further, but will refrain from trying any actual outbreak with red flags and barricades, much as the consequent 'whiff of grapeshot' would benefit our social atmosphere. We should really miss our Odger and his buffoons.

TOM HOOD.

# Professor Jowett's 'Plato.'[1]

The Master of Balliol has now produced his *magnum opus* of an English edition of 'Plato.' The work has long been expected with eager attention. Mr. Jowett has had the reputation of being the cleverest undergraduate, the most painstaking tutor, and the most accomplished lecturer at Oxford; in this way he has gathered round him a band of disciples after a fashion not unsimilar to that of the son of Sophroniscus of yore, and he is one of those few dons whose fame has travelled far and wide beyond the limits of his University. It is understood that Mr. Jowett is going to give scholars a critical edition of some portions of the text of 'Plato,' and also a volume of learned essays; but in the meantime this is the work which has been so freely handed about among Oxford men, on which the chief attention of readers will always be fixed, and on which the professor will always rest as his main contribution to English scholarship and literature. Mr. Jowett's work will go far to make Oxford men Platonists instead of Aristotelians, and perhaps to popularise Plato for the general reader, and bring round the time when Ascham found Lady Jane Grey, as he might have found other young ladies, reading the immortal 'Phædo.' Cicero said that Plato spoke the language which Jupiter would speak if Jupiter spoke Greek, and we may at least say that Mr. Jowett writes the English which Plato would write were Plato an Englishman. Mr. Jowett has long been a force in the formation of contemporary opinion. He and Dean Stanley were originally much associated in certain studies, but the Dean gave immense attention to pictorial and geographical details, while Mr. Jowett vilipended such accessories and 'went in' for pure thought. There is another element of interest belonging to the work hardly inferior to the intrinsic merits of the version. The Master of Balliol knows well how some of the Platonic speculations are directly or indirectly related to some of the greatest questions of the day, and what an advantage it is to discuss them on abstract ground, and under the ægis of Platonism.

[1] *The Dialogues of Plato.* Translated into English with Analyses and Introductions. By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. In four Volumes. Oxford: At the University Press.

We first take up this very interesting portion of our subject, namely, the relation of Mr. Jowett's opinions to subjects of modern discussion. Dr. Arnold used to say that there was no real difference between ancient history and modern history, much of the ancient history being to our day more truly modern than most of the so-called modern history. What is true of history is still more true of speculation. After all, there is of course an immense difference both in action and speculation since the epoch of Christianity, but at the same time it may be accepted as true that there are facts and opinions in the ancient world most closely connected with the thoughts and opinions of our own age. The Master of Balliol, who has always held very distinct opinions of his own and has not been slow to inculcate them, fully maintains the daringness and outspokenness of his mighty master, Plato. He does not shrink from a faithful translation of the 'Symposium,' nor, as his custom is, from 'a free handling' of all Platonic subjects. It would be too much to say that he endorses the paradoxes of Plato, although he reminds us that the paradoxes of one age become the platitudes of another. He states Plato's communistic principle in a way that is a decided step towards it. 'Is the distribution of wealth which is customary in civilised countries the most favourable that can be conceived for the education and development of the mass of mankind? Can "the spectator of all time and all existence" be quite convinced that one or two thousand years hence great changes will not have taken place in the rights of property, or even that the very notion of property, beyond what is necessary for personal maintenance, may not have disappeared?' He goes on to argue that such a radical change in the course of centuries would not imply a greater rate of progress than has actually existed during the last fifty or sixty years. 'There may come a time when the saying "Have I not a right to do what I will with my own" may appear to be a marvellous relic of individualism.' We should not be surprised that in time Mr. Jowett's opinions will be quoted with great applause by the advocates of an agrarian law and a redivision of property. The richest man in London has been heard to say that he expects to see the time when he will have to live upon eighteen pence a day and earn it. When such a writer as Mr. Hallam has been found gravely to assert that the revenues of the monasteries could not be better disposed of, than find their way into the pockets of such men as the Russells, it is perhaps as well that a diametrically opposite opinion should find an exponent in Mr. Jowett. At the same time we think that his doctrines would be very acceptable to the present Communists of Belleville and Montmartre.

On the subject of the equality of the sexes, Mr. Jowett seems perfectly in accord with the advanced opinions of Mr. Mill and the most enthusiastic of Mr. Mill's disciples. It is not wonderful to find the expression of such opinions in our own days, but Mr. Jowett truly says that it is a wonderful proof of philosophic insight that Plato should

have said such things in his day. Mr. Jowett appears to go so far as to think that there may have been a time when there was a difference of physical strength between men and women. Mr. Darwin has hardly ever made the assertion so plainly. Mr. Jowett strongly leans to the opinion of Mr. Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' when he says (i. 650): 'There is the fallacy of exaggerating the interval which separates the cries of animals and the speech of man, the instinct of animals and the reason of man.' Here is Mr. Jowett's view of woman's title to her rights: 'Women have always been taught, not exactly that they are slaves, but that they are in an inferior position, which is also supposed to have compensating advantages; and to this position they have conformed. Add to this that the physical form may easily change in the course of generations through the mode of life; and the weakness or delicacy which was once a matter of opinion may pass into a physical fact. The difference between the two sexes varies greatly in different countries and ranks of society, and at different ages in the same individual. And Plato may have been right in denying that there was any ultimate difference in the sexes other than that which exists in animals, because all other differences may be conceived to disappear in other states of society or under different circumstances of life and training.'

Mr. Jowett starts back with horror at the Platonic ideal of the community of wives. But he thinks that Plato deserves infinite credit for grappling with a problem that '*Christianity* or any other form of religion or society has hitherto not been able to cope with.' It might be argued, however, on the other side, that Christianity has at least attempted to grapple with the problem in a practical manner. He truly says: 'No one can have observed the first rising flood of the passions in youth, the difficulty of regulating them, and the effects on the whole mind and nature which follow from them, the stimulus which the mere imagination gives to them, without feeling that there is something unsatisfactory in our method of treating them. That the most important influence on human life should be wholly left to chance or shrouded in mystery, and instead of being disciplined or understood should be required to conform only to an external standard of propriety, cannot be regarded by the philosopher as a safe or satisfactory condition of human beings.' Again, he points out the relation of the argument of the 'Phædo' to modern thought: 'And while we may fairly translate the dialectical into the language of Hegel, and the religious and mythological into the language of Dante or Bunyan, the ethical speaks to us still in the same voice, reaching across the ages.' In his introduction to the 'Cratylus,' he goes into the question, 'What is the result of recent speculations about the origin and nature of language?' He considers that the 'Cratylus' contains deeper truths about language than any other ancient writing.' He tells us, with a touch of Darwinism, that philosophy has made us aware of the power of natural selection or persistency of the stronger. He considers that

the greatest light is thrown upon language by analogy, and there are in this discussion some remarkable examples of philosophical eloquence.

Then, again, the question arises, full of interest, as to how far we may connect these speculations of Plato with the physical science of our own age. In the speculative genius we have not advanced beyond the genius of Plato, but there never was an age like our own so marked by the rich fruitage of the Baconian philosophy, so marked by the richness of the human mind over material nature. Whether we are equally thoughtful or happy or contented is altogether a different enquiry. Bacon liked the earlier philosophers better than the later systems whose literature has come down to us, because he thought that they were more concerned with the investigation of the facts of nature. Mr. Jowett advances a distinct claim, however, in favour of Plato, and his remarks on the subject of course centre around the wonderful 'Timæus,' which has so incessantly taxed the ingenuity of commentators. Whatever is true of the human mind generally, in its unscientific credulous state, is especially true of the bright childhood of the old Athenian days. That mind was full of mythological stories, of which it felt impatient; of poetry which it loved and yet hated for its antagonism to dawning reasoning and morality, of large generalisations from scanty facts; easily imposed on by fallacies, easily misled by analogy, almost barren of experience, yet abounding with original thoughts fertile of future results. The Greek philosopher found the greatest difficulty in separating the accidental from the essential, the illustration from the argument. Professor Jowett speaks of 'the twilight character of his knowledge,' and that he might be compared to a builder engaged in some great design, who was obliged to dig with his hands because he was unprovided with the commonest tools. And Plato, who is all grace and beauty in his introduction to the dialogue, when he comes to the discussion of the facts of nature, is halting in his conclusions and unequal in the use of terms. Yet it may be truly said that Plato helped to prepare the way for exact knowledge, contributed to the general ideas of physics, and stimulated the mind to enquiry. He has not science, but he has the idea of science. He does not classify, but he has the idea of classification. He has, therefore, made some progress on the true tracks of investigation. In some of his notions we hear the latest word of physical or metaphysical philosophy. There is something truly human and religious in Plato's acknowledgment of the feebleness and limitation of man's powers, and his view of the marks of design in creation. Whether Plato believed in the doctrine of the rotation or immobility of the earth is a question that has been much discussed, on which Mr. Grote has written, and which really hinges very much on the insolvable question, how we are to translate that single word ἰλλομένην. Mr. Jowett says, 'The latest word of modern philosophy is continuity and development, but to Plato this is the beginning and founda-

tion of science.' He owns among true and new conceptions of science the doctrine of equipoise. He holds, too, that Plato actually touched two great discoveries of modern times: the law of gravitation and the circulation of the blood. On the other hand, there are many points on which Plato reasons with absolute childishness. Thus he reasons on physiological matter without the slightest knowledge of anatomy. There was a celebrated physician who said that he would not have married the ugly witch Anatomy save for her priceless dower physiology. Plato seized the dowry without the encumbrance. In the same way many people would seize the more literary aspect of Plato's writings without working through those comparatively arid spaces of dialectic, often so simply puzzling and unsatisfying, which make up the larger body of the 'Dialogues.' These chiefly belong to his later style, to the less familiar dialogues when abstract philosophy is in complete ascendency. Plato's position becomes infinitely exalted when we pass from physical to metaphysical subjects. The great metaphysical *crux*, the difference between phenomena and onta, remains a difficulty for us as well as for the Greeks of the fourth century before Christ, and is the stumbling-block of Kant's 'Critic,' and of the Hamiltonian adaptation of Kant, as well as of the Platonic ideas.

There has been a great deal of nonsense talked at times about Platonic affection. Mr. Jowett thus translates some very practical legislation of Plato on married life. We do not know whether Sir Walter Scott was much up in Plato, but he has a passage somewhere exceedingly like the following: 'Let there be one word concerning all marriages—Every man shall follow, not after the marriage which is most pleasing to himself, but of that which is most beneficial to the state. For somehow everyone is by nature prone to that which is likest to himself, and in this way the whole city becomes unequal in property and in disposition; and hence arise in most states results which we least desire to happen. Now to add to the law an express provision, not only that the rich man should not marry into the rich family, nor the powerful into the family of the powerful, but that the slower natures shall be compelled to enter into marriage with the quicker, and the quicker with the slower, may awaken anger as well as laughter in the minds of many; for there is a difficulty in perceiving that the city ought to be well mingled like a cup, in which the raging draught overflows and spills, but when chastened by another god not drunk with wine receives a fair admixture and becomes an excellent and temperate drink. Yet no one is able to see this in marriage. Wherefore also the law must leave such matters, and try to charm the spirits of men, and persuade them that they should deem the equality of their children's disposition of more importance than equality in excessive fortune when they marry; and him who is too desirous of forming a rich marriage they should endeavour to turn aside by reproaches, not however by any compulsion

of written law. Let this, then, be our exhortation concerning marriages, not forgetting what was said before—that man should cling to immortality—and leave behind him posterity who shall be servants of the gods in his place.'

We wonder if such considerations as these ever occur to the powerful mind of Lord Penzance. They give perhaps the only kind of consolation of which many kinds of marriages are susceptible.

We have thus far discussed how Mr. Jowett has reproduced and dealt with the thoughts of Plato. There is, however, now to be dealt with that fundamental question, almost insoluble for scholars, how far Plato gives us his own thoughts, or reproduces the thoughts of Socrates. It might almost be fair to speak of the teaching of Socrates as the great 'watershed' from which all subsequent streams of speculation have flowed. In those fresh days of literature Plato had little fear of criticism, and was not anxious to secure his title to originality of ideas. Our theory is that the facts given respecting Socrates are really true; that in the earlier dialogues the treatment varies from Socratic germs of thought, in some cases to a pretty full development, and Socratic philosophy in others; that gradually Plato drops the Socratic machinery for a method more peculiarly his own. Fortunately we have other testimony besides that of Plato respecting Socrates. The narrative Plato gives has to be compared with the account Xenophon gives of Socrates, and we so obtain a stereoscopic view, although we are always disturbed by the reflection that Plato may have heightened the portrait for the exigencies of his art, and Xenophon have fallen below it through the lack of imagination. In the 'Meno' we begin to get an inkling of the true Socratic biography. Meno says that the conversation of Socrates has the effect of a torpedo's shock upon him. Then Anytus comes upon the stage, a narrow-minded, old-fashioned man, thoroughly hating innovation and all new opinions, without having the heart or mind to enquire what they may have of earnestness or truth. Anytus goes off in a huff, with the significant remark, 'Socrates, I think you are too ready to speak evil of men; and if you will take my advice I would recommend you to be careful. Perhaps there is no city in which it is not easier to do men harm than to do them good, and this is certainly the case at Athens, as I believe you know.' 'O Meno,' says Socrates, 'I think that Anytus is in a rage.' Here we have an adumbration of the future charge which Anytus brings against Socrates. In the next dialogue, the 'Euthyphro,' Socrates is actually awaiting his charge for impiety in the court of the King Archon. This dialogue really forms part of the defence of Socrates, and has a subtle connection with the succeeding dialogues. Euthyphro is in the same boat with Socrates, in so far as he also is in the King Archon's court, but with a difference, for he is prosecutor, while Socrates is defendant. Euthyphro was prosecuting his own father, who, under peculiar circumstances, had caused the death of a guilty man. As

Socrates is going to be indicted for impiety, he would willingly know what piety and impiety may happen to be. Euthyphro promptly replies, 'Piety is doing as I do, prosecuting your father (if he is guilty) on a charge of murder.' Socrates tells him that he wants a definition and not an instance, and those acquainted with the Socratic method will easily understand how Euthyphro is routed out of all his definitions. Mr. Jowett thus summarises matters: 'Socrates, weary of the subterfuges and evasions of Euthyphro, remains unshaken in the conviction that he must know the nature of piety, or he would never have prosecuted his old father. He is still hoping that he will condescend to instruct him. But Euthyphro is in a hurry and cannot stay. And Socrates' last hope of knowing the nature of piety before he is prosecuted for impiety has disappeared. The 'Euthyphro' is manifestly designed to contrast the real nature of piety and impiety with the popular conceptions of them. Then we come to the famous 'Apology' which Professor Jowett regards as 'ideal,' but thinks that 'some of the topics may have been actually used by Socrates; and the recollection of his very words may have rung in the ears of his disciple.' We think Mr. Jowett carries his tendency to 'idealise' Socrates rather too far. The present version has remarkable merits; much of it reads like prose-poetry of the highest order. These are the passages of Platonic eloquence with which the ordinary scholar, and indeed the general public, are most familiar; and Professor Jowett has manifestly elaborated his version with the greatest care. Then follows the brief exquisite dialogue of the 'Crito.' Mr. Jowett does not determine whether Crito ever really made this proposal of escape or has artistically invented the incident. The 'Laws,' or 'Personalities,' exhort Socrates that, having observed them all his life, he should not now violate them; let him think of justice first, and of life and children afterwards. Listen to us and not to Crito. 'This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystics.'

We here quote part of the admirable version of the immortal 'Apology' before and after the sentence. Higher utterances the ancient world never attained to:

'Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an agreement between us that you should hear me out. And I think that what I am going to say will do you good; for I have some things more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I beg that you will not do this. I would have you know, that if you kill such an one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Meletus and Anytus will not injure me: they cannot; for it is not in the nature of things that a bad man should injure a better than himself. I do not deny that he may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine that he is doing him a great injury; but in that I do not agree with him, for the evil of doing as

Anytus is doing—of unjustly taking away another man's life—is greater far. And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for your's, that you may not sin against the god, or lightly reject his boon by condemning me. For if you kill me you will not easily find another like me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the State by the god; and the State is like a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions, owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has given the State, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. And as you will not easily find another like me, I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel irritated at being suddenly awakened when you are caught napping; and you may think that if you were to strike me dead as Anytus advises, which you easily might, then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you gives you another gadfly. And that I am given to you by God is proved by this; —that if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or elder brother exhorting you to regard virtue; this, I say, would not be like human nature. And had I gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in that; but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of anyone; they have no witness of that. And I have a witness of the truth of what I say. My poverty is a sufficient witness. . . .

'Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain; for if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man—I will not say a private man, but even the great king—will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now, if death is like this, I say that to die is gain: for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there,

Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment: and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this: certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

'Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

'Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them: and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

'The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.'

Another cluster of dialogues is concerned with the Sophists, on which we have some of the more controversial writing of the work. The Sophists, who have been pretty generally condemned by all writers on philosophy since the time of Aristotle, have had their cause brilliantly repleaded by Mr. Grote, and all academic generations (since the issue of the eighth volume) have generally voted in his favour. Mr. Jowett prefers following Sir Alexander Grant, Mr. Cope, Professor Zeller, and

other writers. In his Introduction to the 'Sophistes' Mr. Jowett splits a friendly lance in amicable suit with Mr. Grote, and elsewhere he very summarily decides against the authenticity of the Letters of Plato, in which we expect that he will have the suffrage of most scholars except, to some extent, those of the Master of Trinity. He says: 'The great enemy of Plato is the world, not exactly in the theological sense, yet in one not wholly different—the world as the hater of truth and lover of appearance, occupied in the pursuit of gain and pleasure rather than of knowledge, banded together against the few good and wise men, and devoid of true education. The creature has many heads: rhetoricians, lawyers, statesmen, poets, Sophists. But the Sophist is the Proteus who takes the likeness of all of them; all other deceivers have a piece of him in them. And sometimes he is represented as the corrupter of the world; and sometimes the world as the more dangerous corrupter of the two.' It is on the everlasting distinction between right and wrong that Plato bases his inflexible opposition to the Sophists. We have noticed Mr. Jowett's addiction to theological terms, not in the sense of endorsing or applying them, but because he thinks they may be adapted to his version. The oddest instance of this is when he uses the term D. V. Plato's condemnation of the Sophists does not preclude his opinion of them, that many were good and honourable men. He holds that the world is the greatest Sophist of all, the Great Beast which has to be soothed and flattered. He says that he who speaks truth to a multitude must expect the fate of Socrates. Plato attacks the demos as fiercely as did Aristophanes. He says that the Athenians were animals, and that Pericles had had the charge of them. He has no personal feeling against the Sophists. We see this in the dialogues called by the names of eminent Sophists, the 'Gorgias' and 'Protagoras.' Gorgias is rather boastful and vain, but Plato represents him as generous and describes him generously, and indeed says that he was one of Socrates' sort, ready to be refuted as well as to refute. In the 'Protagoras' he is a little satirical on the great Sophist and his host Callias, the 'man who had spent more upon the Sophists than all the rest of the world.' Plato represents Protagoras mildly and fairly, and we may believe historically. Indeed it is not in the 'Protagoras,' but in the 'Theætetus,' we find the mischievous tenets of Protagoras drawn out. This fairness of Plato is itself a witness of great moment that his denunciation of *die Sophistik* is based on substantial justice.

The Dialogues of Plato, despite the ingenious efforts of critics and commentators, are not susceptible of being welded into a philosophical scheme, and Professor Jowett has acted wisely in considering each upon its merits. Still there is one dialogue which may be considered as the central one of the Platonic writings, the longest but one and the best of all, the 'Republic.' A large proportion of Oxford men, like the present writer, have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jowett lecture on the 'Republic,' and they will seek at once in these pages for their

favourite dialogue. In Mr. Jowett's analysis, there is an interesting digression, written with rare literary skill, on the subject of Philosophical Romance. There have been many attempts made to familiarise the public with the Platonic dialogues, especially with that central gem, the 'Republic.' For look at the facts. Within our own recollection how many translators and interpreters of Plato have arisen. There were the eloquent lectures of the lamented Archer Butler, edited in such scholarly fashion by the present Master of Trinity. Then we used to think that Davies and Vaughan—two of the best known clergy of the present day—had reached the *ne plus ultra* of correct and spirited translation. Then Dr. Whewell, the late Master of Trinity, cut and carved the dialogues into what he thought pleasant literature for English readers, until Plato resembled his own marine deity, so overgrown with shells and seaweeds as to be unrecognisable. Lastly, there was Mr. Grote's massive work some half dozen years ago as a pendant to his history and an introduction to his Aristotle. Mr. Grote's Aristotle, when it appears, will be a wonderful work. He is a thorough Aristotelian, but, being an Aristotelian, in the nature of things he cannot be a Platonist. A Utilitarian like Mr. Grote cannot fully understand Plato. We perceive that on various subjects Mr. Jowett avowedly enters the lists against Mr. Grote, although he gracefully says, 'I "am not going to lay hands on my Father Parmenides" (Soph. 241 D), who will, I hope, forgive me for differing from him on these points.' And then we have a tribute to Mr. Grote's 'noble and gentle character,' and the great services which he has rendered to Greek literature. We believe there can be little doubt that Mr. Jowett's version of the 'Republic,' with his kindred boldness of speculation will be better than Mr. Grote's or any other, though for the best explication of the theory of the Ideas students will probably still refer to the well known article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' And most readers of the 'Republic' will want to know how their favourite passages have been translated—such as the puzzling list of numbers, or the description of music, or the cave scene, or the vision of Er which concludes the work with such solemnising images. And the scenery and the accessories of the dialogue, the courtesy and playfulness, the wit and description, and above all the irony—are they all properly rendered from the superb original? We will venture to say that they will not be disappointed. And first, as a musical overture, take the description of the Dorian and Phrygian harmonies:

'Of the harmonies I know nothing, but I want to have one warlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance; and another which may be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action when there is no pressure of necessity—expressive of entreaty

and advice; and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave; the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave.'

This is a specimen of Mr. Jowett's translation. The passage might be compared with Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior.' Here is an example of his power of paraphrase. We give the famous cave scene:

'After this I took up my parable, and said: I imagine human beings living in a sort of underground den which has a mouth wide open towards the light, and behind them a breastwork such as marionette players might use for a screen; and there is a way beyond the breastwork along which passengers are moving, holding in their hands various works of art, and among them images of men and animals, wood and stone, and some of the passers are talking and others silent. "A strange parable," he said, "and strange captives." They are ourselves, I replied; and they see nothing but the shadows which the fire throws on the wall of the cave; to these they give names, and if we add an echo which returns from the wall, the voices of the passengers will seem to proceed from the shadows. Suppose now that you suddenly turn them round and make them look, with pain and grief to themselves, at the real images; will they believe them to be real? Will not their eyes be dazzled; and will they not try to get away from the fire to something which they are able to behold without blinking? And suppose further, that they are dragged up a steep and rugged ascent into the presence of the sun himself, will not their eyes be darkened with the excess of light? Some time will pass before they get the habit of perceiving at all; and at first they will be able to perceive only shadows and reflections in the water; then they will recognise the moon and the stars, and will at length behold the sun in his own proper place as he is. Last of all they will conclude: This is he who gives us the year and the seasons, and is the author of all that we see. How will they rejoice in passing from darkness to light! How worthless to them will seem the honours and glories of the den or cave out of which they came. As Homer says: "Better to be the servant of a poor master than a prince over all the dead." And now imagine further, that they descend into their old habitations;—in that darkness visible they will not see as well as their fellows, and will not be able to compete with them in the measurement of the shadows on the wall; there will be many jokes about the man who went on a visit to the sun and lost his eyes—men should not do such things—and if they find anybody trying to set free and enlighten one of their number, they will put him to death, if they can catch him. Which things are an allegory. The cave or den is the world of sight, the fire is the sun, the way upwards is the way to knowledge, and in the world of know-

ledge the idea of good is last seen and with difficulty, but when seen is inferred to be the author of good and right—parent of the lord of light in this world, and of truth and understanding in the other. And those who attain to the beatific vision are always going upwards, and are unwilling to descend into political assemblies and courts of law. Their eyes are apt to blink at the images or shadows of images which they behold in them. They cannot enter into the ideas of those who have never in their lives understood the relation of the shadow to the substance.'

In the 'Republic' of Plato we find the commencement of the author's later style. The Socratic dialogue begins to give place to simple exposition. The exposition is not so much of search as of dogma. In later dialogues there is a chief speaker (Philebus, Timæus, Sophist) who really talks monologue, and the interlocutors are unreal. In the longest and latest of the series, the 'Laws,' the genuineness of which is strongly upheld by Professor Jowett, the later manner entirely predominates. On a long, hot summer day three friends start for a walk in Cnossus of Crete, to the Cave and Temple of Zeus. They are respectively an Athenian, a Spartan, and a Cretan, and they discuss their several laws and institutions. They liken their talk to old men playing at draughts, but in reality the game is quite in the hands of the Athenian. Plato seems wisely to have selected old men as the speakers, as casting his thoughts in the form best suited to his declining powers. It is likely that the work wants his finishing touches, and was not published until after his death. Mr. Jowett points out that there are many passages of great ethical grandeur, which show a deeper insight into human nature, and greater practical wisdom, than is elsewhere met with in the Platonic writings. The 'Theætetus,' the object of which is to settle the motive of knowledge, is the meeting-point of the early and later styles, and marks the transition between the historical Socrates and the Platonic Socrates.

Yet it is not probable that Mr. Jowett's work will supersede, for the student, a constant reference to Mr. Grote's. And probably Mr. Grote's forthcoming work on Aristotle will have a higher absolute place of its own even than this version of Plato. We miss in Mr. Jowett's work, the 'Life,' the discussion on the Platonic canon, and the general prolegomena on the course of antecedent philosophy, through all of which Mr. Grote zealously helps the student whom he has served so effectually in the immortal history. We miss, too, the frequent annotations that crowd Mr. Grote's pages. Mr. Grote's clear analysis is very helpful, only we feel all along that much of the Platonic writings is not susceptible of clear analysis, and must be approached by a different method more akin to their subject-matter. Mr. Grote constantly calls Plato's Philosophy 'reasoned truth,' and Plato in working out this 'reasoned truth' is, according to Mr. Grote's famous division, at times expository; but generally his dialogues are those of 'search;'

he exhibits a negative dialectic, he is valuable for his method rather than his results, he unsettles much and settles extremely little. Mr. Grote takes each dialogue in a very literal way, refusing to see in any one of them anything beyond the immediate question discussed, and recognises nothing of 'the height, the depth, the gloom, the glory,' which Mr. Jowett is in some measure able to discover, though by no means to the same extent as most enthusiastic Platonists. They both bring out fully the 'Elenchus,' or cross-examination by which Socrates convicted men of the pretence of knowledge without the reality. Of course the *differentia* of Mr. Jowett's work as compared with Mr. Grote's is that he gives full, complete, and accurate versions of all the entire dialogues, including in an appendix the few of those whose genuineness is doubtful, but which, as they only amount to a sixteenth of the whole, in no way affect our general estimate of Plato and his works. There would not be much difficulty in splitting a critical lance on the exact sense, here and there, of a word or sentence; nor yet, more easily, in discussing the force of the supposed equipollent English expressions to the Greek. We shall not, however, think it necessary to discuss such anise and cummin, but shall be satisfied if we have been able to take a broader view of the characteristics of this latest contribution to English scholarship and literature.

F. ARNOLD.

# The Georgics of Virgil.[1]

Happy man his dole who amidst the hubbub of the nineteenth century may sit down in his garden and translate the Georgics! To such translation we may apply Aristotle's fine saying that the work is the end in itself. The prospect of having one or two appreciative readers may add to the author's enjoyment, but there is sufficient delight in matching and setting out to correspond with the original the less finished cubes which must represent to English eyes Virgil's gorgeous mosaic.

Mr. Blackmore, the accomplished author of 'Lorna Doone,' turned from his grapes and apricots to his Conington: from his Conington he returned to his apricots and grapes. He has thus produced a translation smelling of the country and its delights: 'all smells of good ripe summer, of harvest-home.' That his hands are even more accustomed to the garden wall than the pen is Mr. Blackmore's own modest declaration, and we may at least see in the overbalancing familiarity with fruit and flowers thus indicated the source of the principal merits and the principal defects in his translation.

Country lore gives freshness to the book, and country words give good rough vigour and English bluntness to the diction. Only it is this very homeliness which is out of place. Virgil's lines were not addressed to farmers, nor did he mainly write 'to revive the drooping agriculture of Italy;' something stronger than a poem, new corn-laws and a new land tenure, were wanted for that. He talked of fields for the dwellers by the Campus Martius, and praised the farmer's life to whet the appetite of an emperor. Mr. Blackmore may prefer to photograph the country; but Virgil drew it with a fine pencil on tinted paper, with Arcadians dancing in the foreground. It thus appears to us an error of taste on Mr. Blackmore's part to use 'rink,' and such homespun words, to call an olive a 'Bruiser,' and to speak of kine as 'gormandising.' It is an error of a different kind to rhyme 'dream' with 'sunbeam,' an accented syllable with an unaccented one, 'fruit' with 'árbute,' 'flax' with 'icepacks;' to follow Nares in writing 'I wis' for 'ywis,' to use such English as 'argill' and 'glaucous,' and to

[1] *The Georgics of Virgil.* Translated by B. D. Blackmore. Sampson Low, Son, & Co. London: 1871.

translate *improbus* by 'reprobate.' *Improbus* is the most difficult word in Latin poetry for a translator, till he has learnt that it is *omne quod modum excedit.* Armed with this explanation he finds all difficulties vanish, oftenest perhaps before the talisman 'importunate.'

Though it does not seriously affect the meaning, Mr. Blackmore's mistranslation of *hinc* in his fifth line is unhappy, as it occurs where his readers will probably be familiar with the original. Neither do we like to see the old Corycian pirate of the fourth book called 'a gentleman,' though the title may be somewhat justified by Poor Tom's statement in 'King Lear' about the prince of darkness. It will appear from these instances that Mr. Blackmore has not high claims to what is technically called accurate scholarship. It would be a mistake to think that his translation is usually ungraceful or widely incorrect.

Having prettily exclaimed,

> Ho, too, ye fauns that love the farming folk,
> Come, tripping fauns, and maidens of the oak,

he makes the poet invoke Augustus, his master, in these words:

> And foremost thou, of whom 'tis yet unknown,
> What senate of the gods shall hold thy throne;
> Or if, great Cæsar, thou shalt haply deign
> To view the towns, and make the world thy reign;
> Thy mother's myrtle if the globe shall bring,
> To crown thee sire of corn and tempest-king:
> Or com'st thou god of the unmeasured sea,
> And sailors own no providence but thee;
> Shall Thulé be thy serf, *and Tethys crave*
> *Thy hand for some sweet heiress of the wave?*
> Or wilt thou lend the laggard months thy star,
> Where flies the Virgin from the claws afar,
> The Scorpion folds his fiery arms awry,
> And leaves thee larger moiety of sky?
> Whate'er thy choice (since Orcus hopes in vain,
> Nor hast thyself so dark a lust of reign;
> Though Greece admire the meads of asphodel,
> And Proserpine be satisfied with hell),
> Whate'er thy choice, vouchsafe my voyage good speed,
> And bid my gallant enterprise succeed;
> For waylost rustics deign with me to feel,
> Advance, and learn to honour our appeal.

There is something felicitous in the following couplet, for example:

> The pile diminishes; while emmets sage
> Provide against the bankruptcy of age.

And there is true poetical feeling in the beautiful expansion of

> At rudis enituit impulso vomere terra,

into

> Anon, beneath the onset of the share,
> Glossily breaks the maiden earth laid bare.

Mr. Blackmore does not often permit himself such liberties. His lines usually correspond in the most praiseworthy way to the lines of the original. The marvellous variety of the Vergilian hexameter is represented by Mr. Blackmore in a peculiar way. He does, indeed, avail himself of that liberty to bracket a third line with the couplet which is usually as ugly an outburst of freedom as a Match-makers' procession, but he also has a pretty way of his own of introducing four lines with alternate rhymes, or rhymed like the verses of 'In Memoriam.' There is a fine specimen of this licence in his rendering of that magnificent description of the oak, where our author had not only two passages of Virgil to follow, but could refer to Hesiod as Virgil's model and to La Fontaine as his imitator:

> That tree, howe'er his head usurps the gale,
> So far his roots the nether world assail.
> Therefore no fury of the winter cold,
> No blast, no storm, can tear him from his hold;
> Unmoved he stands, and, through a thousand years,
> Unfolds and conquers many an age of man,
> And, spreading wide his arms a glorious span,
> Resides within the giant shade he rears.

There is a prophecy of Pope's, who says in allusion to Dryden and his paraphrase of Virgil—

> Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
> New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise.

We have a new Blackmore now who has given us a translation which is pleasant to read, and which is in many points to be preferred even to Dryden's. There are worse employments for a summer afternoon than to lie on the green grass, under of course a spreading beech, with this volume, manifold in its elegance, in hand, to amuse one's intellect or suggest one's reveries.

ISRAEL DAVIS.

# Recent Poetry.[1]

Mr. Geare has done well to publish the volume before us. It has many dainty charms, much genuine poetry of a high contemplative kind, and above all it gives us an earnest of still greater achievements to come. He has, however, at once distinguished himself from the countless poetasters of the day, whose name is legion, by the fact that his poetry, for the most part, displays striking originality. By Tennyson of all writers he appears to be most influenced, as may be seen by the opening poem, which is not only cast in the mould of 'In Memoriam' but breathes a kindred strain of sorrow for some dear friend that is no more in the flesh. But what Mr. Geare has learned from the Laureate is not to echo his thoughts or to paraphrase his language, but rather to emulate the simplicity and purity of his diction, the calmness of his melancholy moods, and the tender grace and exquisite polish of his verse. The prevailing impression we derive from these poems is that their author disdains to stoop to the sensuous splendour of style, or to that appeal to the fascination of the flesh which goes to make up so much of modern poetry, and finds so much popularity amongst our modern readers. We fear that readers of this class of poetry will be repelled by the chaste and cold muse of Mr. Geare, who kindles only with Heaven in her eye, and the purest and noblest of feelings at her heart, and speaks not in the stirring tones of passionate energy, but with the simplicity, and at times with the stately sternness of thoughtfulness and earnestness. The reading of Mr. Geare's poems leaves us happier and better men, more willing to leave the future with fuller confidence in the hands of the All-Wise and the All-Good, more disposed to resignation after our silent communion with one who has entered so fully and sympathetically into the darkest problems and perplexities of human existence.

In noticing these poems it is difficult to resist the temptation to give extracts, but it is still more difficult to decide what is best deserving of quotation where there is so much really deserving of being made

[1] *Leparon to Pavola, and other Poems.* By Edward Arundel Geare. London: Longmans. *Intaglios: Sonnets.* By John Payne, Author of *The Masque of Shadows.* London: Pickering.

widely known. The following lines, however, from a very touching poem addressed to the poet's mother, will serve as a fair specimen of the calm thoughtfulness and thorough Christian spirit and the tenderness of heart which pervade these poems:

O mother mine, that passed away
Before I entered on the strife,
Or felt the full strong pulse of life,
Be near me in this later day.

. . . . . .

O *mother mine*, I *scarcely dare*
To *call thee thus*: I know thy place
Before the loving Master's face—
*Thou art my mother even there.*

Of his larger poems we give a decided preference to the 'Shepherd and the Sea,' which tells the story of disappointed love and baffled hopes, with touching sweetness and sadness. In it death is beautifully described as 'a *breathless* sleep,' and a storm is set forth in the following bold and original simile:

Until the wind raged like a maniac,
Who broken from his cell and rushing forth
Across the fields, lays here and there his hand,
And strikes unmeaningly at all that comes
Upon his aimless path.

Occasionally we find Mr. Geare indulging in the very perilous exercise of antithesis, but his antithesis is never extravagant in expression, never fantastic in conception, and for the most part it is but an adequate expression of what our daily experience teaches to be true, as in the beautiful line, 'O joy *inconstant*, *constant* grief.'

It is an ungracious and almost an ungrateful task to turn from the praise of a poet who has brought us so great a store of real pleasure to a catalogue of his sins in the exercise of his divine art. Notwithstanding the delicate touch and cultured mind everywhere visible in these poems, it is evident that the author is but just entering upon the long bright life we trust is before him, and therefore he must bear with us while we point out, as warnings for the future, his most prevailing and serious faults. We mark a tendency to repeat favourite words and phrases, such as 'darling,' and to make two syllables of such words as 'piercèd.' Then we must enter our protest against such a word as '*tinkle*' as applied to the sound of the sea, a word which is so applied no less than three times in the beautiful lines on the 'Shepherd and the Sea.' We know not of any word in any language which more thoroughly echoes in its very sound the many-voiced utterances of the deep than the Homeric πολυφλοίσβοιο which has nothing of a metallic '*tinkling*' sound in it or about it, but Homer's ear, as well as his eye, was always true to nature.

In Mr. Geare's version of Horace (Lib. iii. Carmen 30) which we do

not at all admire (because it is neither true English poetry, nor yet a true rendering of the Latin) we find 'efflux of years,' which is *nonsense*, for *influx* of years, which is *sense*, though scarcely poetry. Still more objectionable are such phrases as 'Its diamonds *tie* with stars in heaven,' said of the waters glittering from the lifted oar—a metaphor from a boat race is scarcely, we think, the most appropriate metaphor to paint in imagery the brightest beauties of God's creation, which elsewhere Mr. Geare dwells upon in such lines as

> And all the beauty of His smiling earth
> And all the splendour of His sapphire sky.

At page 16 we find two stanzas in succession filled with nothing except a bare enumeration of single and successive objects, a leaf taken from some poetical *hortus siccus*. Here are the opening lines of the former stanza:

> The leaves, the shrubs, the fruit, the flower,
> The bloom, the blossom, corn, grass, trees.

Mr. Geare can, we feel sure, do much better than this, for he is not wanting in originality of ideas, nor yet in wealth of expression and a highly cultured taste. We trust in another edition to see such stanzas superseded by something more akin to his other strains, which confer pleasure in the perusal and pleasure in their remembrance, when we have closed the volume with mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration towards the gifted minstrel.

Mr. John Payne's 'Intaglios' is a series of sonnets which, in our opinion, will not add very considerably to the poetic reputation achieved by his 'Masque of Shadows,' which we have read with something like a qualified admiration. The poems before us appear to have all the faults of his former effusions, but unluckily unredeemed by very little of their poetry, which is by no means of a character that can afford such loss. We have read these latter poems from end to end with considerably more disappointment than pleasure. Going through them is like going through an ill-arranged gallery of pictures, which are badly hung, badly painted, badly drawn, very painful to look at, and still more painful to dwell upon.

Mr. Payne's portraits are not portraits true to life, to the realities of existence, or to the most artistic embodiment of the imagination or fancy. His landscapes are equally failures, they depict no loveliness of light, of colour, or of form, there is nothing bright or beautiful in them to fix the eye that wanders to them, or to delight the eye that dwells upon them. Hazy and heavy, coarse in colour, and very indistinct in outline, telling no story to our hearts, touching none of our emotions, feeding no fancy, his pictures are the dullest of daubs, and often the very weakest of copies.

Mr. Payne's failure in these poems (so called by courtesy) is twofold. He fails in the form and also in the matter of his verses. He has

chosen the sonnet—an extremely difficult mould for the most artistic of poets to embody to fashion his thoughts—without the art and capacity required to work it to any advantage. Such a form requires elaborate execution, choice conceptions expressed in clear language, a perfection of rhythm amounting to music, and a tender gracefulness which at once commends it to the most fastidious and cultivated taste. Now nowhere in Mr. Payne's sonnets are these conditions fulfilled. If he can write sonnets we must shame him into writing something better than these poor pretences; if not, he must be shamed out of attempting to do what he has neither the taste nor the talent to do even moderately well. His rhythm is often harsh, never musical, and his rhyme may be estimated by such *discordia concors* as '*sheath*' rhyming with '*breath*,' 'harmony' with 'me,' 'woods' with 'moods,' 'dies' with 'harmonies,' with many jingles of a like kind. Mr. Payne speaks of the 'torrent of my rhymes,' and there is verily something of truth in the metaphor here used to describe poetry, which very forcibly reminds us of a torrent, with the exception, however, of its might and majesty, for we have noise—often stunning enough, and froth and foam and fury—in abundance in 'the torrent' of Mr. Payne's rhymes, who is everywhere oblivious of his own dictum, that the eternal harmonies

> Are stirred more surely when the poet sings
> *Bird softly, bent above the low-voiced lute.*

Another most prevailing fault in these sonnets is the quaint, antiquated phraseology used by the singer. Everywhere we stumble over such words as 'eke' and 'wiss,' 'sills,' 'englamoured,' 'marge,' 'flowerful,' 'aurcoled.' Equally obscure and harsh to the ear of the general reader will sound such contractions as 'ghast' for aghast. Nor is this all; we are done to death from page to page with such villainous compounds as 'rain-rippled,' 'brow-locks,' 'passionate-petalled,' 'ice-sleep,' 'toil-gray' (skies, whatever these may mean), 'dream-bell,' with 'march-prophecies of summer-tided rhyme,' which is simply altogether above our small comprehension, as well as its neighbour 'mystery-hearted grave.' Then we have to give in a vigorous protest against the constant repetition of the same images and the same words and phrases, which weary us from page to page of this very painful poem of Mr. Payne's. There is scarcely a sonnet in which we do not find '*dream*' or allusion to 'dreams,' or images drawn from 'dreams,' so dreamy is the bard, who may with good reason exclaim, 'the viewless things are thick and tyrannous upon me,' as he 'hears the sad sea murmur like a *dream*,' and as he sings with evident truth:

> But for my part I took no heed of them,
> Wandering, grave-eyed, along the meadow's hem
> Following *my dream*, unfriended and apart,
> Sad in the noon-day, joyless in the morn,
> Mirroring all things in my empty heart.

Mr. Payne's music is really very tragic, very sad—it is tragedy itself with all its melancholy madness, but, alas, without its inspiration. Everywhere, and under every circumstance, or, if we may so speak, with every circumstance around him, Mr. Payne true to his name, but we hope not true to his nature, seems to be always in pain, always in tribulation; his mind is for ever 'stretching through the *interambient* glooms,' and 'through the weary day courting woes.' Now, were we at all inclined to believe in Pythagoreanism, we could well imagine that Mr. Payne is no less a personage than the weeping philosopher of Grecian antiquity once more revived in the flesh, so full of sighs and tears and sorrows are all his utterances.

His muse, where intelligible, seems to be a very bad cross between that of Mr. Rossetti and that of Mr. Swinburne. From the latter he borrows a few ideas and a few phrases, such as 'flowerless fields,' and from the former most of the spirit of his poetry—in truth the very best of it. Many of his verses are extremely difficult to understand, and some of his single words are equally puzzling. The 'day's lustihead' and 'the night's long inter-ravishments' and 'the gold star-scripts' are nothing short of enigmas to our dull apprehension, which we try to guess at, but with no happy security in our own judgment that our guess is the right one.

In many of these sonnets, especially towards the end, we stagger into a poetical labyrinth, wherein our poor senses get into the most chaotic of confusion, and in the deepest of despair we come to a dead standstill, utterly unable to move a single step for want of light to see where we are. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Payne calls poetry in the form of a sonnet, but what we call a labyrinth in the shape of versified confusion:

All my days do flee
Seeking for aye some pale and shadowy land
Of sweet and delicate sadness, wearying
To be poured out like wine into some spring
Of *wishless* being, welling through the sand
Of some *sun-consecrated* sojourning
Of souls come back into the Maker's hand.

Our readers will scarcely believe that pages of such nonsense as this have been commended as poetry by journals of a high standing in this country, and yet such is the fact, and one, let us add, not very creditable either to the sagacity or to the honesty of English criticism in certain quarters.

F. Leary.

# Song.

I askèd of the pallid moon,
Whether my love would love me soon;
I askèd of the sapphire star,
Whether from love she still were far.

I askèd of the violet,
Whether she would not love me yet;
And of the pansy's yellow quill,
If she would be unheeding still.

Alas! they all replied to me
'She loves not thee! she loves not thee!'

I askèd of the fickle wind,
Whether she still would be unkind;
I askèd of the flowing river,
If she would love me never, never.

I asked the woods in green array,
If she would always say me nay;
I asked the happy sky above,
If she would never, never love.

Alas! they all replied to me
'She loves not thee! she loves not thee!'

Then said I to the pallid moon,
'I'll love her neither late nor soon;'
Then said I to the sapphire star,
'I care not if her love be far.'

Pansy I told and violet,
She might, for I should quite forget;
And fickle wind and flowing river,
That I would love her never, never.

I told green woods and sky above,
To tell her I would never love,
To thank her for so much disdain
As had me eased of so much pain.

A. Strachan.

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## CONTENTS.


PAGE

'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, *Exeter College, Oxford*, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson 257

CHAPTER IX.—A Human Tutor.
" X.—Lady Prussia and Angelina.
" XI.—First Signs.
" XII.—A Judas Kiss in Spring

THREE POETS OF FRENCH BOHEMIA. By Andrew Lang, *Fellow of Merton College, Oxford* . . . . . 281

UNDER THE BARK. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, *Merton Coll., Oxford* 294

SPRING SONG. By Rosamund Perceval . . . . . 301

JACKSON OF PAUL'S. By Henry Kingsley, *Worcester Coll., Oxford* 302

THE MUSICAL FROGS. By Prof. Blackie, *Edinburgh University* 314

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES. By Thomas Hughes, M.P., *Oriel College, Oxford*, and W. D. Rawlins, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 316

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST. By Compton Reade, *Magdalen College, Oxford*. Illustrated by Miss Edwards . . . 322

CHAPTER VI.—How Jealousy was Blind.
" VII.—The Concert.
" VIII.—Law and Equity.

ON THE BEACH. By C. S. Calverley, *Christ's College, Cambridge* 344

RECREATION A RELIGIOUS DUTY. By Amelia Lewis . . 346

SPRING. By A. P. Graves, *Trinity College, Dublin*. Illustrated by Cecil Lawson . . . . . 351

FRANCE REJUVENESCENT. By an Old M.P. . . . . 352

AUF WIEDERSEH'N. By E. Weatherly, *Brasenose College, Oxford* 355

IN MEMORIAM. By P. M., Cantab. . . . . 356

SONG. By Israel Davis, *Christ's College, Cambridge* . . . 356

MUSAEUS. By T. S. Omond, *Balliol College, Oxford*. Illustrated by A. W. Cooper . . . . . 357

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 369

IN TOWN. By Tom Hood, *Pembroke College, Oxford* . . 374

REVIEWS:—Professor Jowett's Plato. By F. Arnold, *Christ Church College, Oxford* . . . . . 378

" The Georgics of Virgil. By Israel Davis, *Christ's College, Cambridge*. . . . . 392

" Recent Poetry. By Dr. Leary, *Brasenose Coll., Oxford* 395

SONG. By A. Strachan, *Trinity College, Oxford* . . . . 400


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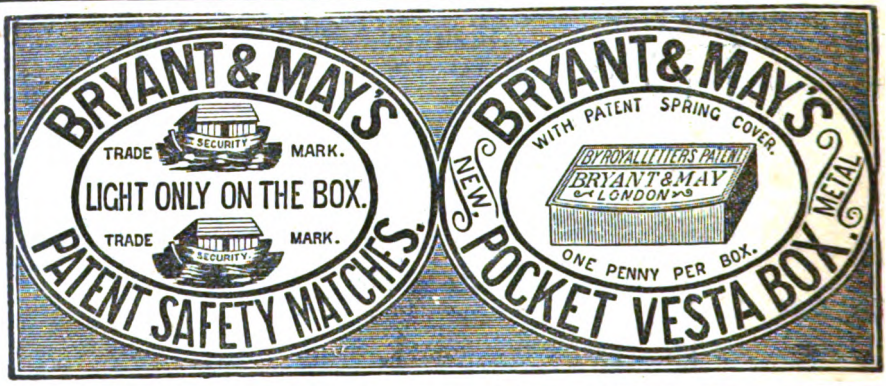


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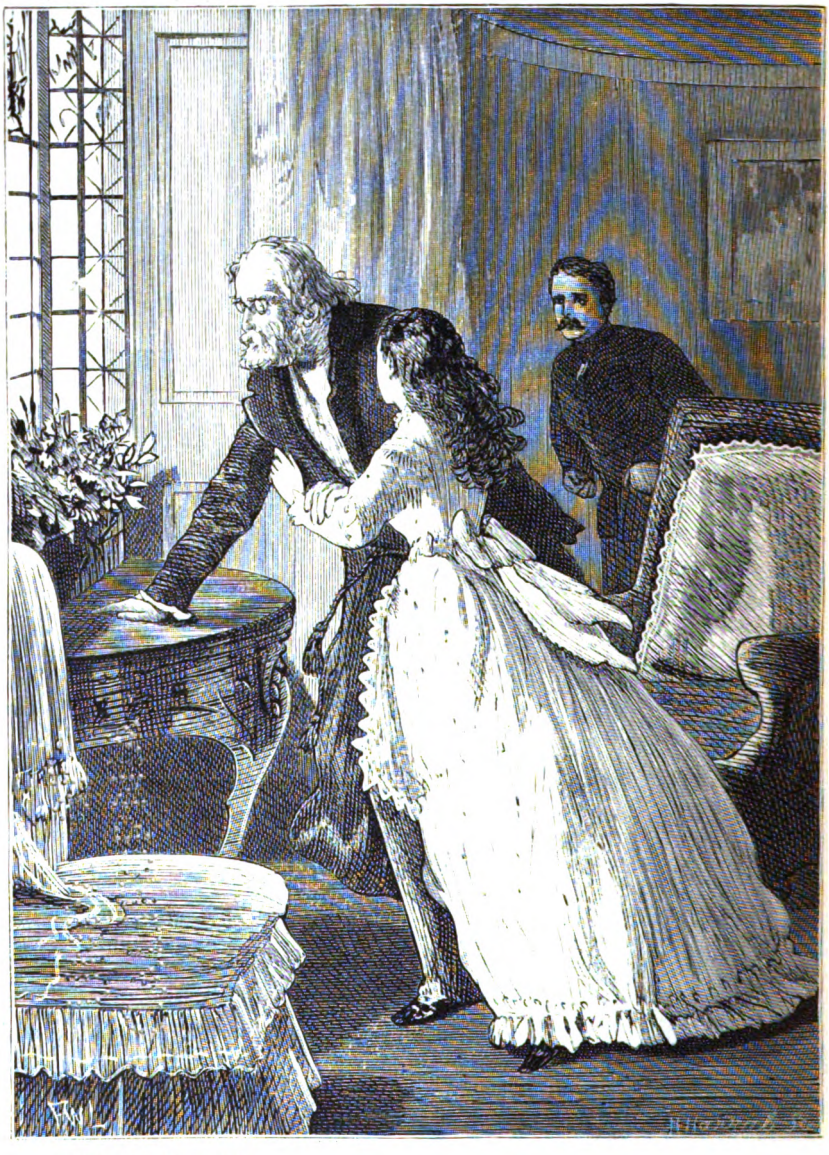

DRAWN BY F. W. LAWSON.

'LOST.'

THE

# DARK BLUE.

JUNE 1871.

## 'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

### CHAPTER XIII.

*PATIENT AND NURSE.*

A GREAT soul was sick. That soul had been struggling with its mortal agony and had well-nigh burst its earthly tenement. Professor Holmann had broken a blood-vessel on that December morning, and his life had been despaired of for weeks. February gleamed in pale rays through the thawing window panes on a bouquet of white snowdrops and yellow crocuses; robin redbreast sunned himself in the same rays, picking daintily the crumbs Mary had strewed for him; the suffering figure of a convalescent man leant back in a big arm-chair near crocuses, snowdrops, and robin redbreast, and a sweet, lovely girl hung over the man, caressingly moving the grayish locks from his forehead. Clink clank came the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window.

'Mark this passage in Zimmermann,' said the convalescent man, as

he handed a book to the girl; 'we will talk about it afterwards. Is it the doctor or some one else?' he enquired anxiously.

'I think it is the doctor. But whom do you expect, dear Professor? Here you are every day waiting for some one who never comes.'

'Who is sure to come—*he* never fails; he *must* come.'

A knock at the door and in walked a precise Prussian military doctor, and a very handsome doctor too, whose eyes sparkled and shone with suppressed fire as they rested upon that sweet girl, and who seemed for the moment to leave the worship of Æsculapius in his military pouch, while bending before the shrine of Venus.

'Doctor,' said the Professor, 'do you think we shall soon have war? I want to go and fight somebody.'

'Whom?' laconically asked the doctor.

'The devil of impatience and all his infernal imps. Feel my pulse, do—it is mad, I know. It is no use scolding me with that military precision of yours. These imps have got hold of me. I shall break another blood-vessel, and so escape them altogether. I am again with Zimmermann—always a bad sign when I go to *him*, my blood is sure to be at boiling point. Doctor, *your* hand trembles: what's the matter?'

And the Professor's luminous eyes met those of the medical man. He blushed, this man who would by and by be in his element in the battle field, among his dying, bleeding, and mutilated fellow-creatures, never a nerve of his quivering with hesitation or doubt; he blushed, this handsome doctor, because Mary's eyes were looking into his, making signs to him that their patient gave her great anxiety.

The doctor recovered himself. 'Professor,' he said, 'I don't know which way to take you: you are a philosopher, I am a simple regimental surgeon. You have heard more of the Stoics than I have—well, imitate them; if you don't I *must* give you a narcotic, which you hate, or I must fetch the big doctor of the garrison, whom you hate more.'

'Be a stoic? Just what Zimmermann says. You are both wrong. Read that passage, Mary.'

Mary began: '"But in solitude the mind regains new vigour; if one knows how to struggle with firmness and perseverance against misfortune one finds in oneself unexpected resources, and a stoical resolution will sustain us when the horizon of our life becomes darkened."'

'Where did his stoicism lead to, doctor? To madness. Gad! stoicism? When your soul would be away and your body won't come. Leave off preaching, Mary. Who is that?' Clink clank came again the sound of a horse's hoofs. 'Mary, 'tis *he*—he *has* come at last!'

The Professor rose up, tottered forward to the window, and fell back fainting into the doctor's arms, just as the door was quickly opened, and a very distinguished looking officer entered the room with

a quick step. He stood before the group, regarded with cold steel-gray eyes Holmann, the doctor and Mary, bent forward to the Professor, whom the doctor was trying to bring back to consciousness, and said gently:

'Holmann, you sent, I have come; recover yourself and speak.' A peculiar masonic pressure of the hand accompanied these words. Did Holmann feel it? He opened his eyes; they fell on the great man before him and closed again with a shiver—a shiver that took in the sorrow and trouble of years.

The gray eyes watched the Professor, as his face became tinged with the blood that began again to course through his veins.

'Prince, forgive me,' whispered Holmann. 'Seventeen years have I not seen you since that night when——'

'Hush, we'll talk presently. My dear young lady, leave us alone, we'll manage our friend—the doctor and I are both military men.'

Mary kissed her dear Professor's forehead and a glistening tear rolled down his manly cheeks. Oh, that inexpressibly loving look of his that followed the retiring girlish form from the room—a thousand times intenser in its love than even the doctor's admiring glance.

'*Her* daughter,' said Holmann.

'Thought so,' replied the Prince. 'God forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us!' And the great man walked up and down in violent perturbation, placing himself at last before the snowdrops, the crocuses, and the robin redbreast that was still picking the crumbs outside.

Holmann was better. On a sign from him the surgeon withdrew, and when the last comer turned from the window he and the Professor were alone. From the breast pocket of his wide dressing-gown the Professor fetched a letter—a crumpled letter with a foreign post-mark—and handed it to his visitor. The visitor perused it and sat down; his steel-gray eyes were swimming, and chokingly he, the proud Prussian prince, exclaimed:

'Mathilda, Mathilda! Where is our youth, where is our life, where is our world, and where is our God?'

He drew out a miniature, he scanned every lineament of it, kissed it passionately and returned it to its hiding-place. All the time the Professor watched him—watched him with jealous eyes—watched him as if the other had no right to kiss that miniature alone—and watched him lastly as if, tiger-like, he could have sprung upon him, seized him by the throat, and said, 'I have a stronger right to it than you.'

The great strong man turned to the sick Professor. 'Who is going? Shall I?'

'No,' responded Holmann.

'Jealous still? Holmann, what has this jealousy not wrought? Destruction to the fairest human being we have ever seen—destruction to an honourable man, and sorrow to us all.'

Neither Prince, Zimmermann, nor reason could have quelled Holmann's rebellious heart; there it was, that fiercely yelling spirit of jealousy, and it *would* have sway.

'No, Prince; I allow no one the right to go. I shall be better—I shall soon be better—and I'll go to find—what?'

'God help us!' exclaimed the Prince, gentler in his mood than the philosophical Professor. 'What more, Holmann?'

'Nothing more. I sent—you came—you have read the letter. Go home, great man, go home and pray, for all of you—all of you—helped to destroy that fairest of God's temples! Mathilda . . . . .'

'Stop, madman. Have seventeen years not chastened you? Go and give your message to d'Alvensleben, he deserves it, he was the tempter—go and punish that man—not me, not me, not me; that English lord, that Adonis of Berlin society, find them, Holmann, and curse them all! Mathilda, Mathilda, where is our youth, where is our life?'

Opposite Holmann stood the Prince exhausted with passion; no compassion in his steel-gray eyes, but fierce implacable hatred to some one. 'Get well, man. I'll not gainsay your right. Go. *I* have the miniature!'

The spurs went rattling down the stairs, and clink clank the horse's hoofs gradually died away in the distance.

Holmann sat and folded his hands—he did not pray as he had told the other to do—he cursed him and those that had been named. Weak and faint he rose, and lifting up his right hand he swore vengeance—vengeance against some one; his spectacles had fallen off, and there loomed a pair of the intensest eyes upon you man could see—eyes big with human greatness, but fierce in human weakness. Holmann sank back utterly exhausted yet trembling with excitement.

Mary had heard the departure and rushed in to see her dear friend.

'The doctor is gone, Professor; he will return in about half an hour.'

'Very well. Where is your uncle, the major? He has not seen my visitor, I hope.'

'No, he has not yet come back from the commandant's.'

'Thank God! Mary, mention nothing of *him* to your uncle. It would kill him. I sent him out on purpose for many days, that they should not meet. Now read Zimmermann again, the same place, and then leave me alone, quite alone, until the doctor comes.'

Mary read. By little and little Zimmermann's musings quieted the electrical stream in Holmann's nervous system, mesmerising it gently into quiescence; the nerves acted upon the muscles and limbs, the eyelids closed, the head leaned sideways, the hands fell down with lassitude and sleep—sleep, the grand beneficent power of nature, came upon the recumbent figure of the convalescent man. Mary looked up and smiled—on tip-toe she rose, the snowdrops and crocuses kept company, the robin redbreast still fluttered backward and forward for

crumbs. Mary took in the whole picture, just moved one gray lock aside, and softly left the room. Outside she met the doctor; she opened the door to let him see the peaceful sleeper, and closed it again softly. The holy communion of sympathy for another being stood between the two: upon Mary this feeling had no further effect, upon the doctor an overpowering influence; he raised the little hand and kissed it reverently. Mary looked up with her maidenly eyes in astonishment, and that look of hers—so unimpassioned—snapped the poor doctor's hopes asunder in one violent wrench. There was no response there. The brave manly character became conscious of it at once, and met its fate by appealing to the sympathy between them.

'A great soul is sick there,' whispered the doctor, pointing to the room. 'We must hope his constitution will bear the heavy strain which some occurrence seems to have put upon it.'

'It will bear it, thanks to your unremitting attention, doctor. Shall we, who love our Professor so dearly, ever be able to thank you sufficiently?'

The words were so complacent that anything else would have seemed music to the doctor; these words of thanks cut him to the quick. He could not answer, but bowing respectfully, though quite unconsciously, left Mary standing there, and went—his hope all gone!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *GEORGE AND CHRISTIAN ON A RAMBLE.*

On the December evening when the Siberian wind blew into the Chelsea street, Christian came home to his lodging stupefied—one could not tell whether he had been stunned by a blow or had imbibed too much alcohol. Christian stumbled into the house, went not into the kitchen as was his wont, but tottered up the stairs to his own room and fell down flatly on the floor. There he lay, the big Prussian Sergeant, and no one could move him. The Missis came up, offering consolation in the way of cups of warm tea and feminine tears; Jemima stood by wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, saying, 'It was a pity—and he so useful;' and lastly George fumbled up with something that would bring him to, that something being a quartern of brandy. It was no use: flat lay Christian, eyes closed, teeth chattering, hands shaking. The Missis suggested the old apothecary over the way should bleed him, and Jemima, who was of Irish descent, wanted to fetch the priest; but George scratched his head and began to demolish the bed—as Christian wouldn't come to the bed, the bed must come to him. Down came the pillows under Christian's head, down came the blankets over Christian's shaking frame. To get the boots off was an impossi-

bility. All three tugged at them, but they were Prussian military boots and would not come off—they stuck to their owner in right good earnest. First pulled George, then the Missis, holding on to George, then Jemima holding on to the Missis; tug, tug, tug—the boots creaked but refused to move and had to be left. So more blankets were fetched, till Christian looked a perfect pile of Whitneys. The fire was lighted, and George, scratching his head again, sat down by Christian to see the result of this manœuvre. The result was that, warmth returning to Christian's frame, his teeth chattered no longer, his hands shook no longer, but heaving a great deep Herculean sigh, Christian turned on his side and began to snore. Christian was fast asleep. You would think George left him now—no such thing; George did not like the look of affairs, and believed something wrong had taken place. His innate sagacity, muddled though it was with constant alcoholic fumes, told him that if that big upright man was out of sorts something else must have been out of sorts first. So George sat on quietly, taking off his own boots and consuming the quartern of brandy, as Christian wouldn't. George made up his mind to watch his lodger. The Missis came up again to tell him 'it was nigh twelve o'clock,' but George said, 'Never mind that; he shouldn't leave an old friend in trouble, when an old friend didn't leave him in trouble. The Missis might go to bed; there were coals and he should keep up the fire and stay by his friend's side.' The Missis did not grumble, but called him a brave good fellow, and promised him a slice of the middle cushion of bacon for breakfast. George told her 'to chatter no more but go to bed—best thing for womenkind.'

Habit is a remarkable and a troublesome thing: habit made Christian wake at five o'clock, just as the fire had gone out and George had dozed off. For some time the Sergeant could not understand where he was and why he was there. He saw George, but his mind became no clearer; he rose out of the blanket heap and gently put George on it, then took the bit of dip candle that was left and marched down to the kitchen as usual. All this he did in a kind of dazed stupor. Having reached the kitchen, Christian meant to light the fire; he took a bundle of wood, and shivering in the raw cold morning, sat down before the empty black grate; there he sat, without knowing what to do. Suddenly down came the Missis, who had heard somebody stirring, in a peculiar *déshabillé*, her long nightgown and stout flannel petticoat covered by an enormous plaid shawl, and a frilled nightcap on her head. She saw Christian looking dissipated, and holding the bundle of wood before him, and as a natural resource screamed.

'Goodness gracious me, Mr. Christian, what is come to you? You re losing all your good looks and respectful ways.'

Christian heard the voice. Some corresponding remembrance was awakened in him, and throwing the bundle of wood from him, he writhed with agony and pain. The strength of the man was gone,

there were no tidy ways that morning; the Missis had to do the work herself, and Christian crept back to his room to lay down on his despoiled bed, face downwards, that he might not see the morning arise. See the morning arise with ghostlike troubles standing waiting near your bedside—standing there like frightful skeletons to dry up the very marrow of strength in your bones! If Atlas ever had to carry the earth on his shoulders, the load was a feather compared to the weight that presses on your poor brain when the first gray streaks of morn steal into the room to raise your eyelids and show you those skeletons near you. The five minutes which erring mankind lives through then ought to be an atonement for multitudes of sins, because they are downright terrible knells of punishment and retribution.

Christian did not mean to see the morning so he hid his face, like a big coward, for the first time in his life. George felt some drops of hot tea on his nose and woke—there stood the Missis, still in *déshabillé*, with two cups of tea. George, who understood much by intuition, looked around and beheld the case. Christian had evidently fallen from his virtuous pedestal, and there and then the strongest bond of brotherhood was closed between the two. George nudged his friend, and Christian, untidy and miserable, accepted the tea. The Missis was silent—it was too dreadful to see Christian, her beau-ideal, take to George's ways. It did not even bear being commented upon.

Christian was a changed man; the house might have gone to wreck and ruin, he would not have cared—he wanted waiting upon like a child, and George took to it naturally. In the day Christian wrote a long letter, blotched over with ink spots and tears, and sent it off to Professor Holmann—it was that letter which had nearly cost the Professor his life. After the letter was gone, Christian sat thinking. By and by George came in, and Christian nodded to him behind the Missis's back, putting his finger on his lips. George had it in a moment, there was something to be done without the Missis's knowledge—to him the sweetest reward for any exertion. 'Womenkind needn't know everything' was his favourite maxim.

Christian and George went out together for the first time—the Missis stared, and didn't like it; she saw the Sergeant had once for all fallen from his allegiance to herself. Christian, followed by George, walked into the first respectable linendraper's, and began to make signs; it was wonderful to see how quickly George understood and helped—the attendants became amused, the master himself came forward, assisted with a few scraps of German, and a very complete parcel of warm lady's clothing was got together. 'Where was it to be sent to?' In answer the Sergeant paid the bill, and shouldered the parcel. Both he and George left, followed by the whole establishment to the door.

Westward went this odd pair. It began to get dark, and the air was intensely cold. George suggested application to a public house, just, he said, 'to drink Blucher's health,' making a corresponding sign.

Christian, wonderful to say, had no objection. There was some comfort in a glass of brandy, and a glass of brandy both had—Blucher being the ostensible cause. But George was not satisfied: again and again he proposed Blucher's health, and again and again Christian humoured him, taking to tippling on a sudden as if he had never been the soberest sergeant all his lifetime. They were drawing nearer and nearer to Chelsea. The various potions had strengthened George's courage, and next time he proposed Wellington's health, 'confound the Prooshans,' and Christian assented still to Wellington and the toast, drinking to his own countrymen's confusion; he didn't quite understand it, and if he had what matter then? there were mightier matters to be settled than even Blucher, Wellington, and the Prooshans.

George was affected by so much goodness; he had expected strong objection, and not meeting with it, subsided into submission to his friend's superior good sense, as he thought. The quarter they neared became lonely and dark, but Christian knew his way. How had he ever found it? The light of a loving earnest soul had led him onward: that light was no *ignis fatuus*—it was a light that will lead to any end that has to be obtained. There it was, that street in Chelsea, that lonely, miserable, and forlorn street, and Christian entered it with the parcel and George. Opposite the rickety house they both stopped. Christian took George by the arm and showed him the parcel, pointing to the house. To the top floor, now dark and deserted, he pointed, and said, 'Missis, lady.' George nodded and understood. Clutching the parcel, nearly as big as himself, he walked across and entered the shop of odds and ends—broken ware of all kinds, rusty iron, old crockery, odd keys, forlorn looking rags, musty shoes and boots, tipsy bottles, and a black cat. George knocked on the tumble-down counter, and somebody appeared in the light of a tallow candle like the faint apparition of one of Macbeth's witches.

'What do you want now?'

'I want the lady upstairs. I have brought a parcel for her.'

'A parcel for such as she? Is it paid for?'

'Yes; that's no odds to you. I want the lady.'

'Then you won't see her. I'll have the parcel—who sends it?'

'That's nothing to you, and I shan't give you the parcel.'

'Won't you though; I'll stick to it. She owes me rent and I'll have her goods.'

In a moment gigantic arms had torn the parcel from George's grasp and opened it pell-mell on the counter.

'Look here, fine things them for a poor crazed creetur, who is only fit for the mad workus ward. Give me the clothes, let her go where all as is a burden to theirselves and the country must go—the workus.'

'You blessed old thief, give me the things, or I'll call the gen'leman who sent me, and he'll make small bones of you. He *is* a party!'

'Ah, so you have a gen'leman as sent you—you sneaking old wretch—sneaking into honest folks' houses on false pretensions; take me to him, I'll give him my mind—let him pay her rent, that's honest—honesty first on righteous principles, so says I.'

George felt he had made a mistake, as he was sure Christian did not want to be seen; how was he to get out of it?

'What's her rent?—perhaps it'll be paid.'

'P'raps it'll be paid? Fine talk—I want the money now, or I'll stick to the clothes. Is it that 'lorn chap that sent ye, that used to bring things and meet her, and can't now—cos he's got nothing hisself—and so walks up and down past her winder to hear her mad songs? Don't he cut his sticks when he hears my voice! I've frightened him since he's no good.'

'Bless me, woman, what's the rent?'

'What's the rent? Why three pound fifteen to last June. I've kept no reckonin' since, she takes it out in mendin' and washin', and brings odd moneys from that forlorn chap, and that's all.'

'Three pound fifteen for such a hole as this?'

'A hole ye calls it—*ye* don't look grand—a hole then for which I must pay poor rates, and keep the paupers of the country, drat 'em!'

'I'll go and see what I can do. If you touch the things I'll call the police.'

'Ha, ha, ha! Find 'em coves first, my man—perlice, none about here. Ain't you green—perlice is only wanted to keep the respectable folks safe from the tothers and there is none here, no respectable ones, not even respectable thieves, nor thieves of any kind, it's too wretched for them even. Perlice never comes down here, there's nothing for 'em, ye fool. Perlice don't meddle with such as us, we's too wretched to be anything but honest—there, take that.'

George became muddled and scratched his head.

'There now, my good woman, wait a few minutes and I'll be back.'

'Now you's civil, I'll wait.'

Out went George. Somebody had been slowly and gradually stealing along under the window to watch the conversation of the two. Scarcely had George stepped on the pavement to look for some signs of Christian, when that catlike creature rushed upon him, threw him down, knelt upon him, and tugged at his throat as if he would strangle him. One yelling cry was all George could muster, the other held him so tight that he gasped for breath.

'You'll come and rob me of her, you will! I'll kill you, and drag you to the Thames! You'll rob me of her!' the assailant hissed between his teeth.

The woman heard the scream, and came forward with the tallow candle. Suddenly a big stature interposed itself, threw off the madman from George, hurled him against the wall, and dragged George away.

The woman held the candle over the prostrate foe, who had fallen bleeding on the pavement.

'So it's you, is it, up to yer old tricks? She ain't at home. You got no cash—get along do, and crawl to drown yourself—better that than the workus. There's no use yer comin' arter her, there's a real big gent a-follerin' her, as has sent some fine clothes. Toddle along, do.'

The man, by the tallow light, was the 'shabby man.' Bleeding, stunned, muttering, he hobbled away—where?

Christian took George home in a cab, and George was very ill. The Missis couldn't make it out, and laid it to drunkenness; but there were dark blue marks on his throat. Christian was subdued, and waited upon George day and night, day and night, ever hoping to see Professor Holmann arrive, who came not, and dreading to go again to Chelsea.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### *ZOLLWITZ STRUGGLES.*

Often in life a lull of occurrences happens: torpidly the stream runs along, enlivened by nothing unusual, till one short hour, one little incident troubles the stagnant waters, and sends the wheel flying on its round.

Such a lull had entered into Zollwitz's life: after that memorable evening, when he so roughly interrupted Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' Zollwitz had become morose. He received no answer from sister Mary, and thought himself neglected at home, forgetting that the first neglect was on his side; around him everything took sombre colours, and everybody being very much occupied with themselves or some one else, no one took it upon himself to dispel that moroseness. Harry had holidays and was Ethel's faithful shadow: Zollwitz sat in his room in the midst of Hallam, Hume, Locke, Adam Smith, John Mill, Macaulay, and Parliamentary reports and speeches, to study English political institutions.

The visitors went, and Ethel accompanied some cousin back to London. When they were gone the Right Hon. Mr. Damer was suddenly called up to town on urgent business, and never allowing his eldest son, now in real political training, to leave him, he took him up with him. Edward Damer was only sixteen, but for *aplomb* would have matched any bishop on the bench. When he had passed through the various practical statesmanlike studies that his father thought it right for him to pursue, he would issue forth from his training a model 'Private Secretary,' then rise to an 'Under Secretary,' discreet, assiduous at statistics, exact in multitudinous correspondence, ever ready with necessary information in the House, and a most respectable and useful

member of the Ministry, till—if brains and energy were not quite subdued—the whole machine would be recast between forty and fifty, and he would *then* begin to think and act for himself, for the welfare of his country, as his father was now beginning to do, the father who was at the same time trying to subdue every original idea in his favourite son.

Aunt Sarah was sulky, and had not come near the circle. Often and often Zollwitz had gone down to the sea, had wandered along the cliffs in the sharp air, had swept in thought that turbulent swelling German Ocean, had seen the seamew kiss the crested wave, and had cooled his heated head in the refreshing breeze. That head of his was always hot now—the thoughts in it had evidently become entangled, the impressions muddled. The actual necessity of life held him in its iron grasp, and Zollwitz felt himself a prisoner, caged by the society in which he moved. Strength to break through seemed yet to fail him, and so he wandered on till that little incident would happen that would send the wheel flying.

Three weeks after Christmas the house was empty. Mrs. Damer, Harry, and Zollwitz alone remaining, at Harry's urgent request, for a few weeks longer. Aunt Sarah came now, a little sulky still; more reticent in her speech, she yet petted Zollwitz and scolded Harry, and now and then she would study the young German's face, as if something were there that lay hidden from her. She never again invited them over, and Zollwitz would perhaps have refused. Day by day he became paler, his face became thin and wan, his eyes looked ghostlike, and an irritated manner towards Harry had taken the place of their cordial intercourse. With Mrs. Damer alone he was the same—her gentle influence over him was unbroken, and he thirsted for the hour when he should hear her voice.

In the evening the three would sit in the drawing-room and pass an hour with music, but Zollwitz played seldom; he begged of Mrs. Damer to play and he listened—listened as if his soul were in those andantes of Beethoven's, or that delicate fancy of Mozart's, in the dreamy imagery of Mendelssohn, or the gaudier musical tracery of the modern composers. Then he would rise and dash away at Harry's request a couple of bright German songs, such songs as no other language possesses—speaking the language of the inner man.

Aunt Sarah watched, and her watchings became embodied in the following epistle:

'To the Right Honourable F. R. Damer.

'Madman,—Having risen above your deserts, you wish to show your utter forgetfulness of home obligations by neglecting your own sweet wife. Do you know what that means? Go about, grand Minister of State, in your gilded chariot of pride and self-consequence, and despise those who ought to be your first consideration. What is

it to lead to? Here are two good people, that dearest of women, charming Jane Harrowby, formerly the pride of the county, now the wife of the coldest man in the country—my nephew—and the nicest young man I ever saw, the tutor, with whom I might fall in love myself. They behave like angels under the circumstances, not like other human beings, who would make a little love; they are satisfied to let music do it for them. All very well; but suppose that one day the music enters their hearts?—she *is* older and ought to know better, you will say, and so she will; but why give the temptation by withdrawing from that sweet wife your own husbandly love? I have watched, and I warn you: don't blame *her* or *him*, or I'll stand up for them, and *you* know what that means. Do your duty, madman! and thank God, like poor dear Bunyan when he saw the murderer led to be hanged, 'That but for His grace it might be you!' Learn to be humble like your aunt,

'SARAH DAMER.'

This letter reached Eaton Square just as the Right Honourable was swallowing a violent article against him in a county Tory paper; the Right Honourable swore and dashed the breakfast things over, ordered his valet to pack up, and meant mischief. At that moment d'Alvensleben was announced. How odd. D'Alvensleben was too circumspect and too lazy ever to make such early calls; still there he was. At a glance the wily man saw something was up, but he could bide his time.

'My dear Damer, I have come to know how my *protégé* proceeds. I am going abroad for a few weeks on private business, and I should like to hear whether you are satisfied with my recommendation.'

'Satisfied? why of course. Confound the fellow, never saw such a progress in my boy. Hang his singing! Couldn't he study the Constitution and not make a fool of himself?'

'What *do* you mean, Damer?'

'Mean? why nothing. I am put out by some infernal article in the county paper—that's it. What's the man's moral character?'

'Moral character, in what way?' suggested diplomacy.

'In what way? Why the ladies, the women, I mean,' for the Right Honourable saw he was exposing his weakness.

'Don't know, further than that he looks as innocent as a lamb.'

'Bother innocence! more dangerous I suppose than the other thing. There, it's all right, don't flurry yourself, I believe he'll do.' And then the great good man's heart rising up in the weak human vessel, Damer stood up before d'Alvensleben and added, 'Yes, he will do. I believe that young man to be one of the finest, bravest, and most honest characters God ever created.'

Bravo Damer! And d'Alvensleben thanked his friend, whom he had never seen so put out, and never heard so homely in his speech, thanked

him that he had so much praised his young countryman, and left with a thorn (worse than a dagger by far) rankling in his heart.

Damer sat down and dashed away a few honest tears. 'Damn everything! I can't go to the office, hang it! I'll go down to-day.'

Early in the evening the heavy silken curtains of the drawing-room at Newstead Hall were drawn, the fire leaped in glowing streaks up and down over the coals in the bright steel grate; the wax candles threw soft glimmering light on the rich furniture, and much material comfort made the inmates of the room feel an inner harmony arise. Mrs. Damer was at the piano, Zollwitz looking over a heap of songs, and Harry leaning on the 'grand,' looking right into his mother's soft eyes.

'You wish me to sing. May I sing the "Wanderer"?'

'Oh do, Zollwitz, and in German, I understand it now; and your face always glows so when you sing that song.'

Zollwitz blushed and began, and as his voice rose to ask tremblingly 'Wo bist du, oh geliebtes Land?' ('Where art thou, oh, my beloved land?') a gentle movement opened the door, and Mr. Damer stood there; they did not see him, those three, but he saw them, and his heart was satisfied. No treachery there—the rest was nothing; only no treachery. That would have annihilated him. He stepped forward and laid his hand on Harry's shoulder.

'Papa, papa, you dear old papa, this is jolly!' And Harry tumultuously welcomed his father.

Mrs. Damer started, looked up and held out her hand; Zollwitz came forward with the frankest smile in the world. They surrounded him, and by the warmth of the fire, with three such faces near him, Damer began to think he was better off than at the Lord Mayor's dinner in Guildhall, at the finest banquet of the Fishmongers, or even in a rhetorical row in the House—his favourite occupation. Still human nature is human nature. After a while Mrs. Damer became again a little constrained in her manner, and her husband harsh, and that something was not gone yet; it wanted a bolder thrust to drive it away, and a grander occasion to relighten the old hymeneal torch and let it burn brightly again.

All went back together; and February saw the house in Eaton Square adorned with its brightest ornament—its mistress. One February and another February, what does not sometimes lie between those two birth-bearing months of the year? Love, life, hatred, death, crime, and sacrifice in an eternal round, going and coming and changing ever. The great Lavoisier said a hundred years ago, on analysing water, air, and the processes of heat, 'Rien ne se perd, rien ne se crée, ni comme matière, ni comme force.' And in our day, M. Dumas, on holding a speech over Faraday's memory, repeated that maxim at the Royal Institution, 'La vie ne commence pas et ne finit pas sur la terre.' One round of change, eternal change from gas to vapour, from vapour to

fluid, from fluid to substance, from substance to thought, from thought to idea—one grand round, materially and morally, changing ever, never-ending life into death and death into life; always bringing forth some new form, some fresh birth!

And February gathered up the household gods of the Damers, bringing in another bright face—that of cousin Ethel, who became an inmate of theirs. Harry was boisterous with glee to have her all to himself. No one should rob him now of her—no one! And work he would, very hard he would work to become a great man some day, that she might look up to him.

Harry's ambition was rising, Zollwitz's was falling. London did not restore his cheerfulness. He retired as much as possible from all intercourse with the family of the Damers, and devoted his time to Harry's and his own studies, and long rambles about town. His mood became almost sinister; he neither asked to go to the House of Commons to hear those men speak whom he admired so much, nor was he invited. Mr. Damer was busy, and had forgotten Zollwitz for a while; Ethel he saw not at all, and only now and then the bright colour would mount to his pale face when he met Mrs. Damer alone and would exchange a few sentences with her. Breakfast he took by himself, luncheon was a migratory meal, and at the dinner hour he excused himself invariably.

Weeks passed thus. One day a few lines arrived from Mary to say that she had received his letter, but that Professor Holmann had been very ill, had had a dangerous relapse in February, and that in consequence of over-anxiety she also had been in weak health. The Major had not yet forgiven his nephew, and she, Mary, would soon write a longer letter. Sombre there, too, thought Zollwitz, noticing the evident reticence of the letter. That same day he entered the drawing-room to look for Harry, and found Mrs. Damer alone. She came up to him with much concern and took his hand. 'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you make yourself almost a recluse; what is the matter? I think you study too much, and mix too little with the best book to study—your fellow-men.'

'I don't know, madam, but an overpowering despair is taking hold of me.'

'And why?'

'Because I begin to think I shall miss my aim in life; I am doing nothing, positively nothing, but earning my bread.'

'Oh no, you are doing more, my dear sir, you are learning; I know you are. The time will come when all you see and hear now will come home to you and you will find your time was not lost.'

'But I see, hear, and learn nothing.'

'Yes, yes, you do. Now let me help you to give your learning an active expression. Could you six months ago have written an "Essay on the means by which constitutional government in England rose to its

present condition?" You know you could not. Well, do it now, and when it is done bring it to me and I will submit it to one of our first essay writers—he shall give you his opinion. Of course I mean you to write it in English.'

Somebody believed in him, thought Zollwitz, and for the first time he took Mrs. Damer's hand and kissed it respectfully. He would do her bidding. As he left the drawing-room, he met Mr. Damer, who did not look at him pleasantly.

'Why was Zollwitz here alone with you?' asked the husband harshly.

'Alone with me?' responded the wife, opening her eyes widely.

'Yes, alone with you; I don't like it. Where is Harry?'

'I do not know,' was all the answer Mrs. Damer vouchsafed. She turned to the window to hide that rising tear of indignation, and Mr. Damer slammed the door behind him.

The Easter recess came. The season had been flat up to then—besides the Damers *would* adopt their own devices, and were no sheep-followers of fashion and custom. They had ways of their own, very comfortable and refined ways, which made their town house as pleasant as their country house. There was a ministerial crisis and Mr. Damer would not leave—he would not allow any one of his family to leave him either; they had all to stay in town during the recess. Often and often when Zollwitz left the house on his nightly rambles, he might have seen a tall stiff figure issue forth and watch him with anxious looks, going almost close up to him with hesitating steps, stretch out its long arms in an imaginary embrace, and disappear again. The recess was over and the parliamentary campaign was to begin. Mr. Damer was getting ready for it—had a measure of his own to bring forward, was beginning to give dinner-parties to members, and marshalling his forces in other ways. He met Zollwitz on the stairs and was struck by his altered appearance.

'What is the matter, Mr. Zollwitz? You look ill.'

'I am quite well, Mr. Damer.'

'Are you uncomfortable in our house?'

'I am uncomfortable everywhere—I was going to write to you to resign my post as tutor to your son.'

'Nonsense, we could not spare you. I am afraid we have neglected you. Come now, we must make up for lost time—will you dine with us to-night. By the by you have lately quite dropped out of our circle. It is wrong, Mr. Zollwitz, we might easily learn to misunderstand each other.' The good man was uppermost again, he took Zollwitz by the arm: 'Don't refuse me, come down to dine with me to-night; it is a gentleman's party, and you'll meet some younger men, almost all connected with Government or in the House. It will do you good, and you shall, now the session's battle has begun, come with me and hear us. There, I verily believe I never invited you before.'

'Not once, sir.'

The tone of the voice was so bitter it struck against Mr. Damer's ear.

'Forgive me, Zollwitz, I am afraid I have done wrong. I would not lose you for something—I value your friendship. Mind you dine with me to-night.'

Zollwitz assented and the two men parted—both with sore hearts.

The evening came—it was the first of May. Easter had been late, and much of the early session had been dawdled away; lots of work had to be done now, and a long season it would be. The stream had run on torpidly, the wheel would be sent flying now. Zollwitz joined the gentlemen in the drawing-room before dinner; about twenty elegant men, mostly between twenty-five and forty, few above—one of them d'Alvensleben. A few words passed between him and Zollwitz, who drew off to Lord Howden, also of the party; but there surely was also the Oxford swell, Ethel's brother. Zollwitz crimsoned, he did not like it, and wished he had refused the invitation. Poor fellow! it was hard work to be social when your heart was sick.

Dinner was over. Zollwitz had sat between Howden and young Lord Tenterton—the old Whig Duke's son—a rising man, boisterous sometimes in debate, but a good support to his party, would swamp a whole line of argument by a happy assertion made in the right place, and deal a final blow with dexterity. Valuable he and a little spoilt—because on an emergency Tenterton never failed.

'Well, Mr. Zollwitz,' said Tenterton, 'I've been very pleased to make your acquaintance, and when I say so I mean it. But I shall tell Damer, this is all nonsense, you are too good to be a tutor, you are lost here, you shall come to my place, and come with me to the House, you must learn debate, it's a glorious thing—give and take all round—and you must go home afterwards and teach them in Berlin some of our ways.'

Zollwitz felt his self-confidence rising. 'Thank you, my lord, but as yet I am not free and must remain where I am; I've positively no other income but my tutorship.'

'Never mind that, you shall teach *me*. Why, man, from the little I have talked to you, I can see you know positively more of England than I do—I mean its history. There, you shall teach me English history in German and I shall learn both.'

Howden had heard and laughed. 'Tenterton demolishing a couple of enemies at a time. Stop, Damer is a rough opponent and I think he'll oppose your scheme.'

'No he won't. He'll want me soon—can't spare me. In a week I can get anything out of him. I shall wait till he's hard up for support.'

'You wily snake, if you take Zollwitz you must take Harry, if you take Harry you must take Ethel.'

'Shouldn't mind the lot,' and Tenterton became a little confused. Ethel was just out, and Ethel had pleased his lordship.

'Talking of a lady as a lot?'

'Don't chaff, Howden, you are getting gray. Think of old Chatham and have respect for your own gray hairs.'

'Don't quote, it's vulgar.'

'I don't, because I never remember quotations. What I say comes from my own brain.'

Zollwitz enjoyed the little friendly squabble between the two. He felt as if he were among friends. Their style was so unaffected, so easy, he almost imagined he was among his own fellow-students, only these men were more *dégagés*, more *distingués*, more self-dependent.

But clouds were rising over the dinner-table, thick clouds. Dessert was on, wine passed freely; voices were rising a little, and Zollwitz heard the words 'Germany—Prussia—reactionary party—drilled public opinion.' He listened sharper, and found across the table, a little below him, the Oxford swell and a much older man in pretty earnest conversation on the wretched state of his own country. The argument was at last clinched by the assertion:

'I decidedly agree with you, Sir James, that the development of Prussia is a useless machine, fit for no other country's imitation, merely allowing that people to wield an enormous military power for its own aggrandisement; greedily casting about for prey among the smaller countries near it, treading Austria, our old faithful ally, under foot, and lifting itself to such a place that it will engulf half Europe in its unwieldy machinery, and then fall itself to pieces through its own overgorged greediness.'

These words, pronounced by Ethel's brother, came as clearly across the table as the question had at Newstead Hall, whether Zollwitz had ever sung at public concerts.

And just as clearly as then the 'No sir' had come back in answer, so now rose Zollwitz's voice. Before Tenterton or Howden could prevent it, he had risen and bowed.

'Gentlemen,—You must all have heard this distinct attack on my country. There is one older than I here who ought to defend it, but he might be afraid of etiquette; I am but a German student and I am not afraid. I came to this country to study the free expressions of a free people, not thinking myself free enough at home, and I am studying still, so cannot yet pass an opinion. But on what I can pass an opinion is, that I have learnt to value my own country higher in its peculiar development, and I mean to say so. My English, I know, is as yet a little awkward, pardon it; but I wish to say that when Prussia will have fulfilled her mission, when, however sharply, she will have shown the German people what unity means, *then* the Prussian people, being one with the Germans, will rise above all military considerations and boldly assert and *receive* their political liberty. I feel it,

though I cannot express myself as well in defending my people as Mr. Harrowby can in accusing it. Pardon my unceremonious manner, gentlemen.'

There was a 'bravo, bravo,' never heard at a private dinner-table, and led by the host himself, who glared at Harrowby.

That gentleman rose. 'We may as well, now that we have broken through English ceremony, finish it by drinking health to each other in good German fashion. Oxford is not Halle and Halle is not Oxford —but still we are both students, I believe. Come, Mr. Zollwitz, let us clink glasses.'

Zollwitz would rather have had it out boldly outside, but believed he must submit. He got up: the two clinked their glasses against each other—crack! the glasses broke, the port wine poured on the fine cloth and the pieces flew about.

'A bad sign,' said Zollwitz, who bowed, and left the room. He rushed up the stairs to his sanctum, purple in the face, pushed up the window, tore his tie into shreds to get air, and fell back, pale as death upon his chair.

In the dining-room d'Alvensleben took the word.

'Gentlemen, forgive my young countryman his hasty manner. There is just this difference between the education of our students and yours: that yours, particularly in Oxford, pass through their studies while they are being trained for good society afterwards, and ours, particularly in the smaller universities, pass through *their* studies so as to become unfit for good society till they have forgotten their student ways.'

No one answered; they knew d'Alvensleben to be an intimate friend of the host's and respected that tie—half the men would have pitched him over, if they had dared, for his sneaking excuse of the brave young tutor, and Damer from that moment lost his confidence in his friend.

The Oxford swell rejoiced he had hit hard, because he had forced the enemy to expose himself.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### *'SHE WOKE ENDYMION WITH A KISS.'*

An hour later Zollwitz had written a letter, in which he formally asked Mr. Damer to release him from his engagement, giving no reason whatever. He prepared to go out. He had heard many of the guests leave, and had sent down the message to Mr. Damer that he felt unequal to return to the company.

Softly he went down. It was quite dark outside, but the moon began to rise and he was anxious to cool his blood in its mild rays. Harry and Ethel met him at the door.

'Do come with us, Zollwitz. I have coaxed mamma till she has allowed us half an hour's walk in the square garden in the glorious moonlight. Now do come—don't mind Ethel. I've got the key.'

Zollwitz would rather have avoided company, but the same sweet voice that had once brought him comfort, said:

'I am so sorry, Mr. Zollwitz, I hear my brother has again vexed you; do forgive him and don't be put out with us for it.'

The few innocent words calmed the morose spirit in Zollwitz. He looked at Ethel's face and said:

'To show you that my ill will goes no further, I will with great pleasure accompany you.'

All three entered the garden. The trees were being clothed with fresh leaves, that painted their forms caressingly in the pale shimmer; the greensward reflected the shadowy dainty forms; the few flowers hid their petals modestly from the stealthy embrace of the night queen, and the soft May night had fallen on the London square garden with enticing witchery. Up and down they walked, Harry boisterous and happy to have both his favourites with him, Zollwitz subdued and abstracted, and Ethel trembling a little to be for the first time in this interesting young man's company unrestrained in her conversation. Her voice was low in tone, the bright laugh that did sound forth at other times seemed to be hid away, and gently but eagerly she led Zollwitz to talk of himself, of his home, of his aspirations, of his rebuff that day—till his heart had been unburdened and he actually became cheerful and began to laugh himself. Ethel thought it the most musical laugh she had ever heard.

'Quite right, Mr. Zollwitz; meet my brother on his own ground and don't give way.'

'I shall soon give way to him altogether. I mean to leave, Harry.'

'Zollwitz, you won't—or, yes, you may, if you take me with you. But then there is Ethel, and mamma and papa, and even Edward and the Polly—no, I wouldn't leave them. Zollwitz you *must* stay.'

'But in a free country we are nobody's property.'

'Oh, bother! we don't talk politics, if that's what you mean.'

'Mr. Zollwitz,' put in Ethel, 'I should talk it over with my uncle and aunt; they are both very fond of you, and so are we all.' So quaintly was it said by this unspoilt young London lady that it actually made Zollwitz laugh.

'Do you laugh at our being fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?'

'No, how could I? Only it makes me laugh to think that anyone should be fond of me—it is so impossible.'

'You are ungrateful.'

'Harry, Harry, where are you with Ethel? It is eleven o'clock—a pretty time to be out here for a young lady.' The voice was that of Ethel's brother outside.

'Here we are, but mamma allowed it.' The door of the garden was

opened, and before Harrowby's astonished eyes passed out Ethel, Harry, and Zollwitz. He bit his lip, Ethel's brother bowed, and said nothing. Lucifer didn't love Mephistopheles and Mephistopheles didn't love Lucifer—no love lost there! They all entered the house and disappeared to their various apartments.

An hour later you might have seen that pale young German student lying at his open window and looking out, looking before him into the garden, and catching the whispered breath of the trembling shadowy leaves; looking right northward into the clear palish sky, fixing his gaze on that one star—but one—scintillating intensely, speaking, attracting, engulfing him in its brightness. What was that star? Was it his loadstar, would it draw him onward and become his beacon for life—would it? Should he stretch his soul towards it and ask response? How many of us ever see their loadstar? Many never; wandering about on earth without that second self, detached, falling single-souled to decay. How many see it and miss it in their attempt to grasp it, catching at some bright worldly metal in its stead, and going down in their after despair to one of those cycles of misery which Dante paints in his 'Inferno'; how many see it and pass it, valuing it not, having no soul, and asking no soul in return; how many see it, grasp it, and have it torn from them to be matched with some inferior constellation; how many reach it, obtain it, and glory in its ever-brilliant possession, walking this earth like olden gods in richest harmony, not dreading hunger and thirst, want and misery, worldly honour and pomp, but ever clinging to that one bright loadstar of their lives, in youth and old age, in joy and sorrow. *But few!*

And Zollwitz thought: his whole soul went out to that star, he embraced it, he spoke to it, he asked of it his fate, he exhausted the little strength he had and laid his head on his arms that his eyes might still behold it. Those eyes closed, closed in sleep, and so she saw him, that chaste pale goddess of the night, to whom open love was too voluptuous, to whom the golden glare of the sun was too unlovely, so she saw him with her silvery sheen and bent down over him and kissed him, her Endymion, that she might waken in that heart love—chaste love, manly love, to find its loadstar. He looked so lovely, could she have passed him by? So few she ever saw now, this pale goddess, who cared for her chaste embrace, liking gaudier pleasures, that she lingered and lingered and held him in his trance, till gently she left him, drawing one more soft kiss from those youthful lips, having left on them her mark, the awakening of love!

[*To be continued.*]

# Life and Poetry of the Troubadours.

When at the end of the fourth century the Asiatic and German barbarians irresistibly attacked the frontiers of the western Roman empire, they found it already in a state of rapid decay. It was the task of these savage and uncultivated, but thoroughly strong and healthy nations, to vivify the old forms with their new and uncorrupted spirit. In this way the young mediæval civilisation grew out of the ruins of the antique ideas; and just as the political and social institutions of Rome were remodelled, so also the poetry and the language on which it was founded were strongly influenced by the new rulers. This language was no longer the idiom of Cicero and Horace. The classical purity of the Augustine age had been lost; the archaic forms and constructions preserved only in the vulgar dialect were now reintroduced into the written language of scholars and poets. Thence it is that we find the illiterate expressions of the comic characters in Terence and Plautus occupying a place, as correct and fully recognised words, in the dictionaries of the Romance languages. Moreover the analytical principle in the forms of conjugation, which is one of the most striking characteristics of declining and modernising influences in a language, grew stronger and stronger. Instead of 'feci' men began to write 'habeo factum;' and this was easily transformed into the 'j'ai fait' and 'ho fatto' of the Romance idioms. Naturally, in this process of change and analysis, the influence of the different German dialects became all the more powerful. It is true that the German intruders, like other barbarian conquerors of highly cultivated nations, adopted the language of their subjects; but a great many words of Teutonic origin, especially the terms of war and its implements, found their way into the Romance languages. The French 'guerre' and the Italian 'guerra' are nothing else but the old high German 'werra;' and the title of highest dignity in the French army even at the present day, 'maréchal' (mediæval Latin 'mariscalcus'), means only the 'shalc,' groom of the mares.

Of all the various languages of Latin origin, the Provençal was the first which attained to an independent characteristic type of expression. To its domain belonged not only the Provence of later times, but the whole of southern France and the neighbouring parts of Spain and

Italy; the name of Provence, and the Provençal language, pointed to the old Provincia Romana of the Cæsars. The wealth of the country and the lively and joyous character of its inhabitants were highly favourable to the culture of poetry, and it is probable that in very early times songs and dances to the sounds of the viola enlivened the harvest feasts of the Provençal villages; but this oldest popular poetry, which was very likely epic in character, existed only in the mouths of the simple jongleurs and minstrels, and in consequence we have no documentary relics of it. The poetic literature in the Provençal or langue d'oc (as it is called from the affirmative particle oc—Latin 'hoc,' in contrast to the northern French dialect the langue d'oil—Latin 'hoc illud') begins for us only with the end of the eleventh century. About that time lived the first and one of the most consummate troubadours, Count William IX. of Poitiers. After him followed a great number of refined and elevated poets, who made their country famous throughout the civilised world. This epoch of poetical bloom lasted in the south of France for two hundred years, and came to an end together with the thirteenth century. Several reasons may be quoted for the sudden and complete cessation of this rich creative power. The principal one must be sought in the devastation which was spread over the country by the fanatic crusades against the Albigenses, and afterwards by the Inquisition. Together with the Crusaders the northern French element intruded itself into the customs and language, and under these united influences the tender flower of Provençal poetry withered quickly and irretrievably. The last troubadour who endeavoured to vivify the old traditions was the gifted scholar and poet Guirault Riquier; his labour was lost by the general exhaustion of mind after the long war, and the engrossing rudeness of the nobility. The year of his death, which may be called also that of the poetry of the troubadours, was 1294; after that time, the langue d'oc sank into a mere dialect; every trace of this brilliant epoch of literature disappeared, and even the memory of it died out for generations. It is only in recent times that its monuments have been again discovered, but they have remained hitherto the exclusive property of scholars. Lately a poet of talent, M. Mistral, has attempted to restore the southern French dialect to a place among the written languages; however his poems have no connection with the old troubadours. His 'Mirèio' is as different from the lady loves of Bertran de Born or Guillaume de Cabestank as his irregular though sonorous patois is from their refined and grammatical language.

All true poetry must be the offspring of its time; it must show as in a mirror the best contemporary thoughts and ideas. This is the case with the poetry of the troubadours. The period at which it takes its rise, the end of the eleventh century, is the time when Europe was filled with new life by the enthusiasm for liberating the Holy Sepulchre. Fauriel therefore is justified in calling the poetry of the troubadours

the 'expression of knightly ideas, feelings, and actions.' These knightly sentiments radiated especially from three centres—personal courage in the field of battle, tender admiration of beautiful women, and strong religious exaltation. But though these principles were common to all the different nations of civilised Europe, yet they were most strikingly exemplified in Provence owing to the impulsive originality of these children of the South. The celebration of the beloved object was generally of the tenderest and at the same time most ardent nature. The canzos, one kind of the Provençal poetry which were exclusively dedicated to the praise of beauty, are very often characterised by a delicacy of feeling and expression which could hardly have been expected in those ages, and are scarcely surpassed by any modern poet. On the other hand, the sensitive and ironical mood of the Provenceaux prevented them from exaggerating these feelings into monotonous admiration such as we often find in the contemporaneous German minnesingers. Several poets, like the Monk of Montaudon or Marcabrun, censure with the greatest sharpness the little weaknesses of the fairer half of mankind, and the latter goes even so far as to say that all the misery and wretchedness of this world is the direct consequence of the most pernicious passion of love. 'Famine,' he sings, 'and mortality and war are not half as dangerous as Love, who fetters the heart by his cunning and artifice. If he has brought down some one to the bier his eye does not become wet. He who has any business with Love gives himself into the bondage of the devil. Love is like a spark in the embers; whoever is hurt by his fire does not know where to flee to.'

Another troubadour, the above mentioned Count William of Poitiers, did not consider the perils of the 'grande passion' in so serious a light. He seems to have been a formidable gallant, and to have made cruel havoc in the hearts of his fair countrywomen. The old Provençal biography naïvely introduces him as follows: 'The Count of Poitiers was one of the most courteous men of this world and a great deceiver of ladies; he was a valiant knight and had much trouble with love affairs, he knew well how to sing and to make poems, and for a long time he rode all over the world to deceive ladies.' The poems of the Count give this statement a sometimes not very decorous though always good-humoured and poetical commentary.

As an example of heroic valour the troubadour Bertran de Born is prominent among the knights of his age. His life, as we have seen, falls in time of the war between King Henry II. and his sons. The troubadour's songs were again and again directed to animate the rebels against their lord and father, and it is not without reason that Dante shows him in the 'Inferno' with his head severed from his body, 'Perch' io partii così giunte persone.' But whatever Bertran's faults may have been, infidelity to his friends was not amongst them. The old manuscript tells a touching story of his magnanimity and friendship. Henry II.'s son Prince Henry being dead, the King pursued the

rebellious nobles of his party with the utmost rigour; and Bertran de Born, the best friend and counsellor of the unloyal son, was besieged in his Castle Hautefort. After a long and valiant resistance he was at last compelled to surrender, and the knight himself with all his followers was brought before the King. Henry received him very ill, and said to him, 'Bertran, Bertran, you have often boasted that you did not need half of your spirit and craft to defend yourself, but now you see you may indeed want the whole of it.' 'Sire,' answered Bertran, 'I was right to say so, and I have spoken the truth.' 'Then I suppose,' said the King, 'you have lost all your wit, to have fallen in such distress as I see you in.' 'In truth,' replied Bertran, 'so it is; for on the day when your good and valorous son died I lost sense and reason and consciousness.' When the King heard this he was touched by the loss of his son, and he could not endure it, but fainted away. After he had recovered he said, 'Bertran, Bertran, you were right to lose your reason through my son's death, for he loved you better than any other man alive, and for his sake I will give you back your life and all your property, and will bestow my mercy upon you, and pay you three hundred silver marks in compensation for the harm I have done you.'

The third great centre of chivalrous feeling was the strong religious enthusiasm in strict subordination to the faith of the Catholic Church. In the troubadours this tendency was combined with love of their own country and a consistent opposition to the claims of the Papal See. In the cruel wars against the Albigenses and Waldenses, almost all the troubadours took the side of their countrymen, even if they did not agree with their heretical opinions. The resentment of Rome is to be seen in a Bull of the year 1245, in which Pope Innocent IV. declares the langue d'oc to be the idiom of heretics, and forbids its use to the students. The troubadours took part in these struggles in their double capacity of knights and poets. Their weapons were intellectual no less than material, and the first were the most formidable of the two. Poetry in Provence was always considered among the appliances of war, and bitter hatred is expressed without restraint in the powerful verses of their sirventeses.[1] It was by means of these that the troubadours gave utterance to their social, religious, and political feelings, and the sirventeses therefore form a prominent and not the least interesting part of Provençal poetry. This polemical kind of verse has been compared with the journalism of modern times, and it may be doubted which of the two has had the greater influence on the minds

[1] The exact sense of the word Sirventes is very difficult to give. The word is derived from the Latin verb *servire*, and means the song of a serviens or bondsman. The oldest Provençal authority, a dry compilation of mediæval grammatical and poetical knowledge with the promising title of *Leys d'amors*, defines it thus: 'Sirventes is a song which contains blame and censure; it may also treat of valour and deeds of war:' but this definition is not sufficiently wide.

of contemporaries. Wandering jongleurs and minstrels took care to propagate these songs quickly and universally, and their effect was greatly heightened by oral recitation. Their license in the expression of opinions and violent attacks against their adversaries would hardly now be conceded to the press even in the freest countries. It is an indication of their great and dangerous influence that even powerful sovereigns made use of the sirventeses in their quarrels. Richard I. of England, for instance, accuses the Dauphin of Auvergne of having vilely sold his loyalty for money. The offended prince answers in the same difficult metre, and endeavours to defend his honour by even stronger reproaches against his assailant. The same Dauphin of Auvergne thought it worth his while to answer the poetical assault of a simple commoner called Peire Pelissier. The worthy merchant had given the muse in service to Mercury, and reminded the Dauphin in melodious verse of an unpaid bill. The prince of course treats this vulgar claim with scorn, and calls the importunate creditor a rough and vulgar fellow unacquainted with the rules of good society. Thus the sirventes literature is distinguished not only by the great variety of its subjects, but also by that vivacity of style and manner which always arises from the poets being personally interested in the matter of their productions. It is accordingly one of the richest and most genuine of the historical and psychological sources of knowledge of the Middle Ages. The general character of this epoch of poetical literature cannot be better illustrated than by considering in some detail the life and opinions of Peire Vidal, one of the most celebrated and eccentric of the troubadours. His adventures and poems show as in a kaleidoscope all the romantic and often exaggerated and whimsical ideas which animated his age and country.

'Peire Vidal'—begins the old biography—'was born in Toulouse as the son of a furrier; he sang better than any other poet in the world, and was one of the most foolish men who ever lived, for he believed everything to be just as it pleased him and as he would have it.' That he grew to his greatness out of the meanest circumstances was a lot which he shared with some of the most famous of his brethren, such as Marcabrun and Folquet, and it accounts to a certain extent for many of his follies and illusions. The time of his birth it is impossible to state accurately; it appears, however, from several remarks in his poems, that it must have been somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century. In his youth he seems to have been very poor; thus in one of his earlier canzos he addresses a lady in the following simple and frank words: 'I have no castle with walls, and my land is not worth a pair of gloves, but there never was nor will be a more faithful lover than I am.' When his genius had made him the favourite and companion of kings and nobles he did not lack wealth. In his songs we never find any request for assistance from his protectors, such as often occurs in the stanzas of other troubadours, and he was even

in a position to keep many servants and followers. He soon was tired of a quiet life, and left home to find fortune and renown. First he went to Spain, where he was kindly received at the court of Alfons II., King of Aragon, one of the most liberal protectors of the troubadours; but his restlessness could not endure any long sojourn in the same place. He went to Italy, and for many years he was travelling about between that country, Spain, and the south of France, always well received by nobles and princes, and always in love with beautiful women. It would be impossible to give the names of the different objects of his admiration. A general character of these futile attachments was that the poet believed himself quite irresistible, and supposed no interval to exist between his seeing and conquering. 'Often,' he says, 'I receive messengers with golden rings and black and white ribbons. Hundreds of ladies would fain keep me with them if they could.' In another canzo he boasts that all husbands are afraid of him more than of fire and sword. In point of fact, however, the ladies he admired did not by any means justify these illusions, and his old biographer goes so far as to say that they all deceived him 'totas l'engannavan.' The best proof of the harmlessness of our poet's love affairs seems to be that the husbands concerned were more amused than offended by his homage to their wives. One of them, however, took the matter less easily. When Peire Vidal boasted in his usual way of having received many favours from his wife, he took his revenge by imprisoning the poet and piercing his tongue through. This anecdote of the old manuscript is confirmed by different allusions to the fact in the poems of other troubadours. The Monk of Montaudon, who mercilessly ridicules Peire Vidal's follies, says that he required a silver tongue.

The first strong and real attachment the poet seems to have formed was for the Viscountess Azalais, of the family of Roca Martina, wife of Barral de Baux, Viscount of Marseille. She was praised for her beauty and kindness by many of the greatest troubadours, and it was for her that Folquet of Marseille, the amorous poet and afterwards ascetical bishop, sung his tenderest canzos. Peire Vidal in his poems always calls her Vierna, one of the nicknames by which the troubadours, in the same way as the antique poets their Lesbias and Lalages, addressed for discretion's sake the fair objects of their admiration. Peire Vidal's love in this case, unlike his former transient passions, was of long duration. Even the severest treatment, and a long banishment from the lady's presence, could not extinguish his affection for her. Far from her he was unhappy, and sent her his songs as messengers of love and devotion. At first she was well pleased with the homage of the celebrated poet who spread the renown of her beauty over all the country. Moreover Barral her husband was on very friendly terms with Peire, and sometimes even had to compose the little differences which soon arose between the eccentric troubadour and his beloved

one. The poet complains bitterly of her cruelty and ingratitude towards him who has always been faithful to her, but this grief of unanswered love was favourable to his poetic genius. To this period belong his most beautiful canzos, full of most touching pathos and marked by great artistic perfection. 'I was rich and happy,' he says in one of these songs, 'until my lady has turned my joy to grief, for she behaves to me like a cruel and pitiless warrior. And she is wrong in doing so, for I never gave her occasion to complain of me, and have always been her most faithful admirer. But this very faithfulness she will never forgive me. I am like a bird which follows the hunter's pipe, although it be to its certain death. So I exposed my heart willingly to the thousands of arrows which she throws at me with her beautiful eyes.' But presently he is afraid to offend her even by these modest complaints. In the tornada (as the last verses of each canzo are called, in which the poet addresses the person or persons to whom his song is dedicated) he says, 'Oh lady Vierna, I will not complain of you, but I think I deserve a little more recompense for all my waiting and hoping.' Notwithstanding all these entreaties the lady had no pity for her unhappy lover. The slight favours she granted him were balanced by outbreaks of bad temper, and worst of all she began to find something ridiculous in the rather eccentric proofs of Peire's unchanged devotion. At last an inconsiderate outbreak of his passion resulted in his being for a long time banished from her presence. One day, early in the morning, Count Barral had risen, and Azalais remained alone in her room. Of this occasion the enamoured troubadour availed himself to go there in secret. He knelt down before her couch and kissed the lips of his slumbering love. At first she believed him to be her husband, and smiled kindly, but when she awoke and saw it was the 'fool' Peire Vidal who had taken this liberty, she grew furious, and began to weep and to raise a great clamour. Her attendants rushed into the room, and the importunate intruder had a narrow escape of being severely punished on the spot. The lady immediately sent for her husband, and begged him to avenge Peire's impertinence; but Count Barral, according to the opinions of his time, did not consider the offence an unpardonable one, and reproved the lady for having made so much of a fool's oddities. He did not, however, succeed in softening her wrath; she made the story known all over the country, and uttered such terrible threats that the poet began to fear for his safety, and preferred to wait abroad for a change in his favour. He went to Genua, and soon afterwards, according to some manuscripts, followed King Richard on his crusade to the Holy Land. Though this latter assertion is for chronological reasons not very probable, yet Peire's voyage to Palestine cannot be doubted. Here he composed the little song of love and home-sickness which I have attempted to translate, following the original closely, but the tender grace and melodious charm of which it would be impossible to reproduce in our northern idiom:

With my breath I drink the air
That my land Provencè sends me,
For a message always lends me
Joy, from her most dear and fair.
When they praise her I rejoice,
Ask for more with trembling voice,
Listen, listen night and morrow.

For no country 'neath the sun
Beats mine from Rozer to Vensa,
From the sea to the Durensa:
Nowhere equal joy is won.
With my friends, when I did part,
And with her I left my heart
Who dispelled my deepest sorrow.

Nothing harms me all the day
While her sweet eyes stand before me,
And her lips that rapture bore me.
If I praise her no one may
Call my rapturous word a lie,
For the whole world can descry
Nothing wrought in sweeter fashion.

All the good I do or say
Only to her grace is owing,
For she made me wise and knowing,
For she made me true and gay.
If in glory I abound,
To her praise it must redound
Who inspires my songs with passion.

By such repeated proofs of the poet's unchangeable love the heart of Azalais was at last touched. Besides, fool as he was, Peire was undoubtedly one of the most renowned troubadours, and the proudest beauty could not be indifferent to the celebration of her own charms in canzos as popular as they were exquisite. Barral importuned his wife till she promised the poet forgiveness of all past offences, and immediately sent the happy message to Peire. Some of the manuscripts say that Azalais wrote him a letter in which she promised him all he had been wishing for so long. Peire Vidal returned to France, and Barral on hearing of his arrival rode to meet him, and guided him to Marseille. Azalais received him gracefully, and afterwards granted him the kiss he had once taken. All was forgiven and forgotten, and the troubadour commemorated the happy reconciliation by a song radiant with joy and hope. This state of pure happiness, however, was not destined to be of long duration. The lady seems to have been disinclined to fulfil her promises; the complaints in Peire's canzos of her cruelty and falseness begin anew, and at last he very likely grew tired of his unrewarded pains. Certain is that he did not stay very long in Marseille, for he does not make the slightest mention of Barral's death, which happened soon after, in 1192. This *silence*

would have been impossible if he had been living at the time at his old friend's and protector's court.

While he was yet the declared admirer of Azalais, the poet had fallen in love with several other ladies, from one of whom he now seems to have sought consolation. This was Loba de Peinautier, who lived in Carcassonne. Her name Loba (she-wolf) became the motive of one of Peire Vidal's most fantastic exploits; he gave himself the designation of a wolf, and adopted the animal as a badge. Once he put on a wolf's skin, and called upon the shepherds to hunt him with their dogs. They readily accepted the offer, and treated him so badly that he was brought more dead than alive to the house of his beloved. Here, in addition to his wounds, he had to suffer the pitiless jests of the lady, who was not at all pleased by this kind of admiration. But in this case also the husband was more merciful, and regarded the aberrations of the great troubadour with indulgence. He took the greatest possible care of him, and had him tended by the best physicians. It would be difficult to believe a consummate poet had really been guilty of such absurdities, if he did not bear witness against himself. 'I do not mind,' he says in one of his poems, 'if they call me a wolf, and if the peasants hunt me as such I do not consider it as a disgrace.' The foolishness of the man, however, did not impair the genius of the poet, and some of his canzos addressed to Loba are amongst the finest productions of Provençal literature. Whilst he was engaged in these and other love affairs the poet was also married, which of course did not interfere with his attachments of this kind more than the same circumstance did with Dante's spiritual love for Beatrice Portinari. I mention the circumstance only because it throws fresh light on Peire's wonderful capacity for illusion. On his voyage to the Holy Land, he got acquainted in Cyprus with a Greek lady, whom he married and brought home with him. Soon afterwards he was made to believe that his wife was the niece of the Greek emperor, and had as such a claim to the imperial crown. This idea was just to his taste, and he adapted himself to it without any difficulty. He had already, if we are to believe the satirical Monk of Montaudon, conferred knighthood on himself; now he assumed with equal facility the arms of the Emperor of Greece. He began collecting money, wherever he could find it, for an expedition to realise his claims. Meanwhile, he called himself and his wife by the title of 'Imperial Majesty,' and duly provided himself with a throne. It is needless to say that his schemes came to nothing; the only consequence was to expose him to greater ridicule than before. His brethren in poetry were not slow to avail themselves of this opportunity of lowering a renowned troubadour in general estimation, and to do him as much harm as they possibly could. One bitter and contemptuous sirventes will give an example of the amiable feelings with which rivals in art regarded each other. Its author is the Italian Marquis Lanza, and it runs thus: 'We have

an emperor without sense or reason or consciousness; a worse drunkard never sat on a throne; no greater coward wore shield and lance, no greater scoundrel made verses and canzos. I wish a sword would split his head, and an iron dart go right through his body; his eyes ought to be torn out of his head with hooks. Then we will give him some wine, and put on his head an old scarlet hat, and for a lance he may have an old stick. So he may safely wander from here to France.' Peire Vidal answered this friendly address with equal warmth. 'Marquis Lanza,' he says, 'poverty and ignorance have spoilt your manners. You are like a blind beggar in the street, who has lost all shame or decency.'

It would hardly have been expected that, with all this trouble about his loves and his empire, the poet could have had any time left to take part in the real political and religious struggles of his time. But in fact his versatile genius was as much interested in public affairs as in his own private concerns. As one of the first poets of his time he was in continual intercourse with princes and nobles, and there he had ample means of knowing the politics of his protectors, and frequent occasion to use his poetical gift on their behalf. Among his most constant friends was King Alfons II. of Aragon, at whose court the chief poets of the time gathered and found shelter against poverty and contempt. The King himself practised the art of poetry; and we possess a canzo by him which, if not of the first excellence, shows at least that he did not shrink from competing for the prize in the 'Gaja Sciensa.' According to his liberality so was his praise in the songs of the most renowned troubadours. Bertran de Born, indeed, accuses him of treason and cowardice, but the passionate character of this poet made him unscrupulous in his attacks on political and personal enemies. Peter II., Alfons' son, inherited his father's disposition towards the troubadours, and it was a great loss for them when he fell in the battle of Muret (1213) against the Crusaders. Peire Vidal was among the greatest favourites of both father and son. Alfons once had suits of armour of the same kind made for himself and the poet, a striking mark of friendship in so great a prince. The poet showed his thankfulness by the only return he had to offer, his songs. Several of his canzos are dedicated to Alfons, whose side he took in all the King's wars and feuds. The very first sirventes we have of Peire's refers to the war between Alfons and Count Raimon of Toulouse, and, notwithstanding the poet being born in that city, it is an ardent war song in favour of the intruder. The author, however, could not on this occasion withstand his natural inclination of self-praise, and certainly by his immoderate boasting lessened the effect of his song. 'If I only had a good horse,' he says, 'I should trample on all my enemies, for now already, if they hear my name, they are afraid of me more than the quail of the sparrow-hawk, because I am so strong and wild and ferocious; if I have put on my double white armour, and girt on my

sword, the ground trembles under me where I step, and there is no enemy of mine so bold as will not get out of my way as quickly as he can.' He goes on in this strain through several stanzas, and promises at last that if the King returns to attack Toulouse, he, Peire Vidal, will enter the city alone with the fleeing enemy and conquer it. The story of Coriolanus may possibly have been in his mind, but there are not many traces of his acquaintance with ancient Roman history. As a reward for his prowess he looked forward to obtaining the much desired knighthood, for in the tornada of the same sirventes he promises Lady Vierna that soon she shall love in him a noble cavalier. This hope, however, was not fulfilled; he was obliged to be content with the knighthood which he conferred on himself, and which of course other people did not recognise. Nevertheless, he was really the truest friend of Alfons till the King's death. This great loss he felt very deeply, and the words in which he gives utterance to his grief show that his attachment was genuine. 'In great affliction,' he sings, 'must live who loses his good master, as I have lost the best whom death ever killed. Certainly, I should not live if suicide were not a sin.' This song is dedicated to Peter II. of Aragon, the son of Alfons, who is called the 'corn of a good ear.' It was sent to him from the court of King Aimeric of Hungary, his brother-in-law, where Peire had retired after the death of his protector, and where he appears to have seen something more of the Germans, whom he had always thoroughly disliked. In the same sirventes he apostrophizes them in the following words: 'Germans, you mean, bad, and false people, nobody who ever served you has had any pleasure of it.' On a former occasion he had expressed his feelings on the same subject even more energetically. 'The Germans,' he says in another sirventes, 'are coarse and vulgar, and if one of them tries to be courteous he becomes quite intolerable; their language is like the barking of dogs. Therefore, I should not care for being Duke of Friesland, where I should always have to listen to the barking of these tiresome people.' These terms applied to the language of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide must of course be taken *cum grano salis*, and are certainly more characteristic of the critic than of those criticised by him.

In the Crusades, Peire Vidal took the most lively interest. We have already seen that he himself went to Palestine, but he worked for the cause by his songs more usefully than by his actual presence. I cannot refrain from quoting a few stanzas of one of his sirventeses in the original langue d'oc, which will be at the same time an excellent example of its sonorous charm, and of the poet's powerful energy in admonishing and reproaching those who were idle in the service of God:

Baros Jesus qu'en crotz fo mes,
Per salvar crestiana gen,
Nos manda totz comunalmen,
Qu'anem cobrar lo saint paes,

Ou venc per nostr'amor morir,
E si nol volem obezir,
Lai on feniran tuit li plag,
N'auzirem maint esquiu retrag.

Reis aunitz val meins que pages,
Quan viu a lei de recrezen,
E plorals bes qu'autre despen,
E pert so quel pair' conques.
Aitals reis fari'ad aucir,
Et son lag loc a sebelir,
Quis defen a lei de contrag,
E no pren ni dona gamag.

The 'infamous King' thus denounced is Philip Augustus of France, whom the troubadours hated and despised almost as unanimously as they extolled Alfons of Aragon.

This poem, apart from its political allusions, is remarkable as a specimen of Peire Vidal's peculiar manner of mixing the two different forms of canzo and sirventes together. Immediately after the passage just quoted about the French King the poet begins to explain his views on his favourite theme of love, and to explain how the unseasonable passion of mature ladies is sure to destroy the whole courteous world. This sudden change occurs in a similar manner in another sirventes where, after having reproached the same Philip Augustus as a coward and miser, the poet continues with great naiveté, 'But now I must turn my song to my lady, whom I love more than my own eyes or teeth.'

Peire Vidal's faults and errors were in great measure the result of the exaggerated sentiments of the time, and do not detract from his high poetical genius. The best of his contemporaries estimated him aright, and forgave the great poet the extravagance of his character. 'The greatest fool,' says Bartolomeo Zorgi, another celebrated poet of the time, 'is he who calls Peire Vidal a fool; for without reason it would be impossible to make poems like his.'

FRANZ HÜFFER.

# A Worthy Memory kept Green.

## After the Fashion of a Ballad.

June 23, A.D. 1314.

Never a braver knight has been
Than staunch Sir Giles de Argentine,
But where he proved it, and where he fought,
You know not mayhap. Yet to know it you ought.

He stood by King Edward that fateful day,
When Bannock Burn ran red with the fray;
And before the pike and the claymore's stroke
The English forces scattered like smoke.

The field was lost—beyond reprieve!—
But Edward the king was loth to leave.
They prayed him fly, but they prayed in vain,
Till Sir Giles de Argentine seized his rein.

'Let a battle lost be all that we rue!
Sire, would you lose us England too?'
'Twas all that Sir Giles found breath to say
As he urged the monarch out of the fray.

Around the king there gathered a few,
Broken and bleeding, but tried and true;
And they guarded him well with sword and shield,
Till they bare him safe from the bloody field.

But when they reached the edge of the plain,
And the Earl of Pembroke had Edward's rein,
They slackened speed, and, along their track,
They looked on the field of slaughter back.

Then Sir Giles de Argentine drew rein,
And wiped his sword on his horse's mane.
He gazed on his king a little while,
Then turned him back, with a fearless smile.

'"Tis not my own wont,' said he, 'to fly!'
And into the battle he rode—to die.
There with his face to the foe he fell:—
And a soldier might pray to die as well!

Tom Hood.

The author is conscious of the impertinence of offering to keep green a memory enshrined in 'The Lord of the Isles;' but he ventures to think Sir Walter Scott, in the interests of De Argentine as one of his characters, somewhat overlooked and obscured the simple bravery and chivalric devotion of a 'knight without fear and without reproach.'

# An Exalted Horn.

Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.
*Faust.*

'Well: and what shall we do next?' So asked my friend, Arthur Braybrooke, as we sat one evening in the month of August 1869, on the bench in front of Seiler's Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt, after having been engaged for about a fortnight in Alpine work performed in the Zermatt region.

'What next?' I replied, dreamily letting the smoke escape in rings and pausing to think. Behind me was the white hotel, before me the green hills, dusky in the after sunset chiaro-scuro of a fine summer evening. Near our bench stood groups of peasants, Sesselträger, mules, guides, porters. One high thing stood out loftily clear in the bright light which had left the valley—the object in question being the four peaks of the Mischabel or Saas Grat range.

'What next? Well, I really hardly know. Monte Rosa? Oh, I forgot, you have done that. You A. C. men have done everything. Really I don't know what ought to come next; let us ask Christian.'

'Very well,' answered my friend, who also was quietly smoking, 'let us consult Christian; but stop, here's my Ball, and I can read him under the lamp. You call Christian, and I'll have a look at Ball.'

While my friend was looking for the right page in Ball's 'Guide to the Western Alps,' I strolled lazily into the guides' room of Seiler's Hotel, and called for our guide, Christian Lauener, who was engaged by us as chief guide for a specified time.

My friend—surely the best Alpine comrade that ever man had—was an A. C., and a much better climber than myself. He had, I fancy, secret yearnings after the Matterhorn, but suppressed them unselfishly, because he thought of danger to me, and because he knew that that fatal peak had to my imagination a fascination of great horror. Indeed, only a night or two before, we had been in a little room, dim in the bad light of one flaring candle, and had seen opened a certain wooden box, which contained a cut and knotted rope, a jagged sleeve, a stiff Alpine boot. We had further seen a small book of photographs

of poor Michel Croz, of Whymper, of Hudson, of Hadow, and Lord Douglas. We had seen, too, the graves in Zermatt churchyard, and the box contained the few pathetic relics of the expedition that led to that. The boot had covered a foot now blanching in some undiscovered crevasse upon the Matterhorn. The sleeve had clothed the strong arm of the brave guide. The rope had been cut from shattered corpses. Yes; there is a fascination, a horrible fascination, about the lonely and deadly peak. Seeing it every day for many days, hearing constantly some fresh detail of that fearful fatal fall, the Matterhorn gradually possesses the imagination as a demoniac mount, instinct with malignant cruelty and shocking with horrible death. It wholly oppressed and dominated my morbid fancies; and I was not sorry that Arthur did not propose, as he was half inclined to do, that we should attempt to ascend to its demon crest.

Christian was easily found, and came at my call with his usual hearty willingness. Those who have never seen this great Alpine guide may like to view him as he advances towards the bench in front of the hotel. Christian Lauener, perhaps some thirty-five or forty years old, is rather over six feet high, very strongly and actively built. He wears a uniform suit of a sad weatherstained green hue. His once black Tyrolese hat is crested with the feathers of the Waldhuhn, and the nails in his heavy boots clatter upon the round pebbles of the pavement in front of the hotel. His manly, cheery face expresses eloquently honesty, courage, fidelity, friendliness. He has done every big thing on the Alps, and has done many for the first time; some, as for instance the unique *Dent Blanche*, on one of the only two occasions on which that most difficult peak has been ascended. His Red Indian sagacity is equal to his cheerful trustworthiness. His step on the glacier is as sure as his heart is firm and true. To engage Christian is not merely to 'employ' him. You secure the zealous dependable assistance of a friendly man, as worthy and pleasant as he is competent. I always fancied that my giant guide presented to the sense of poet or of painter an ideal of William Tell. His clear laughing eye is of a light bluish-gray; his weatherbeaten features are sunburnt past all praying for; his light moustache and beard frame a mouth as firm in danger as it is kindly in repose. He combines all the highest qualities (and they are very high ones) of the first-class Swiss guide.

This picturesque and gigantesque figure, then, saunters slowly up to the bench on which my friend, who has found the place in Ball, is sitting under the lamp, and joins good-humouredly in our consultation.

'Look here!' cries Arthur, reading from his guide book, 'Ball says of the Mischabel range—how fine it looks there now!'—here Mr. Arthur began to read, while I looked over his shoulder—'that "the Dom is 14,938 feet high,"—the highest thing in Switzerland you know, and very little done—that "the Dom is the highest and steepest

continuous ascent yet made in the Alps; that thorough training is requisite for the mountaineers who would undertake it." I say, let's do the Mischabel; very few fellows have done it. Good work and fine view. Everyone has done Monte Rosa. We can do that afterwards. I am all for the Mischabel. Christian what do you say? What about the weather? Shall we try it to-morrow?'

Christian, screwing up one eye as a sailor does, balanced on his feet, looked carefully all round the sky and hills, and then responded slowly, 'Well, I've never, as it happens, been up the Mischabel myself, but I've heard all about it from Anderegg who has, and I know the way and the porter at Randa who went up with your countryman Mr.—how do you pronounce it?—Davies? There's been a deal of snow lately o' nights, and I should say that cone would be rather heavy: but still I don't see why we shouldn't try it. We can do Monte Rosa next. Weather 'll do, I think. Not often done, the Mischabel. You two can do it. Well, yes; we may as well try it.'

This was confirmatory, and we determined to try the Mischabel. It appeared that we should have to start the next morning at about ten, and drive to Randa. From Randa, which is a village in the valley between Zermatt and Saint Nicholas, the ascent was to begin; and it further appeared that we should have to bivouac for a night in the open, on a shelf of rock on the side of the mountain, about 7,000 feet above Randa. Christian undertook to provide the rugs, the trap, and the second guide—who turned out to be a first-rate fellow—and said he would find porters at Randa. M. and Madame Seiler, the most friendly and sympathising of hosts and hostesses, engaged to attend to the commissariat; and everything being thus arranged, we smoked our final pipe amid joyous anticipations of a fine new mountain excursion on the morrow.

One thing only troubled me: a ruck in a stocking had rubbed a hole in one heel and had made a large sore place. What of that? One can't stop long on the Alps; weather there is changeable, and perhaps the heel won't hurt on the Mischabel. Anyhow the die is cast and to-morrow 'up we go!'

The next morning duly came, ten o'clock arrived, and with it all our necessaries. At last we got under way from Zermatt. The provisions were packed and the rugs were not forgotten. Arthur and myself sat on the front bench; behind us were the two swarthy sunburnt guides. They carried the ice-axes and the ropes. A peasant in a blue blouse and round gray hat drove the tall well-fed mule. The narrow road winds along by the banks of the roaring river, which rages downwards to the sea, boiling, foaming, and heaping itself up into passionate waves and whirlpools whenever rocks or bends endeavour to oppose its furious flow. We are of course in a valley. On either hand rise chains of mountains. We are so close to those on the right hand that we see only the bulk of the lower spurs, and never the peaks; while,

separated from the left-hand range by the width of the river, by bare spaces of bleaching stony tracts of barrenness, and by fields, we see an occasional peak, a tract of snow, or white-ribbed glacier. As the road winds we lose sight of some of the peaks of the mountains beyond Zermatt. The Matterhorn disappears; presently the Petit Mont Cervin is lost sight of; then Castor and Pollux give place to the Lyskamm: but still ever present on the left hand is the fairest peak of all peaks, the clear soaring, sharp-pointed, pure-white pinnacle of the magnificent Weisshorn.

On the right we get occasional glimpses of the Mischabelhörner, the highest peaks of the Saas Grat range. They are our goal, which seems afar off as we near the base of the enormous mass. Our springless vehicle bumps along over the stony road, and our way is accompanied by the ceaseless roar of the ever-hurrying river which, apparently too late for an important appointment, swirls along in maddest haste. The sun shines bright and hot, and two hours' driving brings us to the village of Randa.

By the side of the road is one white hotel of very moderate pretensions. Before this the car stops: one guide lifts out all our traps, while Christian looks after the men that he has to engage as porters. One of these has, as a porter, been up before; and Christian enters with him into an eager discussion upon the details of the route. In about an hour we are ready to start, and set off in procession. As on all occasions, Christian leads; Arthur and myself walk together; then comes Joseph, and then the porters. The latter carry on their backs tall baskets which contain blankets, provisions, and a *casserole* for cooking. The commencement of the ascent is a continuous climb, steep but not difficult, the way winding through pine woods by a mountain stream, and over grass slopes studded with blocks and masses of rock. Thin goat paths are dimly marked, and as we are in no great hurry we swing gently on, talking and laughing, while stalwart Lauener breaks into snatches of cheery song.

We left Randa at about one o'clock: we expect to reach our dormitory easily by six or seven. We have two guides and three porters: one of the latter (two of them are to accompany us only to the sleeping place) is a bright eyed, merry faced youngster of some eighteen years, very pleasant to look upon; the porter who has been up before is a strong wiry fellow of a determined aspect; the third is a good-natured but lumpish young peasant, who tends cows up the neighbouring hills. The procession presses forward merrily (I wish my heel wouldn't throb so), and we indulge in delightful anticipations and retrospects. Only two difficulties occur before we reach the rock work. These are two moderately troublesome rock couloirs, perpendicular, smooth, high, and devoid of holding points. But Christian is equal to every emergency. Climbing up somehow first, he hoists up porters, ice-axes, baskets, and ourselves. Joseph comes last, helped by the rope; and we

begin in the falling light of the afternoon to climb the final rocks beneath the sleeping place—at which we arrive at the predicted hour of sunset. We find there two flat, narrow ledges of rock, separated by a hollow abyss which opens on the infinite. We christen at once one the dining-room and the other the bed-room. The ledges are perhaps four feet broad, tolerably flat, and impended over by great rock boulders. They are very safe, if you don't step over the edge, and pretty comfortable, if you don't mind a floor of rocky hardness and stony irregularity. We have mounted 7,000 feet. Now Christian, dinner, dinner, if you please.

Here we promptly begin our preparations for cooking. An iron pot, or *casserole*, is slung upon three sticks over a fire made of the arbutus wood which one of our porters has gathered on the way and carried up for us. The dry branches soon crackle and smoke, and then the bright flames begin to dart and leap. As the fire rises it shows us how the darkness is deepening all around. We make some soup, which would be poor stuff were it not for the Liebig lozenges which we put in, and which improve it as strength improves all character. The soup is soon ready, and we begin our welcome meal. The soup is good, and the guides render justice to Professor Liebig. We have some cold meat, not very good, and of an undeterminate character, but supposed to be muscular mutton. We have further some rather sour bread and some rather hard cheese. We have red wine, nominally emanating from the region of Bordeaux, and we have one bottle of English beer. Our champagne is reserved for the possible event of reaching the summit. There is further a small brandy flask in case of emergencies. Two of the porters now leave us to return to Randa; and then, grouped round the high blazing fire Arthur, myself, the gigantic Lauener, the sturdy Joseph, and the sinewy porter, sit or stretch, and eat. Fatigue and food evolve a delicious condition of repose, in which the body is supine while the fancy remains active. Meanwhile the darkness ever deepens and intensifies. And then, the 'things' being cleared away and a lantern stuck upon a little cleft of overhanging rock, there comes over us that joyous exaltation and excited repose which find their fittest exponent in a pipe. Arthur, with an expressive and circular glance, produces a briar-wood, and blows through it in a spirit of philosophic testing. 'They'll see our fire from Zermatt,' says Lauener, peering out into the darkness as if he could see that they saw, while he piles fresh arbutus on the merry blaze. 'Ah, they'll be looking out for us from Seiler's,' says Joseph, laying the branches so that they may soonest add to the flame, which now leaped and flickered ruddily in a small but brilliant patch of light redeemed from the darkness which it rendered more obscure. The pipes are lit, and, in deference to the cold, we heat some wine, and improvise a kind of mulled wine grog. Then with the aroma of tobacco blending with that of the arbutus, ensues that

utterly delicious lethargy of ecstasy which we have won by the work of the day and by anticipations of the work of to-morrow.

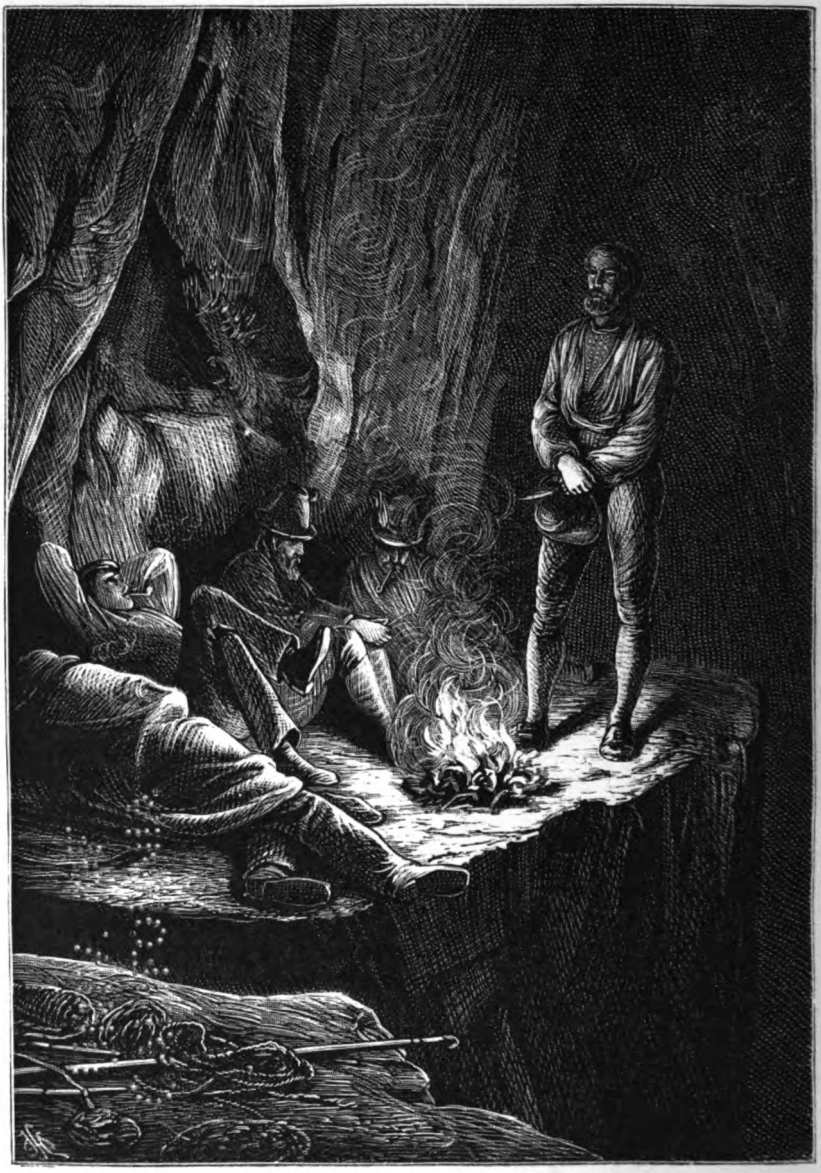
We talk; the guides tell us of former ascents, of difficulties surmounted, and dangers overcome: the porter tells us of his own previous ascent of the Mischabel. All our talk is coloured and toned by locality; is weird with the spirit of the Alps and practical with their vanquished impregnability. The guides confer eagerly with the porter upon details of to-morrow's climb. Someone, I think Arthur, alludes to the terrible Matterhorn accident, and we all begin, though in somewhat lowered tones, to discuss the most solemn and imperial crime of the murderous Matterhorn. This theme throws a hush upon our talk, and then the guides, who are altogether German in sentiment, propose a song. Joseph modestly yields the *pas* to Christian, who rises, the firelight setting off his splendid frame against the background of utter darkness, and begins. And what did he sing?—perched up on that high narrow slab of rock, with the awful depth below and the wide void around, with the ruddy light glistening flickeringly upon the black rock surface above, with the great night encircling the one spot of light, all feeling and all thought are serious. He did not sing—not one of us felt inclined to do so—of love, or wine, or war, or mirth. With his great rough storm-beaten voice Christian sang a Luther hymn, simple, pious, grand, resonant with trust in that God who had created all the wonder and the awe amid which we sat. I see the group now—see it as if it were worthily painted, while the tones of the great guide's great voice rang through the solemn stillness and the mighty void. Joseph sat as if in church, devout and attentive: the porter, his rough hands clasped before his knees, followed the rising and the falling of the singer's tones. Arthur lay upon his side, his face in shadow thrown by me, as I reclined supine beside him. Then Joseph, after some pressing, sang bashfully a plantive little song of love for a Switzer home and for his native Alps. The flames sank down, and the glowing brands only smouldered. It grew very cold, and when nine o'clock was somewhat past Christian, announcing that we should have to start about two in the morning, insisted upon 'bed.'

Arthur and myself were to sleep upon the second shelf of rock, to reach which we had to step across a void abyss of hollow and fearful depth. Lauener held the lantern for us and helped us across with the handle of an ice-axe. We then lay down in our clothes and boots, feet to feet, upon the narrow ledge, and were severally packed up in rugs by kindly Christian. After many cautions against moving in the night and so falling over the edge of the slab, he wishes us a hearty 'good night,' and disappears with the lantern round the block of rock towards the dining-room. The light gone it seemed directly very dark. The rock, too, on which I lay, was hard, uneven, and knubbly, and it took some time to find a moderately easy pitch. I elected at length to lie on my back. I heard Arthur, who remarked incidentally that it

was 'awfully cold,' struggling with similar difficulties. I could not find a soft place for my head, and on trying to arrange myself got my feet out of the rug. Comfort out of all question.

'One thing is,' remarked Arthur viciously (he never liked getting up), 'that it can't last for long. That brute Lauener will have us up in an hour or two. Confound him! I know he takes a joy in waking me, so the sooner we go to sleep the better. I feel sleepy. How do you get on, old fellow? What a beastly place this is! Oh, that'll do, I'm more comfortable now. Good night. I hope to goodness we sha'n't roll out of bed in the night and fall over that cursed precipice! Two o'clock, didn't he say? I suppose it's ten now. Did you wind up your watch? A precious short night—and so good night!' And therewith exit Mr. Arthur into the realm of sleep. Happy fellow! No kindly sleep came to me. Apart from the discomforts of the rock and the sting of the increasing cold, my imagination was far too excited for sleep.

Near, very near, was the edge of the slab on which I lay, and I fancied the frightful fall of a sleeping man down thousands of feet beneath it. It was intensely still. The faintest thin thread of a monotone of murmur from the river deep below could just be discerned when the beating of the heart did not drown the sound. I looked above. The sky was brilliantly starry, and it seemed as if I were lifted up half-way towards Orion and his peers. The foot of the Kien Glacier was just visible, ghostly and cold, as it flowed down to the level of our ledge. Now and then the night air seemed just to sigh round the rock above, and then again all was stiller than before. Before me the wide valley was filled up with a great dusk void of intense purple gloom; and opposite, on the valley's farther side, rose—long, high, and sombre—range on range of Alps. The splendid Weisshorn, sharpest of cones and snowiest of peaks, soared sovereignly from out the kingly row. I was now lying on a level with his glacier, which from the valley seems shrunk up to his top, but which, as I reclined and looked upon it, appeared an awful expanse of crevasse-seamed ghastly whiteness. Now and then the silence was shattered for an instant by a sharp crack of the neighbouring glacier labouring stubbornly against the riving frost. I could just see the horrent peak of the fatal Matterhorn: I could just suppose where Zermatt slept in the valley far below. Seen from such a height as that on which I lay sleepless the lofty mountain ledge, the starry heavens above, the broad dark depth beneath, the grand old mountains all around, made up such a picture and filled up such a night as one sees and knows but once in life. Meanwhile Arthur slept. I tried to do so but found it vain. Useless to pull up the rug and to close the eyes, with a view to exclude surroundings which, once gazed upon, were seen more intensely when the eyes themselves were shut. No; no sleep for me that night on the ledge of the Mischabel.



DRAWN BY T. HENNESSEY.

'AN EXALTED HORN.'

At length I heard a muffled stir in the dining-room, and then, as I listened attentively, heard the click of a match. Soon, with a dim lantern in his hand, appeared Christian round the abyss. He found me wide awake, but my friend very much the contrary; and some little time and no little trouble were consumed in waking Arthur. It was dark and cold and cheerless, and we were cross, sullen, and silent. After a joyless scrappy sort of sketchy fragmentary breakfast we started at about 2 A.M., Lauener leading the way with a lantern which gave a discontented kind of dull inflamed light. The commencement of the work was rock climbing, going pretty straight upwards over black, cold, slippery rock surface. No one spoke, and we scrambled along silently and morosely. It was rather troublesome work, and after about half an hour of it Christian called a halt, and said that we must wait 'for a little more gray in the light.' Presently that stony, wan glare of coming morning began to spread slowly though the air; the lantern was put out, and on we went again. More rock work; then névé; then a long steep lateral moraine, frozen hard, and lively with loose blocks of rock which rattled fiercely down past us and had to be carefully avoided. Gray grim light always increasing; a sting of steel-cold air made colder by whiffs of morning wind, until, at about six, we reached the great glacier and halted under the lee of a block of rock for breakfast. Very cold now, and the wind much stronger. No sun yet. One foot amongst the party found to be frostbitten, but restored to animation by rubbing with snow and brandy. This breakfast consisted of the muscular mutton, very hard and tough, red wine, bread. After that a pipe, and then, bitterly cold as it still was, we all thawed and began to laugh and chat gaily as of yore. But oh, happiness! as we, having put on spectacles and mittens, were being roped in line to start, out darted a keen ray of sunlight, and our joy was full. Lauener led; I followed next on the rope; then came the other guide, next Arthur, and lastly the porter. The guides and the porter carried little bags of cowskin, and we knew that the porter bore the champagne, sacred to the far off-summit. And so we wound, and crunched, and slipped, and toiled along; crossing some crevasses and avoiding others. The sun was hot but the wind was high, and when we came into a deep basin surrounded by high peaks we looked up from our well and saw a sky of a dark streaky indigo hue. Next came some more rocks, and then snow slopes and levels. The snow was sometimes very deep and began to soften in the sun. Guides wonderfully intelligent in choosing the route, and porter useful in suggestions born of his former ascent. No view yet, except great snow wastes blackened by blocks of rock, and high peaks rising all around. All the scene unspeakably lonely, desolate, and grand. Arthur and myself agree that we shall long remember it, and congratulate each other upon such a memorable day. There is strong feeling of exulting excitement, of mental alterative, of keen observation, and of stirred imagination. My heel begins

to hurt me very much, but it will not do to think of that. Pretend to myself that I don't feel it at every step, and so go on.

The foot of the summit—of the true summit—that of the real Dom or Grabenhorn. We halt and sit down, and look up. There, too, are the other three out of the four peaks of the Saas Grat—the Täschhorn, the Gasenriedhorn, and the other anonymous peak, the unnamed Mischabel No. 3. But our peak interests us most because it is the one we have to get up. Seen from its foot it is a beautiful, very steep, very long, rather sharp snow pyramid, but it is so high and so very steep that the prospect of climbing it is a little disheartening. It seems utterly too steep to be ascended in a straight line. Arthur and myself speculate together upon the best way up, while an eager conference is going on between the guides and porter. The sun becomes very hot, and the wide snow glare would be blinding were it not for our neutral tinted spectacles. Conference of guides ends, and Christian comes towards us with his hearty laugh, and says we must start, as the snow is in a bad state, and the climb will be long and laborious.

A new arrangement is come to, and we are roped in two parties: Lauener, myself, and the porter on one rope, Arthur and Joseph on the other. We *do* start, and begin by going straight upwards.

The snow is bad, loose, and deep. It varies in depth from three inches to three feet, and beneath it is hard ice.

I follow Christian and tread diligently in his footsteps, though sometimes the loose snow cracks and breaks away under the second stepper and lets him slip backwards. Lauener was right, it *is* laborious.

It is also monotonous, the principal objects in my field of vision being Christian's brownish-black gaiters, as one sinks into deep and crumbling snow while the other is lifted out of it. Presently we leave a straight course as the gradient becomes too steep, and begin to zigzag across the slope. Very hard work and very tiring. Every now and then Christian throws out a cheery word of encouragement, and I hear Joseph doing the like somewhere in the rear. More than an hour at this work without stopping, and I privately long for some excuse for even a brief respite. There is, perhaps about half-way up, a rock, and for this Christian, to my great joy, makes, and arrived there announces a breathing halt, or what he terms a *Schnaufzeit*. He says that we could not have stopped on the snow slope. The guides hack out with their ice-axes a place round the rock, and we all gladly throw ourselves down to rest. There is a view now: an ocean of purple peak waves opens before us, but we cannot stop to look at it, for Christian says we are late, and that with the snow as it is we mustn't waste time. On again, and the same thing again, in the way of weary climbing for perhaps another two hours. Just when it seemed as if going farther was impossible, just when my heel almost quite crippled me, Joseph announces the top. Another desperate effort and we really are, at about noon, upon the peak of the Dom.

We throw ourselves down flat on our backs, and our guides shout and jödel in a way that might well wake an avalanche. The porter unpacks his cowskin pocket and the well-known form of a champagne bottle appears. We all drink gleefully and then finish the bread and cheese, and then light a pipe. By this time we feel restored, and begin to look out for the view.

'Leslie Stephen says,' remarks Arthur with appreciative ecstasy, 'that this is the very finest view in the Alps. Let's see if he is right.'

We think he is right.

The view is wonderful, past all whooping, beautiful beyond all description. See—those are the Italian lakes! What are those mountains with the huge level of snow spread out below them? Those, says Christian, are in Tyrol, and what looks like snow is really clouds. Those Alps there are the Dauphiné Alps, and that other mountain range is that of the Apennines. There's the Jura, and that—can it be?—yes, it is the Lake of Geneva! Look at the Oberland Giants: look at the Monte Rosa range! We seem to be above the Matterhorn, and are higher than the Weisshorn! You are, says Christian, on the highest peak in Switzerland, Mont Blanc (there he is—that's him) being in France, and Monte Rosa partly in Italy. What a sea, what a crowd of mountains—some snow capped, some purple. What glaciers! What an awful spread of near purple heavens! It seems like judging the world only by its greatest men. We turn round and look on every side. Switzerland, Italy, France, and the Tyrol, are all visible in their glorious ranges of eternal hills. No cloud above: below there is cloud only on the Tyrol, and there the peaks soar through it. How wide the range of vision, how high we are, how hot the glowing sun, how keen the mountain air! We recognise peak after peak that we know; we salute those that we have climbed. Our talk is all exclamation, our feeling is all ecstasy. What glorious things there are in this wonderful world of ours! What sublimity, what beauty, what wonder! We are glad, are grateful; we think it is 'good to be here.' Thought and feeling are blent in a tumult of great joy and of awed wonder. As each separate object strikes us we utter fragmentary ejaculations of recognition and delight. Shall we ever be able to remember all that we saw there? We think not, but agree that we shall never forget that scene, that day; that we shall often recall it by London winter firesides, and shall perhaps never meet each other without a thought and a mention of the great Mischabel-Dom. When we have been there, as it seems to us, about ten minutes, Lauener, the inexorable, announces decisively that we must begin the descent, and hurries us unfeelingly away. The slope from the peak downwards to the bottom of the pyramid looks very awful to go down; and so we find it. It looks to be an almost sheer descent. We plunge up to mid-leg in every deep hole made by a guide's step. We labour and flounder and slip. One slip, but for Christian, would have brought us

to the bottom without much waste of time. The snow was often deep and insecure; having fallen very recently, it was dazzlingly white. However, we did at length reach the bottom of the pyramid in safety, and paused to rest for a few moments on the black rocks beneath.

'We are well out of that!' remarked Christian with gleeful emphasis. 'I didn't at all like the descent with the snow in such a state. No hold, and might have been an avalanche with this wind—a great deal of fresh snow has fallen lately. I thought at Zermatt that we should find this bit ugly. Glad we're safely down.' Looking forward, we can trace our previous track by a long winding line of deep holes in the sun-sparkling snow plain. All once more on one rope we start on the return journey. How dark our lonely figures look in that desolate and dreary expanse. We recross the snowfield, we again traverse the glacier—on which I manage to crack through into a crevasse but am saved by laying my ice-axe across—we pass, travelling now at a much quicker rate, the moraine with its slope of falling rocks, the névé, we reclamber down the rocks from which we started in the morning and arrive once more at the dining and bed rooms.

Here we halt to dine off the remains of our provisions. It is, I think, about four o'clock. We take a good look at the scene which we may never again see, we enjoy one after-dinner pipe, and then start finally for Zermatt. We get down the two couloirs pretty comfortably, we finish with the rocks, and find ourselves on steep grass slopes sprinkled with gray stones. We come to some Sennhütte, and see a cow tied to a musical bell. Passing the waterworn stones we reach the pine woods at dusk, and do not emerge from them until it is quite dark, but looking up we catch a glimpse of the Mischabelhörner all aglow with amethyst light. We have long ago taken off spectacles and mittens, and now find that our faces and necks are fiercely sun-bitten. I am à little stiff, a fact which makes itself apparent when I have to lift a leg over a lump of rock. At last come the final meadow slopes and the lights of Randa. It is about eight o'clock; we get a great bowl of Alpine milk there, and find our carriage waiting. We settle with our porter, and with our two guides mount the welcome vehicle. It is dark, the road is rough and narrow, but horse and driver are going home, and with shouts and loud crackings of the whip we rattle and bump along at a good pace. The roaring river gleams grayly light through the gloom of night. We look back to try to make out the spot on which we bivouacked the night before. We are joyous, excited, triumphant. At length come wooden houses, then the pebbly stones of Zermatt. A shout, a final whip-crack—and we pull up in a blaze of light before the comfortable hotel.

M. and Madame Seiler are waiting with lights. Our friends come out to welcome us, heads appear at windows, strangers crowd round the carriage, all congratulate us on our ascent and safe return. M. Seiler says he saw us with a glass on the top. They *did* see our fire on the

bivouac. We order a bottle of champagne for our guides. A welcome tub, a change of clothes and boots, and we enter a lighted room and find a good dinner ready. How we enjoy it! We have to narrate the particulars of the climb, and then, after dinner, we adjourn with our friends to a room in which a wood fire blazes, and have a cigar and a chat, while our slippered feet are warm and bright in the merry firelight. What a sleep afterwards! what a beatific sleep in a good bed in a pleasant room; the window of which, by the way, frames a perfect picture of the deadly Matterhorn. We get to bed at twelve. At seven next morning I meet Arthur to go to bathe. Our muscles feel not unpleasantly that we have done a good bit of work, but my unfortunate heel is rather bad. Returning to breakfast we see the ever-cheerful Christian with a beaming morning face; and having happily accomplished the Mischabel, we again consult upon the basis of the question with which we started, 'Well, and what shall we do next?'

In the year following (1870) one was not able to get to Switzerland, but my heart was with her summer snows, and I soothed my Sehnsucht with recollections of the past. How sad it is to gaze on the unused ice-axe leaning idle against the wall! The other day I turned up accidentally a photograph of the Mischabelhörner, and this sun picture stirred so vividly the memories of our ascent that I yielded to an impulse to record some image of an excursion which gave us so much delight. Many like myself were last year excluded from Switzerland; and I fancied that a sketch in which the Alps and delight should be mingled like snow and champagne might interest other exiles from Helvetia. In spite even of the great war whose echoes, like thunder rolling among far mountains, reached us in awful mutterings, there are yet quiet hours in which the fancy indulges in visions of sights 'too fair to be looked upon but only on holidays.' My little picture is not painted for those Alpine Club gentlemen whose many triumphs of endurance and of daring lead them perhaps somewhat to underrate all things Alpine except the highest difficulty and the greatest danger, and who might possibly scorn the sketch of an ascent which, from a climbing point of view, is only second rate. No—it addresses itself very modestly to those who love with an imaginative love the majesty and the mystery of the austere beauty of Switzerland, who perchance with Tyndall have recognised upon the glacier and the peak the full joy of Being in the highest development of mental and of physical power, and have felt with Goethe the thrilling sense that in those noble Alps, in those 'earth-o'ergazing mountains,' His high works are glorious now as they were upon the first day.

H. Schütz-Wilson.

# Modern Socialism.

It is sometimes said that the interest which used to be devoted to political matters is now directed rather to social questions. And so far as internal politics are concerned there is much plausibility in the remark. One of the measures promised this Session is to introduce the Ballot into parliamentary elections. But while such subjects as Education, Trade Unionism, and the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, excite the liveliest attention, who is there under the age of forty who really cares one atom whether the Ballot Bill passes or not? Yet this was one of those five points which not a quarter of a century ago set all the working classes practising the goose step, and on the other hand so stirred the mighty heart of the great middle class that there was scarcely a grocer who did not enroll himself as a special constable; while Louis Napoleon, ready as ever to support the cause of order, even at the risk of a black eye, grasped his truncheon, and appeared in his favourite *rôle* of the saviour of Society. It is true that during the late war social questions were forgotten in the excitement of more stirring topics. Yet their influence was never more marked than in the sympathies thus created with the combatants. In former days, when political reforms were demanded, America was the country to whose example the reformers mainly appealed. In these days the fascination of American institutions has greatly subsided. The reason is plain. It is certain that America is in advance of us in political development. It is equally certain that America is behind us in social experience. A republic is a higher political product than the elaborate sham of constitutional monarchy. But a country in which the antagonism of labour and capital and the difficulties of pauperism have scarcely been felt is not the country from which we in England can learn many lessons in social wisdom. Thus it has come about that as the eyes of the political reformer turned to America as the land where, more than in any other, his ideal was realised, so now the eyes of the social reformer turn to France—to France with her warm feeling of fraternity, with her fertility in ideas and wonderful power of popularising them; above all, to France as the country where the same problems that are before us have to be encountered and if possible to be solved.

Accordingly, when the cynic enjoyed the strange spectacle of English democrats and high tories vying with each other in their support of a French republic, the democrats, at any rate, had some reason for their conduct. It was not the merits of the particular war, but the fact that they shared the aims and aspirations of the French workmen that won their sympathies. It is of course easy to observe that Paris is not France, that the French peasant is the most conservative mortal in existence, and that the republic which they applauded is really the most deadly enemy of the Reds whose cause they adopt. The English democrats might well make the same mistake which was committed by Garibaldi.

But if this is the case, if the existing state of society is so distasteful to these persons that no political changes will content them, unless accompanied by a social revolution, it is important to learn what is the ideal at which they aim, and what the state of society they propose to substitute for that now in existence. But however natural this question is to ask, it is one to which it is exceedingly difficult to get not only a definite answer, but any answer at all. Even in France, where Socialism is a living fact, far more than in this country, there seems to be no explicit socialist platform; and one of the chief difficulties of the government of M. Thiers has been that it could not at first ascertain what it was that the insurgents of Montmartre really required. The reflection at once suggests itself that, so long as this is the case, society is in no great danger. Men of ideas may become dangerous, because they are often ready to run great risks to carry out those ideas. But men whose agitation arises merely from a vague sentiment of dissatisfaction can never be really formidable so long as the propertied classes are true to themselves. The deplorable scenes in Paris are due as much to the miserable hesitation and want of confidence on the part of the middle classes as to a not unfounded distrust of a reactionary Assembly. In this country we are often told that we are passing through a crisis, that we have shot Niagara, and the like; but people may keep their minds easy. It is, indeed, the fashion in some quarters to depreciate the English middle classes, to assert that they have no ability for organisation, that they are mere Philistines, incapable of real political ideas. But whatever foundation for these strictures may exist, one thing is certain. They are not deficient in the resolution to maintain their rights. Were they opposed to a large body of fanatics, bent at all costs, and with any sacrifices on carrying out certain cherished and definite views, the prospect might be a grave one. But that they will be intimidated by mere anarchists is most unlikely, and would be entirely at variance with the whole history of this country. Till the British mob provides itself with a set of principles, and is less influenced by beer, the order of things is in no great danger of overthrow.

In the opinion of many persons Socialism is merely a less odious

name for Communism, and the only alternative to our present social state is some communistic scheme. This apprehension is, however, unfounded. Communism has been the dream of the philosopher and the aspiration of the enthusiast, but it has never had any permanent charm for masses of men. A Fourier might elaborate a system of this kind with all the national love of detail, and the impulsive temperament of a Hawthorne might be fascinated for a time by the promise of an idyllic life in Brook Farm; but the unselfishness and self-restraint so obviously involved must make such an ideal generally unpopular. That property should be more equally distributed, that labour should be more highly rewarded, and the position of the labourer elevated in the social scale—these are aims very different from those of Communism and appeal to very different instincts. It is true there was a time when Communism appeared popular in England, and Robert Owen was regarded by thousands as the apostle of a new state of society. But this popularity was in no slight degree the result of the opposition which was so unwisely offered. When bishops in the House of Lords call on the Government to put down a movement, it is not astonishing that a corresponding fervour is excited on the other side; and under such circumstances this fervour is apt to become contagious. But the Government had the wisdom to let the agitation die a natural death. The palmy days of Harmony Hall were not long-lived. The Communist newspapers failed for want of adequate support, and Mr. Owen himself became discredited by his ill success. Were another Owen to preach similar doctrines in the present day it may be doubted whether he would succeed in finding many disciples. The practical character of the English mind is not likely to be attracted by such projects; and it is worth remarking that this national distinction was peculiarly evident in those international meetings of workmen which caused so much disquiet on the Continent. The fact is that a very considerable progress has been made in the last five-and-twenty years, and the cruel test of experience has demolished many a fair and specious fallacy. It must, however, be confessed that Socialism and Communism are identical in principle. Both concur in their opposition to individualism, that is, in their desire to restrict personal freedom with a view to what they deem the general good. It is only too obvious that in the mouths of most men the general good means in effect the predominance of the class to which they themselves belong.

The most definite programme put forth for the reorganisation of society is the Positivist programme; and the ability and zeal of the English adherents of M. Comte have attracted to it an attention which neither their numbers nor M. Comte's literary merits would otherwise have secured. This philosopher, when he was not squabbling with the professors at the École Polytechnique or with his wife, or engaged in sending out appeals for a subsidy to support his 'material existence,'

found time to explain the universe and to elaborate a scheme for the complete organisation of society. It is difficult to write of this scheme without appearing to caricature it, partly because it contains much that is really laughable, and partly because M. Comte chose to be so explicit on the minutest details. Its chief features are the splitting up of the great kingdoms of Europe into smaller portions, each of which is to be governed by a committee of bankers, held in moral control by a hierarchy of philosophers under the direction of a Pontiff of Humanity. The moral and scientific education to be universally given will solve the difficulties between labour and capital by teaching the labourer to regard his work as a social function, and the capitalist to consider that he holds his wealth in trust for the general good. When this consummation is reached we shall all lead a blissful existence, adoring humanity through the persons of our female relatives with regulated effusions of affection, and practising symbolical gestures which in this period of transition are mainly confined to the inmates of Bedlam.

Now if M. Comte had possessed the literary power of Plato, instead of writing in the most arid and dreary of styles, those who now cover him with obloquy would admit that at any rate his work was a noble Utopia. There is nothing in it so repulsive as more than one passage which might be pointed out in the 'Republic,' and the spirit of morality it breathes throughout is of the most elevated and noble kind—the spirit of perfect unselfishness. It contains, moreover, abundance of deep and striking thoughts, which have exercised a wide though often unacknowledged influence ever since. For example, his criticism on Communism is sound and exhaustive, and written too in a temperate spirit which contrasts strangely with the language about each other employed by so many rival French Socialists. The conclusion at which he arrives, certainly, is not new, but as old as Aristotle. It is that the institution of private property is to be preserved, but with the spirit of Communism. Thus he constantly repeats that such problems as that of the right relation between labour and capital can only admit of a moral solution; and the main object of his 'Système de Politique Positive' is to show how a continuous moral training and discipline lasting through life will effect the desired end. Unfortunately we are landed in a somewhat perplexing dilemma. Either the moral agencies must precede or follow. But the moral agencies requisite to maintain such a state of society as that contemplated by M. Comte can, according to his own showing, be created only by a discipline which presupposes such a state. We are to settle our social questions by all becoming unselfish; but how are we to become unselfish? By submitting all your life to the moral training I have prescribed, is the answer of M. Comte. He, however, is not affected by this difficulty, as he firmly believed that Western Europe was naturally and in the

course of things advancing towards the Positivist system—a belief which in the present day it is somewhat difficult to entertain.

Most of us have been present at one of those scientific lectures, the educational value of which, as every admirer of useful knowledge is aware, is so far superior to that of the Latin grammar. And most of us can recollect how the lecturer used to inform us solemnly that the combination of two mysterious substances with singular names would be attended with an explosion; and lo! there was no sound; or with combustion and a brilliant light; and lo! there was no light, but only a disagreeable smell. When this took place, which on an average it did in three experiments out of five, the lecturer, if he was a wise man, used to carry it off by jauntily proceeding to his next illustration just as if he had met with an unexpectedly successful confirmation of his argument. But many lecturers were not so adroit, and betrayed their discomfiture by the tart tones in which they reproved the assistant, as if it was his fault that hydrogen gas has not the odour of violets. It is much the same with philosophers when they have propounded an elaborate theory, and then, before a tittering world, the obstinate facts refuse to fall in with it. Some of them are not in the least disconcerted, but airily proceed to construct another theory, to be refuted and abandoned like the last. But others take the failure more to heart, and show it by exchanging their previous bearing of calm confidence for one of bitterness and aggression. It is perhaps owing to the fact that the world has gone on in its own way, without seeming at all inclined to submit itself to the Positivist *régime*, that an altered tone has manifested itself among the disciples of M. Comte. It was moral influence, and that only, to which M. Comte looked for the establishment of his system. For women and workmen he conceived his doctrines to possess a peculiar fascination. And when they were won over, the rest would be easy. The sweet appeals of Positivist women and the untutored but glowing eloquence of Positivist artizans would surely subdue the prejudices of the narrow capitalist and the inflated savant. The disciples of M. Comte appear to have learnt that moral influence is at best uncommonly slow in its action, and somehow or other is much more efficacious when it has physical force at its back. Thus they occasionally employ a warning language which is remarkably like a menace. We are reminded of the 'days of June,' and it is hinted that a very disagreeable fate is in store for 'recalcitrant elements.' That this would be the case may well be believed, if their advice were adopted, and representative government exchanged for a dictatorship, carrying out (*bien entendu*) the Positivist views. The argument offered to prove the inadequacy of parliamentary government, and the necessity of a dictatorship, is that the period through which we are passing is one of transition. This is a phrase which is constantly employed concerning the present age, even by writers of a different school; but it is difficult to see what is its exact force. Every

age is an age of transition. The world never stands still. The thirteenth century itself was an age of transition. Even in China some change is always going on in government, in manners, in religion. It is true that in certain periods change is more rapid than in others, but there is no reason to suppose it pre-eminently rapid at present. There are many decades in the history of England the beginning and end of which present a far more striking contrast than 1860 compared with 1870. If every age of transition is to be doomed to a dictatorship, political freedom may be dismissed as a meaningless phrase.

It is as the apologists of trade-unions that the English Positivists are perhaps best known; and in this they have performed a real service. There can be no doubt that, in spite of the Sheffield disclosures, trade-unionism is now better appreciated than was the case a few years ago: and this is, in no slight degree, owing to writers more or less identified with the school of M. Comte. But however necessary it may be that the tacit or avowed combination of masters which always exists should be met by a corresponding combination of the men, and however true it may be that trade-unionism both raises wages and renders them less fluctuating, it is plainly but a partial solution of our social difficulties. If a trade is overcrowded with workmen, their average income must fall. But if, as in some trade-unions has been the case, this danger is guarded against by limiting the number of apprentices, it is obvious that the gain to the trade is at the expense of the persons thus shut out. Thus trade-unionism does nothing, and can do nothing, to assist that vast mass of wretchedness and pauperism which is now our disgrace and may some day become our danger. In Paris, men say, when a revolution is in the air strange and sinister forms, of scarcely human aspect, arise from their secret abodes of misery and crime and stalk abroad through the streets, the ghastly harbingers of coming evil. In London our dangerous classes are by no means picturesque. But what they want in personal appearance is fully compensated by their number. And besides the criminals, there are the tens of thousands of hereditary paupers, and, most of all to be pitied, those who lead a hard and struggling life on the borderland of pauperism. For all these trade-unionism can do nothing. Nor can any permanent amelioration of their condition be hoped for from the various specifics which just now find favour, such as the cultivation of waste lands or emigration. Against all such expectations the law of population rises up stern and immutable, and shows but too clearly that such measures can have only a temporary efficacy, and are mere palliatives of a far more deeply-seated disease.

M. Comte rejected political economy and ignored the law of population; and there are plenty of people to this day who believe that this science is a mere gospel of selfishness, repulsive to the philanthropist and abominable in the eyes of the Christian. Yet political economy contains considerations on social problems which it is dangerous to neglect,

and on which an increasing number of Socialists depend for the re-organisation of society. There is, however, an objection which deserves to be noticed. It is urged that political economy is after all merely an hypothetical science. That it is based on the supposition that men are governed by purely selfish motives, and invariably buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; and that if, by religious, moral, or other agencies, this foundation be shaken, the whole superstructure falls to the ground.. So far as relates to those parts of political economy which treat of the distribution of property and of exchange this is true; though how far it invalidates their practical importance is another question, which it is beyond the purpose of this paper to discuss. But there are nevertheless in that part which treats of production certain principles which in no degree depend on this or any other postulate, but are as universally valid as a proposition of Euclid. Such is the law that the division of labour increases its efficiency, and such too is the principle of population as enunciated by Mr. Malthus.

Mr. Malthus's 'Essay on Population' is one of those books which have met with violent abuse, especially from people who have not read them. To hear the language often employed about this work and about its author one would never suppose that it is a calm scientific enquiry by a philanthropic clergyman. But if it has met with much unreasoning obloquy, its merits also have been generally recognised by those most competent to judge. It is not too much to say that it is the most interesting and suggestive book on any question of social science ever written, and has certainly not been superseded by anything which has appeared since. Mr. Malthus first demonstrates that whereas the tendency of population is to increase in a geometrical ratio, the increase of the means of subsistence can be only in an arithmetical ratio; and that this tendency on the part of population is restrained either by the preventive or prudential check, or by the positive checks of vice and misery. He then proceeds to illustrate this principle by a survey of the various nations of mankind, in which he points out in what forms these several checks on population have acted. It is obvious that where one of them is not employed, its part must be filled by another, and if large classes are so imprudent as to marry without adequate means to support a family, misery must be the inevitable result.

The Malthusian doctrine is incontrovertible; it is indeed only a special application of that universal law which the speculations of Mr. Darwin have brought so vividly before us. The population theory is nothing more or less than the statement of that 'struggle for existence' which reigns among human beings, as in every other sphere of nature. But while this doctrine is fully able to discredit those schemes of organisation which fail to take it into account, it has as yet proved totally insufficient for basing on it a solid social system. It is indeed

the keystone of those who look to political economy for the suppression of pauperism and the elevation of the working classes. Unfortunately, however, these philosophers exhibit the most complete ignorance of human nature. They write in the quixotic anticipation of a time when men shall cease to be men, and women to be women. No doubt it is possible to point to periods in which religious enthusiasm has had this influence, and that over no small number. But of one thing we may be quite sure, no demonstration appealing to the cold reason, however scientifically it may be deduced, can restrain the passions of the multitude. Such an event as this would be without precedent in history, and totally opposed to the whole habit of thought and action among men.

Religious enthusiasm, as was just said, has exercised this influence, and it forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of human nature. Religious enthusiasm could win men over to abandon all fond dreams of mutual love, all hopes of a happy home and the sweet ties of family life. It could overcome the hot passions that pulse in the veins of youth, and even that mysterious yearning for maternity which dwells in the inmost heart of a young girl, and seems to survive in the most abandoned women as the last imperishable relic of the purity that has long been lost. But why? Because for the play of one passion was offered that of another. Because for human love was substituted a spiritual love, more blind and unreasoning than any earthly passion. And as the ascetic reaction became spent and human nature was once more asserting its sway, new attractions were found to win men and women to the so-called religious life. An anthropomorphic religion was set before them, adoration was merged in an enthusiastic passion, and with all the aids that painting and music and eloquence could afford the sentiments of human love were directed to Christ, to the Virgin mother, or to some favourite saint. Even in early times this tendency may be observed. St. Augustine, as he tells us in his 'Confessions,' was reclaimed from a life of pleasure. But even in the saint who sternly devoted the souls of unbaptised children to eternal damnation the hot African blood may still be recognised; and he addresses the Deity with the rapturous effusion of a lover addressing the earthly object of his love. How this tendency of human nature has been turned to account in modern times is well known to all who have directed their attention to the inner working of all revival religions, both Ultramontane and Protestant.

What have the Malthusians to offer analogous to this? What rapturous ecstasy can they promise in exchange for the emotions they bid us repress? Yet it is clear that mere scientific reasonings are here of little avail. Some persons there are, no doubt, cold by temperament and calculating by habit, who guide their lives by the 'dry light' of the understanding; but such can never be the conduct of the masses. The doctrine of Mr. Malthus is incontrovertible; but it is as

little likely to restrain the natural impulses of mankind as is the binomial theorem.

Indeed, there is a perfectly effectual answer to the Malthusians. The agricultural labourer whom they so complacently advise to remain unmarried till late in life may very fairly ask what commensurate benefit he would thereby obtain. Leading a hard and cheerless life, with insufficient food and a miserable habitation, without intellectual or æsthetic pleasures, and with no society but that of the tap-room, the one solace he has left to him, the one thing in which he is on a level with the squire at the manor-house and the parson at the rectory, is that for him too exist the ties of home, the love of wife and children. The few shillings extra a week he might gain by following such advice would be but a poor return for the sacrifice of all that makes life to him worth having. It is in a great measure from this point of view that political economy has fallen into discredit among so many gushing philanthropists, and that its professors have been accused of cruelty and heartlessness. Never was an imputation less deserved. It is unpractical benevolence, not heartlessness, of which they are really guilty.

It is not intended here to dwell on those vagaries with which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has familiarised the British public; but it is impossible to close this paper without indicating that one of the chief aims of socialistic aspiration is the improvement of the position of women. Nor are the signs here more encouraging. The women themselves for the most part, and not without reason, seem very contented as they are: and each school of Socialists offers a different solution. The Malthusian reverses the dictum of Napoleon, and esteems her the best woman who has the smallest number of children. Most economical Socialists belong to the Woman's Rights party, and many of them would assimilate marriage to other contracts, and render it terminable by the consent of the parties. Certainly the absence of a family would greatly simplify the case. On the other hand, a distinguished Comtist appeals to men, and above all to women, 'whether political equality, industrial rivalry, and facilitated divorce are likely to increase the charm, to heighten the delicacy of woman's relations to man.' Far from opening active life to women, the Positivist would have their support assured to them without the necessity of labour: and far from relaxing the marriage tie, each sex is condemned in case of the consort's death to a perpetual widowhood. The present census will perhaps show how likely people are to submit to such a restriction.

It is impossible to think without pain of these lofty aspirations, and these enthusiasms often so pure and generous, and to see how far they are from accomplishment. It is nearly a century since liberty, equality, and fraternity were proclaimed, and how little of either has there been during that time in the land which proclaimed them. Even twenty years ago it was thought, not only by Idealists but by practical men,

that the era of wars was over. And now the ground is hardly yet dry from the blood of the fallen in a great war. The establishment of peasant proprietors was deemed one of the best results of the great French Revolution. Yet this has ended in producing the most bigoted and unpatriotic population in existence, led by the priests, eager for despotism, and opposed to every form of progress; a population more dangerous to the higher ends of civilisation than the dreaded Reds of the great cities.

The Universal Republic is but a dream, and those hopes of narrower scope which come more home to us, of alleviating the misery and ending the poverty and destitution in our midst, seem equally far from fulfilment. No socialist philosophy that has yet been propounded gives any assurance of a time when the words will be inapplicable which were spoken by one claimed as the first *sans-culotte*: 'The poor ye have always with you.'

H. E. P. PLATT.

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## THE AUTO DA FÉ.

I BEND o'er the flame as it burns,
And feel its hot pitiless breath;
I ponder each word as it turns
From life into meaningless death.
And e'en as I gaze at the glare,
Now flickering faintly, now fast,
I read by the light of despair
The joy of the hope that is past.

Time was when each word that they spoke,
Those letters so often read o'er,
Old fancies and longings awoke
By magic that soothed them before.
From books I would eagerly turn
To gloat o'er those falsely fair signs,
For all that I once cared to learn
I found in these fast fading lines.

In ashes before me they lie;
The flame that destroyed them burns low:
Ah! would but their memory die
And cease with these embers to glow!
All dark! yet I feel that they live;
My prayer with no answer has met.
'Tis easy for love to forgive,
But oh, it can never forget.

ERNEST A. BENDALL.

# JACKSON OF PAUL'S.

## PART II.

CHARLES was very anxious about his father's reception of him, but there was no necessity for his anxiety at all; the College Dean's letter had gone before him. The College Dean's letter was so like himself that I give it:

'Don't scold this boy, it won't do. There is a woman in the case. Make him read with you: be kind to him, he is a splendid fellow.'

I do not suppose that there was much need for this letter, but it had some effect, for the Dean of Crediton could scarcely have been well pleased at having his son rusticated. When Charles got out of his fly at the door of the Deanery, the Dean kissed him on both cheeks and said, 'You young Gaby, what on earth did you want to make a bonfire in quad for? My dear lad, I will tell you the honest truth, I did the same thing in that very same college in 1806, but that was a political bonfire. I pointed out to the dons that we burnt Buonaparte in effigy after Austerlitz. You should have burnt the Emperor Nicholas in effigy, and you would only have been gated for two days.'

Charles's mother, further than saying to the Dean that she had told the Dean what would occur if he went to that college, never more alluded to the matter, and so Charles was perfectly comfortable at home. His father and he had a long talk, and they agreed that this disaster would ruin all chances of his getting a first. 'You see, my boy, that hard as you read with me I am past the age. I *do not know* the new art of cram, but let you and I go to the bottom of things. I am better in mathematics than in classics, and we will go in together on good sound solid *work*. I have such faith in the old University (never use that horrid word 'varsity, my lad; don't vulgarise the old place) that I feel sure some men are left there who will recognise it in the schools.'

Father and son sat down to their labour of love in the old cathedral close. The Dean was rector of one of the parishes in the town, but he took an additional curate, and explained the matter to the Bishop. 'I am teaching my son, my lord,' he said. 'The poor in my parish are excellently tended, and shall suffer no harm in any way.'

'Your son got into a scrape, did he not, Mr. Dean?' said the Bishop.

'Yes, my lord, and I want to get him out of it.'

'Money?' said the Bishop in an indifferently enquiring way, spinning his eyeglass round and round.

'No, my lord, a woman,' said the Dean.

'Hey, hey!' said the Bishop, 'that's bad—that is a very sad pity indeed. The world looks lightly on a young man who has gone wrong with his money, particularly when there is a rich father to pay, but the world looks askance when there is a woman in the case. Has he married her?'

'The mischief is that she won't marry him,' said the Dean.

'Some previous tenderness, I suppose,' said the Bishop. 'Is the young woman of the lower class?'

'My lord,' said the Dean, 'you are labouring under a mistake. The young lady in question is Lady Edith Deverest.'

The Bishop gave a great start.

'She has refused him and he is desperate, my lord,' continued the Dean.

'Oh, this will do, Dean. This will make a man of him, if we guide things rightly. Bring the boy to dinner at the palace. He is rusticated, is he not? What did he do?'

'Made a bonfire in quad after the fours.'

'Which he won, I remember,' said the Bishop with a somewhat guilty look. 'I rather think that he is not the first member of his family who did that.'

'He is not, my lord,' said the Dean roundly. 'I remember a ladder which was used in getting into college when some people forgot the hour at Christ Ch——'

'Not another word, Dean; not another word. You said ladder, I think; bring your boy up the ladder of learning, and do not remember everything, because one man's memory is quite as good as another's. Keep the lad to his books, and we will see him through if he were to burn the college down. That young man Dickson is ill again, and we shall lose the best tenor in the anthem this afternoon, and I fear for ever. Choristers never make good tenors, so I never asked for a note out of that young man's head in church till he was eighteen. He was Mrs. Bishop's pad groom, and foster-brother with my eldest boy, but he will die, Dean. With regard to your boy, keep him to his books. Dean.'

'My lord.'

'Bring your lad to see young Dickson after service. Let him see him in his bed; it will sober him.'

'Is he very ill?' said the Dean.

'He will never sing any more,' said the Bishop with a sigh.

The Dean did not go to evensong that afternoon. He took Charles to see the young singer who was dying.

The Dean left Charles entirely to himself, and sat in a corner talking to the young man's mother. The Bishop was perfectly right, for even Charles could see that the young man would sing no more except in heaven. Charles did not know the meaning of those thin grasping fingers—fingers which seem always trying to grip the shore of time to avoid the sea of eternity. Charles had never seen death, had never seen a dying person. The young man asked him in a rattling whisper to raise him up: Charles did so, getting his body behind the young man's: and he sat so patiently for a quarter of an hour, with the young man's hand in his. The young man did not speak after a few moments, and when he did he asked Charles to kiss him. Strange as it was to his habits he did so. Almost immediately after came that strange quiver which no man used to hospitals ever forgets, and then the young man rolled off Charles's arm into the bed—dead!

Though he had never seen death before, he knew what had happened, and he called his father. The Dean closed the eyes before the wailing mother, but he did not wait to catch the Bishop as he came out from evensong; he stayed with his son to watch what the first effects of the sight of death would have on him.

'Father, I have had a great lesson,' said Charles. 'Death looks beautiful like that. I wish that Edith had been there with us. Let us go home to our books.'

The Dean gave up his son's logic as hopeless after this, and considered him as ruined in that respect. But then it must be remembered that the Dean had not fallen in love for five-and-twenty years (when he courted Mrs. Dean), and that logic and love do not go together. Still there are measures in affairs, and the Dean could by no means understand why Charles Jackson should have wished Lady Edith to have been with him at the death of this young man. Perhaps he had forgotten that the highest and purest form of sentimentalism crops up over a death-bed: almost as if the dead clay cried to Heaven for reproduction. A conceit—*cela va sans dire*. I have only to say that the Dean and Charles went away to their books.

Father and son worked away, and day by day the father saw that, great as his scholarship was, he was not up to the time; he had to call up a lean young Minor Canon to their assistance, and after that they got on much better; but the three worked like horses, and made pretty good weather of it. The lean Minor Canon was eminently good at mathematics, having been educated at Cambridge, where he had been fifteenth wrangler, and had been glad to take a minor canonry with 250*l.* a year, and a wild chance of mathematical teaching. The Dean's classics were unimpeachable, and so Charles was not so very badly off; but the hopes of a first were extremely dim. 'In fact,' said the Dean to himself, 'the idea is impossible: the loss of these two

terms has ruined us utterly. I wish Lady Edith was at the bottom of the Red Sea. I wonder if he thinks of her.'

The way that those three sat hour after hour and inked themselves was a great 'caution,' as an American would say. Sometimes they read the newspaper (the 'Evening Mail' three times a week), and they became gradually aware that a great European war was on hand, and that the allied troops had landed in the Crimea.

> But what does all this matter unto me,
> Whose mind is filled with indices and surds,
> $X^2 + 7x + 53$
> $= \frac{11}{3}$,

as Lewis Carroll sings in 'Phantasmagoria.'

Charles began now to take great interest in the war, a far greater interest than his father and the Minor Canon liked. Mr. Dean happened to speak to my lord bishop on the subject.

'My boy is not going on well, Bishop,' said the Dean.

'What is he doing *now*?' said the Bishop.

'Reading the newspaper about the war.'

'That is not unnatural,' replied the Bishop, 'seeing that his sweetheart's brother landed in the Crimea a fortnight ago.'

'It plays mischief with his work. His tutor says that he wishes me to stop the paper altogether.'

'Your tutor is no better than one deprived of understanding,' said the Bishop angrily. 'You must not make a fool of the boy; you should excite him about the war, he will work the better. Man, how I worked in the Waterloo year when I thought that Laura would have had Petre sooner than me. I said to myself, if she cannot have one kind of honour laid at her feet she shall have another. Petre was killed at Mont. St. Jean. Atterly has gone with his regiment, has he not?'

'Yes.'

'That is against your boy's chance. All the women will be mad over the men of this campaign. Ha! I could tell you something if I chose.'

'Well, tell it.'

'Lady Edith would be very sorry if anything were to happen to Atterly, but I am not at all sure that she would break her heart.'

'Does she not love him?' said the Dean in a whisper.

'My dear soul, how can I possibly tell?' said the Bishop petulantly. 'Leave things alone and don't fuss. Will you intone Litany to-morrow morning? I wish you would. Your continual attention to this boy of yours makes people talk. You are neglecting the services, you very scandalous man.'

The Dean intoned the Litany the very next day (it being Friday), perfectly unconscious that a litany of quite another character had been previously intoned. In those days intelligence did not travel as

fast as it does now, and the Dean was totally unaware that the Guards had, before he sang a note, pressed up the hill beyond the Alma above the stream, had never gone back under the deadly fire of the glorious Russians, but had gone on. The Dean had no idea, I say, of what *had* happened, but had some kind of idea of what *might have* happened. When he came to the most affecting passage in the most beautiful service used by any Church he began to waver. He was a man worthy of *feeling* the Litany: and he began to waver at this point, though he had been singing splendidly before:

'That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water;' and here he suddenly thought of Lord Edward Deverest. He got through the passage about women labouring with child, sick persons, and young children, but when he came to 'all prisoners and captives,' the organ went on, but the Dean stopped: and a very sharp chorister says that he never took up the intoning until he came to 'our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers,' and that the rain must have been coming in through the north window, for that the Dean's book was spotted with water. Well, after all it was only his own boy's boy-love—the boy dearest to his son after that boy's sister—who might be prisoner or worse. A man may surely be allowed a tear over his prayer-book, when one of those who is dearest to his own dearest is likely to be lying dead.

'Why did you stop in Litany this afternoon, father?' said Charles.

'I thought of Edward, my dear,' said the Dean wearily.

'Father, let me go as war correspondent or something. I shall go mad like this.'

'No,' said the Dean most emphatically, 'you will stay where you are. You could do not the slightest good to the country. You must stay here and keep to your books. Do you think that all victories are won by war? You shall go to the next one, but you shall not go to this.'

'But Edward?'

'How in the name of confusion could you help Edward if you did go?'

This was unanswerable, because there did not happen to be any answer to it. The Dean, the Minor Canon, and Charles sat down to their books again; but the Minor Canon had a heap of trouble with Charles, who began to give him theorems in mathematics which, as the Minor Canon pointed out with tears to the Dean, travelled out of mathematics altogether and went into the region of logic and ethics. They were, as he pointed out, hopeless:

$$\begin{aligned} & x = \text{population of Russia} \\ & y = \text{population of England} \\ \text{therefore} \quad & x = 60{,}000{,}000 \\ \text{and} \quad & y = 30{,}000{,}000. \end{aligned}$$

Annual increase of Russia (say) 10,000, annual increase of England

(say) 40,000. Wanted the relative powers of fighting, that is to say, the exact value of the difference between $x$ and $y$.

The Dean was very angry at this particular theorem, and consoled the Minor Canon by telling him that there had not been lunacy in the family since his grandfather had voted for Fox.

The classics of Charles were very good, and they were all working away at the mathematics, in the intervals of their talking about the war, which even the Minor Canon began to understand, when they had a very rude awakening.

There came a day in Charles's life when 'surds' by no means rhymed with 'eleven-thirds.' Charles and the Minor Canon were alone together at some advanced mathematics when the Dean came in and put his hand round his son's neck.

'Charles,' he said, 'I want your attention. There has been a great battle—the battle of the Alma.'

'Have the Grenadiers been engaged?' shouted Charles.

'Yes.'

'Is Edward mentioned?'

'Yes. Sit down and listen; I am only reading you the telegram from the daily paper:

'"Young Arbuthnot ran on with the colours, and fell at once, the flag folding over his body. There was a struggle for the colours, in which Lord Edward Deverest and Lord Atterly took part, and I regret to say were both killed. Lord Edward Deverest fought to the last, using a gun rammer with terrible effect after his sword was broken. Lord Atterly like Lord Edward Deverest was killed by a close musketry fire with the old round ball. When I got up I thought that Lord Edward Deverest was alive, for he looked so very quiet, and was smiling, but he was quite dead. Lord Atterly lay with his face downwards, and so I could not see it."'

Charles rose and said, 'Edward! Edward! Edward!' Then he broke out into a passion of tears and said, 'That I should be floundering here among these mathematics while my love lies dead.'

'Go to her,' said the Dean furiously. 'Go to her, if you are a son of mine; leave your studies for a week and go to her. She loves only three in the world—yourself, Edward, and Atterly. I doubt if she cared much for Atterly. I say nothing about that; she may have loved the man or she may not. Eyre has been a fool about Atterly. I would have settled as much on the girl as Atterly; it was only the title which kicked the balance. Go to her; there is nothing wrong between you at all, but Eyre wanted her to marry into her own order, and the brave girl gave up everything to her father's will. Go to her, boy. Two of those she loved have died bravely: go to her at once and comfort her. I don't know what her relations were to Atterly, but do not make love to her; speak only about her brother, and if Lord Eyre asks any questions, tell him that I will give you 40,000*l.* on the

day you are married. Nay, stop, do not do that: he is a gentleman and I am a gentleman; just simply go to her and see how she *will* receive you.'

'I want to see Edith, my lord,' said Charles when he was shown into his presence.

'My boy, it is a sad time,' said Lord Eyre.

'The better reason that I should go to her, my lord.'

'God knows she wants comforting,' said Lord Eyre. 'Do you know, lad, that the matter between her and Atterly came to nothing at all. That is why Atterly went with his regiment. Go to her and comfort her. Come here.'

Charles, awed, went to him.

'Did you love him as you said?'

'I only loved her through him,' said Charles very quietly. 'I loved him before I ever loved her. My darling lies out on the Crimean hill-side, but his sister lives, and loves me as I loved him.'

'He was your Xenos,' said Lord Eyre bending his head down.

'He was more than any Xenos to me, my lord: and if you will let me go to her I will be more than a husband to her.'

'I urged her about Atterly,' said Lord Eyre.

'You have no reason to urge her about me, my lord. I knew that you wanted money brought into the family—I can bring it. Now, my lord, quick, and let me go to her.'

He went to her. What passed I do not know in any way, for the simple reason that lovers are not in the habit of telling their secrets before third parties. I could tell a secret or two myself perhaps, but it would not go into evidence, because no jury will convict without three witnesses, and the third is always wanting in cases of this kind. It is quite enough to say that Charles returned to Lord Eyre and informed him that as far as Lady Edith was concerned there was no trouble whatever.

'Then all you have got to do,' said Lord Eyre, 'is to get a fine degree. I don't mind leaving my lassie with you now. I want to be buried in Oxford, and I have left the money for a funeral sermon.'

'Do not talk of funerals, my lord.'

'Here it is,' said Lord Eyre. 'Edward, sweetheart, love, I will be with you directly!' and Lord Eyre fell heavily back on the sofa.

Charles was eager and diligent with him: you may be as eager and as diligent with a man as you choose, but after he is dead you can do nothing with him.

Charles went very quietly back to Edith after he had arranged everything. It was a terrible moment.

'Edith!'

'Has he given his consent?'

'Yes.'

'Then you can stay and comfort me, for my darling Edward. Oh, my darling Edward! Oh, my pretty darling! And poor Atterly, Charles; he was rough and rude, but he loved me dearly. Charles, when we go to church, let us say a prayer together for the souls of Edward and Atterly. It is very wrong, I know, but God will not be very angry. Let us go to papa and comfort him. Oh, my beloved, let us weep together, for we can never rejoice any more!'

'Edith!'

'Yes.'

'Can you bear any more?'

'I do not think so. Come closer to me. I think that I can bear anything with you.'

'Your father is dead.'

There was a burst of tears and then a long silence. The last words she said to him were:

'I'll go to my old nurse, Charles. How kind it would be of God if He would let us all die and meet in heaven!'

The terrible catastrophe of the deaths of her brother and her father following so closely on one another made her refuse the visits of Charles. He went back to the Dean his father, the Minor Canon his tutor, and to his studies.

'Father,' he said once, 'I feel like a brute.'

'And in what?' said the Dean.

'I have been living the life of a brute here while our boys have been dying in the Crimea.'

'If we are all to go fighting,' said the Dean, 'let me know, and I will go into training at once. You will do far better for *her* if you can get a second than if you went fighting.'

Very little passed between Charles and Lady Edith after this. She was relegated to an aged aunt, who was also a dragon, and Charles saw very little of her, except, as one might say, through the wrong end of a telescope. This pleased the Dean his father very much, and it also pleased the dean of his college. The Dean of Crediton about this time was made Fellow of All Souls, and came into residence, bringing with him the Minor Canon as mathematical tutor to his son, a measure which gave the deepest offence to the College Dean. All kinds of reports have got out about that dinner (I mean of course the celebrated dinner in Paul's common room to the Dean of Crediton). The hall was under repair, and they dined in common room, and the scouts say that the Dean of College called the Dean of Crediton no better than a fool for thinking that his son would be a first. The Dean of Crediton is represented as replying with considerable vivacity, a fact which heated the quarrel. The College Dean went so far as to say that it was an insult to the University to bring a Cambridge man up as coach. But this is only what we heard through the scouts. As for the noise they made over that dinner I can answer with a dozen others.

If *we* had made half such a row there would have been half a dozen gated for the rest of term. *I* heard them, and so did O'Flaherty and Jack Croft; and the devil prompted Jack Croft to bet O'Flaherty two pounds sterling that he would not go into the common room and ask if the college was on fire. Which thing O'Flaherty instantaneously did, winning his two pounds and getting gated at four o'clock for the rest of his ill-spent life.

It is very odd about this fantastic young gentleman that he got an uncommonly good second, and is carrying everything before him at the bar. We have not to do with O'Flaherty however. The captain passed and was ordained before Charles's turn came. Livingstone the American, though only third in classics, was first in physical science. But now came the autumn in which Charles was to stand or fall. And it was noticed that the Dean his father got more proud as time went on, came more to Oxford, and fought the College Dean in the most persistent manner. Nobody ever got the best of the College Dean yet (at least I never did), but if ever the College Dean met his match he met it in the Dean of Crediton.

The examinations came on, and folks talked about them; there were three or four certain firsts, beyond that all was chaos. Jackson was mentioned as a man who might have had a first, but he had been sent down for a row, he had been disappointed about a woman, and her brother had been killed in the Crimea, and her father had died in a fit. Jackson had no chance among undergraduates. He would do well in his classics possibly, and might get a third.

The Dean chose to satisfy himself, and when he went to the schools and heard his boy's name read out the first time he was not very much surprised. He went back to the hotel and said, 'You have got your first, my lad.' And there were great rejoicings. But the old Dean stayed up for the mathematical class list, and if you will believe me the Minor Canon had done his duty so well that Charles Jackson was first in mathematics too. A Paul's man says that the Dean put down his shovel hat and danced on it, but Paul's men in the good old days were always poking fun, and were never lower than fourth on the river. Let it pass. Charles was a double first.

Did he marry Lady Edith? I suppose he did, because in the visitor's book at Balaclava you will find the name of Charles Jackson and Lady Edith Jackson side by side. He is an eminent Q.C. and will be a judge before long. The calumny of his having ornamented the statue in the quadrangle of St. Paul's with a wash-hand basin and daffodils on Easter Monday is a pure fiction which has been traced to *another quarter*.

So sadness passes into laughter. He had loved the boy so dearly that he had a double love for his sister. There is no cloud between them. Sometimes in the winter's night he will awake and say to her, 'Edward must be lying cold to-night.' And sometimes when they are

walking together in spring time she will say to him, 'I wonder how brave the irises look on Edward's grave.' And there, if you please, is the whole of my little romance. He loved the brother with the love of a boy, and now he loves the sister with the love of a man.

As for the Dean, Charles's father, he is living an entirely new life. It is told of him that in old times he fought 'Abingdon Bill.' But that was nothing to his present pugnacity. He is fighting Purchas, Voysey, Liddon, and O'Neil all at once. He says that he has beaten Dean Stanley, and not only Stanley, but the whole of the Evangelical party. He may have, or on the other hand he may not; but put it how you will, Dean Jackson is a good man, and the world would be worse without him. There is one man, however, whom he will never beat, and that is the Dean of Paul's. Having heard that that inexorable man has taken a college living, my friend long Galton has put his name on the books again, and is going to take his masters.

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## Extract from Mrs. Rose's Diary.

(AFTER JOHN LEECH.)

'At Brighton, just a year ago,
As I was leaving *Maison* MUTTON,
My scarf got caught, it vexed me so!
On that tall Captain Rose's button.
I thought he'd think me too inane
And awkward, that September sunny;
And now September's come again,
And now we're married!—Aint it funny?'

FREDERICK LOCKER.

# The Royal Academy.

'I believe that the simple and uncombined landscape, if wrought out with due attention to the ideal beauty of the features it includes, will always be the most powerful in its appeal to the heart.' So says Mr. Ruskin in his preface to the second edition of the first volume of 'Modern Painters.' We heartily concur with Mr. Ruskin, and indeed after seeing Mr. Millais' 'Chill October' we cannot conceive that anyone will have the effrontery to differ with him on this very important formula in Art. What were the materials necessary to form an ideal landscape, as recently as fifty years, and as far back as two centuries ago? They consisted frequently of a group of gracefully bending trees in the foreground with some mellow green in their foliage, and some mellow brown on their stems; a ruined temple appeared beyond the trees, grayish brown, with a suggestion of river or lake, grayish blue, more trees kindly grew in the middle distance, indicative of distant forest, bluish green, and then hey for the hills, and far away purple and blue. The sky was blue, and the blue spaces pleasantly broken by white clouds, warming somewhat in colour towards the horizon. For figures we had either a few nymphs in scant attire, or classical rustics playing the flageolet, or if the artist wished to take a very high flight, we were actually treated to a substantial angel with pink-edged wings. The net result of these various accessories to idealism was somewhat pleasing, in a feeble sort, and there was a peaceful *dolce far niente* look about the whole landscape, that hushed at once any critical remarks as to the true character of the trees, as to whether they were elms, or oaks, or beeches. What mattered it? They were trees, we could affirm this at least of them upon oath, and the eye was satisfied, or shall we say cajoled rather into acquiescence, and the enquiring spirit lazily laid to rest. This style of landscape work was not only submitted to, but advocated by both the painters and the public, until some thirty years ago a few strong-minded rationalists in Art (chiefly water-colour painters, by the way) began to think for themselves, and paint more variety of sky than plain blue, with its attendant white fleeces of clouds; early dawn was thought to have its charms for those who took the trouble to rise early enough, and the twilight hour was suggestive

of poetical feeling; it was found upon closer inspection that the oak, the elm, and the beech possessed some individuality of character, and that this same individuality, like the German 'Ich' of humanity, was worth studying. Thus a little more truth, and a little more freedom, and a little more variety stole gradually into their pictures, and now, thanks to Turner, the Old Water Colour Society, and the Pre-Raphaelites, we have some fine honest landscape painting, that not only *deserves* to live, but also *will* live, from its truthfulness as from its nobility of purpose. Certainly such a work as Mr. Millais' 'Chill October' (14) bears the character of 'simple and uncombined landscape,' and from its very power of simplicity appeals most strongly to the heart. What have we as representative of the title? A foreground of withered reeds, bending and swaying to the wind, an expanse of water silvery gray, with a space that shivers as the hurrying breeze passes o'er it. A gleam of light, that bursts from the 'under roof of doleful gray,' built up by the air, falls on the shivering water to kiss away the insults of the wind. A little tongue of land juts forth into the water, to the right, where, too, the influences of the wind are visible by the waving boughs and tossed foliage of the willows that rise somewhat darkly against the sky. Another wooded promontory is suggested in the middle distance, and the horizon is bounded by some low-lying hills of grayish blue; a severe distance as it were to harmonise with the severity of this 'Chill October' day, the sentiment of the cold unpitying wind, and the desolation of the withered reeds and forsaken foreground. But for the gleam of light that silvers the water, we should have felt that the artist somewhat cynically loved the keen wind and the dull gray sky; the ray of sunlight tells us of sympathy with warmth, and beauty, and summer hours.

That Mr. Millais, individually considered, should have painted this most striking landscape is not wonderful, inasmuch as he is capable of any amount of original work; but when placed in the category of figure painters, it certainly is very wonderful that one of the noblest landscapes in this or any year's Academy should have been contributed by a painter of the figure, for we contend that the cast of mind required to produce noble landscape is greatly different from that which aims at the production of noble figure subjects. The landscape mind is more purely contemplative, while the figure mind is rather creative and dramatic in its bent. Of Mr. Millais' scriptural subject, Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses during the day of battle between the Amalekites and the children of Israel, we hesitate somewhat to speak, as, though the conception of the figure of Hur is wonderfully fine, yet we feel that those of the seated Moses and the standing Aaron lack sufficient individuality and force of character. The whole attitude of Hur expresses not merely physical, but moral force terribly alive and active. He holds the hand of Moses fiercely up, as it were defiantly of the Amalekites, and there is a kind of wild energy about

his face and form, as though matters were going somewhat hard with the children of Israel, and his whole powers were needed to assist in defeating the enemy.

Of the 'Somnambulist' by this same painter we would say that the moonlight effect is as true as it is charming, that the vacant, dreamful eyes of the sleep-walker are such as only Mr. Millais could have given them, but we protest with all our might against the brass candlestick and the embroidered night dress; the former is inharmonious, and the embroidery is incongruous with the station in life suggested by the candlestick. In other respects, this picture is full of sweet feeling.

If Homer could only be restored to life and be cured of his traditional blindness, how delighted he would be, we feel quite sure, with Mr. Leslie's charming painting of 'Nausicaa and her Maids' (1103). Nausicaa, the central figure of the group, is the very essence of tenderness and purity, with a certain aristocracy of bearing about her that half wins, half commands obedience and homage. She reminds us somewhat of a pale azalea, with petals gently flushed with pink. The attendant maidens are delicate and pure, but do not venture to outshine their radiant mistress. For the simple setting forth of female loveliness of face and form, for gracefully flowing draperies, for glancing sunlight on tree and rocky foreground, for harmony of result both artistic and intellectual, commend us to 'Nausicaa and her Maids' by Mr. G. D. Leslie. Leaving this sunny glimpse of classical wonderland, how sharp, striking, and painful is the contrast of Mr. Frith's painting of the 'Salon d'or, Homburg' (158). In the former work we have sunlight, beauty, health, purity, and happiness; in the latter we have a kind of artificial light, we have some doubtful beauty, we have indifferent health, most indifferent purity, and as for happiness, it is either so infinitesimal in quantity or dingy in character that the less said about it the better. Again, too, from the multiplicity of figures, the interests both dramatic and artistic are divided, so that we have a panorama rather than a picture, and a scenic procession rather than a life drama. Infinite pains have been taken, we doubt not, to study each character and the expression in each face, but there seems to be a separate light for each individual face, which thus disconnects it from the general lighting of the picture. Again Mr. Frith wishes to interest the spectator as powerfully in the figures of the background as he does in those of the immediate foreground, and thus the balancing of interests is lost. In the once celebrated 'Derby Day,' and 'Ramsgate Sands,' by this artist, we have the same crowding of canvass with excess of ill-balanced detail, and the same failure of dramatic purpose. Some of the most remarkable pictures painted in this nineteenth century contain a mere handful of figures, but the interest is concentrated, and the painted story is consequently better told. It seems quite a relief to escape from the close stifling air of the 'Salon d'or,' and to get a

peep of the 'English Channel, as seen from the Dorsetshire Cliffs,' in Mr. Brett's exquisite picture (522). We look from the cliffs, as Mr. Brett directs us, and yet no cliffs are seen, but the glorious sea stretches at our feet deep green with purple shadows, emerald green with faint tender green bordering on yellow in the light, each in harmoniously changing variation, as sunlight or shadow happens to fall on its gently undulating surface. The *ἀνηρίθμον γελάσμα*, the many twinkling smile of ocean is here, wave kissing wave, and sunlight gently betraying the secret of the sea. The upper regions of the sky are blue—that melting, almost mellow blue, that follows warm spring showers—in a lower stratum of sky, light, happy, fleecy, rounded cumuli rest lazily above the horizon, through whose masses the sunshine pours a rain of silver light, the light becoming a delicate haze as it nears the horizon, and thus helping to break, and soften, and clothe with mystery the long sea line of distance that spreads out before us. The painter has drawn one bold, strong, definite line on the horizon, but like an illumined electric rod its ends are lost in light. It is not saying too much when we affirm that the sea in calm has never been painted before as Mr. Brett has painted it; this is owing to the artist's intense love of his subject, and the most acute perceptiveness of its manifold beauties, and his original bent of mind that refuses to follow in the beaten track of orthodox sea painting, with its traditional paraphernalia of broken masts, rent canvass, tossing hulks, and drowning seamen. 'Chill October' and this 'Bristol Channel seen from the Dorsetshire Cliffs' ought to stop for ever the mouths of adverse critics as to the advisability of painting in the broad style or the finished style, as to the necessity of figures in landscape, or fishing smacks and men of war in sea-pieces. Here are two pictures, painted on entirely opposite principles, and entirely a different key of colour, and yet the results in both are grand from their very simplicity and their strong truth to Nature. Let us only be thankful that we have two such painters in our British School as the Academician, John Everett Millais, and the as yet undecorated plain John Brett.

In 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis,' Mr. Leighton has shown us how to treat a subject bordering on the terrible with dignity, and to render details sometimes repulsive with refinement and beauty. He avoids the cheap clap-trap of vulgar horror, and shows us the dead beautiful in repose, without at once reminding us of the charnel-house. The painter has shown his art in merely suggesting the figure of Death, and throwing into strong relief the form of Hercules battling for the mastery with that stern wrestler, who, though once thrown, must ever win the last decisive fall. We have rather a sinewy than a muscular Hercules, with somewhat of the Apollo grace about the limbs; and this exchange of intellectual for sheer material force is happy in its suggestion, inasmuch as Hercules does not contend with a material foe on this occasion; and after all, were

not the hero's labours moral as well as physical triumphs, had not his heart been as mighty as his limbs, the myth that relates his difficulties and his triumphs would have been as uninteresting as it was uninstructive. The kneeling figure of a girl to the left of the picture, with upraised head and compassionate eyes, watchful of the contest, is a tender chord struck amidst the tumult of the encounter, a ray of life and love as it were in the house of mourning, darkened with the shadow of death. Unlike the members of the group immediately behind her, neither face nor attitude betoken fear for the battling Death, but rather sympathy with the earthly champion of Alcestis, and sorrow for her most dear mistress. The beauty of line and the beauty of colour that distinguish all Mr. Leighton's works are conspicuous in this classical subject, where, indeed, the artist shows himself most truly Greek in feeling, and we are most grateful to him for the glimpse of rolling cloud and deep blue sea, whose waves are uttering deep-toned symphonies for the illustrious dead.

For dramatic interest we have but to step a few paces to the left of Mr. Leighton's picture, and we shall find much to satisfy the eye and mind in M. Tadema's 'Roman Emperor, A.D. 51' (210). 'When the Prætorian soldiers had killed Caligula, his family, and the members of his household, they were afraid an emperor would be thrust on them by the Senate. To ascertain whether any of the Imperial family had not been forgotten, they returned to the palace the next day, and discovered Claudius hidden behind a curtain. They carried him off to their camp on Mount Aventium, and proclaimed him Emperor, to the bewilderment of all the world.' The artist has chosen the moment of Claudius's discovery behind the curtain for his incident, and has therefore centred the chief interest upon the lurking Claudius and the soldier who drags him to the light. The former stands semi-bewildered behind the curtain so suddenly drawn aside, half leaning, half falling back, with a strange expression on his face of mingled terror and surprise, and yet forced humour, as though he fain would smile away the falseness of his position, in spite of its shameful appearance; and this we think is a very subtle touch of nature on the artist's part, for the assumption of a forced smile is the not unfrequent accompaniment of great fear, when, indeed, the part of valour, or at least equanimity, has to be acted, and the spectators are somewhat critical. So Claudius smiles in a faint, cowardly, hypocritical fashion, and plays his sorry part as well as a remnant of Imperial degeneracy could play it in A.D. 41, the scene being laid in the palace of the Cæsars, Rome. We do not see the soldier's face who draws back the curtain, but we can divine the expression on it by the attitude of mock homage revealed by the figure. There is a grim satire in placing the marble bust of Cæsar just above the murdered bodies of his degenerate kinsmen. Though smeared with the blood of the fallen, the very marble seems to scorn the ignoble clay beneath it. The texture of the curtain,

and the rendering of polished marble surfaces, is all that could be desired; and the pale green drapery is a tender passage of colour from the olive green curtain, but there is a certain hardness of line observable in some of the figures of the group to the left. The friends of monarchy will almost turn with a song of thanksgiving to Mr. Calderon's picture of 'On her way to the Throne' (167); just as if it were only to remind the profane that there are such things as thrones, divine upholsteries as it were, and those who approach their sacred area must be somewhat more observant of respect towards the sitters on said thrones, than those graceless Prætorian guards, who were so utterly regardless of all forms of etiquette as to thrust their vulgar swords clean through the imperial mantle to the imperial heart. Yes, M. Tadema's is a lawless, revolutionary picture, and Mr. Calderon's is a gentlemanly, well ordered, courtly work, breathing the very essence of good manners, lavender water, violet powder, perfumed soap, cleanliness, and decorum. But we must take one liberty with the title as with the picture itself. 'On her way to the Throne' might imply the passing of royalty, whose august finger tips are to be kissed, or it might also imply the presence of some courtier on her road to kiss the finger tips of majesty. We shall prefer to take the latter interpretation, sanctioned as it is in our eyes by the conditions of the picture, and we read it thus: Two court footmen, who, by the way, ought to have enlisted in the Guards, pause for a moment before drawing back a curtain that divides the throne-room from the ante-chamber. Why do they pause? Because her ladyship's head-dress is receiving one final artistic touch from the hands of the barber in waiting, and because her ladyship's train is being given the last final adjustment by her stooping handmaiden. Her ladyship turns her head, evidently, we would say, to a mirror on the wall, to see that both head-dress and drapery are equal to the occasion, and possibly to give one look of triumph that shall be reflected back to Lady Mary, or Lady Alice, or Lady Frances who follow in her wake. But neither Lady Mary, Lady Alice, nor Lady Frances, show the slightest traces of defeat, or envy, or sympathy; one face certainly has a smile on it, but the other proud powdered beauties show no signs of emotion. The one expression that seems to reign supreme is that of absolute indifference to the dresses or beauty of their sister courtiers, and only a feeling of self-importance, self-sufficiency, self-adulation, is dominant in their breasts. *L'état c'est moi* seems to be hovering on their courtly lips. The humour of the barber is charming, but that such a radiant being as this young aristocrat should depend for perfection and presentability upon the resources of this snub-nosed barber's curling-tongs and greasy fingers would be monstrous were it not so true.

With this slight incident Mr. Calderon has accomplished great things, for we have genuine humour, excellent colour, and irreproachable rendering of textures. Some objection might be raised against this

almost too admirable painting of draperies and surfaces generally, but we have real living men and women beneath the shimmering silks and dull toned broad-cloth. Moreover had the artist treated silks, satins, and broad-cloth slightingly, we should have found grievous fault with him, as their faithful rendering is essential to the subject matter. Does it not lie on the surface, this dexterous adjustment of a curl, this happy ordering of a fold? M. Gérome seems evidently hampered with drapery; it is an obstacle to him, he cannot be 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in its decorous limits; nature with him must be nudity, and yet we prefer the almost appalling nudity of his slave girl, 'À Vendre' (1150), to the fashionable nakedness of some portraits that hang on the walls of this Academy. There is an honesty, as it were, about the slave girl's nakedness, as she stands there in the market, a dark, strong-limbed Eve, but—and here is the pathos of this picture—an Eve who is irrevocably doomed to dishonour. The jet black Abyssinian semi-nude sits careless of her fate, whilst a marvellous monkey, worthy of Landseer, squats huddling by her side, from the terms of the sale almost an acknowledged equal, the monkey and the negress evidently going together as one lot. The owner of these goods, a turbaned Turk, sits on a balcony placidly puffing at his hookah, with charming oriental *insouciance*. We are perfectly overwhelmed with the richness of colour that pervades the whole work; fullness is here and tremendous power, power of drawing, power of colour, power of thought. Some may argue that 'It is not a pleasing picture.' Granted, dear sir or madam, but power does not usually come with a smirk in its face or its hair in perfect order, and we do contend for M. Gérome's picture, 'À Vendre,' that it is one of the most striking and powerful pieces of painting on the walls of this year's exhibition, in spite of its having been somewhat prudishly hustled into a corner. There are so many other fine works to be seen and noticed, that the passing comment of a line would be as invidious as it is unjust, and therefore to be silent will be to treat them with honour, and should space permit we may speak of them at some future time.

E. B. Shuldham, M.D.

# The Rose of Kenmare.

A Song by Shiel Dhuv.

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lassies have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kinmare.

Chorus.

O, where can her like be found?
Nowhere the counthry round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughther as thrue,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
wittier,
purtier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine,
Neck and arm of the colleen complately eclipse;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants sthraight as Carn Tual,[1]
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-swate lips.
O, where, &c.

[1] Carn Tual. The highest peak of Macgillicuddys Reeks, as seen from the town of Kenmare, presents a strong resemblance to a Grecian nose.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance,
For if not ye've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her swate little feet as they dart in the dance.
O, where, &c.

If y'enquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the wesht,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kinmare has a Rose
That would sing anny Bulbul to sleep in her nesht.
O, where, &c.

When her voice gives the warnin
For the milkin in the mornin
Ev'n the cow known for hornin comes runnin to her pail;
The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens[1] snout her,
Whilsht their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
O, where, &c.

Whin at noon from our labour
We draw neighbour wid neighbour
From the heat of the sun to the shilther of the tree,
Wid spuds[2] fresh from the bilin
And new milk you come smilin,
All the boys' hearts beguilin, alanah machree!
O, where, &c.

But there's one swater hour
Whin the hot day is o'er
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin in the middle,
Whin she's guessed Larry's riddle
Cries, 'Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv.'
O, where, &c.

[1] Young pigs. [2] Potatoes.

# Modern Art-Science and Art-Criticism:

## An Historical Sketch.

Why did the philosophy of the beautiful and the philosophical study of art linger in their development so long that we find them in their infancy a hundred years ago? Why did the Middle Ages, with so much of intellectual activity, produce no system of æsthetics? Why are the great philosophies of the seventeenth century silent on this subject? Beauty is not a revelation for which the world was waiting until it was vouchsafed to the Scotch philosophers or to Kant. It was not our fathers or grandfathers who built the great cathedrals of Europe, spiritualising almost every important city from England to Italy by an abiding presence of beauty—the church, which from its purpose and character came nearest to men in hours when their hearts were most free from worldly cares, most open to impressions of solemn and serene loveliness. Why did the generations which have left us such lofty feelings of beauty never carry the subject into the region of the analytic understanding? The churches were the highest expression of the mediæval sense of beauty; the churchmen were the philosophical thinkers of the day; yet about beauty the philosophers are silent. In Italy painting under the patronage of ecclesiastics was exciting a deep interest as early as the thirteenth century. The gladness and triumph in the streets of Florence upon the completion of Cimabue's Madonna prove that the artistic emotions were already deep and popular. It cannot be said that the science of the beautiful had no external suggestion in philosophical literature. The writings of Plato and Aristotle were known at least through secondary sources. It was recorded by the great Father of the Western Church, Augustine, that he had written two or three books concerning the beautiful; these were lost during the author's lifetime; but throughout his writings hints are scattered, which indicate the nature of his theory. A line or two by Porphyry sufficed to originate a world of mediæval speculation,

to divide school against school, and before the controversy ended to array armies against one another combating not with syllogisms but swords, to the strange war-cries of nominalism and realism. Why could this question of the beautiful effect no entrance into the circle of scholastic thought, which at once opened to enclose a question in some respects so much less attractive—that of the nature of general ideas?

The answer is that scholasticism was essentially theological. The schoolmen were not disinterested students of mind. From their position the fruitful study of psychology as well as that of the natural sciences was impossible. To observe and experiment presupposes that truth is to be found, that an individual may endeavour to ascertain it for himself, and establish it independent of, nay, in spite of, all external authority. But although in our eyes the chief glory of scholasticism is that it unconsciously brought men to this point (when of necessity it expired), in the schools such a doctrine would have seemed startlingly heretical. The whole conscious purpose of the schoolmen was to prove the harmony existing between religious dogma (the truth of which was not a matter of question) and philosophical knowledge, between faith and reason, and to draw out this harmony in consistent schemes. It is easy then to perceive—the current of thought being determined not by psychological attractions but by the impulse of theology—why subjects such as the emotion of beauty and the nature of the beautiful should be passed by without attention. They were not theological, and theology was the business of thought. The nominalism of Roscellinus endangered, it was believed, the philosophical doctrine of the Trinity, and hence the existence of universals *a parte rei* became a matter of the highest importance. If some freethinker had deduced a subtle argument against the sacraments from the nature of beauty we should have had volumes of theological æsthetics from Anselm and Bernard, and the theory of St. Augustine would have been anxiously investigated; but no heresy of this kind existed. The monk watched the walls of the abbey or cathedral rise, and was made glad by their beauty, and returned as we do to that of ours, to the trouble of *his* century—the effort to rationalise theology, or theologise reason. The science of God drew all things to itself. When Dante beside the flashing river of light, surrounded with the beauty of Paradise, grows theological, we need not wonder that his master Aquinas could pace the cloisters or aisles of an Italian cathedral without once resolving to analyse his impressions in a chapter on the pleasures of the imagination, or the emotion of the sublime.

But scholasticism fell; sapped by the spirit of free enquiry which the schools themselves unconsciously engendered, overwhelmed by the flood of life and new ideas in the Renaissance, finally swept away by the Reformation, the natural sciences, and the philosophies of the seventeenth century. Why do we search these philosophies in vain for an analysis of

the facts of consciousness relating to beauty, or for a theory of the beautiful? In the Renaissance, if ever in the history of the modern world, art was one of the great affairs of life, not the mere occupation of a professional class with hangers on of the connoisseur and dilettante tribes. Then, if ever, there was that sympathy between the various arts—painting, sculpture, music, poetry, architecture, the work of the goldsmith, and the work of the armourer—which has been noticed as the characteristic of a true 'palingenesic period;' and such sympathy by indicating the essential oneness of all these forms of activity suggests an enquiry into their common basis. The enthusiasm for Plato had been revived by the Italian Academicians. Lorenzo wrote a poem upon his philosophy; annual banquets were held upon his birthday, at which portions of the Dialogues were read and discussed (surely among the rest the 'Symposium'), nor at a time when heterodoxy was in fashion, was the movement the worse received because it was regarded with suspicion by the Church. Plotinus was translated into Latin, and whoever read Plotinus found a book of his first Ennead devoted to the study of the beautiful. But more important than all else, when Bacon and Descartes appeared, the philosophy of observation was inaugurated. Authority was no longer paramount; theology was no longer the only motive to thought; the operations and products of mind had become interesting for their own sakes, not for the sake of some dogma into relation with which they could or could not be brought. Descartes wrote a treatise on the passions; Bacon accomplished a magnificent survey of the objects of human knowledge. But Descartes wrote no æsthetics; and the space given in the 'De Augmentis' to poetry and to the liberal arts (which last are treated under the head of philosophy), if we set aside some fanciful interpretations of Greek fables, is less than the space given to the art of writing by cipher.

The method of observation was only beginning to be applied, and each thinker, we may suppose, would direct it according to his own tendencies. Descartes' treatise on the passions is slight. It was his concern to find a point of support, which no scepticism could reach, upon which he might lay the basis of a philosophy, and then work up to the light. To him the metaphysical Sphinx had proposed her great riddle, the riddle she has put to every thinker from Descartes to Hegel, 'How is the gulf between thought and being to be bridged?' and the solution was not easily discoverable. In addition to which, Descartes and his successors probably cared little for art, and were certainly to a large extent preoccupied with their physics and mathematics.

The great work of Bacon's speculative life was different. He has given us a multitude of ingenious observations on men and things, but he has in a strict sense no philosophy; he has only a method of philosophising, and to have proclaimed this method as the true one, and in some degree to have elaborated its processes is the substantial service

which Bacon rendered to the progress of thought. That he has left us no system of æsthetics therefore is not to be wondered at as if this were a solitary and conspicuous defect in Bacon's philosophy, for a philosophy itself is what cannot be found. Descartes, the Columbus of intellect voyaging through strange seas of thought, discovered a new world; let it be called after his name; but Bacon taught men the use of the compass, and of the known world he described an admirable map, leaving blanks for the conjectural regions, where others had drawn imaginary monsters and Mountains of the Moon.

Bacon's few observations upon poetry display singular incompetence to understand its real nature. In truth Bacon, though possessed of much brilliancy of fancy, much nimbleness of wit, and though experiencing a Renaissance joy in splendour and pomp which appeal to the senses, was a man wanting in imagination of a poetical kind. No hypothesis was ever more untenable than that which ascribed to Bacon a considerable hand in the production of Shakespeare's plays. No two men were less like in mental and in moral character than the great dramatist and the great lawyer. Bacon in his 'De Augmentis,' as it has been remarked by Fischer, 'begins by classing the essentially most poetical form of poetry—the lyrical form—under rhetoric, that is to say, prose; and he winds up by ranking the essentially prosaic, that is to say, allegorical poetry, as the highest order of the poetical.' Dramatic poetry is dismissed with one short paragraph. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the drama, that species of art which created the new, untried popular delight of the Elizabethan age, should have lived a life unembarrassed by criticism, a life free, frank, and careless. Its good and its evil, its fearless grandeur and beauty, and its too frequent extravagance and incoherence are equally characteristic of a literary period which was great and ardent in creation, feeble and uncertain in criticism.

The critical intellect of the age of Elizabeth was carried in the direction of theology and ecclesiastical affairs. That which remained for the service of literature was for the most part not of the best quality. Of literary criticism in the sense in which we commonly understand the term, of the study of individual authors or groups of authors, there was none or next to none. The critical treatises of the time, though valuable in many ways to us now, can hardly have been very valuable when they were written. In Sidney's 'Apologie for Poetrie' there is a fine glow of enthusiasm about the art which he defends, and it probably presents us with the best ideas upon the subject of poetry of the years immediately preceding the advent of Shakespeare. There is in it not more understanding of, but more feeling for, the real nature and action of the imagination than can be found in the criticism of Addison or of Johnson, a century or two centuries later. And Sidney's observations upon the disorderliness of the dramatic plots of his day and the frigid style of contemporary

lyrical writers are eminently just. But what was at first and what still remains most precious in 'An Apologie for Poetrie' is the glow of enthusiasm about poetry which pervades it, not its ideas concerning art. We can well believe, remembering the tenth eclogue of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' that such also was the case with Spenser's prose tract, most unhappily lost, 'The English Poet.' In it we know that he discoursed of poetry as a worthy and commendable art, 'or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct, not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain 'Ενθουσιασμὸς and celestiall inspiration.' Webbe, Gascoigne, Puttenham, and the royal rhymer and critic James I. concern themselves rather with the externals of poetry than with its inward life and character. 'Of the breaking of your words of many syllables,' of your dactyl and spondee, of your figures 'micterismus or the fleering frumpe,' 'antiphrasis or the broad floute,' 'charientismus or the privie nippe,' and such like, we read enough in Puttenham. But his art of poetry has no philosophy of poetry behind it. 'Metaphysicians,' as Mr. Mill has observed, 'are the ultimate arbiters of all philosophical criticism;' the excellence of art-criticism is usually a correct measure of the worth of the art-science of the time, and of art-science in the time of Elizabeth there was, strictly speaking, none.

Philosophy in the seventeenth century was occupied fully in developing its new method, in working at physics and mathematics, and pondering how certain metaphysical problems might be solved, which could not be put aside. Only by degrees did it extend itself from one branch of human thought and activity to another, and assert its right to criticise the fundamental principles of each. Art was looked at on its external side rather than its internal, as related to rules and models rather than to the emotions and ideas of the artist, as imitation rather than self-expression. The first great psychological observers and analysts of England were Hobbes and Locke, and neither æsthetics nor the philosophical criticism of literature could exist until it had become a customary thing to scrutinise the phenomena of the emotions. Unfortunately both Hobbes and Locke were men of extraordinarily prosaic minds, and Locke devoted almost an exclusive attention to the phenomena of the understanding. Aristotle still remained the supreme authority on the ultimate principles of art.

One celebrated sentence, it may be worth while to note, which having forgotten so much we retain from the seventeenth century, and which has been repeated again and again as an axiom of art is in reality entirely turned from its original significance. It has been said by Milton (we are told) that 'poetry is simple, sensuous, and passionate.' This is our chief inheritance from the art-criticism which preceded the prefaces of Dryden. Whoever will refer to the letter to Hartlib on Education can ascertain for himself that Milton is here speaking not of

poetry, but of what we call æsthetics, and that it is his object to determine the place of æsthetics in education. The study of art should precede the study of logic, because the former is less intellectual, less abstract, less remote from the emotions— 'less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean here not the prosody of a verse, . . . but that sublime art which in Aristotle's 'Poetics,' in Horace and the Italian commentaries of Castlevetro, Tasso, Mazzoni and others teaches what are the laws of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe.' Whether the philosophy of art is more simple than logic may well be questioned.

'What are the laws of a true epic poem' was a subject before long to be studied with reference to the great work of Milton himself. Addison's essays in the 'Spectator,' upon 'Paradise Lost,' are characteristic of a period in the history of English literary criticism, and his essays upon the Imagination exhibit in a popular manner the art science of the same period, as yet feeble and superficial, but unconscious of its feebleness and superficiality. It is to the credit of Addison, that he, and he perhaps first, turned to modern psychology for light and guidance in the philosophical criticism of art. 'Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings,' but Addison insists that the critic of his day must be acquainted with the results of Locke's enquiry, and he shows on more occasions than one that he had read the essay to good purpose. Nevertheless there is no part of Addison's writings which to our modern hearing seems written in a more antiquated dialect, no part which seems more absolutely to belong to a dead and buried past than his literary criticism. Sir Philip Sidney is in many respects less remote from us than is Addison. There is in Sydney some of that transcendentalism about art which has supplied the commonplaces of criticism in recent years. For Sidney, as for Mr. Carlyle, the great poet is a *vates*, not entirely subject to our judgments and rules; but Addison applies to everything in art his 'incomplete logic of good sense.' He makes light of the qualifications of the critic who sets up in his trade with a few general rules extracted out of the French authors, and a certain cant of words, but if the rules were more numerous and more precise such a critic would have resembled Addison himself. He possessed no doubt a real feeling for certain beauties of literature; he condemned the artificial conceited manner which even in his day did not cease to retain admirers—'the Gothic manner of writing;' he professed to love simplicity and nature, and he did honour to the 'Ballad of Chevy Chase;' but the simplicity and nature which Addison loved were those of Queen Anne's time, and of his own 'Cato.' 'Chevy Chase' is found to accord with the rules of the heroic poem, and to contain 'strokes' and 'sentiments' resembling some in Virgil. This manner of criticism is intelligible to us, and

was useful in its time, but how remote from us it seems, how lifeless and unprofitable!

The critic in the days of Addison considered poetry as consisting of a definite number of kinds or classes of composition; a work belonging to any one of these kinds of composition, an epic, a tragedy, an ode, a pastoral consisted of a definite number of parts, and there was a rule which ought to determine the nature of each of these parts. The epic comprised fable or action, characters, sentiments, diction, figures, episodes, machinery. The action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action; secondly, it should be an entire action; and, thirdly, it should be a great action; and so on with the other parts, until our judgment is fortified by the entire series of rules. The criticism consists in examining the poem by the rules proper to the class of writing to which it belongs. The work is compared with a standard, and is pronounced good or bad, according as it approaches or falls far short of that standard. The critic spoke of the epic or drama in the same manner of dreadful precision which heightens the mystery and horror of the story of the infant's grave upon the mountains in Wordsworth's 'Thorn':

> I've measured it from side to side,
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide.

Such a method of criticism may not be illegitimate, but it is unfruitful. Certain qualities in a work of art give pleasure, and a law of art is the expression in an abstract form of the conditions under which pleasure originates. But our rules or laws at best are rough and awkward statements of fact. Nature (and works of art are as much natural productions as trees or governments) is infinite and incalculable; the intellect of man is neither fine enough nor comprehensive enough to penetrate her secrets and resolve her processes; and accordingly much that is precious, much that is vital escapes this criticism by rules and standards, and will not be compelled to appear and give an account of itself by such an inadequate method. Too often, moreover, the accepted rules of art were not general statements of facts common to all times and places, but were received upon the authority of Aristotle, or were derived from an examination of the models of antiquity, and transferred to modern times and the Christian world without enquiry into their claims upon our feelings and our imagination. A French tragedy was compelled to observe the unities of time and space. Why? Because the unities could be justified by common sense, or were the expression of some real, though obscure, artistic instinct? No, but because the unities had been observed by the Greeks, and the Greeks were the models of polite literature. Such a way of thinking tended to formalise and falsify art, made criticism barren and dogmatic, and retarded the period for the growth of a rational system of æsthetics.

But the dogmatists could not reign for ever. Boileau could not always legislate upon the French Parnassus,

> Shake his ambrosial curls, and give the nod.

A revolution against the old dynasty was inevitable. Before the close of the seventeenth century the blow was struck—Perrault had published his 'Parallel of the Ancients and Moderns.' Fontenelle and St. Evremond in France, Wotton and Boyle in England, Paul Beni in Italy, espoused the cause of the moderns. In the name of reason authority was openly impeached. La Mothe argued against the unities as devoid of end and principle, and denied the necessity even of unity of action. Addison, with an eye upon his own 'Cato,' and at a later period Richardson at the close of his 'Clarissa,' declared themselves against the artistic doctrine of poetical justice: 'In the arts which depend on the imagination,' wrote Voltaire, 'there are as many revolutions as in states; they change in a thousand ways while we try to fix them.' In England, Spenser and Chaucer were re-edited, and were found to be artists of a not altogether barbarous age. The 'Percy Reliques,' even as they appeared refined and corrected to suit a generation of polite readers, were something of a different description from what men of the eighteenth century had been accustomed to admire. It was evident that a new and larger conception of the beautiful must before long appear to include works of art of so many various kinds.

Our great literary critic of the second half of the eighteenth century, Johnson, was insensible to many of the finer influences of the age to which he belonged. If flexibility of intelligence, a power of assuming many and various intellectual attitudes, and an imaginative sympathy with all moods of mind be characteristic of the critical spirit, little of that spirit was possessed by Johnson. His tone was more authoritative and dogmatic than that of Addison, and his sensibility to beauty less sure and less delicate. He seems to have agreed with Dennis that there is not much in 'Chevy Chase' but 'chill and lifeless imbecility.' He brings poetry before the tribunal of a vigorous but prosaic and somewhat plebeian common sense, and perplexes and silences the witnessing of imagination by bold and relentless cross-examining. This vigorous common sense, unilluminated by imagination, is that which remains most valuable, and also least valuable in the critical writings of Johnson.

> We drove afield and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

wrote Milton in 'Lycidas.' Johnson did not feel the summer heat and the morning freshness in these lines, and has nothing better to say of them than, 'We know they never drove afield, and that they had no

flocks to batten.' But the same common sense which wrongs the grace and majesty of Milton's creations does good service against Cowley's frigid exercise of the fancy, and extravagant *tours de force* of wit.

Although Johnson's decisions are often unjust where Addison would have instinctively decided rightly, the 'Lives of the Poets' are in their manner of criticism much in advance of the 'Spectator' essays upon 'Paradise Lost.' In the seventy years which elapsed between the two the general capacity for thinking upon questions connected with art and literature had been much developed. Addison half a century after his death was scarcely allowed to be a critic. His criticism, as Johnson informs us, was condemned as tentative or experimental, rather than scientific; he was 'considered as deciding by taste rather than by principles.' It may be doubted whether Johnson's principles are much more profund than those of Addison, but it is certain that he exhibits a freedom and mastery in dealing with literature, partly resulting from the powerful intellect of the man, partly from his knowledge of the general capacity to receive literary ideas, which are notably absent from the earlier writer of the century.

The circumstance was fortunate which determined that the first large critical enterprise of our country should be also biographical. Before the appearance of the 'Lives of the Poets' works of literature and art had been criticised as if they had fallen from the clouds. Probably habits of thought and feeling acquired from the study of classical writings, about the authors of which nothing or but little was known, led men to consider books a good deal apart from the makers of the books. There were rules of composition, and standards with which an ode or epic or tragedy could be compared, and the comparison being effected the task of criticism was over; but there were no rules by which men could be finally judged, no standards by which they could be thus nicely measured; and therefore they were not proper subjects for criticism. If the action of an epic were one entire great action, if the characters were various and of becoming dignity, if the sentiments were appropriate, what mattered it whether the author were high-born or a child of the people, of vigorous or feeble body, of sad or serious temper, self-indulgent or morally severe, married or single, rich or poor, Christian or Atheist? Such questions as these may have possessed an historical interest, but criticism was absolutely unconcerned with them. In the 'Lives of the Poets' the same hand undertook to sketch the life and to apply the measuring-rod to the works of art —the product of that life. Johnson, however, although through him criticism got upon the right track, did not himself forsake the old paths. He was to the last a dogmatist in art-criticism, not a naturalist. Each of his 'Lives' tends to fall into two parts: the first is occupied with the author's biography; in the second he proceeds to an examination of the author's works; the two parts of his study stand apart, and do

not come into free relation one with another. Nevertheless the mere juxtaposition of the narrative of the life and the enquiry into the works was important. One could not but perceive that poems are not caught out of the air, but belong to the man who writes them. The biographical method of criticism necessarily followed in due time. The 'Lives of the Poets' end a period of literary criticism, and announce a new period, and this is their chief significance.

No adequate system of æsthetics was possible, nor could art criticism be other than superficial, until the conception had arisen of the essential unity of art. This conception that art is one, that it has the same cause, the same end and object; that poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the dance are but various manifestations of one and the same human tendency, is of modern origin. Bacon, it has been already noticed, while he treated poetry as one of the three great divisions of human learning, placed the liberal arts in a subordinate position under the head of philosophy. Disproportionate honours were in like manner rendered to poetry by the French thinkers and men of letters of the seventeenth century. Art in France under Louis XIII. and his son, admirable as that period was in some respects, contrasts unfavourably with art in Italy under Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leo X. The characteristic of a true palingenesic period was absent. The arts did not find their common centre, but remained on the surface, isolated, each absorbed in its special technicalities. Each class of artists understood only those of their own guild and mystery. There were great painters, but they did not draw their inspiration from the court, where alone the literature could flourish. Poussin's studio was at Rome, amongst the fallen divinities; Claude's wherever he could gaze long at a rising and a setting sun. So incompetent were the poets to appreciate painting that Molière and Boileau without scruple placed Mignard above Raphael. It is not until we come far into the eighteenth century that we find the idea of the unity of art gaining much ground. Rousseau by his passion for Italian music helped to show that poetry need not be ashamed to acknowledge relationship with the other arts. Diderot may be regarded as the founder of the higher criticism in France of painting and sculpture. In Germany the erudite enthusiasm of Winckelmann was like a ripening sun shining upon all thoughts which centre around art; and Lessing, by his admirable comparative study of poetry and painting with a view to determine their respective boundaries, made it clear that while the powers of expression differ in the two arts, their inner life and being is the same. By degrees men ceased to speak of 'poetry and the fine *arts*,' and the singular '*art*' in its new sense came to be understood and generally accepted. At the same time philosophies of art and theories of the beautiful began to occupy a considerable place in the schools of English and French psychology and German metaphysics. The

position of art as a proper object of scientific thought became fully established. From Kant to Fischer, from Cousin to Lévêque, from Burke to Ruskin there has been no break in the continuous series of philosophical studies of art.

In the present century two intellectual tendencies are very clearly marked—the scientific tendency and the historical tendency. And these two tendencies have allied themselves one to another. The study of nature is more than ever before historical; the scientific questions of our time, those concerned with the development of species, those which relate to the growth of language, and many questions of geology are essentially historical questions. And, on the other hand, the history of man is approached in a scientific spirit, and investigated as a proper object of science; human societies, governments, religious institutions, are looked upon as parts of nature, as subject to natural laws, and exhibiting an orderly natural development from age to age.

Art-science and art-criticism have yielded to the dominant influence of these two tendencies of contemporary thought. When Addison wrote essays the duty of the critic was simple—to apply to a poem certain rules, to compare it with a certain standard, and to pronounce judgment in accordance with the results of the comparison. At a later period it came to be felt that the work of a man cannot be understood or justly appraised apart from the man himself; the biographical study of literature and art was inaugurated. At present neither the work of the man nor the man himself becomes intelligible until we have placed him in his environment, the surrounding society, until we have discovered the causes and conditions which made possible the appearance of such a phenomenon, until we have investigated the characteristics of his race, and reconstructed in imagination the period to which he belonged.

The historical method is employed as well by those who assert absolute beauty as by those who deny it, reducing the beautiful to a varying somewhat, which differs from itself as civilisations and climates and creeds and the changing passions of races of men differ. For Hegel the successive epochs of art represent a continuous and progressive solution of the problem of the beautiful,—how is the absolute idea to exhibit itself in a limited, sensible form? For him the history of art is one with the logic of art. M. Taine rejects these metaphysical conceptions somewhat scornfully. But with him the attractions of the historical method are not less powerful than with Hegel. Both reduce human liberty and the influence of the individual upon the progress of art to a minimum. M. Taine discovers everywhere in the invisible world the action of great moral forces, as the geologist or astronomer in the visible world discovers the action of great physical forces: every historical condition, the art, the religion, the government of each period is the resultant of the joint action of these energies; history becomes a problem in the mechanics of mind; the direction which the

human intellect and feelings and imagination take in any given age is infallibly determined by a composition of moral forces.

The chief exponent of these ideas in the criticism of literature and art is M. Taine, who has applied them with the rigour of a *doctrinaire* critic to English literature, and to the arts of Greece, of Italy in the Renaissance period, and of the Netherlands. His manner is brilliant and dazzles, but he is deficient in power of delicate perception and in real flexibility of intelligence. In these qualities M. Taine's master in art-criticism Henri Beyle (better known by his pseudonym, Stendhal) excels by much the pupil. Beyle's method—for such it was, in fact, although Beyle would never formally methodise any way of thinking—is the same as that of the historian of English literature. 'A temperate climate and monarchy produce admirers of Racine.' That is altogether in M. Taine's manner. But Beyle held himself free from the tyranny of a theory; he is penetrative but not persistent; he illuminates but he does not construct; he is stronger and weaker than M. Taine.

This sketch has now in its slight imperfect way been brought so far as to touch the present time. What new vistas are opening before art-science and art-criticism cannot here be guessed at or described.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

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## FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

WHEN two fond hearts are parting
  They clasp sad hands in pain,
And they fall a-weeping,
  And sigh, and weep again.

But we wept not at parting,
  No sighs from our lips fell,
The weeping and the sighing
  Came *after* our farewell.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

# Life in Trinity College, Dublin.

By J. P. Mahaffy.

No stranger in Dublin can fail to be attracted by the massive front of Trinity College, in the greatest thoroughfare of our faded capital. The Oxford or Cambridge man, who expected to see some large house like the London University, finds spacious squares and venerable halls that speak of old traditions, and an hereditary character, sustained by noble associations and surrounded by a peculiar atmosphere. Burke and Goldsmith stand before the gate. Ussher and Berkeley and Grattan are in the halls. The buildings too are of the type that was common when Dublin was the seat of Government and the home of a resident nobility. The library has not its equal among library buildings in England. The provost's house looks like the town residence of an English nobleman. And in the days when the provost's house was built, the Provost of Trinity College was a great man in a real capital. He owed his place to Government, and might be a member of the Ministry, and not a college don. He was an absolute despot within the walls, generally returning the two members by fear and favour. He became a bishop if he liked, and put his sons into rich offices or richer livings. So too the members of the board, the senior fellows, were known as men of wealth and importance. They were rich, and no one could tell how rich, for they controlled great estates with terminable leases, and gave no public account of their stewardship.

These things are now past, but the recollection of them is fresh, and still the provost stands in the first rank of Irish society, and still there are vague beliefs abroad as to the untold riches of the University and the many lucrative posts that are to be obtained within her walls. As yet the centralising tendency, which has eaten out the splendour of the Irish capital, has not laid its hands upon her, and she follows out her history and her development, moulding herself with the times, and even drifting away in some respects from the first intentions of the founders. She was meant to be an outpost and mission for the spread of Protestantism in Ireland, but since 1793 she has consented to admit Catholics to her degrees, and gradually to all her prizes. She was

meant to be a *mater Universitatis* with many colleges; but as Aaron's serpent-rod Trinity College has swallowed up the other Halls, and like Harvard imposes its laws and even its name on the whole University. She was meant to teach none but those that lived within her walls, and yet she now permits them to remain under their parents' charge, and even undertakes to examine periodically those that live afar off and are willing to submit to her tests and be called by her name. Intermediate in age between the mediæval foundations and the creations of the present century, she is intermediate in her constitution and her intellectual condition also, more modern than her English sisters, yet wisely holding fast much of her old collegiate life and traditions, and so differing essentially from the examining boards, misnomered Universities in the present day.

This peculiar and interesting attitude is mainly due to the exceptional position forced upon Trinity College. Built originally *juxta Dublinium*, it has gradually been folded in the embraces of the growing city, and is now in the heart of a great human world which it has no legal and little social power to control. The firm resolves of provosts and of deans to maintain the old discipline of college life have been gradually worn away and sapped by the wearing waves of enticing society and of unreasonable parents. What can the severest tutor say when his erring pupil pleads that he was dancing at a senior fellow's house, or that his mother was afraid to let him return on a wet night? Above all, the disease and misery of our squalid lanes and alleys have created great hospitals around us, and this has given us the opportunity of developing a large medical school, of which the members are bound to professional duties wholly inconsistent with the traditions of college life. There is no use in attending a maternity hospital in the day; by some perverse law children are born in the night, in spite of all the deans in the world. The visiting physicians will not suit their hours to the college chapel, neither will accidents wait for the conclusion of the Litany: how, then, are compulsory chapels to be maintained? And it is not in human nature that privileges conceded in such urgent cases should not be assumed at other times without real necessity.

These circumstances, acting on the social and pliant nature of Irishmen, are gradually wearing away the old system, once copied from Trinity College Cambridge, and still maintained there to some extent. The fellows themselves gave it the greatest blow. For after much scandal in older times, and after sundry 'Animadversions upon the fellows of Trinity College,' followed by actions for libel, the body obtained leave from the present Queen, by pressing her at an unfair moment, to become family men—a privilege which should never have been granted without permanently increasing the number of the fellowships, by making them terminable, or otherwise. So, however, the college don in Dublin is not usually a luxurious bachelor, living at ease in

elegantly furnished chambers, and watching over the neatness and regularity of the college with sedulous care, but a hard-worked official with his hands full of lectures, examinations, and correspondence, from which he gladly escapes in leisure hours to a home with dearer cares and a deeper rest. Of late, too, ordination has been avoided; clerical fellowships, once the rule, will soon be the exception, and this fact is the index of a larger change.

But turning to the condition of the students, anxious parents will think first of all of the temptations of the wicked city, and suppose that the moral tone of the Dublin undergraduate is proportionately low. Yet this is found practically false, for two obvious reasons. In the first place, there is no city so large as Dublin in all Europe where vice is more vulgar and unattractive. The nation has neither money nor inclination for it. Single men cannot even find innocent amusements in Dublin. There are few convenient houses, fewer clubs, scanty theatres. Everybody gets married and lives at home. And this suggests the second reason. There is a large society in Dublin, not stiff or inaccessible, into which the undergraduate can and does go freely, and so if he be idle he spends his evenings at concerts or in dancing. And of course he falls in love—desperately too, as is the wont of his nation. There is no University where men fall in love so frequently and so rapidly. So after all the large city does not ruin them, as might be supposed, but generally humanises them, and takes its share in a very necessary part of their education. Yet again, the fine sea-coast and splendid hills and moors of Dublin and Wicklow, within easy reach of the city afford an inducement for walking parties, for breathing the freshest mountain air and the keenest sea-breeze—a privilege denied to Oxford and Cambridge; and this healthy and pure recreation saves many a man from seeking relaxation in billiard rooms and at supper parties.

The stranger who enters the courts of Trinity College with these facts in his mind will explain to himself with their help almost all the contrasts to other colleges which he sees. The squares are much larger than those at Oxford, and not nearly so well kept, for there is a greater thoroughfare, and there are frequent carriages rolling in with lady visitors. The men are careless of etiquette as to academic dress, for they are constantly going into town like other citizens. The dust too and noise of the city reach within, and destroy the fancy of seclusion and leisure so delightful at English Universities.

Yet in spite of all these things there is a vigorous and real life in old Trinity. The men may not be, as a rule, so polished as in Oxford or Cambridge. But there is a rough strength about them that atones for other deficiencies. As Irishmen they are fluent talkers, and as Trinity College men they are independent talkers, free to utter their opinions, not guided by precedent, differing readily, even from their teachers. Those Fellows who encourage conversation at their lectures soon make them like the old disputations of the schools—

much-abused discussions that educated better than all our modern cramming.

If these discussions are kept in bounds by the lecturer, they are a fine mental exercise, and not least to the teacher, who is put thoroughly on his mettle, and whose weaknesses are at once made manifest to the class. Hence there is a very free and severe estimate of the intellectual capacity of the fellows. Hard as the fellowship examination is, and no examination could well be harder or more searching, the man who has stood even this test will not escape being written down a fool or christened a donkey if he fails to meet the requirements of his class. So it is also with the students among one another. The *vox populi* will be led by no class honours, or even by the prizes awarded in their own historical and philosophical societies. A man is judged by his conversation, by his ability to take in new ideas, by a thousand things which cannot be enumerated, but which are taken as evidence against all artificial tests, if they disagree with them.

So it is of course among the fellows. They criticise one another openly and readily, but always with perfect honesty. That false and hollow spirit of caste, whereby some professions in Ireland keep praising one another, and striving to atone for vapid weakness by consistent mutual flattery, does not exist in the University. Some years ago the fellows criticised one another so severely that they almost put a stop to any of their body publishing books. Every unfortunate author was so sifted and pulled to pieces that it required a man of very thick skin to brave their shafts.

But the stranger who dines at the fellows' table, and enters the common room, is, I believe, pleased by the vigour and liveliness of the conversation. And Dublin men like to be visited by Oxford or Cambridge or Harvard men.

Of course visitors too are freely criticised. You hear it said that they are far too conservative, and the worship of Aristotle and of Bishop Butler and of Dindorf's texts is made the subject of sundry jokes. But an assembly of young Irishmen will have their jokes about everything, and no one escapes, not even the authors of quaternions and of conic sections.

There are in Trinity College all the clubs and societies usual in such places. There are philosophical societies, and debating and theological societies, and prayer unions, and missionary auxiliaries; there are boat clubs, and cricket clubs, and gymnasiums; there are reading rooms and choral unions, and in fact there is no excuse for forming a club or society passed over. But the smaller fortunes of the men, and the consequent necessity of hurrying into professions—these causes prevent any exorbitant attention from being paid to sports or to debates. Men do not as a rule train hard in the clubs, and treat games as a recreation and not as the main object of life. With the development of foot races and of boating within the last few years

the questionable tendency is creeping in, but as yet the best oar and the best bat is not a great man in Trinity College; he is not thought superior to the best mathematician or classical scholar. The 'College races' are indeed a wonderful sight—the saturnalia during which all business stops, and every student's chamber is turned into a luncheon room. The city and the converging railways supply us with an assembly of 15,000 or 20,000 well-dressed people, but I doubt whether the athletics are yet the great object of the audience. There is very little betting, and the remarks most frequently heard next day are not about the running and the vaulting, but about the extraordinary beauty of the assembled ladies. So the boat club row well enough, as they showed at Henley last year, but they supplement their rowing by dramatic representations which are perhaps better attended than their races.

In all these things the great city and the sisters and cousins, mothers and aunts, exercise their influence and temper the too absorbing interest in pure athletics. It is also probable that the excellent field-sports to be had in the country parts of Ireland satisfy many men, and keep them from throwing their energies into games. Good shooting, salmon fishing, and hunting are not in Ireland reserved for the rich, but can be enjoyed by every country gentleman's son; and there are consequently many who do not care to stay one day longer in Dublin than is necessary, but hasten away to spend their spare hours on the moors or the lakes.

I have said thus much concerning the leisure time of our University men, because it is chiefly through this means that old colleges educate their pupils. The actual teaching of science and of languages might possibly be obtained from books or private tutors, but the moral atmosphere in which a man lives and talks and idles—this it is which moulds his character more than any books, and this it is too which the reader cannot easily gather from calendars or examination papers.

There are, however, peculiarities in the teaching of the Dublin University worthy of consideration. The Dublin mathematical school has long been famous—in old times it was our only real *school* of importance. For though Dublin has produced great isolated writers in metaphysics and in divinity, there was a continual succession of able mathematicians among her fellows. I believe the main peculiarity of this school was its geometrical complexion. Proofs which appeal to intuition were always more appreciated than the analytical manipulation of symbols. Deducibles from Euclid were made out and taught in thousands, nor do I know any study in which more time has been wasted than on these 'cuts,' if we except, indeed, the 'cuts' from Murray's 'Logic.' The subtleties extracted from a dissection of the four figures and the laws of reduction once bid fair to rival the deducibles from Euclid, and the whole of the honour course for the first year in mathematics and in philosophy was confined to this ingenious trifling. Now these things have been altered, but still the cuts appear

at the first examination, and the geometrical tastes of the University are amply attested by the works of living writers.

As to philosophy, we can boast of an independent school which was never led away by the popular writers of the day. Sir William Hamilton never imposed upon us with his Natural Realism. In spite of the necessities of the Indian Civil Service Examination, we are not infected with Mr. Bain, and even Mr. Mill has in Dublin more admirers than followers. The study of Kant, introduced and deepened by the searching fellowship examinations of Dr. Toleken, has of late years taken the first place, and there is possibly no English speaking University in which the great German thinker is so well understood.

Our classical school may be considered of very recent formation. All the fellowships were till lately awarded for scientific knowledge, though the genius of the nation would appear far better suited to languages and to general literature. There were a few books of repute written long ago by Dublin fellows, such as Walker's 'Livy' (remarkable for the elegant Latin of the notes) and Leland's translation of Demosthenes. But now there is a real school established, which shows more life and vigour than the old mathematical school. The system pursued in the examinations is peculiar in endeavouring to combine the critical scholarship of Cambridge, the philosophical scholarship of Oxford, and the comparative philology of the Germans. Perhaps this scheme is too wide, and perhaps our classical staff is as yet hardly competent to work it perfectly, but the conception is surely a large one, and will yet lead to good results. Above all, we still hold fast to our old plan of giving considerable weight to oral examination, and still value elegant and fluent *viva voce* translations. Despite of the disfavour with which this sort of examining is regarded in English Universities, we are still convinced that it is perhaps the best test of intelligence, and a very good test of scholarship. Of course critical questions should abound in such examinations, and looseness of rendering is thus easily checked. Even in mathematics and in philosophy the experience of the fellowship examination has convinced us that, on the whole, the impression conveyed by *viva voce* examinations is very seldom contradicted by the papers.

But these are dull and serious discussions, with which we care not to trouble the reader. Much might be said about the schools, some of which are in great vigour, and have a development independent of, though related to, Trinity College. There is, I think, no more impressive scene than to hear the Regius Professor of Physic open his medical school, as he sometimes does, with one of his large and weighty addresses. Public lectures are not as frequent as they might be in the University, though the people of Dublin are very ready to take advantage of them, and any professor who teaches a subject connected with literature can obtain an audience of one hundred ladies and gentlemen merely by advertising his intention. But when the Regius Professor of Physic is to give an address, many men of importance and of intellect may be

seen going to the theatre, there to be received by the steep and closely packed tiers of noisy students with applause or with hisses, according as the accident of the time makes them popular or the reverse. Some distinguished men cannot even venture to go in at all. But when the great physician comes in and quiets the storm of satisfaction by deprecating any disturbance of his lecture room, and gently requests silence, all is hushed, and you see the curved galleries of young eager faces compose themselves into quiet attention. The professor will not generally in his first lecture confine himself to medical details, but rather use them as illustrations of large principles that obtain through all society and human life. Above all, he never fails to show the necessary connection between medical and general education, and he insists on the duty of every student to make himself a cultivated gentleman, as a necessary adjunct to his professional knowledge. However plain the language, or well recognised the principle, there is in his manner a certain gravity and dignity which carries with it an irresistible charm. He concludes by pointing out the responsibilities of the profession, and in the absence of adequate public rewards, the high satisfaction of a good conscience and of a life of honest and successful labour.

It is indeed much to be regretted that the talent and the industry of the Irish student seldom meets with a due reward, owing to the paucity and poverty of the prizes which the University can afford. For of all the old Universities, that of Dublin is by far the poorest. The accident of there being but one college has made that college appear rich, but an endowment of 37,000*l.* per annum is a small sum to meet all the necessary expenses of a great University, with its college buildings and with its own peculiar responsibilities. Hence it is that the plan has been adopted of having none but *working* fellowships, adequately paid, by being very much restricted in number. But owing to this system a large number of really deserving men leave their University with the feeling that they have not been fairly rewarded. The mischief does not stop there. The Irish are a people who suffer chronically under a belief that they are not duly appreciated; so that even those who have no real claim to a fellowship often leave Dublin sore and discontented. It is to this class that we owe the deep ill-will manifested at times against us, which may well surprise an Oxford or Cambridge man, trained up in loyalty to his *Alma Mater*. Much as these exhibitions of bad feeling are to be regretted they have nevertheless, in our case, been of some use in forcing the University of Dublin before the attention of the English public. Hitherto even the debates in the House of Commons have shown deplorable darkness as to our condition, and our claims to public support and sympathy. This state of things is, we trust, passing away. If it be the will of the Olympian Prime Minister to destroy us, our fate may be now sealed. Nevertheless, we shall protest in the words of Ajax:

ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὅλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι ἔπλετο οὕτως.

# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *OIL AND WATER.*

'Come, come, Miss Effler. Don't attempt this nonsense with me. I am an old friend, you know, and privileged to say my say.'

It was the voice of Mr. Chowner, trying his best to appear cheery under adverse circumstances. He had come as Mr. Lovett's advocate, and found the old lady very obstinate in her hostility.

In the corner of the drawing-room sat Adine with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks. She had chosen the shade to hide some portion of emotion, which was patent enough notwithstanding. Miss Effler sat defiantly in full glare of a morning sun. No vestige of shamefacedness had time left on that face. It was bold and resolute, feminine only in vanity, in power masculine.

'I am sure Uncle Charley would never fetter my choice,' cried Adine by way of supplementing the lawyer's rhetoric.

'It is an open question whether you have an Uncle Charles in existence,' retorted Miss Effler, preferring to snap at her niece rather than meet Mr. Chowner's argument. With this gentleman she would not willingly quarrel. He was her factotum in business. Through his office flowed punctually rents, interest on shares, and other delights. Better still, he could invariably arrange for money in advance, and somehow in spite of an ample income the old lady was usually in debt.

The lawyer took up the cudgels for the young lady with promptitude. 'Miss Adine is quite right,' he exclaimed. 'Her natural guardian is Mr. Charles Effler. As for his not being alive and well, I can confute such an idea. I saw only the other day a gentleman in London who had met him at Chicago quite recently. He reported him in excellent health and spirits. Doing well, in short.'

'In that case,' observed Miss Effler drily, 'Adine had better wait until such time as my brother elects to return from the wilds of America. Perhaps during the course of years he may have recovered

DRAWN BY MRS FREER.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

some portion of the fortune he squandered at home. Then, you see, he could act handsomely in respect of settlements.' This with serene acrimony.

They had hitherto confined their palaver to the question of her consent. She was sharp enough to guess the lawyer's drift, and so herself directed the argument to its real point.

'It isn't a question of money,' snarled Adine. 'We don't want anybody's money. We have quite enough of our own.'

'My dear Miss Sinclair!' ejaculated Mr. Chowner dumbfoundered at this quixotism.

'Quite enough,' echoed Miss Effler. 'Quite enough! Mr. Lovett has no private fortune—simply a life interest in a very indifferent piece of preferment. Whilst, as regards his relations, they are a set of people whom poverty has driven to the antipodes. I never knew a more helpless, hapless, friendless man, and I don't think he is justified in dragging my niece into his squalid poverty. Quite enough indeed!'

'I won't hear him maligned. I won't——' began Adine.

But Mr. Chowner interrupted. His function was to pour oil on troubled waters. This work of mercy he usually performed by patting the air with a very fat palm, till the oil began to take effect.

'My dear young lady,' he said solemnly. 'You are wrong. We *do* want money. Everyone wants money. Baron Rothschild wants money. Emperor of Russia wants money. It's not honest not to want money. I never knew a man who began by not wanting money who didn't end by helping himself to other people's purses. No, no, we won't be absurd. We ask your dear aunt to make you two people comfortable by a small allowance during her life, and a policy of insurance at her death.'

'Death!' cried the old lady. 'Death! How can you be so revolting? I'm not going to die.'

'No, no, of course not,' replied he. 'If you were at all a shaky life, you could not insure.'

But Miss Effler remained impassive and silent.

Then it was Adine's turn to utter. She turned away from her aunt with a little scornful shrug of the shoulders.

'Pray, Mr. Chowner, let us cease this discussion about finance. It is most unpleasant to me. I never expected or desired such a subsidy as you have proposed. Far from it. If my aunt refused to assist her own brother when he was in sore trouble, it is not very reasonable to expect her to sacrifice income for me. Who am I that I should obtain a better or kinder measure than was meted to my poor uncle Charley? Once for all I won't hear any more about money. Theodore Lovett and I are to be married. That is settled. The only question is, will you force us into a runaway match, or——'

'There, there,' exclaimed the lawyer irritably. We are more remote from an amicable state of things than ever. Miss Adine, allow an old man to remind you that a spade may be a spade, but it is not

always wise to christen it by so homely a name. Now, Miss Effler, Louise Hart is to be married from our house, suppose we make a double wedding of it, and you shall take my arm in church, and I will give Adine away, and we'll all be jolly and cosy?'

But Miss Effler turned up her nose. 'I used to hear when I was a girl,' she retorted, 'that it is vulgar to be jolly.'

'By all means,' cried the complacent lawyer. 'Then, ma'am, let's be vulgar.'

Miss Effler looked unutterable vinegar as she replied, 'Vulgar! Ah! Yes. The wedding of a poor parson and a penniless damsel. Well it is vulgar, now you mention it.'

'Aunt!' almost shrieked Adine.

'Vulgarity,' sententiously interposed the gentleman, 'is an equivocal term. In a certain sense all marriages are vulgar. At the altar the aristocrat and the costermonger stand in the same relation to their respective brides. Marriage resembles vaccination. Everyone ought to undergo it. Ha, that is,' glancing uneasily at Miss Effler, 'except those whose constitutions are proof against the contagion of love.'

Prose generally misses the mark. Its course is too circuitous. These two ladies with fronts drawn up as for a pitched battle disregarded the pacific platitudes of a neutral.

'If you say any more,' shrilled Adine, 'Miss Effler, *I shall tell!*'

This was intended as a home-thrust.

Miss Effler scowled. A revelation of her vain error in regard of Mr. Lovett would be disagreeable. Mr. Chowner, oily as he was, could laugh; now and then sarcastically too.

'You may marry whom you choose,' she muttered angrily; 'it doesn't matter to me!'

'And yet you are always preaching lessons of gratitude and affection. So much for the virtue of moralising!'

'Rebellious and unfeeling conduct,' retorted the old lady, turning to Mr. Chowner as for confirmation of her sentiment, 'cancels the purest affection.'

'But,' interrupted Mr. Chowner, 'my dear good lady, your niece is simply pleading her own cause—in feminine fashion of course, and with a pardonable warmth. She is not unfeeling or undutiful.'

'Excuse me,' rejoined Miss Effler, 'I ought to know what I am saying. I have my own opinion of my niece's conduct. Wherefore my decision is to decline in most positive terms to make her any allowance, or in any other respect to abet a marriage alike imprudent and unprincipled.'

At this last word Adine burst into a merry laugh. Mr. Chowner looked sincerely mortified. This made the young lady laugh all the more heartily.

'Unprincipled,' hissed Miss Effler. 'Nevertheless I have no desire to control Adine's wishes. People who don't pay have no right to

interfere. She is welcome to accept your offer, and to play second fiddle to Miss Hart.'

This appeared final. Mr. Chowner, fairly repulsed, rose to retreat—firing, however, a parting shot for luck:

'I think, Miss Effler, you ought to remember that you have but a life interest in your property. Think if you were to leave the world, your natural heir being in real want of money, all because you would not, from motives of pique, assign a small fraction of income in a life assurance policy for her benefit.'

The old lady was inexorable. 'You have had my answer once, Mr. Chowner,' she cried, 'and you know, or ought to know, that I am not vacillating. I won't do anything for Adine if she opposes my will. And indeed in any case I object to life assurance. The people ask your age, which is impertinent, and their doctor demands to examine your *physique*, which is indelicate.'

'God bless you!' exclaimed lawyer Chowner fervently, as he wished Adine good-bye. 'You must try and alter your aunt's purpose—for *his* sake,' he whispered. 'He is poor, remember.'

Adine hung her head. She had intended to keep her temper.

Then Mr. Chowner left.

With a woman of Miss Effler's calibre it is next door to impossible for gentle loving girlhood to be on anything but distant terms. The niece in her secret soul had all along hated the aunt, and yet she could deceive herself into the strange belief that she lavished upon the old lady an abundance of dutiful affection. It was, therefore, with no inconsiderable diffidence that she attempted to reopen negotiations on a different basis from that of the lawyer. Indeed, her motive was not the same. Girl-like, she had not the slightest appreciation of the value of money. All she hoped for was—a wedding from the indifferent home which had been hers since the death of her mother, and the prospect of friendly intercourse between her one relation and herself; for the uncle Charley previously alluded to was the scamp of the family, a ne'er-do-weel, and ostracised by importunate creditors to the other hemisphere.

'Aunt,' she gently murmured, standing opposite the old lady with appealing blue eyes, 'aunt, have you ever been in love?'

But Miss Effler had developed knitting, and was too absorbed in its tangle to condescend a reply.

'You never have, or you could not for mercy attempt to interpose.'

Still the knitting continued, very aggravating in its gyrations.

'You should remember, aunt, that a girl has but one life to live. Suppose I gave up my love at your bidding, what future would remain for me?'

Bang went the knitting on the floor. Up rose Miss Effler, and without one word disappeared from the room.

Then Adine Sinclair took the bit between her teeth. This was too much for a proud spirit. Silence shows the worst of contempt. She had borne a considerable amount of bullying from her superior, they had indeed frequently so far disagreed as to exchange notes of defiance; now, however, amiability seemed utterly at a discount. An old family history arose to her mind of how her scape-grace uncle—the world said too the very double of her own dead mother—of how this man in his misfortune, having lost more than all by speculation, had appealed to his well-to-do sister. How, too, he had been repulsed with the same cool determination she had experienced to-day. He went to America almost heart-broken. She, too, would turn her back on a woman so hard-hearted and perverse willed that it were a very charity to account her irresponsible for words and actions.

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## CHAPTER X.

### *A LOST CHANCE.*

Again the Blankton lawyer's office. Again Mr. Lovett seated with a very anxious face in solemn conclave with its presiding spirit. Adine had confided to her lover at once the state of affairs at her home. Nay, more, she had openly avowed that under present circumstances it was simply impossible for her to remain under her aunt's roof; nor, when the mystery of Miss Effler's behaviour began to be cleared up, could Mr. Lovett, with all the ardour of accepted love inflaming his brain, venture to talk propriety. Nevertheless, he felt acutely the situation, and accordingly took refuge in the advice of his friend and well-wisher. Mr. Chowner looked grave. In his way a wise man, his perceptions were by no means dull. He was more keenly alive to the paramount importance of money than either of these two unsophisticated lovers, one of whom would gladly have given his whole purse to the object of his adoration, the other would with equal improvidence have spent its contents on all sorts of pretty inutilities. Hence he looked, as he felt, serious.

After listening attentively to Mr. Lovett, who was alternately fervid and apologetic, he bit his nails—as for information.

At length an idea seemed to seize his brain. 'I have it!' he cried. 'Leave the matter to me. We must not produce a total and final rupture with the old lady. She *may* come round. She will be lonely when Adine is gone, and, after all, blood is thicker than water. No. I'll manage it for you.'

'How? Manage what?'

'All right, my boy.' And with a hearty smile Mr. Chowner took his hat and marched off to Miss Effler's abode.

This time he succeeded in obtaining his wishes.

Miss Effler, to calm excitement, had been indulging in a somewhat unusual quantity of sherry, a beverage which, she said, agreed with her constitution. This improved her temper. She was at all events better prepared to be smoothed over. When, therefore, Mr. Chowner proposed as a solution of the difficulty, that Adine Sinclair should join Mrs. Chowner and Miss Hart in an excursion to London in order to purchase *trousseaux*, returning in due course to his house in Blankton, Miss Effler quite fell in with the idea.

'Very good of you, I'm sure,' she said. 'By all means let Adine go. And as far as ordinary expense is concerned I shall write a cheque. So long as she remains unmarried I am her guardian.'

Well pleased with his interview, the good lawyer returned to tell Mr. Lovett to comfort his lady-love, and receive the very warm thanks of that gentleman, whose brow once more wore its normal aspect of cloudless tranquillity.

Mr. Lovett was to read evening prayers in the cathedral for the last time. On the day following he was to be instituted formally by the Bishop to Mudflat Vicarage, which act would *ipso facto* vacate his minor canonry. Adine had promised to be at service both on account of the occasion, and still more because she would thereby secure an interview with her lover.

The last of anything always bears with it a certain solemnity of its own. Your last boy day at school. Your degree day at the university. Your last breakfast as a layman. All raise strange thoughts in the mind. The lot is to change. Is it to be for the better?

No wonder that this minor canon faltered as he came to the concluding prayers. The great cathedral had never looked so magnificent in his eyes. The organ had never sounded so solemn. Even the flickering glories of little Ralph's voice conveyed their own weird meaning. His heart beat. His voice trembled. Perhaps a thought crossed his brain, how that if only the cathedral funds were honestly administered there would have been bread enough and to spare for him and his, without travelling to the very ends of the earth in quest of a home and an income.

'A lovely evening for a stroll,' whispered the musical voice of Adine as they passed through the western porch together.

Yes. The old life was over. Of that her presence was the assurance. He lived now in Adine. The dregs of small regrets were left behind. His heart beat with glorious hope responsive to her tender accents. The dead past seemed buried in a living present, dazzled by a brilliant future.

Thus it came to pass that they courted the still of evening, expecting to enjoy moments deliciously romantic, as they wandered by the bank of the river Blank, which, as everyone knows, waters Blankton with its sluggish stream.

Her feelings were those of intense happiness and firm belief in her love, who appeared the very perfection of noble manhood. Yet mixed with this great confidence there was a measure of girlish timidity. The words of her enemy Horace Blackley kept recurring to her mind: 'A high-souled piece of humanity is that same Theodore Lovett. One who would shrink from the contamination of a soiled reputation.' She would have given all she possessed to dare tell him that secret at once—to get over the cross of her life—and yet she feared. To utter words against herself would, as she felt, jeopardise her happiness. In any case he would despise her. No, she would hold her own counsel. After all, what harm?

They walked in lover-like silence, until they emerged from the trail of stragglers coming to and going from the city. Then he told her of Mr. Chowner's plan, and her aunt's acquiescence in it.

To his surprise she did not exhibit any signs of pleasure; rather the reverse, to judge from her manner.

Whereupon he threw weight into the scale.

'I shall join you in London as soon as I have settled about dilapidations, and young Ralph's apprenticeship.'

She could not well make objection to this; yet, had the twilight permitted, he would have been surprised at the look of pain which pervaded her face. The remedy to her was worse than the disease.

'Where are Mrs. Chowner and her party going to put up in London?' she asked.

'At the Langham,' was his reply.

Involuntarily she gave a little start. To be at that hotel again, and with Horace Blackley too, seemed the reverse of pleasant.

'I wish we were going to lodgings,' she said. 'I so much prefer a house to an hotel.'

'Ah! But you don't know the Langham,' he replied. 'It is *par excellence the* hotel for a lady.'

Adine thought that she did know 'the Langham' only too well, and her little tongue itched again to make a full confession, and so set matters straight. Somehow, however, she dared not. Perhaps after they had been married a while courage would support her. It would be a real luxury to get rid of this mental burden, yet self-denial appeared imperative. She was silent. Being so she lost a very brilliant opportunity of liberating her soul.

They essayed to converse in a desultory way on topics rather commonplace for lovers. Finding her the reverse of conversational, and not comprehending that her mind was preoccupied, he tried to discourse about their future, the as yet unseen charms of Mudflat, the details of furniture, and the choice between a horse and pony.

His rhetoric was wasted. At last he began to discover that this pretty companion of his was positively *distraite*. Fairly puzzled, he

asked with matter-of-fact curiosity the privilege of peering into her thoughts.

Taken by surprise at his query, abruptly put, she had no time left for invention absolute. Truth might be skirted, but could not be avoided altogether.

'I was thinking,' she said, 'that Louise Hart and Mr. Blackley will vote me rather *de trop*.'

'I thought that you and Blackley always got on famously,' he remarked with blundering innocence.

'I detest the man,' cried she energetically, gazing up at his face, however, to comprehend if his words contained any *arrière-pensée*.

'Little women,' he answered her laughingly, 'are strange paradoxes. I never should have dreamt that you disliked Blackley—although, by the way, I do remember you called him ugly one day. But then——'

'Perhaps,' insinuated she, 'you imagined I admired Mr. Hawder?' This was a bit of nervous energy to change the subject.

He took it quite seriously. 'I did think so,' he replied in an altered tone of voice.

At another time she would have felt vexed at his being vexed. Now, however, her little will had got on a perverse tack. 'Well,' said she, 'I certainly did like Mr. Hawder by far the better of the two.'

This speech altogether upset the felicitous placitude of her lover; he quite lost both tongue and heart, and their first evening as an engaged couple ended drearily enough.

After all, the skeleton in the cupboard will make its presence felt!

Nevertheless, on the day following, Adine did join Mrs. Chowner and Miss Hart in their journey to the metropolis; they were escorted by Mr. Blackley, to whom on the platform of the Blankton railway station, Mr. Lovett was excessively bland and chaffy. Indeed, he imagined it a very capital joke to commend Adine to his especial care, entreating Miss Hart to spare him for a few minutes *per diem*, lest Adine should suffer from *ennui*.

At this Mr. Blackley smiled; Miss Hart tried to smile, but frowned. Adine actually did frown; to her it seemed not unlike the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand in order to avoid its pursuers.

Time and trains, however, don't wait for temper. Scarce were the words out of Mr. Lovett's mouth, when the whistle sounded and the locomotive puffed its burden out of Blankton.

As for unsuspicious Mr. Lovett, having confided his love to the care of his worst enemy, he accidentally ran against a very good friend of his, and a very honest soul to boot—Mr. Hawder; and overcome by feelings of indignant jealousy, evoked perhaps by Adine's thoughtless words, he actually cut him dead in the street.

So much for the power of diagnosis of the average lover!

## CHAPTER XI.

### *A DIVORCE COURT WITNESS.*

It was an agreeable surprise to Adine Sinclair to discover that her foe completely changed his tactics. Instead of persecuting her with intrusive attentions, Horace Blackley devoted himself ostentatiously to Louise Hart, ignoring the presence of the two other ladies. In truth he was thoroughly piqued. The transition from a bad love to a bad hate is easier than analysts of human emotions imagine. This man's brain was implete with notions of vengeance. An actor, however, he determined to conceal his hand. To display love or hate would have been equally a false move. His game was entire indifference, and he played it to perfection.

On arriving at the great hotel in Portland Place, Mr. Blackley, who as a matter of course had all arrangements entrusted to his worldly wisdom, somewhat startled Adine by selecting for her use precisely the same room which she had previously occupied. Girls have amazingly retentive memories about trifles. She had not forgotten the number of the room, nor its furniture, nor indeed the face of the housemaid, who came to attend upon her.

It was in the afternoon of the day following, that coming in tired enough after a spell of shopping, she went up in the lift to indulge in the best of London luxuries, a thorough good wash. This same *femme de chambre* brought her hot water, but with a slightly impudent leer on her plebeian features—an expression so marked that it arrested the young lady's attention.

'Anything more, miss?'

'No, thank you.' And Adine prepared for ablution.

'Nothing more, miss?'

'No, no; nothing, thanks. Much obliged.'

But the girl did not seem disposed to leave the room. Then Adine turned round from sheer surprise. The face that met hers was a very evil face. It had a history evidently. It represented the annihilation of every better feeling by some potent cause. It might be a wrecked love. It might be vice. To judge from her coarse *physique*, the latter supposition appeared to be the more likely.

'Last time as you were 'ere you went away without remembering of me,' she said.

Fairly taken aback by an accusation she well recollected to be false, for she had 'tipped' this very girl, Adine began to fumble in her purse for some silver.

'I thought I paid you,' she murmured.

The girl laughed low. So the young lady admitted she had been in

that room before. Good indeed. What a joke is simplicity to wickedness. 'It was werry forgetful of you,' continued the housemaid; 'werry. Supposing as I had been dishonourable, and told tales, what then?'

'What tales?' cried Adine, growing angry.

The girl laughed again. Such a false hollow laugh it was too. 'You know,' she replied.

'I know?'

'To be sure you do. What's the use of the Divorce Court, and sich like national institutions, if servants isn't to profit by them? We keep our heyes open, miss, let me tell you.'

Adine shivered at the ideas suggested by the low creature's words. They had their meaning, but she refused to perceive it.

'I again demand what is the reason you talk to me in this extraordinary way?' she said. 'If you want money, I will pay you whatever your charge is.'

Adine knew that attendance was an item in the bill, but she felt it wiser to affect ignorance. She was weak enough to imagine a small bribe would effectually settle this petty annoyance. But the girl's face soon undeceived her.

'You've got perhaps a fiver, or at most a tenner in your purse. What's that, I should like to know? That wouldn't pay off such a score. However, as I said, I'm honourable. That's what I am.'

'I don't understand you,' answered Adine very coldly. Her face had changed to ashen. Her little hand trembled.

'Nor I don't understand this 'ere. Mr. and Miss Smith comes to a 'otel and engages adjoining rooms, brother and sister like. Ha, ha!'

Her tone was very irritating. 'What business is that of yours?' cried Adine, her pale features suddenly flushing crimson. 'How do you know that the—the gentleman isn't my brother?'

'For two reasons. First, Miss Smith's linen is marked "Sinclair." Secondly, Mr. Smith's linen is marked "Blackley." That's why. If you want another reason you shall have it, miss.'

Adine was silent. Her heart, as the saying is, was in her mouth.

Then the girl came closer, and whispered mysteriously, 'You're not Miss Smith, and he's not Mr. Smith, because—*he told me so.*'

At once Adine appreciated the situation. This was the underhand work of Horace Blackley. He had secured a confederate. What for? To frighten her? To injure her? She could not guess. However, her course was plain. This girl must be dealt with, and that, too, promptly. She at once took refuge behind her own innocence.

'Oh! Mr. Blackley has been in communication with you, has he? Very well then; I conclude he explained how that, for reasons of our own, we were travelling under an assumed name. That will do. You may go.'

Plucky, Miss Adine, of you! Yet hardly conciliatory of a foe.

The girl retreated a step, observing in a tone almost of banter, 'Shall you require anything more, miss?'

'No,' replied Adine firmly; 'nothing. Stop though,' she added, 'what is your name?'

'Ask Mr. Blackley,' responded the girl, slamming the door in her face.

Adine turned to the glass to behold her countenance suffused with blushes. Indeed indignation was the uppermost feeling in her mind. Solitude, however, is apt to calm much of such effervescence, and the result of a few moments' reflection on her position was a flood of tears —girlhood's best safety-valve.

She was endeavouring to eradicate traces of such emotion by means of cold water and other accessories of the toilette, when Louise Hart announced through the keyhole that Mr. Lovett was waiting for her in the drawing-room below.

This good news was more effective than artificials simple or complex. Her pretty face was wreathed in smiles as she ran down the interminable staircase to meet him.

Had these lovers belonged to a different rank of life, they would have gone through the naturalesque process of kissing. So overjoyed was Adine at his arrival, that it is quite possible she would have felt rather proud than angry had he so saluted her before the company assembled in the great sitting-room of the Langham. To speak the truth, however, Mr. Lovett, if such an idea ever entered his head, was much too shy to put it into execution. On the contrary, he contented himself with looking foolishly overhappy, as he pressed her little white hand in a manner quite as demonstrative as the most sonorous of kisses.

So engaged was she in imbibing the tender passion, which beamed from his eyes, that she quite failed to perceive the presence of little Ralph, who was standing by his patron with a very pallid face and a coat buttoned to the chin, although it was warm enough weather.

Nature by a strange Nemesis had satisfactorily cheated the Dean and the butcher. The boy had burst a bloodvessel, and Mr. Lovett in consequence, under medical advice, determined at once to remove him from the raw climate of Blankton. Hence he had brought the boy to London to place him with an old musical friend, whose position in the profession was in itself a recommendation for his pupil. Adine received the sick boy with warmth, and the trio were soon seated at one of the cosy tables of the great dining-room discussing sweetbreads *à la jardinière*, and the Langham *Liebefrauenmilch*, a drink much to be commended either neat, or blended with real Seltzer.

It was melancholy to observe the change in young Ralph. Adine watched him with furtive interest, and her admiration for her future husband multiplied not a little as she realised what a true friend he

had been to a helpless child of art. It quite rejoiced her heart to think that they were about to sacrifice a small slice of their first year's income in aiding one so meritorious as this youth, with his earnest artist face and strangely lustrous eye; one, too, so obviously grateful; one who seemed to be worthy of honest friendship.

'I hope,' faltered the boy with emotion, 'I hope that I shall live to repay your great kindness.' A sentiment born more of heartfelt gratitude than of petty pride; one of nature's gentlemen, he knew how to accept the greatest favour with the greatest grace.

They in return wished him not merely music but life, and spoke all the kind words which flow with such spontaneous beauty from bright fresh souls—souls which have not as yet been trampled under foot of man, or compelled to bite the dust of debt and degradation.

After all, they are happiest, who never learn the folly of giving.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### *THE SLAVE OF THE LENDER.*

THEODORE LOVETT came to town no longer Minor Canon, but Vicar, and he had already discovered that honour is costly. The Bishop's registrar—or rather deputy registrar, for the actual holder of that sinecure spent most of its emoluments in a game popular in Germany, the issues of which are determined by the spinning of a ball—the Bishop's deputy registrar then had picked his pocket of almost every available coin. Canon Grabbe had not vouchsafed to extract dilapidation money, and arrears of minor canonry were not yet available. In short he began life hard up. He had to pay for young Ralph. Some one must purchase Adine a *trousseau*, and that some one was himself. Then *in prospectu* loomed the wedding-tour, furniture and fixtures, to say nothing of a substitute at Mudflat during his absence. Verily the laity, who talk balderdash about 'fat livings,' have mighty little idea how miserably poor the average incumbent is.

Now, had Theodore Lovett acted wisely, he would have saved every expense, and strove hard to crawl before attempting to walk. He was, however, foolish and inexperienced. From motives of false delicacy he not only concealed pecuniary difficulty from Adine, but he indulged her every fancy in a way which to his heart was luxury, to his conscience rather the reverse.

For the first time in life the agony of money raising assailed him. His prospective and proximate liabilities might be reckoned at about five hundred pounds, his resources due at about one-fifth of that sum. If he borrowed less than he required—say three hundred pounds—even in that case, he would start encumbered by a mill stone. Since

the day when he paid his few University debts by sale of the one reversion he had ever been entitled to, the world and Theodore Lovett had kept on square terms. In short he did not owe his neighbour one stiver. The minor canonry had been poor pay, but its holder had marched about manfully in old hats and shabby coats. To him the flavour of vintage juice was forgotten. A few days in town for the Academy, and the Monday Popular Concerts, or for a Handel Festival or an amateur performance made up the recreation of a whole year. If he had been simply estopped from saving money, he had avoided the danger of bills. He could appreciate the luxury of wearing a coat and eating a dinner which he had paid for—out of his own purse.

Mrs. Chowner, a worldly-wise woman, had selected for their temporary abode an hotel which of all others gives the public the most ample accommodation and comfort at the most moderate rate. Yet the reasonable charges of that establishment rose so far above the country clergyman's idea of what his own personal expenditure ought to be as to make him wince. He paid, but he failed to look pleasant. There was indeed a hole in his purse. He had begun to spend. There were *so* many nice things purchaseable in the metropolis—this too was such a good opportunity for selecting a variety of necessaries and luxuries—above all, Adine possessed such an inexhaustible fund of suggestiveness, and appeared so thoroughly overjoyed at each fresh act of expenditure, that he could not economise.

No wonder, then, that after a comparatively brief experience of Regent and Oxford Streets, impecuniosity began to stare the poor man in the face. He would have borrowed of his old friend Chowner had that worthy limb of the law been on the spot. To ask his friend's wife for a loan was in his mind not exactly honourable, although he knew that Mrs. Chowner's pocket contained many notes, which she would readily have advanced to him. He had no bankers to draw upon, nor solicitor to advise. There were one or two old University friends about London, but then pride interfered. The lapse of years had relaxed the ties of old social intimacy. Muggins, who was wont in old days to slap his back as he styled him 'dear old boy'—Muggins the prosperous man always met him now clad with the steel armour of society. Muggins had thousands a year, and obviously despised the chum of his youth. He could not ask a favour of such an iceberg.

Imagination therefore, judgment, and his other mental faculties kept forming themselves into a committee of ways and means. It is not pleasant in middle life to discover, that had you spent your past in the retail of such articles as gin, tape, or coals you would have had enough and to spare, but that having devoted your energies to less material arrangements you are behind the world. There is in truth nothing so utterly humiliating as the absence of money from your

command. A man with an empty pocket feels a criminal—ay, and in the eyes of an enlightened civilisation is one.

At last to his tortured brain it occurred that he might obtain at all events a temporary advance by means of some of those amiable personages who advertise everywhere that they will advance any sum to anybody with or without security. Thus he would be enabled to afford Adine a *trousseau* which should bear comparison with the magnificent goods already purchased by Miss Hart to cover her not veryprepossessing self. He might perchance have to pay heavy interest; still the wedding was impending, and necessity knows no law—certainly not that of prudence.

At breakfast he announced his intention of leaving Adine to Miss Hart's companionship whilst he made a pilgrimage to the City on important business. Adine stared. On this point she was not in his confidence. Perhaps her look was one of displeasure, for Miss Hart's meant Mr. Blackley's society.

'Going into the City are you?' enquired that individual, who was endeavouring to make himself excessively agreeable to Mrs. Chowner, a lady capable of accepting toadyism with satisfaction. 'Going into the City? Yes. So am I. We'll go together.'

Adine's frown relaxing at immunity from a disagreeable presence, Mr. Lovett acquiesced in this proposal, and within half an hour the two clergymen were seated in a Metropolitan first-class carriage, inhaling the unpleasant gases of subterranean London *tête-à-tête*.

Mr. Blackley enquired casually where Mr. Lovett was going.

Mr. Lovett of course, having a guilty conscience, looked exceedingly foolish, and replied vaguely that he didn't quite know.

Mr. Blackley responded that being son of a City magnate he was well acquainted with every inch of that central region dedicated by national piety to Plutus.

Mr. Lovett in turn endeavoured to shield himself behind an indefinite statement that he was bound for the neighbourhood of the Bank.

Mr. Blackley—his curiosity aroused—enquired 'Money?'

Mr. Lovett, not wishing to be confidential, opined that his business was on a money matter.

Mr. Blackley at once affected an appearance of friendliness. He said that if he could advise in any respect he should be very happy; he was conscious that they were both sailing in the same boat for the port of matrimonial felicity; hence that he felt for many reasons personally interested in one whom he would call his old college friend.

This bait took. Theodore Lovett, delighted by the warmth of his quasi-friend's sentiments, reciprocated them with hand and voice. Then he opened his heart at once, revealing unreservedly the design of his journey Citywards.

'Phew!' whistled Horace Blackley. 'Why, man, you must be insane!'

'Why?' gasped the innocent man.

'Because, my dear fellow, you would be infallibly swindled. It stands to reason. It wouldn't pay any human being to lend money without security—that is, of course, with only half a chance of repayment.'

There was no arguing against such sound logic.

'How much do you want—a hundred or so?'

'I could manage perhaps with about three hundred pounds,' replied Mr. Lovett, not a little amazed at the turn the conversation was assuming.

'Three hundred. Hum. You require three hundred pounds—repayable when?'

'Oh, in a reasonable time. Say three years.'

'Exactly. Three hundred for three years.' Mr. Blackley looked as if the mountain was in labour.

'It is a large sum,' remarked the other.

'A large sum,' repeated Mr. Blackley. 'A large sum. Too heavy for a country parson to repay without an effort. Well, I—I——' But he paused, for his words seemed to stick in his throat.

At last the inward struggle was over. The mountain brought forth something more important than a mouse.

'I'll lend you the coin you require.'

'My dear, dear fellow——'

'Stop. Nothing demonstrative, if you please, Lovett. I abhor that sort of thing. It is uncomfortable for both parties.' And he positively escaped from the eager grip of gratitude.

'But, Blackley, old boy, believe me——'

'Quite so. I believe in your freehold of Mudflat. We will consider this subject from a business point of view. What interest do you propose?'

'I—I thought five per cent.,' stammered Mr. Lovett.

Mr. Blackley laughed—consumedly.

'All right,' he said. 'Evidently you must have the money. I really could make you pay through the nose, but I won't. However, come with me to the "Skylark" Insurance Company. We will talk to the actuary and insure your life as a necessary preliminary.'

At luncheon Theodore Lovett met Adine with a very beaming smile. He informed her briefly that she must lose no time in purchasing a suitable *trousseau*.

'I thought,' she said, 'that you were rather cramped for money, and in fact I have asked Mrs. Chowner to advance me what I require.'

These two people were so isolated as to be very much like a married couple before marriage. At all events they recognised a unity of purse.

'I have ample funds,' he replied, perhaps proudly.

She gazed in his face for explanation.

'The fact is,' he faltered weakly, for he was half afraid she would not approve—'the fact is, Adine, I have borrowed three hundred pounds.'

'Where? Who from?'

'Why, that good-hearted creature Horace Blackley has lent it me, and I only pay eight per cent. and the premium on a policy of insurance.'

Adine started from his side at these words. 'I wish, oh, I wish you hadn't!' she cried.

'My dear girl, why in the world not? You are absurdly prejudiced against this kind friend of mine. Indeed you are, little woman.'

He looked down upon her reproachfully.

Adine Sinclair said not a word, but her heart seemed to turn to stone.

[*To be continued.*]

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## ANACREONTIC.

O IF my love offended me
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl
And make her always bear it!

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about
And punish her with kisses!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

# TASSO TO ELEONORA:

## A CANZONET AND SONNET.

By Professor Sylvester.

As vapour risen from the sea
  Descends on earth in dews,
By equal law returns to thee
  My tributary muse.
To thee the fountain of my song,
My purest, dearest thoughts belong.

As many a forest flower by night
  With leaves enfolded lies,
But with the coming of the light
  Its fragrant odours rise;

Or as upon the grassy blade
  The sun reveals the dew,
I owe and vow, fair worshipped maid,
  My brightest beams to you.
To life, to light, rewakened now,
The sunshine of my soul art thou.

### SONNET.

Calm, pure, and mirroring the blue above,
  To whom comminglingly my life's streams flow,
  Making that one which many seemed but now,
Thou art the sum and ocean of my love!

What though my soul rebellious pulses prove:
  These are the gusts that o'er the surface play,
  The fleeting colours painted on the spray;
They cannot in its depths the ocean move.

In the Elysium of thy love I dwell,
And at its lucid fountain in thine eyes
  Immortal longings of the soul allay.

Vainly thy pride's dissembling lips devise
How best the dear conclusion to repel,
  The silent message of those orbs unsay.

# The Undergraduate in Town.

I cannot help thinking that, in the particular Xandu known as Albertopolis, where 'did,' not Kubla Khan but Cole C.B., 'a stately pleasure-dome decree'—known to the ungodly as the South Kensington Music Hall—the feelings of those concerned in the scheme must be slightly acidulated. The Great Exhibition of Seventy-one is the very ridiculous *mus* which is born of that architectural mountain the Albert Hall. Nobody thinks, and consequently nobody talks of it, unless it be those disciples of Dickens's immortal Wemmick, who, chancing to pass that way, say 'Hullo! here's an International Exhibition. Let's go and see it!' In short, the whole thing is such a gentle failure (which is worse than a genuine crash) that we should be sorry to belong to the court, even as third fiddler, of the local monarch. Coleridge might talk about the potentate of his pleasure-dome and invite attention to

> His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
> Weave a circle round him thrice,
> And close your eyes with holy dread,
> For he on honey-dew has fed
> And drank the milk of Paradise.

I am afraid the paradisiacal milk has been 'Simpsoned' with the coldest of cold water by the reception Society has given to the Great International Show which has been stowed away in passages that lead to the Albert Hall. They are literally 'the endless passages which lead to nothing;' for two-thirds of the visitors to the Exhibition are to be met with—after they have gone all round the galleries—plaintively asking, 'Which is the way to the Exhibition?' Of course, that is their fault—but not entirely. These Exhibitions are meant to teach people, and to turn the public loose into corridors is about as wise as to set before them a case of rough diamonds from the Cape, and expect them to recognise those apparent chips of bottle-glass as genuine gems.

The Peel Collection at the National Gallery and the Royal Academy between them completely eclipse the South Kensington Show—not by any means deservedly; for the picture-galleries are not only the redeeming feature of the International, but are a genuine treat to lovers of art, for more reasons than the one primary one, that they give you

another look at old favourites in English and foreign exhibitions. It is very pleasant, too, to be able to say that, all things considered, the English pictures hold their own—a 'good second,' as the Derby reporters have it—as compared with the foreign galleries. At any rate, the English department shows no such 'brutal realism'—'Q' of the 'Athenæum,' ahem!—as 'the Arab Execution,' with its dissevered head, spouting neck, and trickling—or treacling—blood. Mr. Charles Reade, with the reticence which marks his writings, even for Puritanical publishers, might call a man who objects to this style of thing 'a hog,' in which case I would humbly suggest that his admirers should subscribe to present him with this picture as a pendant to a probable portrait of Mrs. Rousby as she looked when roasted for Joan of Arc.

To return (with pleasure) to our picture-galleries from South Kensington; I would recommend everyone to see the Peel Collection, during that brief Season when 'everyone' is in town. If everyone cannot do it then, everyone had better wait till everyone else has left town, and do it quietly then. The nation has made an unquestionable bargain in the purchase of a gallery, which contains a lot of pictures which, not being an art critic, I have neither impudence nor ignorance enough to attempt to criticise.

The Academy—despite the croakings of the art-Cummings, who said the International (which contains few new pictures) would drain the studios—is the best we have had since the R.A.'s came to Burlington House. It is sad to have to state in addition that there are fewer pictures by R.A.'s than usual! One solution of this peculiarity that I have heard is that the picture market has been dull of late, and that paintings by 'distinguished' artists have gone from the painter's easel direct to the purchaser's walls, without floating among dealers. If this be true, long may the picture market be dull, for art will benefit! At any rate the youngsters come to the surface this year, and to them chiefly is the success of the Exhibition due. The subjects are often old, but it is pleasant to have some novelty in the treatment. As betting seems to be an essential nowadays, and even the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race cannot be kept out of the odds in the sporting papers, I don't see why there should not be wagers laid as to the subject most often treated in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The betting would fill up the time between the Chester Cup and the Derby very agreeably; and that prophet would have made himself a name who had given this year

| | |
|---|---|
| Mary Queen of Scots . . . . . | 1 |
| Shakespeare colt . . . . . | 2 |
| The Model (by The Hour 1*s.* 6*d.*) . . | 3 |

We have had a surfeit of legal excitement of late. Of one case it is only necessary to say, that the necessity for its prosecution is only more regrettable than the mode in which it was conducted. The

Tichborne case, *adhuc sub judice*, must be touched upon tenderly as a butterfly not yet released from its chrysalis. It remains for an intelligent jury—which must be exceedingly intelligent, if we consider the time it took (with penalties) to get it together—to decide whether the claimant is the real Sir Roger or one of the cleverest impostors on record. That, among a nation of shopkeepers, and in an age of joint-stock speculations, there should be a 'Co.' to promote his claim, argues no more against him than for him. It is simply another development of the growing passion for betting. Another case, the Eltham murder, has occupied much of the public attention of late. Unluckily for journals which, after reading a special lecture to their contemporaries to be respectable, go in for reports *in extenso*, it has been a case every detail of which has been given; and up to the present writing no judicial conclusion has been arrived at. *Apropos* of the 'expurgated' reports of a highly-flavoured daily, and the strictures passed upon them by the 'Saturday Review,' I cannot help noticing the fact that History has repeated, or perhaps echoed, itself on the Pacific coast. A Mrs. Fair has been tried at San Francisco for shooting a Mrs. Crittenden, and the evidence has been of the kind which the 'Daily Telegraph,' speaking of a recent trial in London, described as 'much better kept out of the columns of newspapers read by women and children.' Certain Franciscan papers of the 'goody' class, which had denounced to death an improper rival, have—so a local paper says—bid against each other for the 'goodwill' of the extinct journal, by giving reports in full of the objectionable trial. It is almost heartbreaking to see how the youngest part even of young America will keep level with the old country! I must note by the way that the suppressed San Franciscan journal called itself 'Mazeppa'—probably as a delicate compliment to the lady who was once wife of the local Benicia Boy.

Parliament during this month has distinguished itself by being extinguished by 'Bung.' The Government Licensing Bill expired quietly in its bed, rather than come, like Chatham, to die on the floor of the House. The Permissive Prohibitory Bill—as contradictory a title as one could wish even of the condensing phraseology of Bill-framers—was also snuffed-out; and the votes ran closer no doubt than was anticipated by those who, to please teetotal constituents, went into the lobby for what they conceived a hopeless measure. It is not improbable that many of the representatives who found themselves in that awkward predicament will be guaranteed against any similar risk after the next election. Next to the railway interest in the House comes the Licensed Victualling interest; and the former (apart from other solid reasons) will probably support the latter on the *proximus ardet* principle.

There can be little doubt, I think, that, thanks to a too generous readiness to back up his subordinates in little vagaries of their own, Mr. Gladstone is losing his hold upon the country. Masters of fence

do not laugh as the untrained vulgar do at Mr. Disraeli's feint in the form of a questioning of the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The leader of the Opposition is the *maître d'armes* of the House, and when he makes a thrust, though apparently it is dealt in vain, he feels his adversary's blade and wrist; and no Toledo blade ever fashioned was more delicate to wield than a House of Commons majority. An increased Income-tax of twopence in the pound, under such circumstances as it has been inflicted may take all the 'temper' out of the lower-middle class, which has hitherto been the backbone of the Liberal rapier.

It would be hardly fair to the dear creatures who wear 'Dark Blue' at the University boat-race to neglect to note a pretty fashion that is coming in—a return to the ways of our grandmothers—the wearing of 'chintz.' Suggestive of bed-curtains of course to begin with; but who does not recall the cool, pleasant bed-curtains of a country-house—infinitely prettier often than the morning gowns imposed by fashion on the nice girls he met at breakfast. By all means, say I, chintz gowns, with which should be incorporated the old 'sac' style of dress. And as I have objected to some utterances of Mr. Charles Reade's, let me here, on this subject of ladies' dresses, give in my entire concordance with his recently expressed opinion that it is simply wicked of women 'to fritter away the broad lustre of a superb silk dress by rows of gimp and fringe.' I perhaps ought to address this to the Allenbys, Gasks, Howells, and Jameses, from whom nowadays ladies purchase their dresses *en bloc*, so to speak, without the intervention of that mysterious milliner whose bill for 'buttons and lining, &c.' was a caution to caoutchouc! By the way, the fact that ladies go to these large houses in preference to the milliners gives the lie—and I'm glad of it—to a statement set afoot *àpropos* of the 'Saturday Review' article on 'Drawing-room Alcoholism,' that our wives' milliners were simply unlicensed victuallers. After all, it is satisfactory to learn that the threatened innovation of 'bangles,' to be worn round the ankles of *croqueuses*, is a freak of imagination on the part of a weekly gossiper, backed up by some idiotic verses by somebody else. If our girls must have more opportunities for the display of jewelry—too often false!—I would suggest a nose-ring, as not less absurd and much less abstruse.

These Red Revolutionists of Paris are dreadfully like the Cuttle Fish. They pull down the Vendôme column and hope to escape unobserved in the dust they raise. This act alone, without the confiscation of poor old Thiers's house, is enough to stamp them as creatures who, without the pluck of men, have the spite of women, and are consequently fitted to guard the political harem of a Liberty which has applied the bowstring to every honest paper in Paris. A precious set of lovers of Freedom these Commune gentlemen, so applauded by the London Republicans! They go in for freedom of the press, freedom of opinion!—only anybody who writes an adverse criticism

on the Commune is to be had up before a court-martial. As a writer, give me in preference a paternal despotism, which, while it may imprison me for writing against it, has at least the power of paying me when I write in its defence! The fact that several Parisian papers have opposed the Commune is explained when one knows there is plenty of money to pay them for so doing, and not a franc available to buy them off.

In the theatrical world there is not much to note, except the probability that about this time the non-paper houses are beginning to wish they had not been so 'confoundedly virtuous.' There is one advantage in the 'no paper' *régime* to the play-going world, which I think has been overlooked hitherto—that we shall get greater variety of pieces. It would be invidious to point out houses where a change of programme is imminent; and it is very pleasant to report that the Haymarket, where the 'no paper' puff has been quietly ignored, is full every night—with money—to see Mr. Sothern. If managers, instead of 'protesting too much' that they will not give orders, would break through the monopoly which cripples dramatic authorship, and produce good pieces—no matter whether the authors have brought out a play or no—they would have no reason to go out to the highways and hedges for an audience. The intelligence of theatrical authorities would seem to be on a par with their civility. I know an instance in which a not altogether unknown writer, submitting work to various managers and other stage folk, met in about nine cases out of ten with what he described as discourtesy, but what I set down to the minor sin of ignorance of civilized manners.

The Siamese Twins, who were by the way two amiable and agreeable fellows, enrolled by nature, and probably to their disgust, into a joint-stock company, without power to add to or decrease from their number, are being eclipsed just now by a feminine monstrosity in the shape of two women packed into one trunk. Barnum, of course, is the philanthropist to whom we are indebted for the public exhibition of a horror which should be examined by the anatomists alone. The poor duplex creature is called a 'two-headed nightingale,' and has been taught to sing in order to increase the sensation. It is to be regretted that such an exhibition is possible, and it almost makes one wish that the power of the Lord Chamberlain were increased rather than diminished. For surely after his restrictions on the dress of the *ballet*, he would not allow what is practically two ladies to appear with only one dress between them.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

'England and Oxford, Magdalen and May-day'—so sang Cleveland Coxe, poet, divine, and bishop on the other side of the Atlantic. The sequence of ideas is natural; it is indeed capable of being stated proportionally. As Oxford represents everything attractive to the poet's mind, so Magdalen seems to be the quintessence of Oxford, and never so truly so as on May morning. According to custom, hallowed by four centuries or so of pious observance, the choir mount to the top of the tower, where, having duly vested, they sing to an admiring audience above and below—no small moiety of whom belong to the fair sex—a Latin hymn, music by poor B. Rogers, that same genius, whom the college ejected from the office of music instructor because his daughter was a naughty girl; that same genius, too, who ended a glorious career in inglorious squalor. The music, plaintive to a fault, seems to one who knows the history of its composer to contain in its minor measure a sad satire. For the performance of this service the Rectory of Slymbridge, a village situate some seventy miles away on the banks of the Severn, has ever paid cheerfully a sum stated to be ten pounds annually; this goes to provide a frugal repast for the boys and men. Some twenty years ago the custom developed a corollary. The choristers used to take up a stock of rotten eggs wherewith to pelt the crowd below. This pastime was especially grateful to a humorous gray-headed chaplain—now, alas! no more—who doubtless ought to have been ashamed of himself, but was not, for he invested in some five score of these dainties for the boys' delectation, and personally directed the artillery. The college authorities 'collided' in consequence with the police, and the belligerent clergyman got a reprimand, which so disgusted him that he never again put in an appearance on the top of the tower on May morning.

Magdalen College suggests Magdalen bridge. This structure being extremely narrow is pictorially good, i.e. it doubles the height of the world-renowned tower to one entering the city from the east. The picturesque, however, is seldom comfortable, and the bridge being constructed for only two carriages to pass abreast, and the footway allowing of but one passenger at a time, locomotion is not merely

difficult, but at times is attended with shower-baths of real Oxford mud. On two days in the week the cattle nuisance becomes rampant, and the chances are considerably in favour of any lady not clad in decidedly sombre hues being gored by a bull. The only hope is that the wife of a mayor or a head of a house may be the first to meet such a fate, and then perhaps this disgusting 'fording of oxen' through our thoroughfares may be stopped. As regards the bridge, all danger from dirt and wild beasts could easily be obviated by throwing out an iron footway on either side, leaving the road clear for bisons and hansoms.

Bosporus as all the world knows is a city of water. A stranger was heard the other day to remark in the coffee room of 'The Randolph,' that he had discovered the Thames and the Cherwell, but that, after walking all over the city, and making every enquiry of the natives, he failed to find the Isis. He probably placed a blind confidence in the topographical intelligence of some Oxford guide. What a pity it is that the Education Department of the Privy Council do not institute a competitive examination in archæology for the office of guide to 'Colleges and 'Alls.' Assuredly the reputation of those institutions would suffer in one respect, for the present occupants of the office of guide multiply the revenues of colleges without the smallest dread of contradiction. 'Look at them windows,' ejaculated one of the fraternity to a party of visitors, as he pointed with his stick to the new buildings of Magdalen. 'Well, each on 'em contains a feller. And now look at t' other windows,' pointing to the cloisters. 'Each 'on 'em contains a demy. They calls 'em demies, because they takes 'alf as much as a feller does to keep. And when I tells you that it takes five 'underd a year to keep a demy, you may guess how much a feller costs.' The man evidently regarded the members of this foundation as so many voracious animals, whose capacity for deglutition far exceeded that of other mortals. Perhaps after all his reasoning deserves to be considered as philosophy—peripatetic if you will.

Men talk here of a new University Commission. The last turned out a magnificent speculation for its promoters. Some got mitres, some deaneries; all were regaled with plums of size and sweetness. They contrived to reform nothing. Abuses were whitewashed, and indeed sanctified and legalised. There was a superabundance of tall talk written in a blue book. Then a little mischief-making and petty spite. Wherever there was found to exist a sentimental love of founder, or statutes, or integrity of foundation, it was rudely crushed. The author of 'Phrontisterion' bravely exposed the motives of certain amateur destructives. He stood up to defend the most beautiful organisations that this country has known. His satire did but increase the vindictive greed of those whom it attacked. Measures were passed, which to a reformer must have appeared beneath contempt, to a conservative as wanton sacrilege. One college, indeed,

threatened to take the bones of their founder, and the stones of his college, and to re-establish his foundation in Austria, or some other free country, where they had not yet learned the morality of spoliation. However, no better condemnation need be uttered of the last Commission than can be found in the fact that another Commission is needed to undo the errors of the first. In short, 'the Ordinances of 1858' have been on trial but thirteen years and are found to be impracticable. What next?

We are fortunate in our fine art professor. It is not often that a gentleman commoner sheds such brilliant lustre on the place of his education. The velvet cap has more frequently covered brainless than talented heads. It symbolised pecuniosity, it inculcated, also, the virtue of generosity, for the gentleman commoner of the good old times was invariably a man given to hospitality. He was expected to entertain freely at the 'Mitre,' nor as a rule did he ignore the gastronomic claims of society. At his table men did something more than feed—they dined; much more, too, than swallow—they drank. His cigars were simply magnificent, and he paid double for everything. However, to revert to Mr. Ruskin. He has lately purchased a very exquisite *morceau* of Meisonnier, which is by his kind permission on view at the Taylor Institution. This work of art cost about a hundred pounds per inch—and it is worth it. We quite hope and pray that the great Mecænas of art may do something for our pictureless, poverty-stricken University galleries. In these days of travel, when most men know Munich and Dresden by heart, to say nothing of Florence, a gallery like that in St. Giles seems a bitter jest on Oxford and Oxonians. They manage these things better on the other side of the water.

In the full verdure of spring both University towns shine gloriously. It is indeed difficult to assign the palm to either. A May term in Cambridge, with its graceful sprinkling of ladies' toilettes in the college gardens, its mad gallop down to Grassy, and its picturesque show of the boats is too perfect. The backs of the colleges are kept most exquisitely, and there is a bright look about the place, which contrasts with the sombre magnificence of our own *alma mater*. It must ever happen that Oxford wears a more grandiose garb. Perhaps, however, we do not all we can to compete with our rival in respect of grace. Certainly more could have been effected by care, and much remains undone. To give an instance of the way in which appearance is neglected. Everyone knows of the green beauties of the pollard willows, which line the banks of the Cherwell. These trees require shaving—i.e. complete deprivation of all branches—about once in four years. After shaving they look the most gaunt and horrific objects conceivable. This year it has pleased authority to shave these miserable trees, and the result is that our beautiful Cherwell is simply hideous, and will be so till next spring. Now, if shaving is essential, why not

shave every fourth tree each year? Thereby you would not disfigure your avenue, for the heavy branches on either side would hide the ugly gap. Then, again, how very chary colleges seem to be of planting. There are not half sufficient young trees in St. Giles's, those grouped in front of the church being abominably sparse and ragged. The University has plucked up courage to plant a few young saplings in the 'so-called' parks. As for the roads round Oxford, they are singularly shadeless, nor indeed is Christ Church meadow adequately planted. Gaps there are everywhere, neither filled up, nor displaying signs of rising vegetation. As the citizens seem to have finally determined that their glorious property, 'The Port-meadow,' shall not be converted into a water-park, although it has space and capabilities in their way simply unique, it would not be a bad idea to form a public park ranging from the Iffley to the Abingdon Road, and spanning Isis with ornamental bridges. 'There is no money' is the objection raised to every scheme. The reply is that there might be. Look at Birkenhead Park, a glorious work of art positively in existence before Birkenhead was five years old. Is ancient Oxford so far behind the young giant of the north?

Some of our resident musicians are endeavouring to induce students in their art to utilise Oxford as a place of study. It would indeed be a glorious advantage for England, if a *bonâ fide conservatoire* of music on the Leipsic principle could be established and worked efficiently in this place, which already contains so many musical foundations, in most of which, however, at present music is made the second consideration. It is too good to be hoped for; for, alas! Oxford is not Leipsic, the atmosphere is not so pure, nor is there here, or anywhere on this side the Channel, the German adoration of art, nor will English students work for work's sake. Besides all which, we have no Felix Mendelssohn.

# PICTURA PICTURAE.[1]

'PICTURA PICTURAE' is a poem about a painting. For a painting is silent poetry and a poem is spoken painting, according to a commonplace which is as old as Simonides. The power of the author in dramatic narration is already known to the readers of this magazine. From his poem they will gain a high idea of his vigour in sustaining thought and compressing it in words. There is no weariness in this book; the lines have no weak endings, the sentiments no linkèd prosiness long drawn out. The faults which we shall venture to characterise as such are at least not caused by lack of strenuousness. On matters of taste we often differ from Mr. Compton Reade. But we feel throughout that we have to deal with a strong man doing his best in a certain way. The scene of the book is laid under the shadow of a great cathedral, and there is the earnestness of a cathedral mason in the spirit with which Mr. Reade has hewn out his work. 'The poem aims to be a dramatic rendering of a mediaeval allegory,' and as the book is but a month old, and few will have heard the legend of Capuchin monks on which it is based, we will try to reproduce the story that Mr. Reade has adopted or adapted.

To follow the author it is necessary to throw oneself with him into 'the phase of faith almost universal to Europe before the Reformation.'

There was a fair city in Italy which now is a lair for wolves. Painters dwelt there and holy men, and chief among these latter was Evagrius. He knew nor sleep by night nor food by day, but on a time he fell into a trance before the crucifix; and saw in that swoon the Passion of the Saviour. When Easter dawned he spread his arms abroad from the cathedral pulpit and told his vision to prince and people. And the vision haunted the prince

> as lights a northern traveller
> Which glare beyond dark hills on dreamy nights.

It happened that an altar-piece was wanting to the Cathedral, and

[1] *Pictura Picturae.* By COMPTON READE. Oxford and London: Shrimpton and Whitaker, 1871.

'a prince's thoughts are deeds.' He offered royal guerdon to that artist whose altar-piece should match the Christ of Evagrius's vision. Thus ends the book which is called *Via Crucis*.

There dwelt also in that city a young painter, Felix to name, who loved Verena, only daughter of Verene his master, and was already betrothed to her. The opal white and the shell-pink of her cheeks alone found a place on his canvas, till his master bade him seek for other models. He sought, indeed, and found Delia—

> A dark antipathy, a thing of peach,
> Carmine, and ebony, with wealth of form
> Midsummerly in lazy grace and warmth.

Thus his became a dual mind hovering betwixt dark and fair, storm and calm. By night the dark woman led him to the gaming-table, by day Verena met him in the church. So when he essayed to limn the Christ, he drew a mere earthly sufferer,

> Whereon Verene reflective flung a glance,
> Which, as midday above thick forest oaks,
> Peered through close leafage down to gnarled roots.
> 'Work is as heart is' was his saw.

Nevertheless the heart of Felix returned for a time to Verena, and she bade him to her birthday-feast when priest and notary should seal the contract of their union. Joyfully he arose in the morning and stumbled on one waiting in his gate who said, 'Delia lies dying, see her once.' There was time before the feast, and he strode on to take a last farewell of the woman who was perishing for love of him. He pledged her, as she prayed him, in the last cup which she could see him drink, and then fell stupefied by the potency of the opiate. Up sprang Delia, and the adulteress held in her hand the present he had prepared for his bride. Thus ends the *Via Mundi*.

In the *Via Mala* Felix games, and loses, on what should have been his marriage eve; invokes the evil one and wins; deserts him again, and loses both money and Delia.

There is in the *Via Exspes* a scene conceived in the true spirit of the Middle Ages, drawn with the utmost vividness and dramatic force. Through his long marriage-night there strive together over Felix the powers of hell and the powers of heaven. He has sold himself for fame to the Devil, but the price is not paid till by infernal help he have painted in that night the Crucifixion for the altar-piece. Verena prays while Raphael the bell tolls every hour of night, in the cathedral hard by, and suddenly before the dawning Felix joins with her in

> Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem.

The spell is broken. The feet are yet but in outline, the picture is incomplete. That is hidden away in the monastery, but meantime Verena has been taken up for dead.

It is best to read in the poem itself how amid the scorn of men and the loud reproach of women Felix knelt in an agony of hope beside his love whom all thought dead, until

> Opened the azure of Verena's eye,
> As to a traveller an unknown sea.

Then said the monk Evagrius:

> This history is as a parable,
> Who runs may read its meaning. Ever hope,
> For God is kinder than a mother kind,
> More loving than a lover, and on love,
> His highest essence, sets such store supreme,
> As to accord the prayer of love for love.

Thus the story ends in the *Via Pacis*.

Judged by its *tout ensemble* the poem has the happiest effect. Among isolated beauties we must not pass over the episode of the rose, which ends thus charmingly:

> He faltered low, 'A rose ought not make sad!'
> Whereto she answered, as a summer's sky
> Cloudless, that drops an unexpected rain,
> Her soft eyes tearful in soft radiance:
> 'Sadness inheres in flowers, as in maids;
> Both are so fragile, both die easily
> For lack of sun. But now I bask in sun,
> And wish my sun may set not evermore!'

We have some faults to find in detail. The revived mediaevalism, of to-day has one deplorable effect. The Middle Ages are studied through their own bad Latin, and hence a tide of Greek and Latin words seems, from the works of many writers, to be about to sweep over and fill with brine the pure well of English undefiled which was enough for the poets of the last generation. Mr. Reade says 'gelid frost,' 'disrupted soul from earth,' 'airs suspiring soft,' 'chrome,' 'emulcient of a nameless dread,' 'aqueous,' 'squameous,' 'tern,' 'come volving in,' 'tris-archangelic,' 'magnifical,' and uses so many other words of the kind that it is evident he thinks them beautiful. We do not. As instances, too, of harshness we may quote 'viaducts are eyes to brains,' 'each trice was priceless time,' 'then the dark eyes flashed light, the which lied cheeks.' Often the meaning is not readily intelligible, as in 'fluid from a vengeful sky,' which strikes one at first as rain, though it is meant to be lightning. We, further, object to the immoderate use of that antithetical repetition which first appears in the title of the work. There are ingenious examples of it in:

> Felix, a painter, loved and did not love,
> He did not love, and loved, or one, or one,

and—

> as tiny things
> Hum tiny songs in tiny unison,

which, standing alone, might be pleasing, though the third 'tiny' is rather too much. But the poem is full of 'red-ruby rubyness,' 'a careless care,' 'played hard to win, won hard to lose,' and such-like clever sayings put in for their own sake.

It is a pity that Mr. Reade often deserts his blank-verse narrative, where he is at home and master in his own house, for lyrics. His songs are seldom good. Perhaps the least valuable is that in the *Via Mala*, which unfortunately reminds the reader of an exquisite song in Mr. Tennyson's 'Enid:'

> Chance, for the world is chance, give chance to sing
> The see-saw of loud tones, or whispering:
> To-day it's up, to-morrow *down again*.

This unfortunate verse of the shop-window order is redeemed, up to a certain point, by the next, which it is only just to quote:

> Chance, for our morn is burnished as of gold:
> Dull falls our noon; our eve bites bitter cold:
> And night rolls clouds of over-flooding rain.

Lastly, it must be said that the metaphors drawn from music, which are frequent throughout the book, are sometimes unhappily dragged in, as in these obscure words:

> an antiphon
> Her breast to whose sharp minor;

though the technicality is prettier in the still more obscure lines:

> But memory this vivid vision graved
> On every present; as on gaudy days
> A canto-fermo amid madrigals
> Of jocund jollity.

We wait with much interest for another volume of Mr. Reade's poetry. If he honour us by giving weight to some of the opinions here expressed, it is certain that he can produce a poem such as not only to win praise from a few sympathetic persons whose studies have been like his own, but to gain that unquestioned suffrage of popular fame to which, he himself admits, all artists must ultimately appeal.

ISRAEL DAVIS.

# Lilja (The Lily).[1]

Lilja (The Lily) is a fourteenth-century Icelandic poem in praise of the Virgin Mary. It was composed at a time when the specifically Northern forms of religious thought embodied in Eddaic literature had been driven into the background of the popular imagination, now completely filled by the image of the Virgin. She, the ideal of maid and motherhood in one, shone like a mild moon over the turbulent Middle Ages. Hymns in celebration of her resounded from every part of Christian Europe. Iceland, once foremost in heroic song, did not lag behind other nations in this new unfolding of poetic thought. It produced countless singers, who, in verse more or less good, tried to embody the ruling sentiment of their time. The one Icelandic poem, however, of enduring value on this subject was produced by Eystein Asgrimsson, his poem, as the editor says, being on the whole the greatest saint-lay of Iceland from the pre-Reformation time; and not of Iceland alone, but of the whole of Scandinavia, according to the testimony of all scholars and historians who have touched upon the subject.

Eystein Asgrimsson, whose life, never written before, has now for the first time been carefully put together, as far as the fragmentary character of the materials would allow, was an Icelander by birth and an Augustinian friar by profession. Peaceful and devotional as his habits would thus *à priori* be supposed to have been, the reality shows us a picture of a far different tone. We get glimpses of a haughty, irascible, ambitious nature, engaged in endless broils, immured in prison at one time, at another consorting with the highest dignitaries of the Church. The first fact recorded of him is that of his being involved in an assault upon the abbot of his own monastery, in consequence of which he was arraigned before an ecclesiastical tribunal and subsequently thrown into prison. At a later period, however, we find him in high favour with Bishop Gyrd, who, being a Norwegian by birth, doubtless profited greatly by Eystein's intimate acquaintance with the character of his own people. Thus alternating between good fortune and sharp

[1] By Eystein Asgrimsson. Edited, with a metrical translation, notes, and glossary, by Eirikr Magnusson. Williams and Norgate.

vicissitudes, the poet's life came to an abrupt end. In 1360 he left Iceland for Norway, at the same time as Bishop Gyrd, but not in the same vessel. He encountered terrible storms, and, after tossing about the Atlantic, was at last in mid-winter washed ashore on the rough Helgoland coast in Norway. The hardships he had had to undergo during this stormy passage served to abridge his life, and he died towards the tide of Passio Domini 1361 at the house of Elgisetr.

An Icelandic legend concerning the poet must not be omitted here, as it shows in what high esteem 'Lilja' must have been held:

'Brother Eystein so roused Bishop Gyrd's wrath by puns and pert rhymes, that the latter had him taken prisoner and thrown into a dark pit underground, a hundred feet deep. In this plight Eystein began to compose "Lilja." When he had finished twenty-two stanzas of the song he discovered in good sooth that he was gradually being lifted up from his dungeon. And great was his astonishment when he found by some means or other that he was really twenty-two feet above the floor of his prison: the reason of this could be none other than a latent power in his song. An overwhelming sense of joy pervaded the aggrieved penitent, and in his inspiration—but, alas! mixed with unseemly pride—he broke out into the too selfish twenty-third stanza:

'All fiery grows my tongue, my word
In graceful strain extols the Lord;
Of His most wondrous works I sing
Who doth embrace world's threefold ring!

Scarcely had the last word died away on his lips when down tumbled the bard, all the twenty-two steps he had already risen, and lay prostrate on the floor of his dark pit. On recovering from the shock he thought the lesson had been taught him well enough that "pride goes before a fall," and in the humblest of moods he now concluded the stanza:

'All bent I were 'neath ban and woe
And bonds of that infernal foe,
Had not my God's salvation free
Been sent on earth to ransom me.

'The sincere humility of this semi-strophe sufficed to send the afflicted sinner all the twenty-three steps up again, and henceforth his upward progress continued unbroken, one step for every finished stanza, until he had sung himself fairly out of prison.

'Another legend knows that he not only got out of prison by the poem "Lily," but that he even sang Bishop Gyrd "stone-dead." He never made any hurtful use, however, of the magic power of his song but on the direst provocation and in defence of self, and slew none by it but one ponderous prelate.'

By far the most important section of the Introduction, however, is the clear and able exposition of the metrical structure of Icelandic

poetry, by which the prosodical laws of that language are now for the first time explained in English.

Mr. Magnusson, in examining the general law of the metre of 'Lilja,' takes occasion to enter on a full and highly instructive account of the principles of alliteration and assonance.

Alliteration consists in the undeviating regularity with which two lines of a couplet must be bound together, as it were, with letters more or less identical. Thus when the first line of a couplet begins with a vowel sound, that sound must not only be repeated again in the middle of the same but also at the opening of the next line, as thus:

*Al*máttigr Guð *all*rar stèttar
Yfir-bjóðandinn engla ok þjóða.

These letters are called stuðlar in Icelandic prosody, i.e. props, stayers, or pillars, as they actually sustain the metre by their inflexible rigidity of form.

In assonance, on the other hand, we see, to use Mr. Magnusson's words, 'two syllables in each line, at measured intervals, which, phonetically speaking, stand, in the first line, in a non-unisonous, in the second, in a fully unisonous *rapport* to one another. These syllables are called hendingar, which, for want of a better word—as *catch* or *catches* would be deemed too daring, I fear—I am obliged to call *rhyme syllables*.' To make this clear by an example let us again take the two lines quoted above in their quality of assonance not of alliteration:

Al*máttig*r Guð allra *stètt*a
Yfir-*bjóð*andinn engla ok *þjóð*a.

It is not possible here to enter into the finer shades of sound which govern this metrical law; but we would especially call the attention of the reader to Mr. Magnusson's original and truly ingenious etymological explanation of the technical terms of Scandinavian prosody.

Stuðlar, the alliterative mainstay of all Northern poetry, was a name given to farmsteads in close vicinity to rocks, stuðull meaning originally *a pillar-stone, basaltic pillar*, a formation of frequent occurrence in the North. What more natural indeed than that the awakening imagination of a people powerfully impressed by the most striking features of surrounding nature should transfer these (with a bodily precision, as it were, unknown and unattainable by minds more removed from direct physical phenomena) into its gradually expanding thought, thought which with primitive nations manifests itself ever in a rhythmical form? We think it a thoroughly sound suggestion on the editor's part, therefore, to connect the 'rock-fast form of Northern song' with the rocky fortresses of the Northland.

In the hending, on the other hand, which belongs to the law of assonance, we have a word fundamentally connected with *action*. We learn that it is etymologically derived from henda, a weak transitive verb meaning *to throw* (*to hand*) and to catch that which is thrown.

Mr. Magnusson's explanation strikes us again as highly suggestive and appropriate. We must be allowed to make use of his own vivid words again when he says, 'It is therefore by no means unlikely that the spear, hurled from the hand and flying in a curved line through the air, hitting, or being caught by the object aimed at, was found to bear such a striking resemblance to the sound of the frumhending, issued and travelling over the measured space of intervening syllables, and dashing against the consonantal wall, which as it were stopped it in its flight and prevented its travelling farther, as to render natural and irresistible the transfer of the term of the real action over unto the supposed phonetic one. The action of throwing the spear, as well as that of catching it, is undoubtedly hending (henda spjót á lofti, *to catch a spear in the air*, is a standing military phrase of old), and the resemblance between these two parallels seems to me to stand to reason, at all events; although I do not presume at all to arrogate any infallibility for my view.'

Before speaking of the merits of the translation itself it may be well to point out that the editor has first shown that Eystein drew the materials of his poem from Anglo-Saxon sources, i.e. Beda principally, as well as from Honorius Augustodunensis, whereas formerly the poem was considered purely original.

We now come to the poem itself, of which the Icelandic text, set side by side with the English, is the first printed from MS. sources in England. The text has also been critically restored in many places, in fact, throughout, and a great many of the former perverted readings rendered rational.

The poem itself ranges over the Fall of man, the Annunciation, Crucifixion, and the triumph of the Church in heaven. Though shapen according to the strictest rules of Icelandic prosody, it is on the whole remarkably devoid of all true poetical inspiration, so that it would appear that the heathen gods had avenged the oblivion to which they had been condemned by abstracting those dwarf-guarded vats, where, according to the mythic traditions of the people, that mixture of blood and honey was preserved, of which whosoever drank became a poet. Blood and honey, however, do not flow in the veins of the 'Lily.' On one or two occasions it rises nevertheless to a certain pitch of exaltation. This is more especially the case with verses 93 and 94, where an unusual vigour and poetic pulsation is obtained. They are directly imitated from Psalm cxlviii., and we regret that the editor, who has annotated verse by verse of the poem with a care and industry that it is impossible to over-estimate, should have omitted to point it out. The verses run as follows:

Let change e'en into tongues alone
Of every man his flesh and bone,
And winds and lightnings, green-clad land,
And fragrant herbs, and dust and sand,

And hail, and feathered fowl, and snow,
And fish, and hills, and marshes low,
And hair, and twinkling stars, and grain,
And scaled things, wool, and sparks, and rain,

And woods, and stones, and cities fair,
And angels, heavenly chords and air,
And worm-hosts, fields with harvest white,
And palm-woods tall, and metals bright:
Though not one while their peace they held,
Yet must they wane away to eld,
But e'er they fittingly had said
Thy honour's praises, Mary Maid.

We have quoted these verses partly as containing the finest lines in the poem, but more especially as a sample of Mr. Magnusson's translation. This is throughout most excellent. His command of the English language, the purity, precision, and elegance of his diction are indeed astonishing as the work of a foreigner, being in this respect, we believe, perfectly unique. Mr. Magnusson throughout the 'Lilja' uses Saxon in preference to Latin words, but this is not only in sound keeping with the Northern original he has to deal with, but is a partiality which he shares with such men as Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Morris.

On the whole this edition of 'Lilja' may be said to be perfect, i.e. it is fitted out on every side with equal care and nicety. Life, text, metrical construction, translation, and glossary are all handled in that same spirit of precision which, while omitting nothing which is necessary to a scholarly treatment of the subject, strives with equal success to bring the matter into as condensed a form as possible.

To conclude: we would here express the hope that Mr. Magnusson may bring his rare editorial powers to bear on a work of more intrinsic and general interest, and make the English public more fully acquainted with those treasures of folk-lore with which Scandinavian and Icelandic literature are enriched.

MATHILDA BLIND.

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[*The* EDITOR *greatly regrets that want of space has compelled him to hold over till July, Articles by* F. G. ARMSTRONG, ALGERNON SWINBURNE, KARL BLIND, SIDNEY COLVIN, JOHN O'CONNOR, DR. LEARY, J. STANTON AUSTIN, *and* GILBERT VENABLES.]

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## JUNE, 1871

## CONTENTS.


I. 'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, *Exeter College, Oxford*, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson . 401
CHAPTER XIII.—Patient and Nurse.
" XIV.—George and Christian on a Ramble.
" XV.—Zollwitz Struggles.
" XVI.—She woke Endymion with a Kiss.

II. LIFE AND POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS. By Franz Hüffer, *Ph. D., Berlin* . . . . . 421

III. A WORTHY MEMORY KEPT GREEN. By Tom Hood, *Pembroke College, Oxford* . . . . . 433

IV. AN EXALTED HORN. By H. Schütz-Wilson. Illustrated by T. Hennessey . . . . . 434

V. MODERN SOCIALISM. By H. E. P. Platt, *Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford* . . . . . 446

VI. THE AUTO DA FÉ. By Ernest A. Bendall . . . . 455

VII. JACKSON OF PAUL'S. Part II. By Henry Kingsley, *Worcester College, Oxford* . . . . . 456

VIII. EXTRACT FROM MRS. ROSE'S DIARY. (After John Leech). By Frederick Locker . . . . . 465

IX. THE ROYAL ACADEMY. By E. B. Shuldham, M.D., *Christ Church, Oxford* . . . . . 466

X. THE ROSE OF KENMARE. A Song by Shiel Dhuv . . 473

XI. MODERN ART-SCIENCE AND ART-CRITICISM. By Edward Dowden, *Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin* 475

XII. From the German of Heinrich Heine. By F. E. Weatherly, *Brasenose College, Oxford* . . . . . 486

XIII. LIFE IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. By J. P. Mahaffy . 487

XIV. TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST. By Compton Reade, *Magdalen College, Oxford.* Illustrated by Miss Edwards . . 494
CHAPTER IX.—Oil and Water.
" X.—A Last Chance.
" XI.—A Divorce Court Witness.
" XII.—The Slave of the Lender.

XV. ANACREONTIC. By J. Ashby-Sterry . . . . . 509

XVI. TASSO TO ELEONORA. By Professor Sylvester, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 510

XVII. THE UNDERGRADUATE IN TOWN . . . . . 511

XVIII. OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 516

XIX. REVIEWS:—Mr. C. Reade's Pictura Picturæ. By Israel Davis, *Christ's College, Cambridge* . . . . . 520
" Mr. Asgrimsson's Lilja. By Mathilda Blind . . 524

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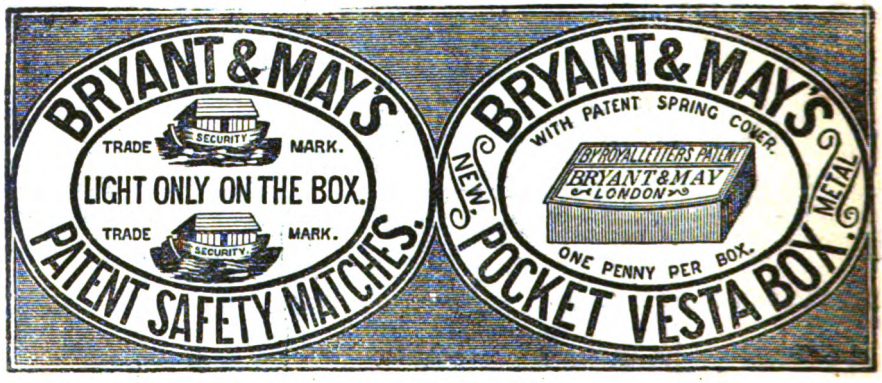


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# DARK BLUE.

JULY 1871.

## 'Lost': A Romance.

By John C. Freund, Author of 'By the Roadside.'

### CHAPTER XVII.

*HAPPINESS.*

THE first faint gray of morning woke Zollwitz, who, shivering, became conscious that there was something wrong about him and sought refuge in bed. Warmth sent him again to sleep, and not till the sun shed glorious rays right over him did he wake, imbued with a deep inexplicable sense that he existed; he sprang up, the sense of the value of existence pouring through every fibre of his being, through every artery of his body. Zollwitz knew that he lived; not as a detached single creation, but as a portion of the unity, as a particle of the entity, as a link of the chain, as a necessary completion to somebody else. The goddess had left her mark, and the awakening of the holiest human passion sent a new, warm, vivifying life-stream through every pore of this young man's unspoilt nature—still capable of receiving the impress of her pure agencies. Zollwitz stretched out his arms—light in his eyes,

strength in his limbs; he bent forward, his brain harbouring not a single definite idea, but a superabundant joyous feeling coursing about him, and exhilarating his impulses to their highest tension. An image rose before him—the graceful figure of a young girl, whose brown locks hung around her, whose white dress floated before him into distance, and the breath of whose words came like the echo of an Æolian harp. 'Do you laugh at our being fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?' Had poet ever breathed diviner words? Had love ever inspired sweeter accents? Surely not, and Tasso or Petrarch could not have sung an intenser sonnet in return than Zollwitz poured forth in one word—'Ethel!'

How different the room looked! how differently the sun shone! how different appeared his life! To meet it, to rush into it, became a necessity. Never had Zollwitz dressed more carefully; human nature gave at once an outward expression to those inner feelings by the desire to please; the brightest tie was actually sought for, and the last touch and final look in the glass showed him some one he scarcely recognised. Where was that hollow-eyed, downcast figure gone? There stood a man in the halo of youth, strength, and life's vigour.

A knock at the door; Harry entered.

'Well, Zollwitz, this is the first time you have overslept yourself. But what's the matter? Are you going out for a holiday? How awfully smart you look!'

'Smart? Oh no, Harry; but I am sorry I am late.'

'Zollwitz, I don't know you. Have you inherited a fortune? Surely you are not going away. Has anybody been here this morning? You look for all the world as happy as if a whole bag of money had been sent to you.'

'No, no, Harry. Do come down now.'

'Zollwitz, you are not going away?'

'We'll see.'

'Bother! I hate doubt; it kills one sooner than the most dreadful certainty.'

As they went down they met Lord Tenterton in the hall.

'I've just come for you, Mr. Zollwitz. Harry, I must rob you of your tutor for one day. I mean to show him something of my own London life. Tell your father, Harry, that I have fetched Mr. Zollwitz—I really cannot stay a moment.'

'But Zollwitz has not breakfasted. Ah! that's it, why he is so smart.'

'No, Harry; I did not expect his lordship.'

'Well, I shall be a most miserable creature all day; but I'll console myself with Ethel.'

'I wish I could,' said Lord Tenterton. 'I wish I could,' thought Zollwitz, just as the young divinity was coming out of the morning-room and met all three.

Ethel blushed; she shook hands freely with the noble lord, but she merely looked at the tutor, saying:

'Good morning, Mr. Zollwitz. I hope you are well. Harry said he had never known you stay so long in your room.'

'Thank you, Miss Ethel,' replied the tutor confusedly, without exactly knowing why he thanked her. The sense or nonsense of the words did not matter in the least, but the beaming, speaking look that accompanied them did, and made Ethel blush all the deeper.

'Miss Harrowby, go we must; my horses are impatient; pardon our abrupt departure.' The young lord once more shook hands with Ethel, but Zollwitz bowed, bowed low, and sent another look into her eyes. Ethel neither returned the bow nor look, but skipped off with Harry.

'I say, Ethel, what's the matter with you both? You've got a secret between you. That's just how you both look. Do tell me what it is, or I sha'n't like it.'

'Nonsense, Harry. Come, as we are alone, we'll read German together.' Harry was mollified, but suspicious.

Tenterton and Zollwitz drove off in the handsome tandem, up Constitution Hill and Piccadilly.

'I shall not take you to my father's house, as I do not live there, but to my chambers. The servants and all that sort of thing bother me; I like to be independent, and have my own people near me, see whom I please, and do as I please. I'm not rich, Mr. Zollwitz, but just scrape through fairly, with a little debt.'

What a couple of noble men, talking gaily that May morning! No hesitation, no over-refinement, no intrigue there. Tenterton straight in body and mind; not a corner for a moral spider to spin a web in, in *his* composition; the third son of his father, and the representative of the family's talent— talent that came out now and then in the ducal family, and was seldom owned by the eldest son. They reached the chambers, not far from St James's.

'First you must have something to eat. Jones, second breakfast. You won't see much here of learning. I like the House, and some committee work; I like the park, and my horses; I like a little racing; but I don't go in for downright politics, or anything social yet. I'm only twenty-seven, and can talk; that pays. I know I'm lazy. Well, perhaps some one will wake me up, and tell me to put my shoulder to the wheel, and begin to work in right earnest. The family always had a working member, and I don't see any chance for any one else to undertake it but myself.'

'You made a very good speech on the Irish question, my lord,' said Zollwitz.

'Oh, you read it, did you?' said the other, colouring with pleasure. 'Ireland is a fund of opportunity for a young politician, but I've not yet taken the bait. I have just sense enough to know that I am only fit as yet to back other people's opinions, and that a deeper insight than

mine is required to sound that old national sore and apply wholesome remedies.'

'But you are going in the right direction; and in governing, the right direction, my Professor told me, is everything. I could not see our direction last year, when I left my University in disgust. I came here with high-flown ideas. They are all disappearing, but something more tangible is taking their place.'

'Well, I suppose, instead of finding in England the glorious land of liberty, you begin to think, with other foreigners, it is all bosh, and that we are going to the dogs and losing our old honest name.'

'No, I do not. My studies tend all in another way. Let her remain the glorious land of political liberty; let her remain, as the Portuguese bard and refugee sang as he neared her shores:

> Patria da lei, senhora da justiça,
> Couto da fomgida liberdade.
>
> Fatherland of the law, mistress of justice,
> Asylum of foreign liberty.

Let her be ever aware that that green spot in the ocean shines brightly to those who have struggled for political liberty at home, and in vain. It may not be *her* liberty; it may often be oppression; still the idea that there is in all Europe one place where political movements are equally respected, as being the concern of individual nations, represents such a high development of humanity that I trust, from my own experience last year, the day may never come when any other action in the matter will be taken. Political movements express themselves in various ways, and the characteristics of various peoples have to be brought into account. Till private crime can be brought home to that delinquent, let no one suffer on these foreign shores for political ones.'

'Bravo, Zollwitz! But why so earnest?'

'Because I am grateful; because here my horizon has become enlarged; because here I begin to understand the teaching of my own beloved master, Professor Holmann.' It was astonishing how everything appeared to-day to Zollwitz 'with verdure clad.' Bright Hope was covering him with her enticing witchery.

'So *you* do not think that we are losing political ground?'

'No; you loosen my tongue, my lord. At home I have no one to speak to. Mr. Damer is too busy and too practical to be able to encourage my expressing my opinions; but Mrs. Damer did request me to write an essay, which is nearly finished. It is, however, delightful to have you to converse with. We Germans like interchange of thought. If you have to pay the penalty and listen to me, it will be your own fault.'

'No, no; go on. I was not mistaken; your enthusiasm is novel and

whets my political appetite. To-morrow you come with me to the House.'

'I shall be delighted to hear those men that are beginning to give England the direction of social development. I thought I knew much of you when I came over here; I have studied here much more, but I have learnt most from my rambles: and I am becoming aware that another than a mere political standard is being set up in your country. Have we passed through that phase of development? I am asking myself here. Are we becoming aware that a higher aim has to be reached by mankind than political power? Is social science not the highest we can reach? Political power is inferior in humanity to social development, and in England, where political power has maintained for centuries such a decided sway, in England, I take it, when the people will once understand it as a general question, will also be set up a lofty idea of the social standard, and to my vision the transformation of aim is in that direction.'

'I am afraid you are getting beyond my depth; I have never considered these questions. I have gone on, as others did before me, backing my party.'

'A political party, my lord; but there is another party to be backed, that of social improvement, on which we can alone build the former in our day. Social improvement means political power and military strength. No nation ever did so much for political life as the English; no nation ever suffered so much for social questions as the French; no nation ever so far developed philosophy as the German. I am beginning to understand my great teacher now, that all depends upon comparative comprehension. They are all united, these great principles, and have to be understood and reasoned, one from the other. Upon the development of reason in man depends our true liberty, and Milton's measured strains say:

> True liberty
> Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
> Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
> Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
> Immediately inordinate desires
> And upstart passions catch the government
> From reason, and to servitude reduce
> Man till then free.

This is one of my teacher's favourite passages, and yet he himself may not always be able to obey that reason; *him* also I begin to understand—the vast power of his rich intellect, and the vividness of his human feelings. A chaos of ideas has well-nigh crushed me. Oh, that I could see some clear path out of it!'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you must not get too metaphysical, like all your countrymen. Come, let us have lunch and breakfast in one, and then for a ride.'

Lunch over, the two men lounged near the window with cigars.

'I am sorry,' said Zollwitz, 'that Mr. Damer has not yet taken me to the House during all that great debate; but to him it was of no importance; he said the battle would only begin now. The development of trade and the provision for ways and means are to him the very essence of government.'

'Oh, you must forgive him; Damer is a little rough, but Damer is our mighty man of valour. There is downright sterling stuff in him. Damer will one day be a great man, if he follows his better genius and does not give way to one bad quality he has.'

'What is that?'

'He is suspicious.'

No more was said; the horses stamped impatiently and danced off with equine delight.

'I shall take you a good long tour. I suppose you have seen little of London.'

'I have seen a good deal, but mostly at night, in my long rambles to every portion of the metropolis. Although I am not a lover of low humanity, I am schooling myself to look upon its various forms that I may understand its social composition.'

'You really speak like a Solomon, and yet are so young. How did you come here? Do tell me the whole affair.'

Zollwitz recounted his adventurous flitting, as they careered round Regent's Park. Suddenly Lord Tenterton called out:

'There is my brother, the Marquis of Lomond. I say, Lomond!'—he hailed a gentleman who was approaching them in a most faultless drag—'let me have a couple of riding horses. I don't feel up to driving, and I hate a coachman to do it. I want to show my friend the Row and one of our suburban roads. Mr. Zollwitz, the Marquis of Lomond.'

'Aw—well—tell Dawson. Dooced fine-looking man that?' said the Marquis aside. 'Foreign?'

'Yes.'

'What? count, duke, prince? anything of that sort—incog—aw?'

'Tutor.'

'Bosh—like you—aw.'

Zollwitz had fortunately not heard. They stopped before Lomond House near Piccadilly and got the horses. Down they rode into the Row. It was early in the afternoon and few people were about; some graceful Amazons were taking a lesson rather than an exhibition ride. The two rode out by the Brompton road. Upon what should they come but Mrs. Damer's carriage, with Ethel and Harry in it. What delight! Both gentlemen obtained permission to accompany the carriage, and Harry shouted out unceremoniously that Mrs. Damer had promised him a long drive, as he had no lessons. The two ladies in fresh spring dresses, the bright boy, the gentlemen on each side of

the carriage—it was such a happy party. They talked and laughed right joyously—a little god with arrow and quiver pushed his keen dimpled face every now and then right to Ethel's side, sending off arrows straight at poor Zollwitz till he was covered with wounds—a few met Tenterton, but his lordship was more impervious, they glanced off sometimes. Such eyes you should have seen; Zollwitz's shone like the cerulean sky, Ethel's glowed in soft brown beauty, Harry's looked every now and then suspiciously around like his father's—there was something he could not understand. Mrs. Damer and Tenterton both appeared pleased that Zollwitz enjoyed his ride so much.

When they returned it was already time for dinner.

'I cannot spare him yet; he'll dine with me at the Reform Club, and then I shall take him out,' said Tenterton.

'You thief!' replied Harry, stamping his foot. His lordship looked up.

'Forgive me, Lord Tenterton; but Zollwitz will come back?'

'I will, Harry,' said the tutor with an earnest pressure of the hand.

Where did Lord Tenterton take Zollwitz to? To the Opera, the theatre, fashionable *soirée*? No—you *will* know—to Evans's supper rooms, to shake hands with Paddy Green and hear an English song.

It was the Budget night; both Zollwitz and Harry were in the stranger's gallery; the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was on his legs. Zollwitz bent eagerly forward—he devoured every word of the lucid statement; he was astonished at so much matter-of-fact brain power in one who loved Greek verse and Latin verse; he followed closely those statements of supply and demand till they rose to the height of the edifice, till they topped it by that memorable sentence embodying our obligations to posterity, embodying the principle that one generation must be raised on the soundness of the last: 'We—I do not mean the Government, I mean the House—pass away from active life, and let those who come after us have reason to see that in the provision made for our own wants we have also taken some thought for them, and they will find no ground to regret or to condemn.'

Zollwitz scanned those faces that were on the ministerial benches, in the body of the House, on the Opposition side, below the gangway, and then a transformation came over them: he seemed to see another assembly, more than one in quick succession. He heard the impetuous tones of the elder Pitt telling Walpole 'that he would not sit unconcerned while his liberty was invaded.' He heard Burke asking for peace in the American colonies 'simple peace, sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts.' He heard Mr. Canning on the slave trade say 'that its infant lips were stained with blood, its whole existence had been a series of rapacity, cruelty and murder.' He listened to Sheridan's invective against Indian mismanagement, that the natives were driven to despair, by 'that principle which makes it

base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of men, and vindicates the independent quality of his race!' He saw Fox rise before him; he saw Russell and Palmerston, and just as some kindly face nodded to him, dispelling his dream, Harry pulled him.

'Let's go, I am beastly tired—it is so late.'

Zollwitz shook himself out of his reverie, cast over the assembly one more look, and left with the impression that England was great, but that it might be greater still.

After that Budget night there went home the embodiment of a great intellect—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That earnest face was weary, the brain fatigued. The Herculean labour some of these men go through has to outweigh in balance a vast number of members, who smoke and drink, lounge and chatter and follow some leader, or some behest of their constituency merely, while that one brain, that has after all but one brain's strength, but one brain's endurance, is thinking, calculating, and labouring for them, and is to outwork all those others that do nought. Where is the balance? The very vigour must give way in such an unceasing round. And can we find no more even balance? No more equal adjustment of mental as well as bodily labour? Should all our great University prizes be for the culture of the ancients, and ought they not rather to produce year upon year a fresh army of strong legislators, coming forward boldly to the strife and battle of the race, instead of passing away on the bickerings of refined philological and classical questions? Did Demosthenes study hieroglyphics? did Cæsar dip into astrology? did Cato decipher the inscriptions on the caves of Hindostan? They lived and acted for their own existent humanity, comprehending its principles, whatever these were, but comprehending them for the time and holding aloft their own social flag.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *GEORGE HARROWBY IN THE WRONG.*

'But, uncle, it is positively no use my returning to Oxford this term.'

'And why?'

'Will you pay my debts?'

'No; I cannot if I would; and I would not if I could.'

'Then why return?'

'To do your work.'

'But I cannot work—it is hideous to go up Commen term as a poor wretch.'

'I had to do it before you.'

'But you had such infernal cool pluck, and then times were different —it didn't matter.'

'Oh yes, it did; but my principle was, as long as your body put in an appearance, there was something to catch hold of. I meant to pay some time—when I could. Look at that letter.'

'By Jove, it's come to-day from Oxford and is a receipt for a last instalment to one of the Proctors. By Jove! twenty-five years—I call that cool.'

'Do you? I don't; and you want me to pay your debts. Do the same as I did, manage them yourself.'

'But how. I have nothing to manage with but your allowance; that's so small that it does *not* keep me in clothes. I can't reckon on your demise, my worthy uncle; I won't count on a rich marriage, and I'm not able to work.'

'Why not?'

'Because I am not. Before I'd slave, I'll cut my throat.'

'Coward!'

'Don't say that again, uncle.'

'I'm not afraid, *mon cher*. Doddrige called yesterday for me to pay him the 50*l*. he lent you last year in France; I said I had not the pleasure of knowing anything about it.'

'You might as well; he would have waited any time if you had owned it; now he'll bother me to death.'

'Let him.'

'Pretty, that. Good morning, my dear uncle. I won't go up.'

'Don't. Manage as best you can—but manage. Pope says:

> Get place and wealth if possible with grace,
> If not, by *any* means get *wealth* and *place*.

I am very fond of Pope, and recommend him to your notice.'

'Damn Pope!'

George Harrowby entered his uncle's study one morning early in May, having received another notice to put in an appearance at the College; the cynical old beau had neither money nor advice to give, depreciating still further George's faint powers of exertion, and letting him drift on—where the stars of Fate would guide him to. George left the study in a rage. If he had but one friend! Where to find him? Poor Ethel had repeatedly bestowed all her pocket money upon him, and the Damers he would not have asked for worlds: Mr. Damer had twice presented him with a 50*l*. note—drops in the ocean—and Mr. Damer was rough, Mrs. Damer dependent on her husband. Other friends were partly exhausted, and others he could not tell to keep up appearances with them; so George went to the club and had brandies and sodas to strengthen his reflective faculties. After the first glass George became courageous and thought go up he would; after the

second he felt humbled and believed it best to stay down; after the third he became hilarious and didn't care a hang. Work, indeed, at what? Scribbling and that sort of thing, or teaching like that German fellow? Never, coming from such an ancient family. That was worse than dishonest, it was low.

George met friends and became more than hilarious, he became quarrelsome. He dragged about town till night time, having enough grace left to know that he was in the wrong—wrong with himself and the world! 'My confounded luck to be sure—never can get on like other fellows! There I declare goes that German tutor. I put *him* down—don't think I ever pronounced such a long-winded speech in my life. Believe really he looks after Ethel! I'd kill him or the girl! Look! stop!—a fine knight *sans peur et sans reproche*; he is talking to some low girl in the street. I shall pass him. That *is* bold—he takes his hat off to me and is still talking to her—I cannot see her face. I'll go straight to Eaton Square and open their eyes as to his character, the sneaking Prussian! Humbugs the whole set!'

So soliloquised George Harrowby. He went home to his uncle's Lord Wharnton's house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, rid himself of the signs of the night's carouse, and took his way to Eaton Square. Mrs. Damer was at home and alone, sitting after dinner in her low chair, near a window crowded with exotics, Mill's 'Political Economy' in her hand. Her eyes were a little moist; she had just had a long conversation with Zollwitz, who had unreservedly told her that some change in his life became peremptorily necessary, as his ambition vaulted high, his aspirations were of the most daring, and that to realise them he must bestir himself. Zollwitz had to her—to this gentle female friend—said, 'That he meant to become a leader of mankind in some way, and to find the direction of that leadership he must study and prepare himself more than he could do in Eaton Square.' He had spoken of Harry, of his guidance, and had said that he might be able to produce a plan, in which Mr. Damer would concur, and by which Harry's training would not become impaired. So honestly had this young man looked at her, so clearly laid bare the motives of a noble mind and an energetic will, that Mrs. Damer felt the loss of such a friend for her boy. And was this boy's temper not the skeleton in her home? Mrs. Damer was convinced that repression would ruin Harry, and her mind drifted away—drifted into a chaotic sense of having not sufficient support in her husband—drifted into an uneasy longing to hold even by that young man's helping hand—and drifted lastly into the desire, 'Could my influence retain him here?' But instantly came the answer, 'That would be dishonest.' Her woman's clinging nature sought for help; it stretched out its feminine emotional ideas for sympathy, it began to ask where would this estrangement between herself and her husband end? Mrs. Damer bent down her head and clasped her hands; the temptation to

exert an undue power over this young man passed; and as never before there arose in her the conviction 'that she must help *herself*;' that, as a woman, she had to find strength not in man, but in woman; because, where she might ask for that strength in man it would not be got, and where she could find it, the world forbade her to seek it. Mrs. Damer lifted her head, and though a tear glistened on her eyelashes, her heart was filled with strong, stout courage, and she there and then resolved to send for Aunt Sarah in her emergency. It is odd how seldom one woman will ask counsel of another. Man draws strength from man, yet woman never seeks for this natural support from her own sex. Might women not take a hint to close their own ranks more worthily, to use their individual strength collectively, in this modern movement of female assertion, and then demand its recognition from man? If women did but know what a deep well of comfort there is in the support of one's own kind!

Young Harrowby was announced, and stalked in jauntily. He threw himself without much ceremony into an easy chair.

'Aunt, I am really quite astonished at your extraordinary infatuation about that German tutor. Mr. Damer, as well as yourself, seem to exalt him above measure!'

'My dear George, he has been very useful to us.'

'Very well; but I think you might stop there. It is not necessary that my sister Ethel should share in this general deification.'

'What do you mean, George?'

'I mean, aunt, that I know this man is beginning to make love to Ethel, and I will not allow it. He is a cursed hypocrite; besides being of lower station than ourselves.'

'George!'

'Don't mind strong language from me, aunt. You are a lady—a very beautiful and a very intelligent woman; but you are a little crotchetty. You are beginning to take up modern ideas about women's rights and such stuff, and I am afraid you would positively see no difference between a German tutor and Ethel if I did not show him up pretty strongly to you as a moral hypocrite. I have come here for that purpose and I mean to do it.'

Young Harrowby was wrong. It gave Mrs. Damer a very violent wrench at the heart when she was so plainly told that Zollwitz was in love with Ethel, but she recovered herself instantly.

'I shall not answer your accusations against us all. If you have anything to say, you had better say it to my husband.'

'To Damer! what nonsense! he has never time to listen to anybody. To you I will tell my tale, and I think I shall even astonish your strongmindedness. If a fellow like me is rather fast sometimes, you all cry out; and yet I set up for no model virtue; but to see that man, who is petted and spoilt by the whole family, show his real colours *sub rosa*—it does drive me mad! What should you think, my dear aunt,

if I tell you that that young man had the audacity to speak to a girl of low character in broad daylight, acknowledging my acquaintance at the same time by bowing to me? Do you consider that gentlemanly or proper?'

'George, you have no right to mention this to me. I tell you again to address my husband; but Zollwitz doing so in broad daylight, as you say, makes me think that some grave motive actuated him.'

'Grave motive indeed!—the girl was slight and elegant in figure, but I could not see her face. If you will not listen to me, I cannot help it; but I tell you, aunt, that I mean Ethel to be withdrawn from that man's influence, and that I shall talk to our guardian and uncle, Lord Wharnton, about it to-morrow morning.'

A servant entered the room and brought a letter. Mrs. Damer blushed at its superscription, but did not open it. Young Harrowby rose and took leave in no very happy frame of mind. Finding himself out of sorts with the world, it was some comfort to throw mud upon other people.

Mrs. Damer opened the letter. It was from Zollwitz.

'Dear Madam,—I had a chance encounter with a very beautiful and unhappy young French girl to-day; she spoke to me in wild accents, asking if I knew where some Monsieur lived in London. On answering her that I did not, she thanked me with such heartrending words for the respectful way in which I had answered her that I felt much commiseration for her. She ran on, addressing to other people the same question. She seems, however, to have followed me, and the enclosed letter in French has just been given to me by her, as I was going out, after having seen you. She fled the moment she saw the letter in my hands. What better can I do than place the fate of an unhappy girl in a sister's hands? Can you, Madam, suggest any mode of assistance? She will, as you see, call for an answer in the morning,

'Believe me, dear Madam, yours most respectfully,

'HERMANN ZOLLWITZ.'

The enclosed letter ran:

'Monsieur,—Depuis trois jours, je cours les rues de Londres; je cherche quelqu'un dont j'ai fait la connaissance l'année dernière en Normandie. Où le trouver? Je demande tout le monde où demeure Monsieur Arbin, et personne ne le sait; je vous ai demandé aussi. Vous, Monsieur, êtes le premier qui avez répondu respectueusement que vous ne le savez pas. Les hommes m'ont regardée en se moquant, les femmes se sont détournées de moi! N'y a-t-il pas un cœur humain dans ce monde? Monsieur, Monsieur, votre figure me dit que vous avez un cœur. Aidez-moi de trouver Monsieur Arbin, ou je me tue. Je reviendrai demain matin pour demander la réponse; je courrai encore

les rues toute la nuit, toute la nuit. Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! que dois-je faire?

'Votre servante,

'CHARLOTTE DUDIN.

'PS.—Savez-vous ce que c'est d'avoir quitté un père et un petit frère pour un homme? Savez-vous ce que c'est de chercher le bon Dieu partout parmi les hommes et de ne le trouver jamais?'

Mrs. Damer trembled. What was her trouble—she secure of a dignified position—to this poor girl's?

A shriek, a terrible shriek, rang through the square. Mrs. Damer sprang up and rushed to the window. Stepping swiftly on the balcony she fancied she noticed in the twilight the flutter of a female dress round the corner of the square. The servants were on the doorsteps; all round to the right and left people came out of their houses; a policeman ran along to see what had happened; it was no use apparently. That shriek—the last discord wrung from a breaking human heart—that shriek died away into immensity, searching there its resting-place.

Zollwitz had strolled out on handing the letter to the servant, and had been beyond the square when that wail went forth. He had strolled on to Westminster Bridge, remembering the first time he had seen the Abbey, whose sombre masses now broke the dusky air. He had, as in a dream, stood still, again and again thinking of the poor delicately-featured girl that had regarded him with those wretched luminous eyes, and had spoken to him in that despairing tone. Who could she be?—who was Monsieur Arbin?—what was her story? On the bridge he leant, looking down into the waters of a river that has buried much human woe in its waves and is again and again asked to bury other woes. There was a scuffle on the other side, people rushed up, boats were put off, and roughly the words sounded, 'A woman in the water! Quick here; lend a hand, man!'

Zollwitz ran across—the woman could not be found. For twenty minutes they searched, and at last met with her hanging by a hook into the river. Life was quite extinct. It had become dark, and some faint moonlight just struggled out as the bargemen brought up that corpse. Zollwitz looked over the shoulders of a drunken costermonger. There lay, looking up with sightless eyes, the young French girl, still and dead—human misery gone, human love lost, and human help of no avail. The German student took up one hand and placed it gently upon the other, turned, and was gone.

'A Woman Found Drowned' was in the papers the next day.

Some hours later there was a crowd before the Alhambra—one of those modern places of recreation of our nineteenth century ideas. A young swell had come out tipsy and fallen against the railing, cutting his head open. Bright damsels stood around; a boy, a precocious

London street boy, had run for a doctor; two policemen were holding up the young man, and trying to quench the blood that flowed from his head. A brougham rattled past, with a lady and gentleman.

'What is the matter there, William?' said a bright girl in evening dress to her brother. 'Do go and see.'

The brougham stopped, the young man got out, and passed into the crowd, but came back quickly.

'Only think, Adelaide; it is George Harrowby; he has fallen and cut his head open, and is quite insensible. Shall we take him home?'

'Oh do, William, it is so kind of you. That young man is going the wrong way, and his cynical uncle is driving him into it. Poor lost boy—poor lost boy!'

The gentleman gave his card to the police inspector, said that he was a friend of the young gentleman, tied up the wound, with the medical assistance now arrived, and got young Harrowby into the brougham; driving fast towards Kensington.

London life—London pictures. A romance? Be honest; yes, who would dare to write a romance—nothing more than the feeble reflex of actual existence and its various phases? What romance writer dare paint the truth? what romance writer gives his own poor experience? None. Cover it up, that humanity, and gloss it over with decorum. It looks so much prettier, that skeleton of ours, decked in silks and velvets, dressed in evening costume, smiling, bowing, and scraping here at the West end, than there, at the East end, dressed in rags.

What says that anatomist Wolfgang Goethe?—

> Whom to believe, my friend, I can easily show you.
> Believe life's self—more it teaches than the word or book.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### *AN ARRIVAL.*

CHRISTIAN had sent his letter at Christmas time to Professor Holmann and had waited; Professor Holmann had not come, but there was a fund of stolid Prussianism in Sergeant Christian. He knew how to wait for his opportunity. 'The letter they had,' he thought, 'or I should have heard; so patience I must have, as a wrong move might spoil all.' Christian had nursed his landlord, had cheerfully done his work for him, and had, in order to please him, gone twice a week to the Discussion Society. Oh, if Christian could but have profited by the fiery denunciations of Russian, Prussian, and all other despotisms, taking in that of Antichrist, represented by glowing speakers as 'that man over the way,' or 'the Pope of Rome,' not alluding to personalities nearer home. Imagination had free play in the Discussion Society and produced

such a *mélange* of incoherent religious, historical, political, and social ideas, that the dish could only be digested by those who had inordinately strong stomachs and were not over-nice about the logical arrangement of facts. But Christian enjoyed it all the same, as well as he could enjoy anything, having ever that faint silhouette of the Chelsea street before him. Christian studied the English faces, marked their play of countenance, and came to the conclusion that they were downright brave fellows and would disgrace no Prussian sergeant, if he could but drill them his own way.

Christian had still wandered about, now and then drawing near to Chelsea and the forlorn street: he had stopped as close as he dared opposite that house, and it seemed to him as if the air carried past him the sad breathings of a broken spirit whose early reminiscences clung to it like the sounds of childish harmonies. A form flitted by now and then of a man's shrunken figure, clinging in hopeless agony to that corner of the earth which held a mortal shrine somewhat connected with his own existence. Great God! who of us in our daily avocations thinks of the odd fantastic shapes that the 'spirit' will take in the 'flesh,' and who ever dares to analyse their musings but some such searching genius as Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' or Goethe in 'Faust'?

One day in March Christian had seen Zollwitz in Hyde Park, had quickly tried to evade him, and had followed him at a distance to Eaton Square. When Zollwitz went into the house Christian had marked the number and came at eventide to stretch out his gaunt arms after that cherished figure as Zollwitz went forth on his usual stroll.

This uncouth Prussian soldier, looking as if he could swallow up half a dozen ordinary mortals, proved the truth of the saying:

> Happy the man whose heart of such a sort is,
> As holds more buttermilk than aqua fortis.

But the wary Sergeant betrayed not himself—he had orders to wait, and a Prussian when he has orders can wait or move—*vide* Blucher and Waterloo—you may trust him through thick and thin to fulfil orders.

George the landlord fumbled out a letter one evening in early May—a letter the postman had given him in the morning, but which he had forgotten over a social matutinal glass of ale with the postman. Christian swore a good round 'Donnerwetter' when he saw it. That was not obeying orders to delay a letter! The letter came from Torgau, and announced the Professor's, the Major's, and Mary's arrival in London, within a few days; Christian was to meet them at the station, as they would avoid the longer sea voyage by Hamburg. Christian dashed the tea-things over, broke two cups, hugged George, kissed the Missis, and upset Jemima with consternation. His joy would come

out in broken German morsels of 'Gott sei Dank,' 'Endlich;' and as fluent speech was denied him, showed itself in vigorous action.

Christian was restless till another letter came, to meet the party that evening. There he stood, bright and smart, but thinner, and with a weary expression round his eyes: people smiled to see a big tall old man on guard at the station. The train came in—ah, have you ever felt your heart thump at the sight of a train, bringing you all your worldly joy, all your earthly possession in the shape of some human creature, belonging to you in one way or other, perhaps all your own? Such moments are glimpses of existence almost beyond earth's ken, reaching higher up. A puff, a stop—the train was in, and people rushed up to meet those they expected. A film came over Christian's eyes as he approached one of the first-class carriages and saw those three beloved faces. So simple in contour, so refined in expression, so undemonstrative in action; three people, whose appearance had 'nobility' impressed on it, and whose dignified bearing showed that Boileau was right when he said:

> Jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, un mortel ici-bas
> Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas.

No fine dress and no swaggering exterior would have accomplished what the quiet manner of these strangers did. Every porter touched his hat and the policeman made room, as if some great swell had arrived from the Continent.

To Dover Street, Piccadilly, they drove, Christian on the box. Here they were installed in a private hotel. The new comers made the same impression upon the hotel people; they were treated as grand folks, and would most likely have to pay accordingly. Christian was in his element, the old, discreet, respectful, military servant, biding his time till Professor Holmann should be ready to interrogate him.

Sleep rested that night on London: it enveloped millions. Here and there a solitary watcher had it not, here and there the brain would not be quieted and the nerves stilled. The want of pecuniary means, the waste of them, the decay of moral force, the indulgence in undue excesses, the depressing influence of evil desires, the yearning of human love, the consciousness of lost hope, all these drove away sleep, and maintained single watchers in that big vast London.

One solitary watcher sat at his open window in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Professor Holmann, without his spectacles, was turning his gaze into the still sky, and sending his soul's look into the forlorn Chelsea street, to watch over that wrecked human being, once the adored beauty of Berlin society.

## CHAPTER XX.

### *LADY JULIA CROFTON'S BALL.*

THE day after the arrival Christian stood at the door of Professor Holmann's room in the early morning.

'Beg to report, Professor, two addresses.'

Professor Holmann raised himself in bed and took them; his hand trembled, but not a word escaped him about them. After a while he said:

'Christian, go on as usual; the Major and Mary have no idea of what we know. I have persuaded them to come and find Hermann and make him return with us. My own plans I will divulge to no one—not even to you. Obey me implicitly.'

'Beg to report, I will.'

'Get me the Directory down stairs; I want Count d'Alvensleben's address.'

Christian, who had become located in the hotel, walked unceremoniously into the hall, and fetched the Directory. The hotel servants had within a few hours given way to his peculiar power of doing all things in a methodical military way that allowed no objection.

The address was found: 'I shall go out to-day alone, Christian. You must attend the Major and Mary; they will have some arrangements to make, as I wish them to appear according to their station. Cards must be left at the Embassy. The name of Zollwitz, when before the world, may claim respect.'

Christian stepped up to the bed. 'Don't go there without me, Professor; it is dangerous,' whispered the Sergeant.

'Hush! no,' answered Holmann, pressing his hand to his heart. A sudden faintness overcame him; he leant back on the pillows. 'Christian,' he said, recovering himself, 'speak about it no more. Great griefs have no words; they have only suffering or desperate action.'

A brougham drove up before D'Alvensleben's house in Knightsbridge; out stepped Professor Holmann. One fine servant opened the door, and another fine servant received him; but there was no hesitation about recognising the Professor's standing. The man's exterior breathed the nobility of his soul, and made lower mankind acknowledge the grace bountiful nature had given him. The card was sent into that delicious study, and obsequiously Professor Holmann was ushered in. Two men stood opposite each other in that back room of the Knightsbridge house—friends once. There was a long consultation between them, which ended, D'Alvensleben looked pale and ghostly, Holmann determined, clutching his armchair with both hands.

'You will come to Lady Julia's ball, will you not, Professor?'

'I? Perhaps. But I will see that the Major and his niece come.

Her beauty will not disgrace your assembly. Mary is her mother spiritualised.'

'Holmann, can you forgive me?'

'Man, I do not yet know what I have to forgive. There has been some treachery which even I have not yet fathomed. I cannot answer for myself. Whatever my resolution, it may any day bend under the force of human complications. God help me then!'

Holmann did not shake hands with the diplomatist, but, accompanied by his host to the door, he left the house in Knightsbridge and drove back to the hotel.

Lady Julia's ball was to be in two days. Holmann procured the consent of the Major and Mary to go to it, and a note was despatched to D'Alvensleben accepting the invitation. Mary prepared her dress; the Major sat, in spite of English manners, at the open window of the hotel, with his long German pipe; and Holmann was shut up in his room with Christian. The Professor could have sent for Hermann Zollwitz; he could have gone to him (Christian had given him Mr. Damer's address); but the Professor did not do so. He was cogitating. Life has complications, it has entanglements, which the most careful and the most daring are afraid to unravel, before which both stand powerless, acknowledging a force in this our earthly state which the vulgar define with the word 'fate,' the religious with the word 'retribution,' the philosophical with the words 'natural consequences.' Those complications are the groundwork for lawsuits, for fiction, for tragedy, carrying with them an undefinable power of circumstance, before which Hamlet stood aghast when he said:

> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn away,
> And lose the name of action.

A drive in the park that afternoon completed the first day; the next day, the day of the ball came. The Major sat at the window; Mary was out shopping attended by Christian, charming every young silk-mercer by her pretty stilted English; and Holmann cogitated, trying hard as Hamlet to unravel that web of 'circumstance.'

Crofton House shone in splendour: the awning before the house was lined with plants of rare beauty; the soft red carpet led invitingly into the vestibule, where bronze figures held soft lamps between tall shrubs, and stiff footmen presided over the arrival of aristocratic guests. Lady Julia knew how to do things *dans le grand style*. She gave but one ball in a season, but it was a ball! Æsthetic ideas presided over that ball: no crowding, no rushing, no inferior arrangements. Humanity displayed itself in its highest outward phase—the aristocratic assembly of refined men and women; and verily humanity, having

hidden away those ugly touches of fallen nature, came out charming and blooming, smiling sweetly, and curtsying gracefully.

Lady Julia Crofton had married Count D'Alvensleben of an old old German family, bearing back their date these thousand years, quartering in their escutcheon a red, white, and black line, pointing to brave battle deeds and not less brave political ones for centuries. Lady Julia Crofton had married D'Alvensleben, because he represented in her eyes the idea of 'beauty.' She cared for no more; she remained Lady Julia Crofton, adding D'Alvensleben to her name where absolutely necessary, and convincing her husband in a grandiloquent way that the vulgar distich could be applied to matrimonial reunions of a high station:

> Monsieur le Baron ventures the devil to disown:
> He marries, and in future possesses his own.

D'Alvensleben had acquiesced. There was no doubt about the superior diplomatic skill of his matrimonial partner, and the admiration for that skill made the wily politician subside into social insignificance. Lady Julia Crofton—handsome, artistically handsome, refined, *dédaigneuse*, brooking no control—Lady Julia Crofton reigned supreme in Crofton House.

Guests arrived, rooms were filling, silks swept the floors, gauzes rustled through the air, feathers nodded, fans fluttered, music stirred up the electrical wires in old and young veins, Lady Julia received her company as a presiding deity over a modern Olympus, and D'Alvensleben, no less aristocratic, seconded her.

Major and Mademoiselle Zollwitz entered—the old Prussian officer in a veritable Prussian uniform (it was correct in his day and in his country to appear thus at a ball, and so he would in England: no use to combat the point); Mary, a very zephyr of beauty, white, blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and pearl ornaments round her neck. The raising of that classical head was in itself a delightful movement to witness. The odd couple entered, and were received by Lady Julia with *empressement*, by D'Alvensleben with more than respect; he could not take his eyes off that young exquisite figure. The men stared a little, the ladies looked around curiously, but Lady Julia's protection was not to be despised. Mary danced—danced like a sylph—and was evidently becoming a sensation. The Damers had refused: Mr. Damer would not allow either Mrs. Damer or Ethel to come; D'Alvensleben had lost in his estimation, and Lady Julia never stood high in it—she was conceited, said Damer. Professor Holmann also was absent. Entered Lord Wharnton and George Harrowby, still a slight scar on his forehead; the Alhambra affair had only happened four days ago, but George was on his legs again. Lord Wharnton stared; so did George.

'D'Alvensleben,' said George, 'who the deuce is that girl? Have

you fished her up from the nymphs? Why, she is classical! Who is she?'

'A Prussian officer's niece,' replied D'Alvensleben.

'Really? A Prussian, and so graceful. For Heaven's sake introduce me. I am dying to dance with her.'

'What has been the matter with you, Mr. Harrowby? You don't look able to dance.'

'Oh, yes I am. My uncle would make me come. He said coming to Lady Julia's ball did one good.'

'What is that, Harrowby? Rush and see. Some altercation on the stairs.'

Young Harrowby rushed out. There, on the top of the stairs, elegant men and frightened women surrounding them, was Major Zollwitz in a towering passion, having collared Lord Wharnton and hissing out the words in German, 'So I have got you, you rascal, at last! For seventeen years I have sought you, you cowardly ravisher! Where is she? where is she? I must know.'

Hands were laid on Major Zollwitz; he was dragged off. Lord Wharnton, pale as death, was taken into the study; and Mary, hanging round her uncle, was entreating him to come away.

'D'Alvensleben,' said the Major, 'how dare you let that man meet me?'

'I did not know, my dear Major, that Lady Julia had invited him.'

'I'll have him out to-morrow.' So saying, the Major stalked off, with Mary on his arm, waiting for no help, only anxious to have the house behind him.

In the Chelsea street stood Professor Holmann and Christian opposite the 'odds and ends' shop, listening to the faint sound of a voice singing the Loreley—the Loreley from the sunny Rhine!

[*To be continued.*]

# PANSLAVISM AND PANTEUTONISM.

WHEN some months ago, on an ever memorable occasion, the Emperors of Russia and Germany exchanged those telegraphic endearments which excited so much attention, few spectators of that formidable *rapprochement* were inclined to see in the slightly theatrical congratulations of despot uncle and despot nephew no more than the irrepressible manifestation of natural affection. Had not the circular of Prince Gortschakoff succeeded the surrender of Metz? And could there be a doubt of the concurrence of Russia in the spoliation of France? On the other hand, some people remembered that it was not so very long before Sedan since the monarch of Prussia had been the guest of the Tuileries, and that the humiliation of Austria had been prepared with the consent of a Napoleon. The friendships of governments seldom reflect more than the interests of the moment. And was it not always conceivable that in the progress of ambitions those policies would be found to clash which at certain points of their development seemed to promise to go on side by side for ever?

There was no doubt indeed of the personal sympathies which united the two Emperors. But when did such personal sympathies continue to counterbalance, more than temporarily and with diminishing effect, forces so intense and gigantic as national selfishness and national hate. The Slave hates the German, and covets possessions which the German will never readily relinquish. It is not imaginable that such an antagonism can slumber for ever, or for long.

Writing from the German stand-point, and not without some of the German self-conceit, the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' of a short time ago gives expression to the terrible anxiety which already begins to cloud the future of the triumphant fatherland. 'Will the Czar Alexander be in the position to set a dam to the torrent while as yet it is only beginning to burst from its bed? Can he hope to bring to humility and obedience the party whom he has allowed to grow too strong by protracted indulgence? Is it still possible to repress the blind fanaticism of the masses after it has been unceasingly inflamed and excited by the exaltation of its instincts above honour and law and humanity? We Germans cannot but wish that it might be so; for to none else

but us has it been given to execute the judgment of history upon the rapacity, the unscrupulousness, and the insolence of that head stock of the Slaves. A nation that is called to so weighty a task cannot expect to fulfil it without grievous wounds to itself. Yet it is impossible for us to surrender ourselves to the pleasing fancy that we shall escape this duty.' The 'Allgemeine Zeitung' has never followed the profession of an alarmist, and these forebodings must excite the more attention when uttered in such a quarter.

We have said that the Slave hates the German—with a mortal hate. It is 'the war of a thousand years' between the races. Not only in the 'Moscow Gazette,' the organ of Katkoff, do the proofs occur. In the 'Golos,' the organ of General Count Miljutin, the Russian Minister of War, there is the following passage in a leading article of the middle of February last, 'when,' as the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' complains, 'the fall of Paris was already foreseen, and prudence ought to have counselled Russia to assume a friendly attitude towards the conqueror!' These are the words of the 'Golos.' 'A war with Spaniards, French, Italians, or English even, can never be thoroughly and heartily popular with the Slaves. . . . It is a different thing against Turks and Germans; *against the latter still more than against the former.* . . . Against French, English, and the others, Slaves carry on war while the war lasts; but against the Germans and Turks the war is tireless and endless along the whole line of contact of the races, entirely independent of what political relations the respective governments may happen to bear to one another.'

The Germans are beginning to say that they have a new France to deal with in the Empire of the Czars. 'Russia's occupation of the position which France after 1866 occupied towards Prussia is already,' writes the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 'an accomplished fact.' Probably it would be more accurate to describe the actual situation somewhat differently. It seems, in fact, as if it were Germany that was now playing the part of France, while Russia is the Prussia of before the Franco-Prussian war. It is Russia now, like the Prussia of time past, that has an idea to develope, a mission to fulfil, an ambition to satisfy. The idea is Panslavism, the mission is the unification of the Slave nationalities, the ambition will only be satisfied when that unification has been brought about by the arm, and in the interest, of 'the head stock of the Slaves.' It is a question of life or death for Germany to prevent the realisation of the Russian scheme. Already from Russian Poland, as from a bastion, the forces of the Czar threaten the Fatherland. It would never do to have the wedge driven still further home to the very heart of Germany. It would never do to have the standards of the Muscovite advanced to within three days' march of Berlin. It is true that the acquisition of the Polish territories of Prussia with their coveted seaport of Dantzig, forms but a portion of the Russian project. The portion is sufficiently disagreeable. Germany

which has just torn Alsace from France in virtue of an indefeasible nationality must now face the danger of having her own principles of unscrupulous annexation turned against herself. Count von Moltke pointed out 'the necessity' of erecting a bulwark against France. And the journal of the Russian Minister of War declares that the triumph of Pangermanism must awaken 'the instinct of self-preservation in the bosom of every Russian.' It is the irony of fate.

But it will be asked by people who have been deeply impressed by the recent astounding successes of the German arms, Can Russia hope to impose her will on Germany? The contest is not so unequal as such people think. It should be remembered that France was placed 'with a light heart' through the misfeasance of her rulers—though by no means in this case through the misfeasance of her ruler—in a position of comparative unpreparedness, that she had to take the field with 300,000 men against 600,000, that even the 300,000 were thrown away by a succession of military errors unsurpassed in history. With every praise for their patriotism, for their courage, for their organisation, it has yet to be seen whether the German hosts could conquer on equal terms the French soldiers of Woerth and Gravelotte and Sedan. According to the Prussian 'Staats-Anzeiger,' there were at Woerth 120,000 Germans against 47,000 Frenchmen. At Gravelotte, the numbers were 250,000 against 140,000. At the battles around Sedan, 230,000 Germans overcame 150,000 French, many of the latter being in addition mere raw levies. On the other hand, if the best troops of Germany have before now suffered defeat at the hands of French armies, so also have they suffered it at the hands of Russian armies; not indeed so often, but that was because German and Russian were not so often engaged. The great Friedrich at the height of his genius complained that Russians were 'hard to kill.' His bravest battalions fell or fled before the unconquerable tenacity of their resistance on the terrible day of Kunersdorf. His firmest organisations turned the back before the fury of their charge at Zulichau. Even among the victories of the great Napoleon the battles of Friedland and Borodino were battles of giants. Pultusk and Eylau could not quell the soldiers of the Czar. They have, like every army, yielded to the troops of the United Kingdom; but their British and Irish conquerors can tell how nobly, when well led, the stubborn Russian fights.

But we should be vastly underrating the power of the Russian empire and the spirit of the Russian troops were we to estimate them by anything that the past of Russia records. Such a proceeding would involve a miscalculation almost as gross as to apply the standard of Bourbon France to that France of the Revolution that carried the Continent at a rush. Serfdom exists no more in Russia. The Prussian system of universal military service has been applied to the country. In the ranks of the new hosts the noble and the peasant, both freemen alike, stand marshalled together. When the

military organisation shall have been completed there will be available for frontier defence or foreign war an enormous force of 1,600,000 citizen soldiers—not men on paper, but men tangible and serviceable—fully armed and equipped, confident of their own strength, and inspired with a haughty sense of independence whose intoxicating newness may be depended upon for many a day. The Panslavist movement in its recent intensity and extent is a natural development of the high-strung national sentiment, and the consciousness of almost infinite power which the progress of the past few years has excited. All accounts concur in stating that the results of the London Conference have contributed to raise the general feeling of Russia's invincibility to the utmost, and a belief in invincibility is a peculiarly dangerous belief for neighbouring states at least, in the case of a race so strong and so intolerant. The Germans attach some weight to the controlling authority of the Czar. But often in despotic countries the despot is himself the most powerless before a universal popular impulse. That party can hardly stand in any very great awe of the individual monarch which counts among its declared members the Grand Duke Alexander, heir to the throne, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar and High Admiral, the Field Marshal Barjatinski, the MacMahon of the Russian soldiers, General Fadejeff, the ablest strategist of Russia, General Ignatieff, the astute ambassador at the Court of Turkey, Prince Tscherkaski, the governor of Moscow, the most powerful political leader in the empire. But what boots it to mention particular names? In the words of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' *Die Russen sind alle Panslavisten.* ('The Russians are all Panslavists.')

Russia occupies 8,000,000 square miles of the world's surface. She numbers much more than 80,000,000 of inhabitants, 50,000,000 being pure Muscovites. Germany, including Alsatians and Poles, hardly numbers 40,000,000. But this is not the whole question. When Russia sends her ultimatum to Germany, 35,000,000 French, who have been awaiting their opportunity, will arise to their revenge. The Russians know it and calculate upon the contingency. In the words of the 'Golos,' 'the French are now the friends of the Slaves, because they are the enemies of their enemies.'

Germany has of late been making serious advances towards Austria. The old snubs to Count Beust have ceased. There is little doubt but that the court of Berlin, menaced by the coalition of 115,000,000 of enemies, would gladly secure the alliance of the Hapsburgs. But putting out of sight the French sympathies of so many Austrian subjects, in a life and death contest between Slave and Teuton, what war could Teuto-Slavonic Austria declare beyond a civil war.

An inveterate custom still lingers in many quarters which refuses to recognise the vast significance of the changes that the events of 1866 have developed in the internal relations of the states and peoples

technically known as Austro-Hungary. The Peace of Prague that Sadowa brought about is spoken of as if by it the Hapsburg dominions were simply excluded from the Germanic unity, the subsequent rise of Prussia thus assured, and as if there was then an end of the matter. The utmost that will be conceded is the admission of the Dual Principle since the restoration of what goes by the name of Hungarian autonomy. And it is triumphantly asked, Has not the unity of the Empire been materially advanced by the recognition of the local rights of its Magyar portion? Henceforth the German majority will be better employed than in interfering with the legitimate independence of their fellow-subjects beyond the Leitha, while at the same time the Magyars, satisfied in their most cherished aspirations, will rally all the more loyally around the common throne through the consciousness of their own comparative helplessness by themselves. Such is the picture as it is very commonly presented to us. If some vague reminiscences of other races besides Germans and Magyars happen to intrude themselves they are banished almost as soon as thought of.

It is hardly too much to say that nothing can be further from an accurate view of the real posture of affairs. In the first place, the so-called Empire is not an empire nor a kingdom, nor an empire and a kingdom. We are tempted to borrow Von Ranke's words in reference to the dominions of the Hapsburgs in the sixteenth century and under Charles the Fifth. 'If we ask what it was that cemented these various provinces together, and kept them combined, we find that it was *no inherent community of interests, but a casual inheritance* that had joined them to each other.' We must not allow ourselves to be misled by names. Magyar Hungary is not Magyar. The Magyars are not 5,000,000 in 15,000,000. German Austria is not German. So far from constituting a majority in the empire-kingdom, the Germans hardly muster in that cis-Leithan division, which is said to be so distinctively German, a third of the population. Taking all the subjects of the House of Hapsburg, from the Erzgebirge to the waters of Cattaro, and from the confines of Switzerland to the confines of Russia, the Germans are not 8,000,000 in a total of 36,000,000. The Slavonians alone outnumber all the other nationalities together.

It was the Peace of Prague that first exhibited clearly and fully the real weakness of the German minority, that first taught the Austro-Slaves that they, and not their German taskmasters, were the true masters of the situation. Until then the Slaves had felt, and been compelled to feel, that in a certain indefinite but very substantial way it was not Austro-Germany alone but all Germany that was keeping them down. Doubtless there was some spell-work in it too. Was not the Kaiser, some microscopic tincture of Jagellon blood notwithstanding, himself a German, destined to be, perhaps at some early day,

the mighty German Kaiser over again? And so the stubbornest Czech bowed the head, felt that the luck was with his despots, half despaired, unless a Ziska should arise, of being ever able to wipe out the scores of centuries. Suddenly to most men's seeing, though not suddenly to the keener sort, the events of 1866 occurred. The Austro-Germans found themselves thrust out from Germany; found themselves face to face with Bohemian, and Slovack, and Pole, and Magyar, and Ruthenian, and Servian, and Croat; and knew that there was not a race or subrace of them all that rated them any longer one atom above their value. Magyar enfranchisement was achieved at once. Since then the German party have concentrated their efforts on maintaining their supremacy over the more western division of the Dual Monarchy containing among others such un-German countries as Dalmatia, the Bukowina, Galicia, Moravia, and Bohemia. On the other hand, the un-German nationalities are quite as determined to have none but themselves to manage their own affairs. The resulting exasperation is extreme. To take the important instance of Bohemia with its 5,000,000 Czechs and its claims over Silesia and Moravia, the *consensus* of the German journals, 'Presse,' 'Neue Freie Presse,' 'Wanderer,' &c. confesses that it is futile to dream of submission. 'To every thinking man it is clear,' writes a Viennese correspondent of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 'that the question is purely a question of superior force.' It is added, 'It is fatal for us German Austrians that we have no longer this superior force, and, what is worse, have no prospect of ever obtaining it.'

What might have been, had the German minority been generous enough and wise enough to frankly accept the necessities of the situation at the outset, can only now be matter for speculation. The minority were not generous and were not wise. They persisted in maintaining within the restricted sphere of the cis-Leithan nationalities the same policy of German predominance and centralisation which had arrayed the Magyars under the banners of insurrection. To the last they are still the worthy employers of Haynau. Because the Hohenwart ministry showed itself favourable to measures tending to conciliate the nationalities, their whole strength was directed against the Hohenwart ministry. At the same time the copious vocabulary of German insult hardly suffices to express their German contempt for their Slavonian fellow-subjects. They use 'Slavonian' as the Normans continued to use 'English' long after it was evident that England would be England and not Normandy. 'Are Germans Slavonians?' is a question which in their eyes settles everything. It is superfluous to state that the Bohemian and the Pole receive such attentions in the becoming spirit. The Czechs have not forgotten the day when the Imperial Councillors were sent flying through the window of the Hradschin by the Czechs of 1618. They boast that their nationality is unconquered and unconquerable. They are Slaves, they say, with the Panslavists at their

back, and let the Germans brag as much as they please the Panslavists are double all the Germans of reality or imagination. When the results of the London Conference were published, the triumph of Russian diplomacy was celebrated as a common triumph of all good Slavonians. They are the Coming Race, and they laugh at the idea of repression or control. The Slavonian movement is not confined to the cis-Leithan countries. In the composite state called Hungary a Magyar minority like the German minority is finding its rule repudiated by Slave dissenters. At the recent election of deputies for Croatia the returns showed a vast majority in favour of separation.

If, by any federal compromise, Austro-Hungary is to continue to subsist, it must inevitably every day become, if not more and more Slave, at least less and less German. Its most German policy must be neutrality. In a war between Slave and German, taking sides would simply mean final disintegration. Prince Bismarck may display all the most amiable traits of his character to the Court of Vienna. We have no doubt that the interesting sociability will be duly reciprocated. But for the best of all reasons Count Von Buest must decline to descend from the region of compliments.

Recent political results may be summarised in a sentence. As France won Solferino for the profit of the Hohenzollerns, Germany has ratified the Peace of Frankfort in the interest of the Slave. Of course, if a warm and hearty affection for German preponderance can be trusted to unite the defenders of France with the spoilers of Alsace, this view must be materially amended. In default of this somewhat unlikely contingency, we must avow our belief that never yet did the testament of Peter the Great seem so near its fulfilment.

F. H. O'Donnell.

# Three Days at Sedan.

'What went ye out for to see?' Ah! what did we go out to see; or what had I to do with it? I am not a soldier; not even a volunteer. I could have no excuse; I had had my holidays, the regular routine at the sea-side, and had returned to work, when there came upon me this itching to behold war, and to see what a battle-ground was like. The longing culminated in a determination, at all hazards, to go. I was laughed at by some friends; others sneered, especially those whose engagements precluded all hope of following my example. 'Morbid curiosity,' one said; another, 'Only a trick to get away from home; we know you, old fellow!'

The difficulties, I was told, were insurmountable; passports *visés* by every European consul indispensable; a revolver by no means *de trop*; a travelling companion having interest with the authorities a necessity. Still, I overcame all obstacles; and that was well for me, since was it not my fate to travel with an American General who stuck at Brussels for want of papers to get on to the front? But I moved forward, as time was short; I had only a week to see war and be back again.

At half-past six on a damp autumn morning, I left Brussels for Poix, whence a carriage was to take me and others to Sedan. This we obtained through the recommendation of an old volunteer friend whom I met in Brussels, a good little baronet who had given up the shooting season and all the comforts of a charming home in Berkshire, to work for the International Society; buying *fourgons*, buying horses, sending them on to the front, busy everywhere, loving his work like a true Britisher. On we went, the weather by eleven o'clock as lovely as a clear autumnal day only can be when hill and dale are clothed in purple and gold, and the sun shines brightly over all.

At Poix I found my companions: a young American couple on their wedding tour, and a captain in our Guards—such a captain, the very *beau ideal* of an English soldier out on holiday, with a brigand hat, a deerstalker's blouse, and no more luggage than he could carry in his hand, riding or walking to him alike immaterial.

Ere starting in our vehicle, we noticed a great fuss with the Belgian troops in charge of the frontier, who were galloping, marching, bugling,

and looking very warlike. This was the first indication of approach to the scene of conflict. Anxious to see the real thing, we pushed on; now across a vast plain; then through the forest of Ardennes; until we came to the pretty town of Bouillon and saw Godfrey de Bouillon's castle hemmed in by hills and with a river flowing beneath. Willingly would we have lingered here a day, the scene clad in autumnal tints was so bright and tempting. But our longing to reach Sedan urged us onwards—on, on through more forest, more wild country, until we stopped at a small roadside inn to lunch. Here—strange place to find it—I picked up a souvenir of another great war in the shape of a Confederate Bank note. The hostess had a roll of them, and asked for enlightenment as to what they were. Our American friends assured her they were now valueless. But, being historical relics, I begged one from her.

Off again: the frontier post is soon passed: we are in 'Fair France.'

We had not gone far ere we fell in with the first traces of the fight. Now, a stray knapsack; then, a grave or two with rude crosses above them; soon the indications grew still thicker; more knapsacks, odd cavalry boots lying in the ditches, signs of a bivouac having taken place. That cavalry must have passed at some recent date was made manifest by the state of the fields.

By and by we arrived at the village of La Chapelle, where there was no mistaking the fact: the horrors of war had commenced in earnest. We saw the little rustic church full of wounded men; tents outside, as full; and every alternate house displaying the red cross flag above it; while village maidens, transformed to nurses now, moved hither and thither, so quiet yet so busy.

As we left the village, the first Prussian soldiers came on to the scene—three uhlans smoking, and looking like country yeomanry going to drill; then, a troop of Bavarian outposts, also smoking.

On—on—till we wound down a hill to another village, with one house shelled and shot-marks covering the next. Then along a zigzag path through the fortifications; our driver pressing forward to get in before the gates are closed. By six o'clock we had saluted the sentries, and were driving through a mixed crowd of soldiers, red-cross knights, French ambulance attendants in their old regimentals (seeming almost out of place), and others.

We are now in Sedan! Look out for adventures! Surely, I must at the very least be taken as a spy, pass the entire night in a guard-house, have to send for the consul—that is if he has not left long before this. I am prepared for the worst.

We drive to the Hôtel de l'Europe; the landlady is in mourning—a widow—another sad sign of war. She has no rooms, but will lodge us out. We are marched across the Place Turenne—I recognise it from the picture in the 'Illustrated London News'—and are taken to a mysterious house and up a back staircase to our apartments. The

proprietress here also is in mourning. We arrange our rooms, and walk back to the *table d'hôte* to dinner. It is very full, one-third consisting of German officers, who do not in the least look like one's idea of conquerors but rather resemble quiet looking volunteers in spectacles. One, a Bavarian barrister from Munich, chums in with us, tells us all the news, and in a matter-of-fact way explains the battle to us from the maps in his pocket. He also states that Sedan is held in case of reverses at Paris, being prepared, as are always good fighting men, for the worst. My own idea of the difference between the Germans and French is this: one side meant to administer a sound thrashing; the other to receive it.

At the table we also fell in with, and agreed to join, a business-like Englishman in the Civil Service, who had arrived when we did, and had already arranged with a guide to go next day steadily over the battle ground.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the Café on the Grande Place, in which, on the morning of the third day, the French general, while sipping his coffee, was killed by a shell. Here we found French and German soldiers sitting together quite amicably.

What would an English swell say to the spectacle of a private soldier seated at table with the major of his regiment? Yet this phenomenon I certainly saw here. But nine o'clock strikes; the lights must out; the streets be cleared. Is not Sedan in a state of siege? Forth we sally to our lodgings, salute the guard at the Hôtel de Ville, and mount to our dormitories.

I awoke about four, and looked out of window. A wretched, cold, damp fog was creeping up from the river Meuse, and eating into your very bones. Through this I heard and saw the tramp, tramp of troops, evidently marching out of Sedan to relieve the outposts on the road to Mezières. No drums, no bugles, only this silent tramp in the dismal fog. I shivered, and made my way once more into bed.

About six I turned out, not greatly refreshed by my night's sleep, and went for a stroll by the gate leading to Bellevue. Passed the préfet's house where Louis Napoleon spent his last morning here. Found some trees had been felled in the night, and two extra guns planted over the gate; the Prussians evidently not meaning to be caught napping. It was raw cold, and you could not, for the vapour, see a hundred yards beyond the Meuse. What you could see was spotted with the bodies of dead horses. I turned to the right into a large field, which was strewn thickly with *débris*. The Chasseurs d'Afrique had evidently been there last, for I found sword-knots, marked 'C. d'Afrique,' by scores, trampled shakos, bridle bits, &c. I moved on to the far end where I saw the park of cannon and mitrailleuses. A Prussian officer politely gave me permission to go in. It struck me as looking more like Woolwich Arsenal getting ready for inspection than anything else, and gave me the first feeling of the

magnitude of the battle of Sedan. It was a bewildering sensation. I remember going over the field of Waterloo, and in my own mind, and in my own way, understanding how it was carried out; but all through the three days I spent here the more I saw, the more I was at a loss. So with 'confusion worse confounded' in my head, I returned towards the hotel; when meeting my American friend, we proceeded to give a look round the town before going to breakfast. The cathedral, if it may be called one, is a large, ungainly, badly-built edifice of the time of Louis XV. Indeed the whole town has not a bit of decent architecture in it; nothing, probably, older than the eighteenth century. It must have been rebuilt about that period.

After breakfast we provided ourselves with some loose provender and plenty of tobacco, and started, six strong, guide included, to view the battle-field. We went out by the Ballan gate, and along a pleasant country road, where some neat shots had split some trees clean through. Bullet marks disfigured many of the houses, and one unlucky cottage seemed to have caught a shell. In this Ballan road most of the houses are detached, and have gardens in front of them, like a miniature St. John's Wood. As we went, the guide related anecdotes, true or false, which had occurred during the battle. One he told us as we passed a neat-looking villa which was closed up, its little lawn trodden over, its railings festooned with creepers broken, and all, oh! so wretched looking. It seems that as the Bavarians on their way to Sedan were passing this house, some one from a window fired upon them. A halt was made; and the proprietor, an old gentleman who declared he knew nothing of the person who fired, was made to kneel down on his own lawn, and, in sight of his family, was shot.

We next passed the English ambulance, a nice château, of which more anon; and then took the road to Bazeilles. Here, as far as house property is concerned, they seem to have had the worst of it. Every other building was down by shells. A pretty new church, the parish church of Ballan, had not escaped. It was not shelled, but very nicely drilled with holes by shot, one having smashed the vestry right in. I believe the curé was supposed to have made himself rather conspicuous by encouraging the inhabitants to fire on the enemy; and, as I afterwards heard, was then in prison, expecting to be shot. His brother suffered death at his own door.

We are now approaching Bazeilles. Things are getting worse; the desolation is bewildering. We pass another English ambulance. Peeping through the window, we see a young English doctor and such a jolly-looking English nurse dressing the wound of some poor fellow—such a wound! even at the distance we are from him it is sickening. The doctor very properly orders us off. We slink away with a keen remembrance of the sufferer's face; his eyes seeming to follow us down the road, as though he felt it hard he should lie there while we roved where we pleased.

Now we are in Bazeilles, or what *was* Bazeilles. What is it now? Not a roof left to cover a head; the only living creatures (or so at first it seemed) a few cats—strange to say all white—half-starved looking, and evidently perplexed to determine to which house they belonged. Now we see a few children by the roadside, who do not beg, but ask you to buy from their trays something saved from the fire; and one or two old women rise from behind a wall, look at us, and drop down frightened, as if we were more Germans.

How they managed to burn this town so completely is a puzzle. I could not see a door, a shutter, a window-frame, even a half-charred roof-beam hanging, or any of the usual remains of a London fire; no, absolutely nothing but bare walls left. It struck one with awe, in spite of the radiant sunshine overhead. I tried to see it in a picturesque view, and to note the light and shade formed by the ragged apertures in the broken buildings; but it would not do; one felt saddened and bewildered again. Stunned, and getting almost callous to horrors, although we had not yet done two hours' work, we roamed in and out the houses, gardens, and church. Did I say church? It would be impossible to recognise it as one, but that where once the altar stood some person had place an iron cross which had evidently fallen from the roof; yet that merely served to make it look more ghastly. Perhaps the remains of this church were the most picturesque of all. The sunlight stealing among the columns and broken arches reminded me somewhat of Pompeii, only that, if possible, this was even a more complete ruin.

(Oddly enough, while I am writing this in my little house in St. John's Wood, I hear in the next garden the voices of some French children playing with their *bonne*. Who knows? They may have come from Bazeilles or its neighbourhood. The mother comes out—a fine type of a well-to-do French lady. They are all in mourning. It is sad, but—they are very noisy.)

Let us move on; we are getting hungry, and want to lunch; but where? Oh, there is a shanty! No, it is a photographer's van, with a dreadful advertisement upon it. I do not know why it is, but a photographer gives me the horrors, above all in such a scene as this. He does seem so fearfully business-like, running about with his plate, focussing everything and anybody, and with his chemicals driving frantic one's sense of smell. He is sure to have a velvet coat and an Alpine hat. Moral: if you don't wish to be taken for a photographer, don't wear a velvet coat or an Alpine hat.

There is a shanty, a real Irish looking one. We glance inside. It is worse than Irish; if possible, dirtier. *Merci!* we will sit outside. We do, eat our lunch, drink some very bad Hollands and lots of water. We ask the proprietor of the shanty, a good-looking, soldierly fellow, if he knows the cause of Bazeilles' destruction. By the by, as with all historical events, though so short a time had elapsed, no two accounts agree. The story runs thus: that previous to the arrival of the Bavarians, who marched into Sedan by this road, some Franc-tireurs, aided by the inhabitants, placed themselves in the building forming an equilateral triangle and facing the highway. In the centre house, or apex of the triangle, they managed to drag upstairs a mitrailleuse, waited till the Bavarians arrived on the spot, and then fired, women also firing from the cellars. In a few minutes two hundred men lay dead. On this, the Germans surrounded the town, granted half an hour for clearing out, and never left until everything living or dead that would burn was destroyed. Such was his story, which, the latter part in especial, seemed a very likely one. Some sixty persons are supposed to have perished in the destruction.

As yet we have seen no battle-field; so we press on, not sorry to leave Bazeilles and all its horrors. As we are moving off, there is an alarm of fire in the château just outside the town—a fine specimen of a last century French residence, with its escutcheons on the gate, its fountains, pagoda, and so forth. Having been set aside as an ambulance, it had escaped the general ruin; but now some works attached to it, evidently an engine-house—the proprietor is a large cloth manufacturer, named Lagardère (oh, Fechter!)—are in a blaze. We move off quickly; to tell truth, for fear of being pressed into the service of handing buckets.

At last we are out in the open country, bound for a ten-mile walk over the hills—the principal position of the French army during the battle. We simply followed the knapsacks, belts, pouches, leather

helmets, dead horses, old boots (lots of boots), and so forth. More bewilderment and more confusion as to how they contrive to fight such big battles: graves everywhere, six in one place, sixty in another; field post cards; German music cards thrown away by the bands; a bivouac in a quarry, even remains of biscuits; but always knapsacks, French ones chiefly. The odour every now and then, as we pass a mound with a wooden cross above it, requiring pipes out and lights eagerly sought after. Then a coppice with a ditch round it. Here our guide assured us dead bodies had been found, and probably would be for months to come. At intervals the hedges were broken into gaps, evidently by some poor fellows who had dragged themselves through to seek a quiet haven and die.

I ought, I suppose, to give some idea of the battle. But how to describe it? Yet it is simple enough. Sedan is in the hollow of a basin having some sixteen miles of rim round it which the French occupied. An outer rim, or edge of a still larger basin, was gradually covered by the Prussians, who must have greatly outnumbered the French. What brought the latter into such a position, only to fall into the basin? But being there, the next thing that strikes you, remembering the amount of cannon and mitrailleuses the French had, is how grandly the Germans must have fought to have beaten their adversaries back. The graves alone tell the tale. For one French, we counted ten German; for one French shako, ten German; for one German knapsack, ten French. Why? Because the helmets covered the men who fell; the knapsacks were thrown away by those who skedaddled. Demoralisation

did for the one side, and obstinate pluck for the other. The stories we heard from the French themselves seem almost incredible. Fifty thousand soldiers, we were told, were in Sedan who had never fired a shot; ten thousand laid down their arms and refused to fight; officers by hundreds were smoking and drinking in the cafés when they ought to have been in the field. Many other tales we also heard, some too painful to relate.

We missed our gallant captain very often: wherever there was a grave he wandered away—we knew what for—to look for a friend, a brother officer, one of the few Englishmen who had fallen in this war.

It was now growing late and we were getting tired; so we strolled about with our faces towards the ground, like *chiffonniers* searching for loot in the shape of souvenirs of the battle, letters in French and German being our chief spoil. Everything in the way of metal had already been gathered up by the peasants. Leather in every form of military equipment we could have had by the waggon load.

Look sharp! or the gates will be shut. We must, however, first peep into the farm house where all the horses and cattle were burnt. It is the old story: the work of a shell. Then into the back garden of a cottage where sixty corpses lie buried in groups of twenty. More houses shelled; more windows peppered with bullets; and so on.

We re-enter Sedan by the opposite gate to that by which we left in the morning, only just in time to save being shut out, and to dress for dinner. Our kind Bavarian friend meets us armed with an order from the proprietor of Bellevue to visit the château next day. Dinner over, we adjourn to the café. We have but an hour, and then all lights must be out. We sit down with an officer, late of a crack Highland regiment, now doing duty as courier for the International Society, who has ridden that day from Arlon with money and despatches from his chief, Captain Brackenbury, to Dr. Franks.

The American general with whom I had started turned up here, delighted to see me. He was all right, and was now *en route* for Versailles. Don't he wish he may get there! His companions were newspaper correspondents, one a little man with a decided brogue, told off to a very big paper; all of them thirsting for the latest intelligence and eager to 'interview' everybody.

Nine o'clock strikes; we must be moving. So out we go; and getting into an animated conversion led off by the Irish correspondent, who talked the loudest, we stood under Marshal Turenne's statue until waked up to the disagreeable knowledge that we were surrounded by a Prussian guard. Happily our captain spoke German, and with mock solemnity took off his hat to a very small sergeant, and informed him we were English travellers in search of our hotels. Each of us was then marched off in charge of a sentry; and not until I reached my own room did I feel happy. Never before had I encountered a

bayonet in such unpleasant proximity. Thus ended my second day in Sedan.

Again the tramp of feet passing my window awoke me in the morning; again, I saw stealing up the cold damp vapour. Ugh! I moved no more until it was time for breakfast.

Be quick! our Bavarian is waiting. All right! I am ready. Now for Bellevue.

We set off along the road by which Napoleon rode out the day before that of his surrender; looked into the railway station—such desolation! the carriages and trucks on and under which the troops had slept, the whole place indeed, entangled in severed telegraph wires; books, tickets, and all the plant of a railway office scattered about the platform. Then away along a pretty country road, with a few new graves beside it; one of which our Bavarian recognised as that of a friend. He had no idea this man was dead. The two did not serve in the same regiment, but were of the same profession, both barristers at Munich. Then we crossed a ploughed field, and found ourselves before the gates of the château. I saw at once that it was new, having probably been built some half dozen years; but the grounds were old. Perhaps an earlier château stood here, which this modern one replaced. It is in three blocks, each connected by a glass conservatory, and is in the usual French style, with round towers at the ends, peaked roofs, and so forth. We rang, and showed our pass from M. Amour to Hubert his servant. They have been very particular lately; for it seems that as much damage has been done by the visitors as by the Germans. After a parley with Hubert, we went over the house, and up stairs to the glass room in which the interview between King and Emperor took place. I expected to have experienced some strong emotion on finding myself upon the very spot where such a great historical event had happened; but, for some reason or other, I did not. Perhaps I was getting satiated with sightseeing; or, may be, we nowadays do not think so much of Kings and Emperors, especially as, thanks mainly to our newspapers, we have found them out to be wonderfully like other mortals. I felt less strongly on this matter than on some minor things in the room; wondering where the Vauxhall plate glass above the fireplace had been obtained; speculating as to the value of a very handsome carved oak mantelpiece; and noticing in the tapestry that lined the walls some ugly slits cut either by visitors or Germans looting. On we went through all the apartments in the usual fashion of sightseers of show houses, not forgetting the small room where Napoleon ate two chops, for the bones of which some one was stupid enough to pay the woman attendant several francs. Of course the ordinary desolation of a sacked house was here also. I am getting heartily sick of this war misery, and could moralise upon its folly, &c.; but I refrain. So we turn our backs upon Bellevue. We have other business to attend to, *mon capitaine*

and I: he has to give a final look after his dead friend; I have, well, to return to Sedan, and be alone for awhile to try to make a sketch.

After getting out the requisite materials, I sat down on the ramparts looking over the Meuse, and facing the hill from which the King of Prussia beheld the battle. There I stopped two hours trying to sketch, but a German sentry so disconcerted me that I was in mortal agony the whole time. He was about a hundred and fifty yards off, and remained perfectly still with his gaze rivetted upon me. I expected he would either fire or send round a guard to see what I was doing. I bore it as long as I could, and then packed up traps and bolted by the road to Ballan, stopping only at the English ambulance. Seeing a kind face at the gate, an English clergyman just parting with some pleasant looking sisters in a sort of *sœur-de-la-charité* costume, I addressed the party for the purpose of speaking English. Had they seen the captain who had gone to seek for a grave? No; but there was somebody within the ambulance who could tell me where the grave itself was to be found. Without loss of time I went inside to speak to the doctor and his French wife, who had been shown the spot by those who had conducted the burial. Here was luck! Relatives and friends had searched for weeks, and by accident *I* had fallen on the right scent. The captain passing at the same moment, I rushed out to tell him the good news; and we immediately made arrangements to set off the next morning to investigate. Meanwhile we accepted the doctor's invitation to go over the hospital, a charming château belonging to a good old lady who had given it up to the sick and wounded, although the Germans had robbed her of everything valuable in the way of plate, and had even taken her carriage and horses to carry it off. What I saw in the different rooms, in the tents outside, and in the gardens, wherever, indeed, lay the poor suffering French and Prussians, Turcos and Bavarians, I shall not readily forget. How proud I felt of those among my countrymen and women who had devoted themselves to such a noble work! How ashamed of myself, a mere sightseer! English ladies were nursing night and day among all sorts of horrors, ever patient, ever cheerful, proud only of the sweetness to which they had brought what before was foul. Young doctors, too, were toiling there, whose passing hands the sick would detain to kiss. I wish I might give the names of some of those noble men and women beside whom I felt so small. One, of whom all spoke as of a hero, I may perhaps venture to mention—Dr. Franks. Would I had space to write even half I was told of his courage, devotion, the wonderful operations he had successfully performed, and the numbers of lives he had snatched away from death!

As the sun sank, I walked through the garden, a beautiful old one rising gently along the slope of a hill. There must have been a dreadful fight in the grounds, the dismal relics of which still lay undisturbed. As usual, there was a preponderance of Bavarian helmets; this branch

of the great Teutonic family seeming everywhere to have suffered most. Hand to hand fighting must have been waged all down the garden to the house. Yet to-day, in the sunset glow, as I passed along, it looked peaceable enough, with the water babbling in the fountain, and the wounded lying smoking in the open air. Reader, I wish you could have felt the warm grasp from wasted hands that I did as I laid a cigar or two beside each cot. Ah! and could you have but beheld the pleased smile on pallid faces that I saw when sister or doctor passed by, you too would have thrilled with pride and thankfulness at the recollection that all this good was being wrought by British aid, and that the boxes I here saw opened to succour and comfort the poor sufferers before me had been packed in charitable England! Oh! how they did suffer! The hour I spent among them, I heard more cries of agony from strong men than I ever wish to hear again.

Enough of this: let us move on! We returned to Sedan, went through the usual round of dinner, café, &c., and retired to bed; anxious both of us to be stirring in good time on the morrow for the work before us. Rather a serious undertaking; looking for a grave and opening it without authority for the act. No matter, we will take the risk. So good night!

At five next morning, Saturday, I was roused by the rain pouring down in torrents. Never mind, it will surely be over by seven—our starting time—coming down too heavily to last. But it *did* last; and went on pouring and pouring until the streets were flooded. A consultation was held with the captain as to whether we should go or not. A three miles walk in the rain, and only a chance of finding what we wanted seemed but a sorry prospect. Had we not better leave Sedan, and send a letter to them at the ambulance apologising for the trouble we had given? Thus we settled it; paid our bill; and set off to the diligence office to secure places for Libramont. Too late; every seat taken, and no likelihood of another vehicle before three in the afternoon. What was to be done now? Why, walk to Ballan, and see our friends at the hospital. Still the rain poured. When we got there, we found they had been waiting for us. What could we do but say we were ready to go? We all started together, the two doctors, *mon capitaine*, myself, and a blue bloused peasant with spades. Through Bazeilles, looking more dreary than ever—not even the cats out—past Lagardère's château, then to the left up a road, then to the left again across ploughed fields, in mud up to our ankles, the rain as persevering as ever. Wet through, without a word to say between us, on we toiled, until we arrived opposite to a newly-built château standing in the midst of a meadow, with a small coppice on our right and left, and the poplars planted, sentinel-like, between.

Twenty yards or so to the right we saw three mounds, the two nearest the château being marked with a cross and the names of those

who reposed beneath. The third was without mark of any kind. There lay he whom we had come to seek. A consultation was held, and it was decided we would dig, if only to recognise the corpse; for the doctor had but the assurance of those who had seen him buried. By turns we commenced to raise the earth, slowly and carefully, no word being meanwhile spoken. We had not gone far when we felt it was dangerous to use the spade; so began instead to work with our hands, the rain still pouring, and the scene around most desolate.

It was a melancholy picture to behold; four stalwart Englishmen on their knees searching for the lost friend of one of them. My own feelings I can hardly describe; I seemed completely lost in the excitement of our work, and dazed with looking at our strong captain with tears in his eyes at the sight of his dead companion, brother one might almost say, friends in the same regiment from boyhood. Enough: stripped of his clothing as he was, the recognition was effected beyond a doubt. For my own part, I fancy he was buried as he fell by friendly hands, but that afterwards some wretches disinterred him for the sake of plunder (his clothes not being military were more valuable), and had then reburied him in the most slovenly manner possible. His head lay in the opposite direction to which lay those of the occupants of the other two graves. Carefully and reverently we covered him over again, placed a stone, tied two sticks to make a cross, and put his name upon it, measured the ground, and so turned and left the spot.

Thus ended a most melancholy episode in my life.

We returned to the ambulance, bade farewell to all the kind friends there, charged ourselves with their letters for the English post, and made the best of our way to the diligence office. We were before our time; but only too anxious now to leave this abode of horror and misery, we walked on, leaving the vehicle to overtake us. For the last time we passed through the Ballan gate on the road to Bouillon. The stench of dead horses from the moat, the sight of the dismal looking Prussian guards at the gate shivering in the rain, together with the vivid recollection of the desolation we had witnessed, made us glad enough to shake the dust or dirt of Sedan from off our feet. We walked three miles towards La Chapelle before the diligence came up to us; and four hours after were again at Bouillon, wet, tired, and thoroughly worn out.

Thus ended my three days' visit to Sedan.

Next morning we started by road to Libramont, thence for Brussels, where the captain and I parted company; he to seek the parents of his dead friend and report the successful enterprise, previous to removing and bringing the body home; I to spend one quiet day in the peaceful old city of Malines before returning to busy London and all the hard work of the winter season.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

# Simeon Solomon:

## NOTES ON HIS 'VISION OF LOVE' AND OTHER STUDIES.

If it may be said with perfect accuracy that in all plastic art, whether the language chosen be of words or forms, of sounds or colours, beauty is the only truth, and nothing not beautiful is true; yet this axiom of a great living artist and critic must not be so construed as to imply forgetfulness of the manifold and multiform nature of beauty. To one interpreter the terror or the pity of it, the shadow or the splendour, will appear as its main aspect, as that which gives him his fittest material for work or speech, the substance most pliable to his spirit, the form most suggestive to his hand; to another its simplicity or its mystery, its community or its specialty of gifts. Each servant serves under the compulsion of his own charm; each spirit has its own chain. Upon men in whom there is, so to speak, a compound genius, an intermixture of spiritual forces, a confluence of separate yet conspiring influences, diverse in source yet congruous in result—upon men in whose eyes the boundary lines of the several conterminous arts appear less as lines of mere distinction than as lines of mutual alliance—the impression of the mystery in all beauty, and in all defects that fall short of it, and in all excesses that overbear it, is likely to have a special hold. The subtle interfusion of art with art, of sound with form, of vocal words with silent colours, is as perceptible to the sense and as inexplicable to the understanding of such men as the interfusion of spirit with flesh is to all men in common; and in fact when perceived of no less significance than this, but rather a part and complement of the same truth. One of such artists, and at once recognisable as such, is Mr. Simeon Solomon. There is not, for instance, more of the painter's art in the verse of Keats than of the musician's in Solomon's designs. As surely as the mystery of beauty—a mystery 'most glad and sad,' as Chaucer says of a woman's mouth—was done into colour of verse for ever unsurpassable in the odes 'To a Nightingale' and on 'Melancholy,' so is the same secret wrought into perfect music of outline by the painter. The 'unheard melodies,' which Keats, with a sense beyond the senses, perceived and enjoyed in the forms of his Grecian

urn, vibrate in the forms of this artist's handiwork; and all their lines and colours,

> Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Since the first years of his very early and brilliant celebrity as a young artist of high imaginative power and promise, Mr. Solomon has been at work long enough to enable us to define at least certain salient and dominant points of his genius. It holds at once of east and west, of Greek and Hebrew. So much indeed does this fresh interfusion of influences give tone and shape to his imagination, that I have heard him likened on this ground to Heine, as a kindred Hellenist of the Hebrews. Grecian form and beauty divide the allegiance of his spirit with Hebraic shadow and majesty: depths of cloud unsearchable and summits unsurmountable of fire darken and lighten before the vision of a soul enamoured of soft light and clear water, of leaves and flowers and limbs more lovely than these. For no painter has more love of loveliness; but the fair forms of godhead and manhood which in ancient art are purely and merely beautiful rise again under his hand with the likeness on them of a new thing, the shadow of a new sense, the hint of a new meaning; their eyes have seen in sleep or waking, in substance or reflection, some change now past or passing or to come; their lips have tasted a new savour in the wine of life, one strange and alien to the vintage of old; they know of something beyond form and outside of speech. There is a questioning wonder in their faces, a fine joy and a faint sorrow, a trouble as of water stirred, a delight as of thirst appeased. Always, at feast or sacrifice, in chamber or in field, the air and carriage of their beauty has something in it of strange: hardly a figure but has some touch, though never so delicately slight, either of eagerness or of weariness, some note of expectancy or of satiety, some semblance of outlook or inlook: but prospective or introspective, an expression is there which is not pure Greek, a shade or tone of thought or feeling beyond Hellenic contemplation; whether it be oriental or modern in its origin, and derive from national or personal sources. This passionate sentiment of mystery seems at times to 'o'erinform its tenement' of line and colour, and impress itself even to perplexity upon the sense of the spectator. The various studies, all full of subtleties and beauties definable and not definable, to which the artist has given for commentary the graceful mysticism of a symbolic rhapsody in prose, are also full to overflowing of such sentiment. Read by itself as a fragment of spiritual allegory, this written 'Vision of Love revealed in Sleep' seems to want even that much coherence which is requisite to keep symbolic or allegoric art from absolute dissolution and collapse; that unity of outline and connection of purpose, that gradation of correlative parts and significance of corresponsive details, without which the whole aerial and tremulous fabric of

symbolism must decompose into mere confusion of formless and fruitless chaos. Even allegory or prophecy must live and work by rule as well as by rapture; transparent it need not be, but it must be translucent. And translucent the fluctuating twilight of this rhapsody does become in time, with the light behind it of the designs; though at first it seems as hard to distinguish one incarnation of love or sleep or charity from the next following as to disentangle the wings and wheels of Ezekiel's cherubim, or to discover and determine the respective properties and qualities of Blake's 'emanations' and 'spectres.' The style is soft, fluent, genuinely melodious; it has nothing of inflation or constraint. There is almost a superflux of images full of tender colour and subtle grace, which is sure to lead the writer into some danger of confusion and repetition; and in such vague and uncertain ground any such stumbling-blocks are likely to be especial rocks of offence to the feet of the traveller. Throughout the whole there is as it were a suffusion of music, a transpiration of light and sound, very delicately and surely sustained. There are thoughts and fragments of thoughts, fancies and fantastic symbols, sometimes of rare beauty and singular force; in this for instance, of Night as a mother watching Sleep her child, there is a greater height and sweetness of imagination than in any but the sweetest and highest poetic allegories. 'And she, to whom all was as an open scroll, wept when she looked upon him whose heart was as the heart of a little child.' The depth and tenderness of this conception of Night, omniscient with the conscience of all things wrought under her shadow, world-wide of sight and sway, and wise with all the world's wisdom, weeping for love over the innocence of her first-born, is great and perfect enough for the noblest verse of a poet. The same affluence and delicacy of emblems interwoven with every part of the allegory is kept up from the first dawn of memory to the last transfiguration of love. There is an exquisite touch in the first vision of Memory standing by the sea-side with the shell held to her ear whose voice 'unburied the dead cycles of the soul,' with autumn leaves showered on head and breast, 'and upon her raiment small flecks of foam had already dried;' this last emblem of the salt small foam-flecks, sharp and arid waifs of the unquiet sea of life, light and bitter strays of barren thought and remembrance with the freshness dried out of them, is beautiful and new. Dim and vague as the atmosphere of such work should be, this vision would be more significant, and not less suggestive of things hidden in secret places of spiritual reserve, if it had more body of drawing, more shapeliness of thought and fixity of outline. Not that we would seek for solidity in shadow, or blame the beauty of luminous clouds for confusion of molten outlines; but even in cloud there is some law of form, some continuous harmony of line and mass, that only dissolves and changes 'as a tune into a tune.' To invigorate and support this fair frame of allegory there should be some clearer infusion of a purpose;

there should be some thread of clearer connection, some filament, though never so slender, to link vision again to vision, some clue, 'as subtle as Arachne's broken woof,' to lead the reader's perception through the labyrinth of sounds and shapes. Each new revelation and change of aspect has beauty and meaning of its own; but even in a dream the steps of progress seem clearer than here, and the process from stage to stage of action or passion is ruled after some lawless law and irrational reason of its own. Such process as this at least we might hope to find even in the records of allegoric vision; in this mystery or tragedy of the passion of a divine sufferer 'wounded in the house of his friends' and bleeding from the hands of men, those who follow the track of his pilgrimage might desire at least to be shown the stations of his cross. We miss the thread of union between the varying visions of love forsaken and shamed, wounded and forgotten; of guileless and soulless pleasure in its naked and melodious maidenhood, and passion that makes havoc of love, and after that even of itself also; of death and silence, and of sleep and time. Many of these have in them the sweetness and depth of good dreams, and much subtle and various beauty; and had we but some clue to the gradations of its course, we might thread our way through the Dædalian maze with a free sense of gratitude to the artificer whose cunning reared it to hide no monstrous thing, but one of divine likeness. It might have been well to issue with the text some further reproductions of the designs: those especially of the wounded Love from whose heart's blood the roses break into blossom, of Desire with body and raiment dishevelled and deformed from self-inflicted strokes, of Divine Charity bearing Sleep down to the dark earth among men that suffer, of Love upborne by the strong arms and wings of Time, of the spirit that watches in the depth of its crystal sphere the mutable reflections of the world and the revolutions of its hidden things; all designs full of mystical attraction and passion, of bitter sweetness and burning beauty.

Outside the immediate cycle of this legend of love divine and human, the artist has done much other work of a cognate kind; his sketches and studies in this line have always the charm of a visible enjoyment in the vigorous indulgence of a natural taste and power. One of these, a noble study of 'Sleepers and One that Watches,' has been translated into verse of kindred strength and delicacy, in three fine sonnets of high rank among the clear-cut and exquisite 'Intaglios' of Mr. John Payne. But the artist is not a mere cloud-compeller, a dreamer on the wing who cannot use his feet for good travelling purpose on hard ground; witness the admirable picture of Roman ladies at a show of gladiators, exhibited in 1865, which remains still his masterpiece of large dramatic realism and live imagination. All the heads are full of personal force and character, especially the woman's with heavy brilliant hair and glittering white skin, like hard smooth snow against the sunlight, the delicious thirst and subtle ravin of sensual hunger

for blood visibly enkindled in every line of the sweet fierce features. Mr. Solomon apparently has sufficient sense of physiology to share the theory which M. Alphonse Karr long since proposed to develope at length in a systematic treatise 'sur la férocité des blondes.' The whole spirit of this noble picture is imbued with the proper tragic beauty and truth and terror.

As the Hebrew love of dim vast atmosphere and infinite spiritual range without foothold on earth or resting-place in nature is perceptible in the mystic and symbolic cast of so many sketches and studies, so is a certain loving interest in the old sacred forms, in the very body of historic tradition, made manifest in various more literal designs of actual religious offices. One series of such represents on a small scale, with singular force and refinement, the several ceremonies of the sacred seasons and festivals of the Jewish year. Other instances of this ceremonial bias towards religious forms of splendour or solemnity are frequent in the list of the painter's works; gorgeous studies of eastern priests in church or synagogue, of young saint and rabbi and Greek bishop doing their divine service in 'full-blown dignity' of official magic. I remember faces among them admirable for holy heaviness of feature and sombre stolidity of sanctitude. No Venetian ever took truer delight in glorious vestures, in majestic embroideries, in the sharp deep sheen and glowing refraction of golden vessels; none of them ever lusted more hotly after the solid splendours of metal and marble, the grave glories of purple raiment and gleaming cup or censer. This same magnificence gives tone and colour to his classic subjects which explains their kinship to designs apparently so diverse in aim. Modern rather than classical, as we have noticed, in sentiment and significance, they combine the fervent violence of feeling or faith which is peculiar to the Hebrews with the sensitive acuteness of desire, the sublime reserve and balance of passion, which is peculiar to the Greeks. Something of Ezekiel is here mixed with something of Anacreon; here the Anthology and the Apocalypse have each set a distinct mark: the author of the Canticles and the author of the Atys have agreed for a while to work together. The grievous and glorious result of aspiration and enjoyment is here legible; the sadness that is latent in gladness; the pleasure that is palpable in pain. Fixed eyes and fervent lips are full of divine disquiet and instinctive resignation. All the sorrow of the senses is incarnate in the mournful and melodious beauty of those faces; they have learnt to abstain from wishing; they are learning to abstain from hope. Especially in such works as the 'Sappho' and the 'Antinous' of some years since does this unconscious underlying sense assert itself. The wasted and weary beauty of the one, the faultless and fruitful beauty of the other, bear alike the stamp of sorrow; of perplexities unsolved and desires unsatisfied. They are not the divine faces familiar to us: the lean and dusky features of this Sappho are

unlike those of her traditional bust, so clear, firm, and pure; this Antinous is rather like Ampelus than Bacchus. But the heart and soul of these pictures none can fail to recognise as right; and the decoration is in all its details noble and significant. The clinging arms and labouring lips of Sappho, her fiery pallor and swooning eyes, the bitter and sterile savour of subsiding passion which seems to sharpen the mouth and draw down the eyelids, translate as far as colour can translate her. The face and figure beside her are soulless and passive, the beauty inert as a flower's; the violent spirit that aspires, the satisfied body that takes rest, are here seen as it were in types; the division of pure soul and of mere flesh; the powerful thing that lives without peace, and the peaceful thing that vegetates without power. In the 'Sacrifice of Antinous,' he officiates before the god under the divine disguise of Bacchus himself; the curled and ample hair, the pure splendour of faultless cheek and neck, the leopard-skin and thyrsus, are all of the god, and godlike; the mournful wonderful lips and eyes are coloured with mortal blood and lighted with human vision. In these pictures some obscure suppressed tragedy of thought and passion and fate seems latent as the vital veins under a clear skin. Intentionally or not as it may be, some utter sorrow of soul, some world-old hopelessness of heart, mixed with the strong sweet sense of power and beauty, has here been cast afresh into types. Elsewhere again, as in an earlier drawing which my remembrance makes much of, this dim tragic undertone is absent. The two ministering maidens in the Temple of Venus are priestesses of no sad god, preachers of no sad thing. They have not seen beyond the day's beauty, nor desired a delight beyond the hour's capacity to give. As the Epithalamium of Catullus to his Atys, so is this bright and sweet drawing to the Sappho. Here all is clear red and pale white, the serene and joyful colours of pure marble and shed rose-leaves: there dim green and shadows of dusky gray surround and sadden the splendour of fair faces and bright limbs. This artist affects soft backgrounds of pale southern foliage and the sudden slim shoots of a light southern spring; these often give the keynote to his designs, always adding to them a general grace of shape and gravity of tone as unmistakable as any other special quality of work. But here nothing is deeper or darker than the fallen petals which spot the fair pavement of the temple. One girl, white-robed and radiant as white water-flowers, has half let fall the rose that droops in her hand, dropping leaf by leaf like tears; both have the languor and the fruitful air of flowers in a sultry place; their leaning limbs and fervent faces are full of the goddess; their lips and eyes allure and await the invisible attendant Loves. The clear pearl-white cheeks and tender mouths have still about them the subtle purity of sleep; the whole drawing has upon it the heavy incumbent light of summer but half awake. Nothing of more simple and brilliant beauty has been done of late years. Here the spirit of joy is pure and whole;

but a spirit more common is that which foresees without eyes and forehears without ears the far-off features and the soundless feet of change; such a spirit as dictated the choice of subject in a picture of two young lovers in fresh fullness of first love crossed and troubled visibly by the mere shadow and the mere breath of doubt, the dream of inevitable change to come which dims the longing eyes of the girl with a ghostly foreknowledge that this too shall pass away, as with arms half clinging and half repellent she seems at once to hold off and to hold fast the lover whose bright youth for the moment is smiling back in the face of hers—a face full of the soft fear and secret certitude of future things which I have tried elsewhere to render in the verses called 'Erotion' written as a comment on this picture, with design to express the subtle passionate sense of mortality in love itself which wells up from 'the middle spring of pleasures,' yet cannot quite kill the day's delight or eat away with the bitter poison of doubt the burning faith and self-abandoned fondness of the hour; since at least, though the future be for others, and the love now here turn elsewhere to seek pasture in fresh fields from other flowers, the vows and kisses of these his present lips are not theirs but hers, as the memory of his love and the shadow of his youth shall be hers for ever.

In such designs the sorrow is simple as the beauty, the spirit simple as the form; in others there is all the luxury and mystery of southern passion and eastern dream. Many of these, as the figure bearing the eucharist of love, have a supersexual beauty, in which the lineaments of woman and of man seem blended as the lines of sky and landscape melt in burning mist of heat and light. Others, as the Bacchus, have about them a fleshly glory of godhead and bodily deity, which holds at once of earth and heaven; neither the mystic and conquering Indian is this god, nor the fierce choregus of Cithæron. The artist's passionate love of gorgeous mysteries, 'prodigious mixtures and confusions strange' of sense and spirit no less than 'of good and ill,' has given him the will and the power to spiritualise at his pleasure, by the height and splendour of his treatment, the somewhat unspiritual memory of Heliogabalus, 'Emperor of Rome and High Priest of the Sun,' symbolic in that strange union of offices at once of east and west, of ghostly glory and visible lordship, of the lusts of the flesh and the secrets of the soul, of the kingdom of this world and the mystery of another: the superb and luxurious power and subtlety of the study take in both aspects of his figure, the strangest surely that ever for an instant overtopped the world.

There is an entire class of Mr. Solomon's designs in which the living principle and moving spirit is music made visible. His groups of girls and youths that listen to one singing or reciting seem utterly imbued with the spirit of sound, clothed with music as with a garment, kindled and swayed by it as fire or as foliage by a wakening wind. In pictures where no one figures as making music, the same fine in-

evitable sense of song makes melodies of vocal colour and symphonies of painted cadence. The beautiful oil painting of bride, bridegroom, and paranymph has in its deep ripe tones the same suffusion of sound as that of the evening hymn to the hours; the colours have speech in them, a noble and solemn speech, and full of large strong harmonies. In the visible 'mystery of faith' we feel the same mighty measures of a silent song go up with the elevation of the host; and from the soundless lips of Love and Sleep, of Memory and of Dreams, of Pleasure and Lust and Death, the voice of their manifold mystery is audible.

In almost all of these there is perceptible the same profound suggestion of unity between opposites, the same recognition of the identity of contraries. Even in the gatherings of children about the knees of Love, as he tells his first tales to elder and younger lads and girls, there are touches of trouble and distraction, of faint doubt and formless pain on the fresh earnest faces that attend in wonder and in trance. Even in the glad soft grouping of boys and maidens by 'summer twilight,' under light bloom of branches that play against a gracious gleaming sky, their clear smiles and swift chance gestures recall some thought of the shadow as well as the light of life; and always there seems to rise up before the spirit, at thought of the might and ravage of time and 'sad mortality,' the eternal question—

> How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
> Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

But far other questions than this rise up behind it, as we gaze into the great and terrible mystery of beauty, and turn over in thought the gloss of far other commentators, the scrolls of strange interpreters, materialist and mystic. In the features of these groups and figures which move and make music before us in the dumb show of lines and colours, we see the latent relations of pain and pleasure, the subtle conspiracies of good with evil, the deep alliances of death and life, of love and hate, of attraction and abhorrence. Whether suffering or enjoyment be the master expression of a face, and whether that enjoyment or that suffering be merely or mainly spiritual or sensual, it is often hard to say—hard often to make sure whether the look of loveliest features be the look of a cruel or a pitiful soul. Sometimes the sensible vibration as of living lips and eyes lets out the secret spirit, and we see the springs of its inner and confluent emotions. The subtleties and harmonies of suggestion in such studies of complex or it may be perverse nature would have drawn forth praise and sympathy from Baudelaire, most loving of all students of strange beauty and abnormal refinement, of painful pleasures of soul and inverted raptures of sense. There is a mixture of utmost delicacy with a fine cruelty in some of these faces of fair feminine youth which recalls the explanation of a philosopher of the material school, whose doctrine is at least not without historic example and evidence to support it: 'Une infinité

de sots, dupes de cette incroyable sensibilité qu'ils voient dans les femmes, ne se doutent pas que les extrémités se rapprochent, et que c'est précisément au foyer de ce sentiment que la cruauté prend sa source. Parce que *la cruauté n'est elle-même qu'une des branches de la sensibilité*, et que c'est toujours en raison du degré dont nos âmes en sont pénétrées que les grandes horreurs se commettent.' The matter of this passage is better than the style; by the presence of this element we may distinguish cruelty from brutality, a Nero from a Gallifet, a Brinvilliers from a 'baby-farmer.' In several of Mr. Solomon's designs we find heads emblematic of active or visionary passion upon which the seal of this sensitive cruelty is set; made beautiful beyond the beauty of serpent or of tiger by the sensible infusion of a soul which refines to a more delicate delight the mere nervous lust after blood, the mere physical appetite and ravenous relish for fleshly torture; which finds out the very 'spirit of sense' and fine root of utmost feeling alike in the patient and the agent of the pain. There are no bestial faces, no mere vile types of brutality, but only of this cunning and cruel sensibility which catches fire from the stroke it deals, and drinks as its wine of life the blood of its sentient sacrifice. The poignancy of this pleasure is patent and fervent in the face of the fair woman overlooking the fresh full agony in the circus; the after-taste of fierce weariness and bitter languor that corrodes the soul is perceptible in the aspect of the figure representing Lust, with haunted eyes and savage haggard lips and barren body scored with blood, in the allegoric design of Love. Other faces again are live emblems of an infinite tenderness, of sad illimitable pity, of the sweetness of utter faith and ardour that consumes all the meaner elements of life; the fiery passion and hunger after God of St. Theresa, who might be taken as patroness of the Christian side of this painter's art: one whole class of his religious designs is impregnated with the burning mysticism and raging rapture of her visions, reflected as we feel them in Crashaw's hymn of invocation from the furnace of her own fierce words and phrases of prostrate ardour and amorous appeal to her Bridegroom.

All great and exquisite colourists have a mystery of their own, the conscience of a power known to themselves only as the heart knows its own bitterness, and not more communicable or explicable. In this case the pictorial power is so mixed with personal quality, so informed and suffused with a subtle energy of sentiment, that a student from without may perhaps be able to note, not quite inaccurately or unprofitably, the main spiritual elements of the painter's work. In the work of some artists the sentiment is either a blank or a mist; and none but technical criticism of such work can be other than incompetent and injurious. The art of Mr. Solomon is of a kind which has inevitable attraction for artists of another sort, and is all the more liable to suffer from the verdicts of unskilled and untrained judgments. But an artist of his rank and quality has no need to cry out against the

rash intrusion of critical stragglers from the demesne of any other art. He can afford the risk of such sympathies, for his own is rich in the qualities of those others also, in musical and poetic excellence not less positive than the pictorial; and as artist he stands high enough to be above all chance of the imputation cast on some that they seek comfort in the ignorant admiration and reciprocal sympathy of men who cultivate some alien line of art, for conscious incompetence and failure in their own; fain to find shelter for bad painting under the plea of poetic feeling, or excuse for bad verse under the plea of good thought or sentiment. By right of his innate energies and actual performances, he claims kinship and alliance with the foremost in all fields of art, while holding in his own a special and memorable place. Withdrawn from the roll of artists, his name would leave a void impossible to fill up by any worthiest or ablest substitute; by any name of master in the past or disciple in the present or future. The one high test requisite for all genuine and durable honour is beyond all question his; he is himself alone, and one whose place no man can take. They only, but they assuredly, of whom this can be said, may trust in their life to come. Time wears out the names of the best imitators and followers; but he whose place is his own, and that place high among his fellows, may be content to leave his life's work with all confidence to time.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## SATIS.

WHEN with the warmth of one last clinging kiss,
My languid lips leave joy and lose their might—
Love knows no tiring, yet it faints for this—
I fain would sleep, though sleep were total night,
And know no poorer hour, no lesser bliss;
Thence would I wake love's fool, nor yet be wise,
Content to be a captive, and lie bound
Still by the sternest laws love can devise.
Felt more than fortune, true love's truest right,
Summed up, Sweet, in the soft and delicate sound
Of close hearts faintly beating, is delight:
I'd scorn for this the safe severer ground,
Float on love's river to love's boundless sea,
And, languishing, die, in leaving life with thee!

JOHN WHITCHER.

# Kit Carson's Ride.

By Joaquin Miller.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pachè, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise.
We lay in the grasses and the sun-burnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover,
Northward and southward and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun,
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
'Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed

And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,
'Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.'

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air;
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Pachè, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown;
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—

She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Least I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

. . . . . .

Sell Pachè—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here,
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches were near;
But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers and git up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

# Eye and Ear Impressions.

It has long been a thing to be wished, and now it is a thing to be hoped, that skilled critics in painting and music may be able to illustrate the strange connection between their studies. By skilled critics I mean, for the present, painters or musicians who can think and write accurately, in analysis of their art, the work of their lives. Accuracy in such matter postulates a tolerable amount of general reading or information, besides competence in one or other art. The popular notion of a critic is that of a man who is all reading and no skill, who can analyse but not produce, who has read all about doing a thing, and often seen it done, but never tried to do it; or, as Mr. Phœbus says, who has failed when he did try. I believe Mr. Phœbus was quoting Balzac on Sainte-Beuve; and the quaint injustice of the observation as applied to the latter must have made it still more piquantly delicious to everybody else. There are stories about his always remembering it with vexation, and recurring painfully to it; but the fact is he ought not to have cared. Speaking generally, the observation is really innocent, because it is just. He who has done any useful work in art or literature has not failed—he has succeeded according to his capacity. The fact that Mr. Trotter, in 'Pendennis,' broke out upon the town as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, and finally subsided into Mr. Bungay's back shop as reader for that gentleman, looks like an extreme case; but it only comes to this, that success or failure are relative terms, and that Mr. Trotter did not get the success he expected. If he made a good reader, as we are all led to suppose he did, he succeeded in doing useful work for literature. Sainte-Beuve had good cause for content with his reputation, and more. There is only one real test of success, and that is work done. Honesty, devotion, happiness in work, and being just able to live by it, like Blake or Hogarth—he who has these, or a good degree of any of them, can never fail or have failed. But if a man is to attempt things beyond his strength, fall in the mud, and lie there tripping up other people instead of getting up and trying to find something he really can do, he will have failed in literature, and others will remember his failure when he attacks them. I don't know what proportion of the press may be officered by gentlemen of

Mr. Trotter's experience; but in thinking over various critics of my acquaintance, I seem to find that most of them have done a good deal of work in their mystery, and have right to say how it ought to be done by others.

It is easier to find critical or analytic painters than analytic musicians. First, painting is more capable of reduction to definite notion, and its ideas can more easily be brought to book, expounded to an ordinary intelligence. You can take up a Turner—say one of the gray-paper drawings—and show minute touches to an ordinary person, and make him see their meaning. Turner's details of distant architecture are particularly wonderful in this way. Whatever be his mood, his state of feeling or emotion, a man may have it demonstrated to him that such and such a triangular mark, red in a gray mist, means the gable of a church, and two strokes below, an east window and its shadow-side; the same mark is always there in the same drawing, he can look at it and find it the same in any state of mind; all the world is agreed about its meaning. But the mingled emotion of a musical phrase is more transient; it is less capable of accurate comparison by two persons who have experienced it; words are not made for such things:

Litera scripta manet; volat irrevocabile 'carmen.'

The crowing of a cock is one of the most easily recognised sounds in the world, and it bears a train of associations with it. A musician might make use of it, I suppose—it does occur with vigorous menace in an air of the Gordon Highlanders called the 'Cock of the North.' Music then will give the crow; but a competent painter will give you the cock in the act of crowing, so that you can to all intents and purposes hear him. The imitative power is greater in the graphic art. And though correct imitation of cocks is not to be specially desired in music, still the realistic or imitative power in painting is capable of appealing to thought through the eye in a definite and special manner. So with other senses: you can't put a smell into words; but a scent will put words into you, or perhaps awaken thoughts you cannot or will not give voice to. Most people know the delicate solicitation with which odour appeals to memory. The best poem I remember about it is Hans Andersen's 'Mother Elder.' If you have not read it 'why then rejoice therefore,' and read it straightway.

To my ignorance in music the writings of Mr. Haweis in the 'Contemporary Review' on music and emotion seem able and suggestive in the highest degree. Yet he leaves us still necessarily with a sense that music can only express relative intensity of emotion; not suggesting its cause or theme, since velocity, variety, and the like, do not specify the cause of emotion. Various modulations may describe the emotions of a thirsty traveller[1] arriving at a spring, but very

[1] *Contemporary Review*, New Series, October 1870.

similar ones would do for the same traveller in a fright, or in a passion, or experiencing strong alternations of feeling about anything else.

I hope at the end of this paper I shall be able to give a coherent analysis of a train of notions such as are suddenly and spontaneously evolved by an ordinary fancy under the effect of noble harmonies. Meanwhile, I have been furnished by an accomplished musician, the senior Censor of Christ Church, with the following extract from Durandus on Symbolism, which will speak for itself very sufficiently; establishing a direct connection, or at all events showing the relation in Haydn's mind, of quality of hue to quality of sound. It may be better followed out hereafter.

'According to Haydn the trombone is deep red, the trumpet scarlet, the clarionet orange, the oboe yellow, the bassoon deep yellow, the flute sky blue, the diapason deep blue, the double diapason purple, the horn violet, the violin pink, the viola rose, the violoncello red, the double bass crimson.

'This, by many, would be called fanciful: let us turn to a passage of Haydn's works, and see if it will hold. Let us examine the sunrise in the "Creation." At the commencement our attention is attracted by a soft streaming sound from the violins, scarcely audible, till the pink rays[1] of the second violin diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fullness of colour as the rose violas and red violoncellos steal in with expanding beauty; while the azure of the flute tempers the mounting rays of the violin. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange of the clarionet, the scarlet of the trumpet, the purple of the double diapason unite in increasing splendour, till the sun appears at length in all the effulgence of harmony.'

The great use of the scale of red in this passage will remind us of the blind man's saying, and also of Mr. Ruskin's observation, as the most subtle analyst of colour who ever existed, that scarlet is the type of pure colour. Haydn's sunrise is in great degree a symphony in red and yellow with sufficient relief and opposition from purples and even clear blues. The brightest Turner I ever attempted to facsimile was the 'Sunset at Tours,' from the Loire series, in the collection presented by Mr. Ruskin to Oxford. Having followed it nearly touch for touch, I can say it certainly contains an inversely parallel use of colour to the musical tints just given, especially in the use of ultramarine at the upper corner of the drawing, and in the stimulating fanfare of scarlet clouds across and against the cooler sky. Then in any picture, stippling and painting over produce effects in colour exactly like (or analogous to) those of multitudinous instruments in an orchestra—and harmony, pitch, tone, light and shade, &c., are common terms in music

[1] For the use of this word to express sound, observe that the French word *éclat* applies to both sound and light.

and painting. Still the distinction seems to survive, that painting can convey specified intellectual modifications, and that music does not do so; or not with the same precision. The one finds the germs of thought, the other supplies the mental summer, the soft inner sunshine, the 'low thunders and mellow rain,' which make new thoughts and fancies spring so fast for a time in many a listener. Still, if this is not the suggestive power it is the next thing to it; and if it does not supply the theme to emotion and imagination it gives them all their strength and various power in playing on it. One Oxford remembrance of no very distant date may be allowed here, perhaps, as the testimony of uninstructed fancy to the power of musical composition and execution.

A number of men in middle life are met in Magdalen Chapel to bury one of their oldest and best regarded; one who had in the earlier part of his long career been almost the only representative of the physical sciences in Oxford; a man at all times valued and attended to, in a society where self-absorption is rather prevalent, and where criticism greatly prevails over hero-worship; a man over whose grave men thought, in sure and certain hope for him, of their own graves and hopes. Chaplains and choir have done their part, and the meditative funereal psalms are over, and that long lesson which, most of all apostolic utterances, shows that the word of the Spirit is indeed too great for expression, and that hope as well as grief is beyond utterance. The coffin is lowered; and then the great organ takes up its parable, and the Dead March in 'Saul' begins with the heavy drum notes that express the brute force of Death; wherein he proclaims his name thrice over, haughtily, with dull reiteration, overbearingly, implacably, claiming to be the last enemy, and the last of all. And with it the opening passage gives sad admonition with its rise and fall, saying, 'This must be, in spite of love, of thought, of valour, even of prayer.' But against both rises straightway the protest of the human spirit, vaguely pleading that great deeds have a life of their own, and that earth still bears witness to the brave. Faintly it tells of immortal honour, and cries the human cry that truth is true and valour valiant, though the body waste, stricken through with steel, and the soul go forth unknowing whither. Saul is gone, yet he was of the brave, and wrought deliverance for Israel. And Death rejoins that he is Death, and Saul is dead with all the mighty. The defiance of the last enemy is deep below, the melancholy notes of admonition rise above, all the passion of the human protest; love, sorrow, and instinct of faith cannot get free from the heavy-haunting undertones; and aspiration falls down towards them as surely as it rises upward from them. So they strive, until at last the voice of man is changed, and encircled with other and spiritual strains, and there is help and rescue. A Divine Manhood takes up the cause of man; and the notes of death and distress, and the protest of humanity, are merged in

sound, not yet of victory, but of sonorous encouragement. Death is swallowed up in victory, and the march ends not in loud triumph and dazzling brightness but in new and powerful accents, marshalling the Lord's servants for deeds yet to come. Its close is the close of the funeral lesson: 'Wherefore, brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

I dare say this is all wrong, and that the music in question suggests nothing of the kind to an instructed ear. But the framework, the leading ideas of the above Dequincean rhapsody, did undoubtedly pass through the mind of me listening to the notes of one of the first organs, under one of the first hands in England, that day; and this statement of them must go for what it is worth. The music did not instruct or create or communicate definite ideas, but it breathed on the germs of a train of thought and brought them into a sudden life of strong emotion which was somewhat difficult to bear in silence.

Pictorially speaking, the 'Dead March' gives rather the idea of vast breadth, pensive power, and effect of light and shade, like the works of Michael Angelo or Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' than of colour. No doubt the relations of harmony to colour, and of harmony to emotion, and of colour to emotion, are distinct subjects, and to most people about as easy and interesting as the Chinese metaphysics in 'Pickwick.' Yet if a good colourist of English landscape and an inventive musician could 'combine their information' and analyse it on paper with any clearness, the results would be interesting and suggestive in the highest degree, and would give the fine arts a direct connection with mental science.

R. St. John Tyrwhitt.

# A Miracle Play in the Nineteenth Century.

Those eager to see a rare bit of mediævalism—coming out, like a strange mirage, in the full daylight of modern life—have only to go, during these summer months, to Ober-Ammergau. A 'Miracle Play,' in the shape of a *Passions-Spiel*, will be acted there, in short intervals, between June and September next; even as it has been done in various parts of Germany half a thousand years ago, when those religious representations flourished in full vigour.

Originally, the play at Ober-Ammergau was to take place last year, when, all of a sudden, the two most cultivated nations of the Continent were made to go through a ghastly *Passions-Spiel*, in which Calvaries of slain warriors were heaped up, and thousands of sorrowing mothers filled the land. It was almost a tragi-comic occurrence, yet full of hidden pathos, to see young Mair, with his long curly hair, who represented Jesus Christ, drafted off into the army, and several of the Apostles joining the Bavarian artillery. By special intercession, Mair was allowed to retain his flowing locks and even to do without the uniform, being appointed to fill the post of a military copyist. The other chief actors were by good luck spared during the campaign from death or maiming, though the village whose theatrical performance has obtained so world-wide a celebrity has also to deplore the loss of a number of its inhabitants who perished on the battle-fields in France. Peace having been concluded, the people of Ober-Ammergau at once bethought themselves of resuming their play, for which, in the course of the usual interval of ten years, they have indeed made long and careful preparation which they would not like to have done in vain.

The village itself is situated in a district noted for its romantic mountain scenery. Like a mighty battlemented tower, the Kofel rears its rocky head behind Ammergau; in its dark clefts, ever haunted by the weird sound of water dripping and rushing through mysterious caverns, the nimble chamois have their lair. Glittering cascades hang at the hill-sides. Black fir forests relieve, with their deep colour, the gray stone. In winter, when loaded with the dazzling white snow, they look no less strange than in the height of summer when an approaching tempest casts its cloud-shadows over the tree-tops. The river

Ammer winds its stream through charming valleys, among which the Graswanger valley excels in beauty.

The village is an irregular collection of quaint houses: some of them mere wooden huts, others built solidly, with prominent gable-ended roofs, picturesquely adorned with ingenious carvings. Its population, occupied with farming during the warmer season, devotes its winter leisure to wood-carving, in which that simple peasantry have attained a well-known and much-prized proficiency. Men and women give alike proof of such artistic inclination. Children may not unfrequently be seen active at the chopping-bench, from which the forms and figures that are afterwards carved into more delicate shape are first turned out in a cruder block. Not only Madonnas and saints are here fabricated, but also the images of some legendary cycle of Teutonic heroes, or of the German troubadour period, as well as playthings for childhood. The musical taste is considerably developed among the villagers. They can boast of a complete and excellent orchestra, whose execution is truly astonishing; and in their choral union there are voices which might be the pride of many a theatre. Such, at least, is the account of visitors who went, about a twelvemonth ago, to the rehearsal of the then forthcoming, soon afterwards interrupted and delayed, *Passions-Spiel*.

Studded as the neighbourhood of Ober-Ammergau has been from ancient times with rich abbeys and cloisters, it has not unaptly borne the name of 'The Priest's Corner' (*der Pfaffenwinkel*), an appellation also characteristic of the spirit that lingers in some parts of that quarter. I mention this with no desire of yielding to a much prevailing prejudice about Bavaria in general. There has a notion been abroad until lately, as though Bavaria as a whole—nay, all Southern Germany—was imbued with Ultramontanist tendencies. This erroneous idea can be easily corrected from history, ancient as well as contemporaneous, and even from simple statistics. Students of history know well that, during the Reformation epoch, the vast majority of the Austrians had followed Luther's doctrine, and that in their case, as well as in that of other South Germans, a subsequent rule of terror only brought about a return to the Papal creed. At present Roman Catholicism is, in outward form, the dominant faith in Austria. But in the towns, at least, the anti-priestly element generally has the upper hand. Witness the late successful struggles against the Concordat; the recent refusal of the Austrian town councils to grant the expelled Jesuits from Venice the desired habitat; and many other occurrences of a similar kind—all tending to show that a spirit of opposition is mightily working under the surface.

If we come to the remainder of Southern Germany, we find that the river Main, often regarded as a division line both in physical geography and in religion, by no means forms an absolute line of division in matters of creed. In Bavaria, upwards of one-third of the inhabitants are Protestants. Among the Bavarian Catholics there

are a good many staunch adversaries of Ultramontanism. A proof of it may be found in the fact of the freedom of the city of Munich having latterly been conferred upon one of the most noted opponents of the Papal pretensions. The Döllinger movement at present evokes considerable attention. If we pass from Bavaria into Wurtemberg, we there find more than two-thirds of the people as adherents of the Protestant confession. In Baden this is the case with fully one-third of the inhabitants. The majority of the Catholics there also have, some years ago, steadily resisted the Concordat policy, which, strangely enough, the Protestant dynasty of that country then pursued.

On the other hand, let us look at a Power generally considered the very expression of Protestantism. In Prussia, before the war of 1866 had enlarged her area, there were, in an aggregate population of 18,000,000 people, 7,000,000 Catholics; among them, some that were quite a match for any Ultramontanist party in the south. These figures in themselves show that the notion of 'Protestant North' and 'Catholic South' in Germany is to be accepted only with a strong modification.

However, in the Bavarian 'Priest's Corner' the Romanist traditions hold their ground with some degree of toughness. Perhaps they do there the more so because they are still bound up with certain popular customs, some of which reach back into gray antiquity—customs tolerated, or slightly transformed, by the Roman Church when it succeeded Teutonic Paganism.

Now, shall I commit the apparent paradox to say that even the Miracle Play, although referring to Biblical subjects, must be classed among those early customs of the heathen Germans? In other words, that the 'Passion Play' at Ober-Ammergau, one of the last traces of the religious representations of the Catholic Church, may be fathered back to a preceding similar performance of heathen worshippers?

It is, at least, a moot question whether the Mystery and Miracle Plays were the first feeble beginning of the modern drama, or whether they only continued, in Catholic garb, a previous dramatic attempt of the Teuton world that venerated Wodan, Freia, and Balder.

The German papers, in announcing the festivity which is to take place in the Bavarian village, generally inclined to the former view. They declared the 'Passions-Spiel' to be 'the last relic of those religious representations from which the dramatic literature of all the modern nations of Europe is supposed to have sprung.' As to the origin of the special custom at Ober-Ammergau, they reported correctly enough that 'the parish, in 1633, vowed to undertake the scenic performance in order to escape the plague, and that the piece was first performed *ex voto* in the following year. It was repeated every ten years till 1674, and then again in 1680, from which time till the present it has been played every ten years. There can be no doubt, however, that *the play itself is older than* 1633; and though some slight changes have been made, it has remained essentially unaltered.'

I purpose to show in the following, by a rapid sketch, the age and character of the German Mystery and Miracle Plays. But before doing so I will allude to the two contending opinions regarding their origin.

Those who believe that the 'Mysteries'[1] have rather followed upon than initiated the first dramatic attempts in Germany, allege various notable facts in support of their theory. Under Henry III. of Germany, in the first half of the eleventh century—a considerable time before any miracle play is on record—the expulsion of 'actors and jugglers' from Ingelheim, where that emperor had celebrated his marriage, is mentioned in ancient chronicles. If there were actors, there must have been plays. Again, we know of early decrees of the Church forbidding actors to exhibit themselves in the raiments of monk or nun, or in any garment of apparently clerical cut. It is self-evident that these decrees could not have reference to 'Mysteries,' for in these, according to the anachronistic manners of the epoch, Biblical personages were certainly represented in the vestments, lay or clerical, that were then in use.

We are thus driven to the conclusion that even the Mysteries had been preceded by some quaint dramatic performance of secular contents. Some have assumed, in fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy, on finding that the people flocked in great crowds to those secular plays, only set up the Mysteries as an antidote and a rival to the more worldly attraction.

Others go farther back. Passing even beyond the dramas of the German nun Roswitha (or Hruotsuintha, as her name properly was), who, in the tenth century, composed plays in Latin after the model of Terence, the adherents of the theory mentioned point to the fact of the German pagans having had a sort of theatrical representation of their mythology by means of 'chanted dances' and 'danced songs,' and of their having acted, at regular times of the year, certain allegories of the Struggle between Life and Death, in which the Resurrection Idea was embodied. Thus there was an allegory about 'The Expulsion of Winter,' who is killed and buried with regular pageantry, and 'The Advent of Summer,' who comes with garlands of flowers, triumphing over Death in Nature—a play which I myself have still seen acted by German children and young village folk with a considerable amount of emblems and typical masquerading. That may be looked upon as an embryonic drama of a heathen religious character. It was handed down from generation to generation until it became a mere child's amusement. Various other ceremonies and mummeries—customary to this day, about midsummer time, among some of the German peasantry—seem to have a strange analogy, albeit of indubitable heathen origin, to Catholic rites and semi-dramatic performances.

[1] This was the title given them in France and elsewhere. In Germany they were simply called *Spiele*, plays.

In this manner those reason who contend that the Passion Play is only an after-comer, perhaps even a more transformation and adaptation, as compared with the original experiments of scenic display occurring among the worshippers of the old Teutonic religion.

Be that as it may, the Mysteries referring to the Life, Suffering, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ, and to the legendary cycle of the Catholic Church, appear in Germany—so far as we can trace them—in the thirteenth century: from which time a few fragments have come down to us; and more fully in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Now, those who maintain that our modern drama has arisen out of the Miracle Plays, direct the attention to the existence of a strong dramatic element in the ceremonies of the Roman Church; to the alternating songs of the liturgy; the *responsoria* of the priest and the congregation; the Mass; the Processions; and so forth. They further say that, originally, the Miracle Play was probably nothing more than a song and counter-song between the priest and the congregation; that afterwards a chorus was substituted for the latter; that the priest, when representing a woman or an angel, appeared in costume; and that, out of these simple arrangements, the later, more really theatrical, representation was developed.

Latin was at first the language used in those Mysteries. The clergy who composed and acted them employed the universal idiom of the Church. By-and-by, when the plays became more extensive and the number of the priesthood did not suffice for the representation, German passages—to be spoken by lay actors—were interspersed; and this became the more the custom in proportion as the serious religious spectacle was inlaid with those extraordinary comic intermezzos which were calculated to attract the pleasure-seeking crowd. At last the plays were written entirely in German. But even then the priestly hand still shows itself through the Latin notes which, in the manuscripts, indicate the outward scenic arrangements.

To the present taste it appears almost incomprehensible that a Passion Play should thus have been relieved by the lowest comedy. But so it was, and to a very large extent too. The figures chiefly used for humorous and comic purposes in the intermezzos were Satan, who appears as a silly, easily over-reached personage; Mary Magdalene, whose life previous to her conversion is turned into fun, and who is represented as coquettishly smartening herself before the looking-glass, singing popular ditties, dancing, and quizzing the men who are so easily fatigued; the merchants who sell ointments and spices at the tomb of the Saviour, and to whom the character of quacks and mountebanks is attributed; Judas Iscariot, whose suicide is transformed into half-serious, half-ridiculous devilry; and the keepers at the sepulchre, who are represented as knights, and whom the satire converts into sluggards and cowards full of rhodomontade. In a Resurrection Play ('Van der upstandinge') of Lower Germany, the scene at the sepulchre is garnished

with a kind of gravedigger's wit, containing allusions to the rivalry between the towns of Wismar and Lübeck, and puns about the Mecklenburghers!

To this day the humorous element appears in some way in the *Passions-Spiel*, though not in the eccentric manner that was customary of yore. As the Mysteries were generally played in olden times on the occasion of fairs, coarse comedies even of a secular character were frequently added as an interlude. The main point in them was a brawl, a scrimmage, and a free fight, such as suits a boorish taste. The Church tolerated this. But when the original object of the Mysteries, which was an additional edification and an increased influence of the Church, became defeated by the predominance of the lay elements in the performance, or by the excessive hilariousness of the play, there came occasional inhibitions from Rome. Such prohibitory decrees on account of exaggerated riotousness were found less necessary in the case of Germany than in that of France and other countries, where the 'mystic' performance sometimes became ultra-Saturnalian. Still, there is a record of the fourteenth century, from which we gather that, on the occasion of a German play acted on New Year's Day (it was, however, more of a secular character), masquerades came into church, that there was great carousing, music, and dancing in the houses as well as in the public thoroughfares, that the priests rode about on horses or asses, and that the clergy threw water over those coming into church by way of a practical joke!

Sometimes the Miracle Play, properly speaking, contained bitter satires against the chief rulers of the Church. In an Easter play of Innsbruck, of the year 1391, the Pope, a cardinal, a patriarch, and a legate, appear as 'evil counsellors,' in company of a bad emperor and his suite of princes, of corrupt judges, priests and monks, as inmates of the lower regions! In the same play a servant or clown is introduced in that mixed character of simplicity and archness which later developed into the *Hanswurst* or *bajazzo*.

Christmas, New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, and Easter, were generally the periods at which the Mysteries were acted. At first the church building served as a theatre. Occasionally other localities were selected for greater convenience. In favourable weather there was an open-air performance—Greek fashion. On this latter occasion the scene had no background, but was closed on two sides, with rows of benches, on which the actors sat until their turn came, and to which they went back after they had had their say. Divine and demoniacal personages there sat shoulder to shoulder, visible all the while to the spectators, who were ranged in front of the theatre as well as at the back—if that expression can be applied at all to an arrangement of the kind described. The mechanical dispositions were exceedingly primitive. Houses were indicated merely by pillars and a roof—a makeshift necessary even from the fact of the spectators occupying the two sides of the theatre; for in this way only could all of them see the

performance. A mountain was signified by a barrel. When guns came into use a blank shot was considered an imitation of thunder. As there were no appliances for shifting the scenery, the localities of the successive acts of the drama were indicated by different storeys.

Thus we know that in one of these plays there were three chief divisions in the structure that had been erected in the public place; each division consisting of several lesser departments. In the first division were the Lower Regions, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives. In the second, the houses of Herod, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, Annas, and the house where the last supper took place. Between them was the pillar at which Jesus was scourged; and another on which the cock sat perched, whose crowing Peter heard. In the third division there were the graves; the crosses; the Holy Sepulchre; and Heaven. At Metz, then still—as now again—a German town, such a structure was erected in 1427, which contained nine different storeys. The number of actors was sometimes very large—to the extent of from 200 to 300. Though lacking real dramatic development, the plays were frequently spun out to such length that they sometimes lasted for several days; a day's performance being only broken by a pause for the midday meal.

In form, the German Mysteries have more a narrating, epic character. In some of them not only the whole life of Christ is represented, but even the parables are introduced; and there is one—the 'Mystery Play' of Frankfort—which even takes in the prophecies of the Old Testament. Another, referring to the Ascension of the Virgin Mary, is continued down to the destruction of Jerusalem! The anachronistic introduction of persons from the Old Testament in plays referring to the New was very frequent, in accordance with the naïve notions of the time. The language is of woodcut-like simplicity, with no pretensions to a loftier poetical tone. Only in the 'Plaints of the Virgin' it occasionally rises to passion, fervour, and expressiveness.

The authors were generally monks or priests. Here and there the underhand warfare, which during the Middle Ages existed between them and the nobiliary order, breaks out even in the text of the Mysteries; some of them containing evident sneers at the aristocracy, as well as at the kind of poetry in which that class indulged. On their part, the German *Minnesänger*, or troubadours, never allude with a single word to those Miracle Plays, which seems to show that they passed over them purposely with a studied silence.

The oldest known German Mystery is an Easter play about the 'Anti-Christ.' The language, however, is throughout Latin. It dates from the thirteenth century. Another, of the same epoch, 'The Sufferings of Christ,' has intercalations in German between the Latin text. It was probably sung in its entirety, as was all poetry of that time. Then there were plays of 'The Five Wise and the Five Foolish Virgins;' of the 'Life of St. Dorothea;' and so forth. Of Passion Plays, those of Frankfort, Alsfeld, Donaueschingen, and Innsbruck,

are the most noted. Gradually, it appears, a generally accepted text was formed out of different versions; and that text was so well handed down by oral tradition that in some instances all the written information about them consists of a few jottings, merely marking the scenic course, and giving the introductory words of each speech or declamatory piece as a guidance for the actors.

The practice of these religious representations has lingered in the Catholic Church of Germany; but nowhere can it be observed now in such pristine raciness as in the *Passions-Spiel* at Ober-Ammergau. There the performance takes place on a colossal open-air theatre, containing eight different compartments, in which at one and the same time large groups of actors can be placed. Even as of old, the palaces of Herod and Pilate occupy the corners of the scene; they are buildings of two storeys, constructed for the purpose of such simultaneous acting. The proscenium is of gigantic proportions. In this manner, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the exciting scene in which the populace call for the deliverance of Barabbas, can be fitly represented. Between the various sections of the drama, there are choruses of singing genii, reminding one of the classic chorus, and serving to explain the *tableaux vivants* from subjects of the Old Testament, which are inserted as interludes. The music, it is true, is of a more modern style, with evident recollections from Haydn's oratorios. The actors are all natives, mostly simple citizens and peasants. Not less than one hundred and four speaking parts for men occur in the Passion Play; fifteen for women. Counting those also that have dumb *rôles*, as well as the choruses of the genii, the orchestra, and the theatrical attendants, the number of the whole *personale* rises to nearly five hundred persons. In the interval of ten years, which occurs between each of those representations, various other plays, mostly of a religious character, are committed to memory and publicly given, for the sake of improving the capabilities of the actors. Now and then, even a drama like Schiller's 'William Tell' is employed for that object, which shows that the taste of those villagers is not so restricted as it might appear at first sight.

Into the performance of the *Passions-Spiel* the people of Ober-Ammergau enter with a realistic vigour that makes the supernatural fit in with most wonderful ease to the occurrences of everyday life. Irrespective of its Church aspect, the theatrical representation of that Bavarian village has, however, an interest as a curious instance of the dramatic powers of a somewhat primitive population. Like all old customs, this one of the 'Miracle Play' is probably destined to perish in a comparatively short time. In the meanwhile, before it comes to an end, and a tradition which reaches back into early antiquity is finally extinguished, it may be of use to fix its origin and to point out, so far as that is possible, the connecting thread between this relic of mediæval Catholicism and the ancient German rites of the pre-Christian era.

KARL BLIND.

# The Story of Europa.

By Professor Sylvester.

Hor. Od. III. xxvii. 25.

'Mid teeming ocean's monster brood,
Stretched snow-white on the crafty steer,
At unmasked perils of the flood
The bold Europa paled with fear.

She who at noon culled meadow flowers
And for the nymphs vowed garlands wove,
Sees nought in twilight's dusky hours
Save billows round and stars above.

So when to Crete's steep isle she came,
With five-score cities peopled, cries
'Oh! father, duty! daughter's name!
To passion fallen a sacrifice.

'Whence come and where? mere death were gain
Lost maiden honour to redeem;
Wake I and weep th' inexpiable stain
Or mocks me guiltless a vain dream

'Sleep though the ivory portal leads?
Ah! which should happier living prove,
Fresh flowers to gather in the meads
Or o'er long trailing seas to rove!

'That ill-famed steer would some power give
Back to these wrathful hands again,
Into the brute this steel I'd drive
And tear those fondled horns in twain.

'A shameless fugitive from home,
Hear me some god and grant my prayer;
Too shamed to live, oh! let me roam
Naked where lions make their lair.

'Ere from my form the juices drain,
Or foul decay this fair cheek soil,
Let tigers hunt me o'er the plain,
But beauteous still devour their spoil.'

Cries 'vile Europa, why delay?'
My far-off sire. 'On yon ash nigh,
Noosed with thy zone, well snatched away,
Wanton! go wrench thy neck and die.

'Or launched on the eddying storm-wind's breath,
If rocks and reefs more charm thy soul,
Dash on these ledges lined with death—
Else take the shame of carding wool,

'Handmaid to some barbarian dame,
Harlot of royal pedigree!'
With unstrung bow child Love now came,
And Venus smiling roguishly:

Who when enough she had jeered the fair—
'Hush, hush these brawls, no more complain,
The hateful bull to meet thy prayer
Yields thee his horns to rend in twain.

'Of sovereign and all-conquering Jove
Know thyself consort—sobs disclaim.
Learn worthy thy proud state to prove—
The world's cloven orb shall boast thy name.'

# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*OPENS THE REALITIES OF LIFE.*

'It's not surprising that this living went begging, considering the climate and situation'—a yawn.

The voice was that of Mrs. Theodore Lovett, a mother, and none the less interesting from the delicate bloom which had settled on her cheek. She addressed her husband.

Since last we saw them, a change had indeed come o'er the spirit of their dream.

A residence in Mudflat's malarious atmosphere for nearly two years had begun to tell unfavourably on the constitutions of both wife and husband. The vicar went about his duties energetically enough, but with an appearance of depression. In his case, however, Mudflat was not altogether blameworthy. Mind turned traitor to him as well as body. The worry of debt and difficulty was piled upon the pain of sore throats and occasional fever. Of late, too, Adine's health had proved no small cause of anxiety; and the baby boy, if of pleasures the holiest, was also not the least of responsibilities. In short, the brief sunshine of prosperity had become obscured by cloud, whilst in the distance might be heard the presages of coming storms.

The ordinary parson, unless blest with private means, is tied by the leg to the stool of adversity. In other walks of life you may sing, play, talk, promote, swindle, or otherwise earn an honest livelihood, but in the church you must succumb to your pittance per annum; there is no field for ambition; for the men who work hardest are the least certain of preferment.

Of course, if an incumbent holds a pleasantly-situated benefice, he can augment his income by taking pupils, who usually add to the morality of a village, besides occupying the parson's time, which is already purchased by the State at a price. Parents, however, would not send their sons to Mudflat. As soon would they have selected Tartarus

as a place of education. Hence Mr. Lovett had really no means left of escape from harass, except rigid economy, an almost impossible virtue in a sick house.

No marvel, then, that we find Adine inclined to murmur. Women lack the stoicism of the sterner sex, which can suffer in silence. If anything goes wrong, they must liberate their minds, although by so doing they multiply instead of diminishing evil.

'Such as it is, it is our home,' responded her husband, sadly rather than drily.

'I wish we had not been so idiotic as to quarrel with my aunt,' continued Adine. 'She might have bought you a living in a healthy spot, or have paid a *locum tenens*, or done something. We shall certainly go to our graves if we remain at home for the winter.'

Mr. Lovett's face was very careworn, but he could find no reply. He had no money, and the parson without money in this enlightened country may write himself *adscriptus glebis*.

It was an autumn afternoon, and they were seated in the drawing-room, a somewhat *triste* apartment, looking north, and insufficiently furnished, saving and except with those pretty knick-knackeries which feminine art alone can produce. These redeemed to a certain extent poverty of ornament, giving the room an inhabited appearance.

'I wonder how my aunt is,' murmured the wife in a pettish ill-used sort of tone. 'It does seem so hard to be separated from one's only relation in this half of the world. Perhaps after all, Doré dear, it wasn't very prudent of us to marry.'

She called him Doré, her pet abbreviation of his name, in order to smooth off the edge of words rather suggestive than acrimonious.

But he would not answer. Rising, he advanced to the window, and began to gaze—at nothing.

'We were so much happier as lovers before we ever moved to this dull, unhealthy, hateful place. Of course the poor people are very nice, and Farmer Roper is the soul of good nature, and one likes to do one's duty, and all that sort of thing—but, but—it's horrid! It's ——' She might have kept up a steady flow of this style of fault-finding for an unlimited period, had not her husband suddenly exclaimed:

'I say, there's someone coming to call! Who can it be? By Jove, I believe it's Blackley! No? Yes. It *is* Blackley. What in the world——? Why, we have not seen him since our wedding.'

The bell interrupted surprise, and Adine had barely time to scamper out of the room, with the design of rehabilitating, before the servant ushered in Mr. Horace Blackley, looking an older, and not a better-favoured man. His dress was more decidedly clerical than of yore, and his manner made up with care into a semblance of suavity. Since his marriage he had adopted the heavy respectable style, and a very slow self-contained air shed around him a sort of mist, which the

DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

world regarded as thoughtfulness. Altogether Horace Blackley acted parson to the very verge of nature.

The Vicar of Mudflat greeted his unexpected guest warmly, with enquiries after Mrs. Blackley and the juvenile Blackley, and his own welfare, and the usual fire of polite interrogatories of ordinary society. Then curiosity overstepped formality, and he ventured to ask what in the world had brought his friend from his heavy-salaried benefice in the Essex Marshes to the wilds of remote Mudflat.

'We are on a visit to the Chowners in Blankton,' was the reply. 'And the fact is, Chowner would have come himself to tell the news; but he has the gout, and has requested me to act as his deputy.'

'What news?' ejaculated the other.

'Bad news, I'm sorry to say. I hope you will break it gently to your wife. However, not to keep you in suspense, Miss Effler has evinced unmistakable signs of lunacy, and in short they have been obliged to—to put her under restraint.'

Mr. Lovett looked grave. 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' he replied; 'thank you. It is just like your kind-heartedness to come over and soften the shock of this sad intelligence to Mrs. Lovett. Excuse me. I'll go and tell her.'

After a few minutes husband and wife both returned, and Horace Blackley related his story at length, and with some delicacy. He could not very well inform the niece flatly that sherry, if not more potent fluid, was the *teterrima causa* of her aunt's mental aberration. Nevertheless he contrived to convey the ugly truth through the medium of hints. Adine, who was very much affected by the ill tidings, remarked his change of demeanour. To her he was respectful, and he spoke of his wife and child in such a way as almost to win her heart.

When, therefore, Mr. Lovett pressed him to remain over the following Sunday, and to give his aid in the pulpit, Adine seconded this invitation with something like cordiality; although, be it added, she rather winced to hear him accept it.

'My young friend Ralph is coming down to spend Sunday with us,' observed Mr. Lovett.

'Ah! Ralph. To be sure. The chorister you befriended; I remember him. He must be quite a man now.'

'He is a dear fellow,' said Adine. 'I look forward to his visits; for he always brings down all the newest music, and he is developing such a tenor voice as will make his fortune.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' rejoined her husband. 'However,' he added, 'we are oblivious of the claims of hospitality. Blackley, old fellow, we—we dine at eight. Suppose we give you some luncheon?'

'Speak the truth,' laughed Adine. 'It's supper, not dinner.'

'Pooh!' cried Mr. Blackley good-humouredly. 'A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. I much prefer the natural habits of our grandfathers to the ways of modern society.'

Adine afterwards felt quite amazed with herself for having been so civil to her quondam foe. She assured her little conscience that the fact of their owing the man not merely principal, but, worse still, arrears of interest, had nothing to do with it. The real reason was that he was changed—for the better. Perhaps she reflected, with a sigh, she also was changed. Certainly he did not seem to regard her now with those eager glances of tender passion. Ah! dear, she feared that she was growing old!

Thus it came to pass that the creditor obligingly condescended to become his debtor's guest for the space of three days, and to aid him on the Sunday by reading prayers—he had brought no sermon, and did not care to write one. As for Mrs. Blackley, in spite of his oft-asserted affection for her, doubtless she could amuse herself in Blankton. At all events he had other fish to fry, and a distinct motive in remaining at Mudflat.

'Really Blackley is the best-hearted creature in the world,' cried simple Mr. Lovett to his *cara sposa*, as they were about to retire to rest. 'He has begged me by no means to trouble about the interest owing, so long as the insurance premiums are kept up with regularity. Such kindness makes one believe in human nature.'

'Yes,' replied his wife hesitatingly, 'yes. He is—very—and—and—and—very—improved in manner.'

'And yet, little woman, you can't bring yourself quite to like him?'

'I'm getting to like him better than I did,' she replied.

'But,' said he, 'I never could understand your dislike for the poor soul. He cannot help being ugly.'

'I don't know,' she answered. 'That is—I could not explain why. There are some motives one is unable to analyse. Besides, girls take strong likes and dislikes, often without any very real reason.'

Whereunto he remarked, sententiously enough, that it was very silly of girls not to use their judgment—a sentiment which brought the conversation to a close.

Every man is proud of his own place, even although in his heart he may detest it. Great, then, was the pleasure afforded this good vicar by the obvious interest which friend Blackley appeared to take in all things connected with Mudflat—in the church, and house, and glebe, in the condition of the poor—even in the plan of Mr. Roper's domicile, and the quantity of timber round the glebe hedges. He was alike affable and enquiring on the subjects of rates and roads, and in short lionised the entire parish with positive pleasure. Better still, he lauded everything to the skies: the quality of the grass, the quantity of the crops, the roof of the church, the arrangements of the vicarage. The only things he seemed bored about were the harmonium, which had been procured, after much begging, by subscription; and the school-children, of whom he remarked, with more truth than grace, that he disliked animal odours. In short, a severe critic would

have said that he was more concerned about the material than the spiritual welfare of Mudflat; but then he was not the vicar, and could not well be expected to ascend to a vicar's responsibilities.

The two clergymen spent the whole of Saturday in thus lionising the little parish from end to end. In the evening, Ralph came down from London, to the great delight of Adine, who straightway devoted herself to him, leaving the duty of entertaining Horace Blackley to her husband.

At supper, however, conversation perforce became general. Ralph, now grown into a tall, handsome, though rather sickly young man, had brought down a stock of witticisms and anecdotes from London, which he fired off brilliantly enough, being of an age when the teller enjoys the tale even more than his hearers. Supper over—and it was a real good hot affair of the old English and savoury type—nothing would satisfy Mr. Lovett but the broaching of a bottle of Scotch whisky, a present from Farmer Roper, who had received it direct from a brother, who happened to be learning the art of agriculture on the northern side of the Tweed.

Under the benign influence of this nectar tongues soon began to wag all round. Much against her will, Adine was forced to imbibe a wineglass-full, adulterated of course. Her first impression of the liquid was that the water was smoked. Corrected on that point by the superior intelligence of the male sex, she opined that, if it wasn't for the smoke, it would be very nice. Lastly, she regretted in her secret soul that propriety compelled her to decline a second edition.

'Charming spot this,' remarked Mr. Blackley to her, as if to initiate conversation. During the past twenty-four hours he had not addressed to her a dozen sentences in all.

'What, Mudflat?' she exclaimed in undisguised astonishment.

'Certainly. I do not say that it is pretty, and there seems to be some water about, but to a practical man it seems a very capital place. It beats Coldhole in most respects.'

Coldhole was Mr. Blackley's preferment in Essex.

'I thought Coldhole was quite double the value of our living, besides being so near London.'

'I don't mean in respect of income,' he rejoined. 'There, I own, Coldhole is superior. I mean as regards advantages.'

'Advantages!'

'Yes. Only look at your glebe. To a man who really understands farming, it is worth five pounds an acre.'

'Oh, Doré!' cried Adine reproachfully; 'then you've gone and let it to Mr. Roper for less than half its value.'

But Mr. Lovett shook his head. 'I don't think,' he said, 'that any one but Roper would pay our price; and he, poor fellow, pays extra for the sake of sentiment.'

Mr. Blackley begged to differ. He had walked all over the glebe

and was able to speak from close personal observation. That land ought to let higher; and, as far as he was concerned, having farmed the Coldhole glebe, and knowing something of the subject, it was his candid opinion that the land was worth, to a man of intelligence and enterprise, a good five pounds per acre.

'And what are our other advantages?' enquired Adine.

'Climate, for one,' he rejoined.

'That is bad enough,' remarked Ralph, with a sarcastic smile.

Lookers on see the best of the game. Mr. Blackley, to a dispassionate listener, appeared to have a motive in thus eulogising an obviously disagreeable place. Ralph somehow did not give that evil mouth the credit of uttering with a good intent. He related in after-days his impressions of this conversation.

'Nonsense, my good boy,' replied Mr. Blackley. 'Your lungs are delicate, and the country atmosphere tries them. But this sort of place is health compared with Essex. My poor Louey is often quite laid up.'

'So are we,' said Mr. Blackley. 'No, my dear fellow, if you will make comparisons, I venture to assert that Mudflat is about the most unwholesome corner of the earth.'

'I would gladly exchange,' responded Mr. Blackley drily.

'And I too,' asseverated Mr. Lovett.

'What! to our marshes? That would be from the frying-pan into the fire!'

'Besides,' added Adine, innocently, 'Coldhole Rectory is quite a rich living, and this is poor. It would not be fair, would it?'

'It certainly would not be wise to go to Essex for health,' said Mr. Blackley. 'However, seriously, Lovett, if you have any wish to move, I have no doubt it can be arranged. I'll get rid of Coldhole, if you will let me have Mudflat, and——'

'But what 's to become of us?' enquired Adine.

'Well, Mrs. Lovett, I suppose a nice *pied à terre* could be found for you. For instance, there is St. Mary's Lingeville going begging.'

'Lingeville! Oh, how delicious! The very nicest place in the world. Such shops, such dresses, such charming concerts, Doré dear!' Mrs. Lovett was positively excited.

Her Doré, however, although he smiled, did not appear to regard Mr. Blackley's scheme as anything better than a *château en Espagne*.

'I am unfortunately not patron of Mudflat,' he remarked.

'Granted. But your patrons will throw no obstacle in the way. My plan is simple. You exchange Mudflat for Coldhole. The Dean and Chapter present me, whereupon Coldhole becomes vacant. Then Mr. A. B. buys Coldhole—I have, by the way, a man in treaty for it now—and out of the purchase-money I secure you St. Mary's Lingeville, whilst. A. B. pops into Coldhole. A sort of *chassée croisée*, you know.'

'That would be hardly honourable to the Dean and Chapter, would it?' suggested Mr. Lovett.

'I am sure,' interrupted Adine, 'they never treated you with such consideration, that you should regard them at all in the matter!'

'If the Chapter consent to the whole arrangement, I suppose your conscience will not disturb you?' Mr. Blackley's face could hardly conceal the sneer he felt for Mr. Lovett's conscience.

'I should consent to nothing but what was strictly legal,' said Mr. Lovett, almost sternly.

'Pooh! What do the Blankton Cathedral authorities care for Mudflat? I'll answer for it, they regard such patronage as the veriest cipher.'

'Perhaps. But their disregard of this poor little village does not alter my responsibility as a man of honour.'

'No, no, certainly not. Still in these sort of matters it is absurd to be prudish. The London agents carry through this type of negotiation every day. Clever fellows those agents are, too, only a trifle dangerous. Better, perhaps, for the clergy to manage these little arrangements themselves. Suppose now that I sound the Chapter on my return to Blankton? Then if they are agreeable——'

'But what about this church in Lingeville?'

'Yes,' cried Adine. 'Please tell us all about it.' She was very deeply interested in this conversation, and her beautiful eyes were sparkling with more than usual lustre.

'It's what they call an episcopal chapel,' he replied. 'Muckrow held it, and made a pot out of it too. The present holder is a duffer, and has talked the pewholders away. That is the reason why he wants to sell.'

Whisky and water caused Mr. Blackley to drop his conventional polite manner, and to indulge in his mother-tongue—slang.

'I don't think that would suit me,' observed Mr. Lovett, a fairly cautious man.

'Doré!' ejaculated his wife. 'How tiresome you are!'

Then Mr. Blackley adopted a slightly offended tone. 'Indeed! I should have imagined it was the very preferment of all others adapted to your requirements. St. Mary Lingeville is in effect a leasehold property. You tell me that ready money is an object to you'—this with no small spice of sarcasm. 'Mudflat assuredly provides little enough of that luxury, whereas anyone would advance you as much as a thousand pounds on the lease of a valuable property like St. Mary Lingeville, and you have only to exert your abilities in order to fill your pews, whereby you would enjoy a clear income of at least eight or nine hundred a year. However, it does not matter to me. I mean in any case to retire from Coldhole, as it disagrees with both my wife and myself, and I can easily purchase other preferment.'

'Doré,' sighed Adine, 'you won't refuse so capital an offer?' She would have clenched the bargain on the spot.

Mr. Lovett looked grave; the temptation was strong. Ready money now, a good income in prospect, an agreeable and healthy situation, perhaps the chance of high promotion—for Mr. Muckrow had used St. Mary's Lingeville as a stepping-stone—all these baits might have caught a wiser man.

'I will think it over, Blackley,' he said.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

*MUTABILE SEMPER FŒMINA.*

MONDAY morning. Scene, Mr. Chowner's house in the dull old city of Blankton. Present, Mrs. Chowner and Mrs. Horace Blackley. Accessories, chintz furniture.

'I'm sure,' cried the latter lady, whose natural plainness was by no means enhanced by the appearance of temper—'I'm sure, I consider that Horace has behaved extremely ill in leaving me here. He went away for the day, and has remained absent the greater part of a week.'

'There, there,' rejoined Mrs. Chowner, a fattish and torpid specimen of ancient womanhood—'when you're older, my dear, you won't grumble. My motto is, give a man his head, and he'll never kick over the traces. It's your curbs that make 'em restive.'

In early life Mrs. Chowner had been fond of horses and the stable. When she desired to be especially emphatic, she always selected metaphors from her pet subject.

'It's abominable behaviour. He married me for my money, and he doesn't care for me a rush,' whined the young lady.

'Nonsense, my dear! you're a little bit out of temper this morning. That's all. It's the effect of too much church yesterday.' Mrs. Chowner was matter-of-fact. Church bored her intensely, and she rather opined it had the same effect on others.

'No. It's not church,' almost whimpered the ill-used wife. 'I wish I'd never set eyes on that hideous man. I know very well what it is, Mrs. Chowner. I know. He's in love with that Jezebel, Adine Lovett. I've found *that* out long, long ago!'

'Well, my dear,' observed Mrs. Chowner placidly, 'men will be men. Now, I recollect a horse Mr. Chowner once had——'

'But,' cried the excited young lady, 'Horace isn't a horse! I only wish he was. I'd flog him soundly. I'd——'

'Spoil his temper, no doubt,' interrupted Mrs. Chowner. 'It's the way with you heavy-handed rough-riders.'

'I hate that designing Adine,' said Mrs. Blackley, tossing her head majestically.

'Hate her you may, if you care to,' rejoined Mrs. Chowner, whose energies had never risen to the extent of hating a single soul. 'It's absurd, however, to be jealous of her. You know, as well as I do, that she married her husband for love, and so I suppose she is in love with him still. Girls are generally very obstinate in their likes.'

'She's a heartless flirt,' was the reply.

'Harmless enough,' yawned Mrs. Chowner, not much relishing to hear Adine abused. In her own bland way, she preferred Mr. Lovett's to Mr. Blackley's wife. Comparing the rival charms of beauty and wealth, the good lady assigned the palm to beauty. Not that she omitted ever to do proper homage to money.

Oh, no, Mrs. Chowner was a lawyer's wife, and faithful to her husband's principles and practice.

'They've robbed us of several hundred pounds,' continued Mrs. Blackey; 'and I could swear'—this in a whisper, as if the stronger the language the more *piano* should be the sound of its utterance—'I could swear that, if we only knew the truth, Horace has been cajoled by that sly, artful, vile thing.'

'No he hasn't,' answered Mrs. Chowner bluntly. 'I'm quite aware of all the facts of the case. If he has lost by Mr. Lovett, it is his own fault. He *offered* to lend him money.'

'We don't know the rights of the case,' remarked the other, sententiously.

'I'm truly sorry for the poverty of those poor Lovetts,' said Mrs. Chowner, attempting by a side-wind to change the current of a conversation too strong for her nerves. 'You ought to be thankful, Louise, that you are so well off.'

'I'm not well off,' snapped the other. 'No one is well off with an indifferent husband.'

'Well, well, Louise, you know your plain duty is to make the best of matters. Perhaps you ain't very fortunate in your husband. He is not so clever, or so interesting, or so manly as Mr. Lovett; but then——'

'Mrs. Chowner, how *can* you? How *dare* you?' interrupted Mrs. Blackley. It needed only for any one to disparage her beloved Horace to extract the true state of her feelings for that individual, which was in reality one of blind devotion, tempered, as we have seen, by chronic grumbling.

Mrs. Chowner stared at her in mute surprise. Being one of a class who generally say what they mean, she failed to realise a paradox. 'Confound the girl!' she thought. 'She evidently wanted me to join her in abusing her husband, and now I've said a simple truth she's up on end.' She was too far surprised to answer, and her opponent had it all her own way.

'It's very wrong of you to abuse my dear Horace behind his back; very wrong indeed, Mrs. Chowner, and I won't listen to it.'

'Why, my good girl,' exclaimed the elder lady, 'I didn't mean to abuse Mr. Blackley. If I'd said one-half as much as you have——'

But at this juncture, on hearing a footstep on the stairs, Mrs. Blackley suddenly started from her seat, and with a cry of 'Goodness gracious, he's come!' rushed to the door, and embraced her husband, who entered, in a style more demonstrative than elegant.

'How d'ye do, Mrs. Chowner? There, there, Louey, that'll do!'

The ill-used wife had already begun to fawn on her lord like a well-thrashed spaniel, to the utter bewilderment of poor Mrs. Chowner, who had anticipated a very different scene.

That was reserved for the privacy of the bedchamber.

'I've got a bit of good news for you, Louey,' said Mr. Blackley, as he deposited her on a sofa for the sake of peace.

'Please tell!' she cried, clapping her hands.

'We are not to go back to Coldhole. I have definitely arranged with Lovett to take his living in return for a church I shall procure for him at Lingeville.'

'But Mudflat is a horrible place,' cried his wife, at once crest-fallen.

'It's delightful,' he answered. 'The land is worth five pounds an acre.'

## CHAPTER XV.

### *CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.*

Horace Blackley came of a sharp, trading, not to say unscrupulous, stock. Like his father before him, he never missed a chance. Quite independent of a secret desire to get his friend Lovett completely in his power—to ruin, or to patronise, according to circumstances—he really appreciated the commercial value of Mudflat glebe. So he set to work to effect the proposed exchange in earnest. He talked to the Bishop, and threw the requisite dust in that spiritual peer's eyes. He forwarded testimonials to the Dean and Chapter of Blankton, and, by dint of specious rather than veracious representations, obtained their sanction as patrons. Lastly, he entered into treaty for the immediate purchase of St. Mary's Lingeville, the famous episcopal chapel, the owner of which, a certain Mr. Bulps, a literate clergyman, was extremely desirous of parting with his property—the aforesaid property having recently failed to pay its expenses.

One morning Mr. Lovett received a letter from Mr. Blackley, dated Coldhole, to the effect that the negotiation might now be regarded as

complete. A certain Mr. Gubbins, a retired attorney, had agreed to buy Coldhole advowson, with a view of appointing his son, who had just taken priest's orders. Mr. Bulps was more than eager to barter away St. Mary's Lingeville, and all other preliminaries were satisfactorily settled. It now remained for Mr. Lovett to take the initiative by resigning Mudflat vicarage in favour of his friend and well-wisher, the writer.

It was a saint's day, and, according to the custom he had introduced, there was morning service in the church. It happened that Adine was out of sorts, and unable to attend that function, so, having read the letter, he hurried off to his duty alone.

After church he ran against good Farmer Roper, who came on these occasions, 'not,' he was wont to say, 'that he believed in summuch public wusship, as because he desired to support his passon.' Farmer Roper always stopped for a civil word after service. He never emitted a *copia verborum*, but his words were meant to correspond with his actions. Both were genuine.

'Looks pretty middling this morning, sir, you does,' he said.

'Middling,' translated into English, means ill; 'pretty middling,' decidedly ill. Perhaps the critical news had turned Mr. Lovett's cheek pale.

'I'm afraid, Roper, Mudflat doesn't agree with us. Mrs. Lovett is not at all well to-day. In fact I—I'm thinking about moving.'

'Well, sir, a change like will do 'ee both good.'

'Yes, Roper, but when people go away they don't always come back again.' He felt shy of talking about actually leaving his home for ever. Perhaps he remembered that poor Roper had been spending money heavily on the glebe land, and that another vicar might act unfairly by the honest farmer.

'Never fear!' cried Roper cheerfully. 'You're one of the right sort; you've put your 'and to the plough, and ain't a going to turn back. No, Muster Lovick, you be a bit squeamish like in yourself. Take a holyday for a time, sir, never mind about no curits. I bo churchwarden; I'll read summat good out of The Book to the people of a Sunday in the schoolroom. Law bless you, they 'll like it just as well, and better, for they'll be in time for their dinners!'

But Mr. Lovett shook his head sadly.

'Muster Lovick,' continued the farmer, determined not to be foiled—'Sir, I be only a ignorant country feller, so doan't 'ee take offence. But if it's a matter of ways and means as keeps thee at home when thou shouldst by rights be away, dang it! take six months' rent of the farm in advance. I'm agreeable; say the word, and I'll fetch thee thy money this very blessed day as ever is.'

Quite excited was Farmer Roper, and, as the reader will perceive, as thorough and true a specimen of a British yeoman as you could wish to meet.

But the clergyman only turned paler than before, and his hand quivered strangely as he declined this liberal offer. Then he hurried back to his wife in a very uneasy and perplexed frame of mind.

Not a little indignant was Adine to find that at the last moment his resolution was shaken. The imagination of a life in Lingeville, amid pretty women and prettier dresses, herself the cynosure of all things seriously gay, and gaily serious, had been for days most acceptable to her young brain. She refused to listen to a syllable of caution, or a note of alarm.

Whereupon he began to make excuses. Blackley had been guilty of indecent haste in a matter of such serious import. He must confess, too, that he felt conscientious scruples about leaving his people, to whom he was much attached. Lastly, it was a grave question as to whether Blackley would respect Farmer Roper's strong moral claim to the glebe land.

Adine replied, curtly, that Mr. Blackley's haste was occasioned by fear lest the Lingeville Chapel should pass into other hands; that, as regards conscience, he ought to consider her health and happiness before the boors of a country village; whilst, as for Mr. Roper, he was quite man of business enough to manage his own affairs; further, that if, matters having gone so far, he were to break faith with and disappoint Mr. Blackley, that gentleman would be justly incensed, and would certainly demand the money due to him, which was not forthcoming.

This last feather broke the camel's back.

'I shall go to Blankton, and take Chowner's advice to-morrow,' said Mr. Lovett, and he wrote to that effect to Mr. Blackley, adding that, subject to the approval of the Blankton lawyer, he was prepared to resign—making, however, *in limine*, one honourable stipulation, viz. that Mr. Roper, under the new *régime*, was not to be dispossessed, or disturbed in his tenancy of the glebe farm.

On the following morning, just before starting to drive to the nearest station, some miles distant, he received an epistle from young Ralph in London. It ran as follows:

'My dear Sir,—You will be surprised to hear that I have got my first pupil, and still more so when I tell you who that pupil is. Imagine, then, your humble servant, with a small tenor voice, giving instruction to Captain Hawder—the same Captain Hawder who was formerly quartered in Blankton. He has a very gruff bass, and is a bad reader, with a most incorrect notion of time. Please give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Lovett, and tell her that I keep my ears open to hear something new for her, every time I am lucky enough to obtain a ticket for Mdme. Schumann or M. Hallé.

'I remain, ever your grateful friend,

'S. E. RALPH.

'PS. By the way, a bit of gossip. Captain H. has divulged that his family have bullied him into an engagement with the eldest Miss Block. Somehow she has come into some money. From her he has heard of your exchange of livings, and he asserts that Mr. Blackley is a blackguard, and will take advantage of you if he can. So be forewarned.'

In the course of an hour and a half, the road and rail took Theodore Lovett within sight of the pinnacles and spires of the old cathedral city.

Alone in the second-class carriage, he had ample time for reflection. He felt very irresolute, and the nearer he drew to resignation of his benefice, the less he liked the notion. It somehow appeared financially a risk, morally a dubious question, and spiritually something equivalent to a sin. Yet, on the other hand, he did not like to dash the hopes Adine had raised for herself, nor could he count on the consequences of offending Horace Blackley. He recollected that a living may be sequestrated for debt, and if once he found himself in that condition, good-bye to his just influence as vicar for ever after.

'I will state the case fairly to Chowner,' he said to himself, 'and I will be guided wholly and entirely by his judgment of what is right and safe.'

In a few minutes he was at the lawyer's door, in front of which were standing two carriages. He recognised them as belonging to the chief medicine men of Blankton.

'What is the matter?' he enquired of the servant.

'Mr. Chowner, sir, dangerously hill, sir. Had a parylytic stroke an hour ago.'

Mr. Lovett turned away sick at heart, and sorry. He had lost his one honest adviser.

[*To be continued.*]

# The Lass o' Logie Lea.

By the late John Lyall.

The following poem, left by its author in an unfinished state, was, through the kindness of Mrs. Charles Coles, formerly the wife of Captain John Lyall, of Logie, Forfarshire, given to a friend, by whom it has been altered to its present form.—Ed.

O first I loved my bonny Jessie
Where Esk maist fondly flows,
An' ah! she was a fair sweet lassie
As ony flower that blows;
Sae pure and true, sae wise and winning,
Aye, when she looks on me,
I wish my arms were round entwining
The Lass o' Logie Lea!

Chorus.

The Lass o' Logie Lea,
The bonny lass o' Logie Lea,
The fair sweet lass o' Logie Lea;
I wish my arms were round entwining
The Lass o' Logie Lea!

Oh varra dear are sunbeams pouring
Through Logie's larches green,
And dearer still the moonbeam's showering
At eve o'er Logie's glen;
Are a' maist lovely, sweet and bonny,
But oh—I know—to me,
Her smile is worth them a' or ony,
The Lass o' Logie Lea.
The Lass o' Logie Lea, &c.

A glowing spell enchains me to her
Though half the warld's between,
And still by Logie's braes I view her,
And Logie's larches green;
Then let nae wrang or wae assail her
Till frae the foamy sea,
Wi' rapturous bliss again I hail her,
The Lass o' Logie Lea.
The Lass o' Logie Lea, &c.

# PAINTING AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THAT congeries of buildings in red brick and terra-cotta (to the architectural interest of which one cannot in passing do justice), now environing the Horticultural Gardens of South Kensington, has within the past month begun to make evident the reasons of its existence. Into the ends and aims of the mysterious volitions which preside over the site, the public at most times neither cares nor dares to probe. Exhibitions open and close, commissioners scheme and counter-scheme, art and science usurp a whole suburb unawares; a colosseum of pious dedication looms where the gardens of Blessington House, not so long ago, were haunted by no more reverend shade than that of D'Orsay; arcaded and windowless galleries stretch straight and solidly along from either flank of the colosseum down to the dismantled halls of earlier exhibitions; and all the while people scarcely know or ask what all this activity is for. But by-and-by comes a day when Royal presences are advertised, and loyal crowds flock together to see, and cabinet ministers and beefeaters stand by, and trumpets blow, and prayers are said, and addresses read, and flags waved, and a new abode of culture is declared open in the name of the nations and the late Prince Consort. History has belied the auspices of '51; rivalries of peace have not superseded rivalries of war; neither has the angel of international concord come to dwell in the sanctuaries that have been prepared for her. There is a grotesque opposition between the prophecies of the first International Exhibition and the circumstances of the latest. The philanthropic expansion, the laureate congratulations to which precedent had accustomed us, have perforce been wanting this time. But one likes to hope that the practical value of the new order of exhibition will not be less in proportion to the reduced flourish and excitement that have attended it. A jubilee year of the nations now and again was all very well, but half its glory lay in anticipations which time has proved hollow, and part of its object in the advertisement of flash products. More good may probably enough be done, and done more quietly and seriously, by the institution of permanent new

galleries like these, to which (according to the programme) selected pictures and sculptures of all nations shall be sent every year, and subordinate art products, equally selected, in an established yearly rotation. The one necessity for the success of such a programme seems to be that the selecting bodies should first be properly chosen, and next left unhampered and absolute in their action.

South Kensington, like higher dispensations, no doubt presents much which human presumption is moved to criticise. One would be glad to see these things done on more intelligible principles, with less of surprise, through the initiative of persons less unknown except in relation to their special cycle of achievements and projects, with more assured discrimination in the application of funds, with more part taken by lovers of Art at large, with less of Court homage and appeal to an eponymous and princely founder. But in a country where it is so hard to get things done at all; where society at large, and the Legislature, as a reflection of society, want all worthiness of idea and enterprise when it is a question of art monuments or collections—in such a state of things you do well to be grateful for what you can get, with a scale of gratitude adjusted according to what would else have been left undone, rather than to what might under an ideal system have been done. Generally, when you come to test the issue of those machinations which Saturday Reviewers regard with such morbid suspicion—when the projects of the Department or of the Commissioners come into evidence—you find that the balance has to be struck to the credit of those occult and maligned bodies; it turns out that in the main they have been deserving not ill but well of their country, in doing their best by hook or crook to push among us the knowledge of and desire for things which are the charm of civilisation and the crown of industry. It is at this moment our business, in as few and general words as possible, to tell the student of painting what is to be looked for at their last instituted palace of art, and what impressions await the sightseers who in these days are haunting (with no immoderate pressure or curiosity) the two main side galleries of the place and their devious corridors of approach.

In the first place, then, the authorities have scored a clear success in the construction of their great galleries. For *coup d'œil* and general effect there is nothing here, it is true, to compare with previous Universal Expositions, either French or English; but for the business-like purpose of showing pictures to advantage, those on the other hand could not compare with this. They are probably the very best lighted galleries in the world, with an equal excellence of light on either wall, just full enough in dull weather, and just soft enough in bright; and that is of itself a fact to ensure the favour of artists and make certain of a future abundance of contributions from the best class of exhibitors. But it is a great pity (notwithstanding the Tribune of the Uffizj and other famous precedents) that the plan of arranging

sculptures and paintings in the same galleries should have had to be adopted. In a picture gallery the eye needs nothing so much as repose between wall and wall; neither are any impressions less mutually enhancing than those of marble and canvas, with the latter serving as background to the former. One cannot help fretting with the wish that the statues and objects in glass cases encumbering the floor should be swept, their pedestals and they, into some more appropriate sphere. Another grievance which the student has to protest against is the extreme faultiness of the official catalogue, which, taken together with the microscopic scale of the number labels, makes it constantly impossible to recognise the reference which one is seeking.

Thus much of exception taken, let us glance along the English wing, and see how far the examples collected may be said fairly to represent English art as it is, and what sort of a show they make. One's first impression is that here is a fair pick from many remembered Exhibitions in Trafalgar Square and Burlington House, with an advantage added to individual works in the shape of a much better light for showing them. Here, for example, is Mr. Walker's 'Bathers,' little better than skied at its first exhibition, and now retouched, put under glass, and hung close to the spectator's eye. This is a picture emphatically marking an era in English painting—the first example in which a subtle and dignified sense of beauty and a delicate power of drawing, exercised at first in the practice of wood illustration and afterwards of water-colour, were brought to bear upon the more serious scale and medium, and proclaimed the development of an exquisite talent, which has since inspired something like a school of followers. The picture wants directness of execution, but it has almost everything else. It perfectly reconciles realism with loveliness by putting into the gesture and character of every one of these naked or half-dressed schoolboys—some puffing and bobbing in the water, others preparing for the plunge, others looking for their clothes, others letting themselves dry enjoyingly in the golden summer air—just the touch of nobility, just the Greek breath of grace and perfectness, for which nature gives the fugitive hint, but which it needs the inmost instinct of the artist to seize, perpetuate, accent. Its flesh tones are glowing and lovely, its background of ripple and sallow full of light and summer—a picture, despite some technical puzzledness and immaturity, that would be precious in any school and is doubly precious in our own. Quite as noble and quite as full of nature is Mr. Walker's other (last year's) picture of 'The Plough,' with its grand little figures and horses, its rich sense of bursting spring, and the luminous intensity of its crimson-clouded sunset; although not so satisfactory for those who think that within the four corners of a picture-frame a balanced system and unity of colour-distribution are not less rigorously to be demanded than nature or nobleness either. Opposite 'The Bathers' hangs one of the best and most thoughtful of Mr. V. Prinsep's pictures—his Venetian

gaming scene, in which the colour of lamplight upon rich stuffs and jewels is given with much ability, and the expression of passion also has some share of three qualities the most wanted for the expression of passion in painting—insight, intensity, and reserve. One of Mr. Leighton's most complete and dignified recent pictures—the 'Weeping Electra' of '68—looks as good as ever; the only example of the more luxurious side of his talent is a little 'Mermaid,' in which the rich-blooded human figure of the youth is full of spirit and colour, but there is something curiously dreadful in azure scaliness of the exhibited commencement of the siren's extremities. Mr. Millais sends a brilliant child group in blue and white, as well as his 'Errant Knight' of last year, in which the figure of the captive damsel has been taken out and completely repainted in another attitude, but which, with all its power, is not and cannot be a satisfactory or successful picture. A tree exquisitely, and a suit of armour slashingly painted; the head and hands of a warrior full of character and solid colour—those are the desirable constituents in the picture; but those have to be set against a weak system of light and shade, an uncomfortable poverty of invention, and, above all, against a poor conception of the female nude, and a really cheap as well as unpleasant realism in the treatment of it. The change seems to me so far only an improvement as the air and attitude of the captive are less unconcerned and unabashed than they were; though perhaps it is a question whether facial pallor in her would not better express the emotions of the situation than this suffusion does. Mr. Watts sends a dignified but somewhat sombre 'Esau,' and some of his best male portraits, including that of Carlyle, which is one of his finest masterpieces as to colour and modelling, though out, I think, in its apprehension of character. Then of pictures which all the world knows, and is glad to see again, there is Mr. Poynter's great 'Israel in Egypt.' There are two contrasting examples of Mr. Poole's manner which it is interesting to compare. 'The Visitation and Surrender of Syon Nunnery' is a picture painted long ago, in ordinary keys of colour, without any of the special tenderness or poetry of sentiment which nowadays accompany, in Mr. Poole's work, a system of colour by which daylight looks like moonlight, so that one would say that the artist worked with green spectacles. It is without style in drawing or composition, but full of that dramatic shrewdness and vigorous thinking which in English historical art has so long been held to make up for the want of these. The other picture, from the 'Decameron,' on the other hand, is perhaps the best of Mr. Poole's green sentiment pictures, with an exquisite loveliness and look of music and whispering ravishment given to some of the faces of youths and maidens. Of the deceased or now aged masters, who by their individualities illustrated the British school in what I should call the days of its stagnation, thirty years ago, Maclise is represented, not well, by an austere life-sized illustra-

tion of Byron; Dyce by an accomplished imitation of Italian religious work, which has been before the public several times already; Landseer, by a picture of Van Amburgh and his lions, full of expression, and interesting enough as to its subject, but of a wonderfully wooden surface, and showing that at this time he had not acquired his subsequent mastery in painting the furs and skin textures of beasts.

But time and space warn us to have done with individual detail, and proceed to answer such questions as to generalities as will present themselves. Does this west gallery of the International Exhibition represent adequately the English art of to-day, and would it give a foreign visitor, whose last acquaintance with English painting should be a dozen or fifteen years old, a sufficient idea of what has been the movement of our school in the meantime? I should say not. English art is at all times so much a matter of individual character, is so dispersed in its aims, and so irreconcileably diverse in its manifestations, that it is hard to be sure of one's ground in describing its movements. But I think it may be broadly said that, within the last dozen or fifteen years, English painting has made a progress, chiefly in two directions—in the direction of imaginative elevation, and in the direction of decorative style and beauty. With the Pre-Raphaelite movement had been associated the names that have since done most to help our school in the direction of imaginative elevation; the study of foreign schools, and personal predilections towards classical precedents in design, have helped us in the direction of pictorial rhythm and exquisiteness of style. Now the living Englishmen who have done most in the imaginative or intellectual kind are scarcely represented: this Exhibition has not drawn Mr. D. G. Rossetti or Mr. F. M. Brown from their artistic seclusion; none of the work of Mr. E. B. Jones appears on the walls, and of things done in something like their spirit there are only two pieces by Mr. Spencer Stanhope (ill hung, but of great power and colour) and a head by Miss Spartali, so that our foreigner would here have no opportunity of studying this most interesting development of the art of painting among us. From the other side Mr. Moore with his Greek nobility of design, his abstract and limited system of colour, is absent too; Mr. Mason with his tender and glowing sentiment in landscape and figures; Mr. Whistler with his powerful legerdemain and capricious Japanesery. When we speak of Mr. Watts and Mr. Leighton as exhibiting, and again of Mr. Walker, and again of Mr. Poynter, and again even of Mr. Armitage, it follows that neither the poetical impulse, nor the impulse towards style, correctness, and dignity is by any means unrepresented; I only wish to note that they are not represented in a way to do full justice to what I hope is their growing value and significance among us. On the other hand, every visitor would recognise some diminution, although not a disappearance, of the old melancholy style of art, alike without beauty and without mind, which served over and over its

eternal Maries and Elizabeths and Stuarts and Wolseys and cavaliers and roundheads, seeking historical and narrative interest in clumsy gesture and superficial expression, and pictorial attractiveness in all the paraphernalia of the theatrical costumier—in bag-wigs, periwigs, and bobwigs, buff coats and slashed breeches and doublets, rapiers and shoe-buckles, frills, stomacher, and fardingales, Spanish hats and feathers—all with no eye to real charm of colour, preciousness, or harmony, or anything better than a fussy and garish picturesque. Pathetic or unctuous domesticity, its point driven home with that fatal emphasis that comes from a national infirmity, from a want of that alacrity and subtlety of the mental sensibilities, or *esprit*, for which the English language has not so much as a name—this is to be seen in almost as many examples as ever. Mr. Faed is here, with several of his more elaborate scenes of Scottish cottage pathos, of the class which has won him so much popularity with a public that likes its sentiment strong. Mr. Horsley's modern English reading of the parable of the Prodigal is also to be found; with not a few other of the subject-pieces for years most characteristic of the 'line' in annual exhibitions; of which the meaning, whether grave or gay, seems addressed to the *naris obesa* of persons unable to take a hint, and the aspect to such as have only learnt to use their eyes for obvious information about the station and predicaments of persons, and not at all for subtler observation or refined enjoyment of colours and lineaments.

In landscape, there are only one or two names at all adequately represented. We can watch the growth of a fine and tender talent in Mr. H. W. B. Davis, from his early and laboriously finished 'Ambleteuse Bay' down to his broader and more confident 'Moonrise' of this year; and can look again at the mighty rushing of peat-coloured waters, the powerful if somewhat overcharged foam and gloom and grandeur of Mr. Peter Graham's 'Highland Spate.'

After crossing round by the aquariums and aquatic models, the building materials, the refreshment rooms, and the Meyrick armour exhibition, into the southern end of the east galleries, where the French pictures are, you find yourself at once in a new atmosphere. Dire events have prevented the contribution of half the French paintings that had been hoped for; and of those that are here the public had already had a chance of studying a good part in M. Ruel's gallery in Bond Street. But it is fortunate, considering their numbers, that such works as have been collected belong chiefly to the two most interesting schools or phases of modern French art, to the colour and romance school descending from Delacroix, and the landscape school descending, a little more remotely, from the English masters Constable, Bovington, and their fellows. Of Delacroix himself there are several examples, of which the most striking is the 'Amende Honorable,' a sombre and spacious church-interior, with a bishop enthroned and files of Dominicans dragging up a woman before him for judgment. The figures are small and the space

large, and there is high intensity of power in the character and expression given to both, and the way in which vague shafts of light strike down through the gloom upon the ominous company. The brilliant historical piece of Mirabeau and the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, painted in 1831, errs a little perhaps on the side of caricature; and in one or two other scraps, such as No. 1197, one has a touch of that sentiment of devilry, sometimes cruel, sometimes shameless, sometimes grotesque, which marks above all things the reckless spirit of the modern French genius. Of course you encounter the strongest example of this when (as you are looking perhaps with melancholy reflections at M. Landelles' quiet little picture of the crowd saluting the statue of Strasburg) an awful spatter of blood strikes you in the face from M. Régnault's great canvas, and you wonder at the inhuman nerve which has enabled him to paint it so, not less than at the almost premature mastery of design and potency of colour displayed in the self-sought and thoroughly conquered difficulties of the swarthy figure with its draperies of yellow and rose, and the illuminated rose and yellow of its background of Moorish architecture. Another imposing master in a similar school of colour is M. Roybet: I mean the school at the head of which stand Delacroix and Géricault, and which for pure force and relative effect in the use and juxtaposition of pigments has scarcely been surpassed. But with all its force and skill it differs from the greatest colour schools in this, that it paints its shadows black, as shadows are not, and as the Venetians never made them; and again that it seeks only individual force and relative harmony in its masses of colour, without caring about that jewelled preciousness of passages and glowing mystery of surface, that rich exquisiteness of quality and method, which are the special prerogative of oil-painting. This the Venetian colourists had to a supreme degree; this a few of the best English colourists, but not those of any other modern school, have endeavoured to get. Thus a French colourist is almost always more impressive than he is either truthful or delightful—witness, for an instance, the grand 'Concert' of M. Roybet hung over M. Brown's large picture of 'Marshal Saxe.' Examples of marvellous brush-power and *savoir faire*, but still not of richness or delightfulness, are again to be found in the still-life studies of painters such as MM. Vollon and Bonvin. The single picture of Gustave Doré—his first and best oil-painting, called "La Famille Saltimbanque'—is hardly hung as it deserves; this is a work quite full of intense character and a pathos half bitter and half tender, not farcical or exaggerated; and although painted by no means with mastery, it is really *painted*, and does not resemble the mere slashing counterfeit of most works done by this artist since he allowed his genius to be depraved by popularity. Of well-known and often exhibited French pieces we have the perpetual 'Marie Antoinette' of Delaroche, the 'Marguérite' of Scheffer; also Rosa Bonheur's portrait of herself and bull, and M. Gérome's excellent

'Carpet-seller.' There are few large or important figure-pictures, but many that students will note with interest as examples of aims which may not be the noblest, but which are always *art* aims, always directed to rendering some specific impression of the alert mind or senses, not dull or groping like so much of our own work; and making up, by absolute immunity from *bêtise*, for considerable deficiencies in conscience. In French landscape, the honours are clearly carried off by Corot, the exquisite master of pearly out-door harmonies, whose monotony is unfailingly delightful, and whose old age seems more vigorous than his youth. Among so many lovely and subtly felt visions of sheltered watercourses and sleeping farms, and gentle furry slopes between the hazel grove and the alder bank, and faint veils of mist mingling in tender concord the colours of hill-spur and wood and pasturage; and flowers peering vaguely about the foreground; and little homely mythic shapes of Love or Dryad hanging from an arch of boughs or sporting about a secret and embosomed temple—among so many, I say, of these, it is needless to pick out one or two as special instances of delightful feeling and delicate painting, together with real soundness, knowledge, and study of nature, not brandished or insisted on, but held in reserve and subordinated to the production of a harmonious imaginative impression. M. Daubigny, whose manner, and mastery of effects, whether of daylight, sunset, or moonlight tone, are by this time pretty well known in England, is strongly represented also; as are the very uneven and sometimes extraordinary powerful Jules Dupré and the deceased masters Rousseau and Troyon. All these landscapes, leaving out quantities of detail, show a very different, and to any spectator the analytic part of whose perceptions is more developed than the emotional part, a very much less just and comprehensive aim than English contemporary landscape, with its scientific scope and somewhat dogged realism. In the meantime, the one principle does give us always delightful works of art, the other only too often works that to the present writer seem neither of art nor delightful.

German painting is not strongly represented at this Exhibition. Neither the old high art school of Cornelius nor the new romance school of Piloty put in any strong appearance from Munich; nor yet does the Düsseldorf school of *genre* and history. We have one notable work, the 'Union of Lüblin,' by J. Matteyko, the largest history picture of the Exhibition, and in truth one of very extraordinary vigour and very considerable expressiveness, having its multitude of costumed and dignified figures disposed and coloured with the most ready and unembarrassed pictorial energy. Landscapes painted with much learning and fidelity, but without much instinct or emotion, are the most prominent of other German contributions; and among them, Count Kalckreuth's pair of Lucerne scenes may be taken as showing the maximum kind of merit.

Among Italian works again, a few grave and finely-felt landscapes

like those of SS. Costa and Vertumni (hung, by the way, in the English section) will give more pleasure than a luridly-coloured historical composition on a great scale by Signor Ademollo, or the equally ambitious 'Entombment' of Signor Ciseri, or the somewhat academical elegance of Signor Baccani, or Signor Amiconi's somewhat flimsy voluptuousness.

The Belgian school is a great favourite with Englishmen, and its members are represented here in very considerable strength. Happily there are no melodramatic 'Egmonts' to debauch the public taste in admiration of M. Gallait; the largest Belgian piece of the Academical kind is M. Slingeneyer's 'Shipwreck of Camoens,' and is not very impressive, although very full of knowledge and drawing. M. Portaels is very much more vigorous than in any work we have lately seen, with his large 'Box at the Opera,' while M. Van Lerius presents in his 'Godiva,' and his other picture of an angry Spanish lady, a complete example of the juncture of academical acquisition with empty and unpleasant pretentiousness. The austere traditions of Leys are represented in several works of De Vriendt, not one of the most powerful of his pupils. But the strength of the Belgian gallery is not to be sought in any of these so much as in the exquisite *décor* painting of M. A. Stevens; or again in the unsurpassed dog pictures of M. J. Stevens; or the sparkling humour and solid painting of Ad. Dillens; or the two very life-like portraits by M. Cluysenaer; or, better still, the landscapes of Mdlle. Marie Collart—almost too masculine in vigour of tone and daring of execution—or the larger, careful, and beautifully felt landscapes of De Schampeleere, Count T'chaggeny, and Lamorinière; or M. Delbeke's most quiet and original little picture called 'Selecting the Victim.'

By this time we have come round to the north end of the east galleries and the approaches of the Albert Hall; and have recorded, roughly and insufficiently enough, a set of undigested impressions received in the main picture halls of the new International Exhibition. For anything like a critical account of a hundred interesting things that we have passed over in these, and a hundred more that need hunting for where they are dispersed among subsidiary passages and avenues, there would have been needed thrice the space and time that have been at my disposal. On the whole I think it has to be concluded that, while none of the foreign schools, except perhaps the Belgian, are here at their strongest, and while much that is most valuable in contemporary English work is unrepresented, the English work that is here may be said (so far as any comparison is possible between things disparate in their general aim) to hold its own well enough against the foreign, and to make up by force of individuality and of a certain kind of conscientiousness, for that which it loses in comparison with the sensitive intelligence and brilliant instincts of one foreign school or the grave discipline of another.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

# Supernatural Oddities.

Having been born in the month of March, I am personally beneath supernatural notice, in so far that, according to the accepted rule—verified up to the present time—I can never see a ghost. Observing, therefore, what are called supernatural phenomena from an unprejudiced standpoint, I am struck with the fact, which may be of some importance in an apparently interminable discussion, that those phenomena which have been most credibly attested have been by no means the most reasonable. The only two ghost stories which ever came to me first hand, and which defied cross-examination or sceptical suggestion, were supremely ridiculous; whereas the exquisite fabrics which ought to be true constantly break down when cautiously examined.

Spiritualists have instinctively seen this weakness of what we may call the 'ghost position' and have endeavoured to amend it by the construction of a system of regular and rational intercourse with departed spirits. Such a system is of course the only one consonant with the advanced reason of our times. We of this century will not sit all night in cold churchyards, upon the chance of hearing a sheeted ghost 'squeak and gibber;' nor visit haunted rooms to get a fright from 'the white lady,' or see some unpleasant murder acted over again, if in all these things there is nothing for our profit. On the contrary, we much prefer to invite our friends to an evening party—*séance* they call it, and one has to pay for admission sometimes—where at the proper juncture the attendant ghosts shall be summoned to make themselves agreeable by answering riddles, finding out the names of any people one may think of, and writing messages on little slips of paper.

Being, then, driven back upon our old stories of the supernatural, we are, so far as I have been able to observe, confronted with the fact that the most rational and well connected are not the best attested, and that those which are best supported by evidence are comparatively ridiculous. As the eyes of political persons are now turned towards the East, and Constantinople is once more a centre of interest, we may as well take one instance of a compact piece of supernaturalism from

the hippodrome or *atmeidan* of that city. At one end of this hippodrome stands, or stood till within very recent years, a brass column, made of a twist of three serpents. The heads of the serpents are now broken off, but were comparatively perfect at the end of the seventeenth century, and one is preserved in the armoury of the church of St. Irene. Not to delay longer on the image itself, let us see what the inimitable De Quincey has to say about it. De Quincey was a man not likely to leave a tradition mutilated as to any of its parts. He says:

'We may pass . . . to that great talisman of Constantinople, the triple serpent (having, perhaps, an original reference to the Mosaic serpent of the wilderness which healed the infected by the simple act of looking upon it). This great consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by Pagan, and by Mahometan, was struck on the head by Mahomet II. on that same day, May 29, 1453, in which he mastered by storm this glorious city, the bulwark of Eastern Christendom. . . . In the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station, and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical sultan, riding to his stirrups in blood, and wielding that iron mace which had been his sole weapon as well as cognisance through the battle, advanced to the column round which the triple serpent soared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman; he shattered one head, he left it mutilated as the record of his great revolution; but crush it, destroy it he did not—as a symbol prefiguring the fortunes of Mahometanism: his people noticed that in the critical hour of fate which stamped the sultan's acts with efficacy through ages, he had been prompted by his secret genius only to "scotch the snake" not to crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mahometan prophecies about the Adrianople gate of Constantinople to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all its insolence. The very haughtiest of the Mussulmans believe that the gate is already in existence through which the Red Giaours (*Russi*) shall pass to the conquest of Stamboul, and that everywhere, in Europe at least, the hat of Frangistan is destined to surmount the turban, the Crescent to go down before the Cross.'

The beauty and the completeness of this are so remarkable, and the event predicted is so likely of fulfilment that one hardly cares to cross-examine it in any way. Nevertheless, its inaccuracies are such as to greatly damage its integrity. It is, in fact, a compound of separate parts pieced together—originally so far as I know—by De Quincey himself. In the first place, as to the triple serpent itself, we must at once dismiss the ingenious conjecture that the origin of this image was derivatively connected with the Mosaic serpent. This three-headed serpent was originally the work of the Greeks, chiefly the Lacedæmonians, after their victory over Mardonius at Platæa. For centuries it stood quite close to the altar at Delphi and was surmounted by a golden

tripod. The gold was plundered by the Phocians in the Sacred War, and the stand was taken by Constantine and placed in its present position in his new capital. It bears a Doric inscription to the effect that it is dedicated to the god Apollo by the Greek States which took part in the Persian war. Gibbon says that the Turks regarded these serpents as the idols or talismans of the city, but he says nothing about the veneration of the Christian and the Pagan for them. He adds that Mahomet II., 'as a trial of strength,' shattered with his iron mace the under jaw of one of these monsters, but makes no mention of the ill omen attaching to the incompleteness of the destruction. In truth, seeing that, after ages of accumulation of earth round the base, and after the loss of the top part, the column in 1852 was still sixteen feet out of the ground, the sultan would have had no easy task had he attempted a complete demolition. More probable is it that in the wantonness of destruction he hit at it a blow as he passed, and that the under jaw of the nearest head was the highest point he could reach. Even this he does not appear to have greatly damaged, for when the serpents were seen by Spon and Wheeler in 1675 they were described as still 'perfect,' and their illustration gives the three unmutilated heads. So far as to the image.

The 'Mahometan' prophecies of which De Quincey speaks were not Mahometan at all, nor did they, at the time we first hear of them, in any way predict the triumph of the 'hat of Frangistan'—changed, let us hope, to some less fearful shape than that now fashionable—nor the debasement of the Crescent before the Cross. But in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries Constantinople suffered successive invasions of Russians, who came down the Borysthenes in innumerable boats. The terror they excited was great, and at about the commencement of the eleventh century we find the common people of Constantinople impressed with the belief that an equestrian statue in the square Taurus —which had been brought from Antioch and was supposed to represent either Joshua or Bellerophon, being in all probability as much like one as the other—was secretly inscribed with a prophecy that the Russians in the last days should become masters of Constantinople. This prophecy, arising out of the circumstances of the day, is therefore quite unconnected with Mahomet's assault on the brazen image. Also, how far it is fair to consider a prophecy about the Russians in 1100 as applicable to the Russians of 1871, seeing that Russia became Tartar in 1235, is a point worth mooting, though its decision must be left to individual tastes. All I am concerned to show is that this popular legend, enunciated by De Quincey, breaks, on examination, into two pieces, and loses much supernatural vitality in the fracture. One half becomes the wanton act of a hater of idolatry, the other a prediction plausible when made, and again plausible at any time since Peter the Great. In fact a review of De Quincey's fabrication convinces me that in compiling it, his mind—and those who are familiar with his mind as

developed in his works will recognise the probability—was running upon that curious passage in the second book of Kings, in which the dying Elisha commands the King of Israel to smite with the arrows on the ground. The king smote three times and stayed, upon which the prophet was angry with him and said, 'Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice.' This truly remarkable text contains exactly the 'imperfect augury' of which De Quincey speaks.[1]

I must revert to my old remark that the more complete a supernatural story is, the less is it able, as a general rule, to bear the test of examination. On the other hand, where the evidence is good, the story is as maimed as a bad dream. It was a well-attested fact some seventeen winters ago, that over moss and fell, over field and fallow, along roads and over housetops, in one continuous straight line, in the south-west of England were one morning to be seen hoof-marks of some biped, at once supposed to be the conventional Devil. Sceptics suggested a Cochin China cock dressed up by some wags for the occasion; but the explanation was lame. A domestic fowl would not have followed the straight line marked out by the tracks, and the journey taken was far too long for such a creature. And so, I believe, to this very day the Devil has the reputation of having indulged in the insane freak of puzzling a highly religious nation with the footmarks of an apparently purposeless journey.

But let me come from well-known cases to the only two ghost stories which I know to be authentic, having had them myself from the persons immediately concerned in them. The first, and perhaps the most certainly true, I had from a friend who permits me to describe him so far as to say that he is an Italian of something beyond middle age, and well known in London as the possessor of one of the finest art galleries in Europe. He was one day telling me how in the vine districts of Italy they bring up the children to believe that down in the cellars at night the Devil sits astride the casks, a superstition which soon begets a dread of entering the cellars quite strong enough to serve as a most useful protection for the wine. 'But,' he added, 'the proper cure for all those notions is to come and live in

[1] It will be observed here that the Bible seems to give binding authority to significant or talismanic acts, of the value of which the performer was at most half conscious. Merely remarking that the significance of this particular act ought to have been understood by the king, inasmuch as its purport had been declared in the preceding verse, and also that the king's act might have been rather a sign to the prophet of what *would* happen than a binding of fate as to what *must* happen, I must dismiss the subject of 'conditional fatalities' as a 'supernatural oddity' beyond my present range of vision.

England for a while.' A little further conversation brought him to the following story, which I repeat in his own words.

'It is now,' said he, 'some years ago, since, having spent a few years in England, I went back to Italy partly for a holiday and partly for business. It was the season when the chestnuts were just ripe, and it is an Italian custom to hold a sort of domestic feast at this period of the year. I attended one of these at a house on the borders of Tuscany near the little town of Barga. After dinner it is usual for the young lady of the house to superintend the roasting of the chestnuts, and the guests gamble with them in the game of odd and even, a game which boys in England play with nuts and marbles. The evening was passing pleasantly enough, and at about nine o'clock I got up and walked to the window, that I might look out and see what sort of a night it was. I must now tell you that the house stood on a slope and looking across a valley. Along the bottom of the valley ran a small stream called the Serchio, and on the opposite side there were some woods, above which a mountain rose to a great height. On the further side of that mountain there are marble quarries of considerable value. As I went to the window which commanded this view, I saw on the opposite side of the valley, just beyond the wooded part, what appeared to be an immense bonfire. I thought nothing of it, but merely said, "Why, what a splendid fire there is across the valley."

'"Ah!" said they, "we know all about those fires, but if you mention what they are they will vanish."

'"Then don't mention it," said I, "for I want to observe."

'The fact was, my six years in England had driven all the superstition out of me, and I rather enjoyed the opportunity of having a good look at a real witch fire. Presently one of the company said:

'"If A. comes to the window they will vanish, because, being born in March, he can never see them."

'"Then keep him away by all means," I answered, "because this is interesting."

'Well, I watched that fire very closely. I could see figures dancing round it, and so could the rest of the company, who all crowded to the window. Presently there came the figure of a woman into the midst of the ring. She towered above them all, and was tall as a pine tree. When I had made out all these things beyond the possibility of doubting I said—being still quite incredulous—"Now then let A. come to the window and we shall see whether he will send them away."

'So he came.

'"Well," said he, as he approached the window to look out, "where are they?"

'Now you may believe me or not as you like, but I tell you that as he said those words the whole thing vanished instantly, all save one spark which rose as a spark flying up from a fire, and, as it appeared to me, rested upon the summit of the mountain in front of us. I went the

next day to the place where the fire must have been, and could find no traces of it whatever.'

Such was my Italian friend's story, and to make sure that I am in every respect accurate, I have shown him this MS. before making the story public. He draws no deductions, but merely states exactly what he saw. The strong points are: (1) that more than one person saw the fire, and that all looked at it for several minutes; and (2) that it vanished, *as was predicted*, as soon as a certain member of the company came to the window.

I will now come to my second story, which is quite as well authenticated, and at the same time quite as much out of the common groove of modern ghost stories as that just told. My authority for it is a clergyman of the Church of England, formerly an African Missionary, but now for many years chaplain to a government hospital in one of our garrison towns. He is, however, both by birth and by education a German. I was staying at his house a short time since, and the conversation worked its way from mesmerism to spirit-rapping and from that to supernatural manifestations generally. I made some remarks to the effect that if men were to limit their belief to those things which came under their individual notice backed by sufficient credible evidence we should be in a fair way to set the question at rest. What we want in most cases is the power to cross-examine the witnesses. If a man tell me a story and, when I begin to ask questions as to some of the more doubtful points, puts me off with the answer that he tells it as told to him, it is clear that I, as a sceptic, have no chance of arriving at the real facts.

'Well then,' said he, 'I will tell you my one experience. But I must first explain that my chief difficulty is the utterly idle and purposeless nature of most of the best attested ghost stories. Mine will illustrate this. The facts are these. In my student days I was travelling with two friends and came to the neighbourhood of Basle. It was a part of Germany tolerably well known to me, but new to my two companions. I had a friend about there—a clergyman—on whom I relied for hospitality on the present occasion. Now, one room in this house had the reputation of being haunted. I knew of this, but my fellow-travellers, who were strange to the locality and who knew nothing of my friend the clergyman, were entirely ignorant of the reputation of the house.

'We arrived rather late and very tired, and found, much to my dismay that there were already visitors at the house of much more importance than ourselves—Church dignitaries and such-like. Still we were received and entertained hospitably. When the time came for showing us to our rooms, my friend the clergyman drew me aside and said, "You know about my haunted room upstairs. It is one of the best rooms in the house, but to put anyone in it now amounts to a positive incivility, so constantly are the sleepers there annoyed. So that and two smaller rooms are empty."

'"Well," I said, "let us arrange the matter this way. My friends know nothing of your haunted room; let us go up and arrange how we shall sleep, and the man that chooses that room shall sleep in it. I don't think much of your ghost and I dare say we shall be comfortable enough."

'So it was managed. We went to look at the rooms, and one of my friends—the first that had the choice—chose the haunted room as being comfortable and cheerful looking. I took the next room, and my other friend went elsewhere. As I have said, we were very tired and it was not long before we went to bed. Coming to my room I sat down in front of the fire to have a last cigar. I had not been so sitting ten minutes when I heard a most appalling scream for help from the next room. I rushed in and found my friend in one corner of the room, his hair on end, his eyes wild with fright, the very picture of intense terror.

'"What is the matter?" I asked.

'"Did you not see it?" he asked in return.

'"See what?"

'"Why, a great creature like a huge black dog, its eyes all red and fiery. It came upon me in my bed, put its great paws on my shoulders and glared into my face."

'"Nonsense, man, you were asleep and dreaming."

'"I was not asleep. I was barely in bed, and had only that moment drawn the clothes over me when it came. I am certain of it and I cannot sleep in this room."

'So I changed rooms with him for that night, and I am bound to say that I slept very soundly in the haunted room, seeing and hearing nothing to alarm me. But on one point I am perfectly clear. When my friend entered that room he had no idea whatever that that or any other chamber in the house had a bad reputation, yet that which there alarmed him was that which had previously terrified others in the same place.'

Now, anything more utterly senseless than these two stories it would be difficult to concoct. The supernatural effects introduced into novels and Christmas stories are at least as rational as the rest of the fictions to which they belong. But the two phenomena above described are to the last degree irrational and both are certainly true.

A very fair instance of the failure of a well connected and promising piece of supernaturalism may be found in the prophecy of the 'Nun of Blois,' which became famous at about the time when Paris began to be besieged. The prophecy was the vision of a young girl who died in 1806, and it was delivered to a person who is now the superior of a convent at Blois, but who was then but a young novice. 'I tell it to you,' said the dying girl, 'because you alone will live to see it.' The vision portended the future troubles of France, and was said to have been verified up to the present time by the occurrences of 1830 and 1848. But the great trouble was to come, and when Paris was invested

the aged depositary of the prophecy recognised that the time of the great trouble had at length arrived. The agony was to be so short that the men called to the front before the vine harvest were to return in peace to complete the vintage. At the final climax, when all appeared hopeless, there should one night ride a courier through Blois. He was merely to stop and say that all was lost, and then ride on towards Tours. A second courier was to arrive and pass through the empty streets without stopping; while a third, who was to come by 'fire and water,' should announce that he who was to save France had appeared from an unexpected quarter, and that all was well.

At the time that this prophecy was published its fulfilment was by no means impossible, and people did not fail to comment on the apparent accuracy of the vision which sent the couriers to Tours—just made the seat of Government—and which described the last as coming by 'fire and water,' which must mean that he used the railway—a road not laid till many years after the vision. But the Government retreated from Tours to Bordeaux, one after another the rising hopes of France were defeated, the vintage was over, the new year dawned, the men taken from the fields came back no more, and Paris capitulated. We ceased then to hear of the prophecy of the nun of Blois, and it would not have been revived in these pages had it not served to confirm my conclusion that it is only the foolish supernatural stories that stand, while those that are well-constructed and reasonable come to nothing.

A satisfactory interpretation of this fact is beyond my power. But it will often appear that between the supernatural phenomena which are well attested and those of a dream there is a very strong resemblance. In the first place, the things are very absurd in themselves. In the second place, it is the exception and not the rule for them to frighten or surprise anyone, whereas a sham ghost will drive people mad. In the third place, they are most frequent at night-time, or if in the daytime they occur when the mind is in an abnormal condition. Exceptions to all these conditions may of course be found, but I am stating the general rule.

GILBERT VENABLES.

# The 'Tatler in Cambridge.'[1]

This latest descendant of the once famous Isaac Bickerstaff, the founder of the 'Tatler' family, expressly disclaims any attempt to rival the recent performances of the 'Oxford Spectator'; and truly there is room enough in the wide field of essay writing for both Universities to air their literary fancies without jostling. The Cambridge 'Tatler's' programme can hardly be put better than in his own words: 'A little about Art and a good deal about Literature may very likely appear under my Name; while I need not say my Strong Point will be the Topics of Cambridge Life.' The halfscore numbers already issued may be taken as a fair specimen, probably, of the manner in which this promise is to be carried out. We have a paper on musical dabblers, and another on eighteenth century novelists, two or three letters from puppet correspondents danced before our eyes and played with in the orthodox Essayist way, and disquisitions on 'Union and Lending Library Annotators,' the early days of Cambridge rowing, and slang. Nor is the 'Tatler' indisposed to look favourably on poetaster correspondents, if we may judge from the liberal space which he allots to a decidedly original poem bearing the name of 'Georgics,' from the first book of which we quote a few lines on 'Prognostics':

> An empty Hall implies Newmarket Runs,
> Fine Evenings, Proctors, and wet Mornings, Duns,
> And almost any Weather (such is Fate)
> The Composition Lecture will be late.

This kind of verse is, perhaps, not very hard to turn off, and it is clear that it is upon the smartness and polish of his prose style that the 'Tatler' aims to build his reputation. And it may fairly be admitted that the papers before us uniformly reach a creditable table-ground of literary merit, and in one or two instances climb above it. In power of neat and felicitous expression the opening number is, in our judgment, far ahead of its successors. Very happily does the 'Tatler' describe the circumstances which led him to keep the Commonplace Book, of which he is now offering the world the benefit, and the

[1] Cambridge. Elijah Johnson.

valuable hints given him from time to time; as, 'Not to attempt writing in any Style, as that would take Time; Not to burden the Book with too many of my Sins, nor sanctify it with too many Pious Reflections (after the Fashion of good little Maidens in old Sunday-Books), lest Cant might unawares creep in; not to write with any Notion of furnishing Matter to my Biographers; and other very sensible Things.'

But it is high time that we turned to the reviewer's customary function of picking holes in his subject. We yield to none in our respect for Messrs. Addison, Steele, and Bickerstaff, for the English they wrote, and the printers who printed it. But as the lot of the 'Tatler in Cambridge' is cast, for better for worse, in the latter half of this nineteenth century, we cannot think that he is right in dressing up his lucubrations in the vocabulary and typographical mannerisms of a bygone time. Surely, if his wit is genuine and his thoughts worth having, they can do without the adventitious attractions of such words and phrases as 'Varlet,' 'Queasy,' 'Modish Journals,' and the over-plentiful crop of capital letters which (as our few quotations are enough to show) beset every sentence more thickly than currants do the average bun. However, we will not quarrel seriously with the 'Tatler in Cambridge' on this account, nor give a less kindly welcome to the modest quarto sheets which he promises to serve up three times a week upon our breakfast table.

W. D. Rawlins.

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## 'Amour qui sourit caché.'

I thought my heart was quite burnt out,
Reduced to merest ashes;
I found a spark to light it up
Beneath those drooping lashes.

A courtship strange: few words of love
Between us two were spoken;
Our hearts met through our meeting lips
And got mixed up and broken.

Scarce had we met—in a gay crowd,
Perhaps ne'er to meet hereafter,
We had to part, with lips that laughed,
And tears beneath the laughter.

W. H. Pollock.

# THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY 1871.

[WE here lay before our readers a translation from an account, written by an accomplished French gentleman, of scenes of which he was an eye-witness on the memorable date which stands at the head of these pages. It was the fortune of the writer to walk unimpeded through the streets of Paris during many hours when the fear of casualty or of arrest kept almost everyone else within doors; and his recital, written with peculiar coolness and at the same time with immediate freshness of impression, will, we are confident, commend itself as a fuller and more valuable piece of historical evidence than any which has yet appeared in connection with the disasters which it describes.]

On Thursday, May 25, the scene of the struggle has shifted towards the east of Paris—my own neighbourhood of the Faubourg Poissonnière had been occupied since the previous day by the troops of the line—and I determine to make an expedition through such parts of the city as may prove to be accessible.

Starting at about nine o'clock in the morning, I follow, without let or hindrance, the streets of Maubeuge and Lepelletier as far as the Boulevard des Italiens. At the rue de la Paix a sentinel turns me back, and I change my course through the rues Louis-le-Grand and Neuve St.-Augustin, issuing out on the Boulevard des Capucines. So far I have met very few people. The incessant reports, and the pretty frequent falling of shot and shell, still keep almost everyone within doors.

On reaching the Place de la Madeleine the terrible ruin in the rue Royale is at once fully apparent. Up to this point I have only seen the marks of the firing on a great number of houses. Even the colonnade of the church is only slightly injured. But looking down towards the Place de la Concorde, the conflagration, which since the last day but one has been devouring Paris, begins to show itself in all its power and intensity. On the right side of the rue Royale, from the place to the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré is in flames. Many of the houses on the same side, beyond the rue du Faubourg, are also burning. To the left, at the entrance to the rue St.-Honoré, the fire, though less extensive, is equally fierce.

No one is allowed to enter the rue Royale. The street is full of firemen, who with their engines have been struggling in vain since the forenoon to quench the fiery furnace. I am told that by following the rue de Saresne I may reach the Champs Élysées. Passing through the Avenue de Marigny, I come out in front of the Palais de l'Industrie. From this point I pursue my course quite unmolested, and am nowhere either stopped or compelled to turn out of my way. The attention of such of the troops as I come across, both officers and men, is entirely absorbed in the struggle that is raging. The orders which afterwards stopped all circulation through various parts of Paris have not yet been issued.

The Grande Avenue is littered with branches torn from the trees and shattered gas-lamps. The front and roof of the Palace are riddled with shot. In the distance I can see daylight through the ruins of the central pavilion of the Tuileries—of which the cupola has fallen in and completely disappeared. I move down to the Place de la Concorde. It is filled with ruin and destruction. That portion of the place which fronts the Quai de la Conférence is in ruins. One of the two fountains, parts of the balustrade, and all the lamp-posts in sight on that side, are either broken or altogether battered down. Towards the rue de Rivoli one of the rostrated columns lies shattered. The statue of the town of Lille has been altogether destroyed by the fire from the barricade in the rue St.-Florentin. Strange to say, the neighbouring statue of Strasburg, still bearing the emblems of patriotism and sorrow with which it has been profusely decked since the 4th of the preceding September, has not suffered the same fate. It is quite untouched. And, stranger still, the Obélisque de Louqsor, though its central position exposed it to fire from all sides, has suffered no damage. The pedestal alone bears the mark of a bullet on the Tuileries side.

Making my way into the garden by the terrace that runs along the rue de Rivoli, I gaze through the railings at the furnace which was once the Ministry of Finance. On the previous evening, hopes had still been entertained that the fire might be got under, but during the night the flames suddenly burst into renewed life and redoubled intensity. One of the head firemen informs me that all efforts to extinguish the conflagration, at least on this side, have been abandoned, and that their endeavours are now restricted to localising the flames and preventing them from spreading to the neighbouring houses. As he speaks, a mass of building falls in, followed by a soaring burst of flame. On the three remaining sides of the Ministry of Finance energetic measures are still being taken, but so far without success.

I now retrace my steps, and turning towards the Seine, pass the Pont de la Concorde. Only one of the capitals of the colonnade in front of the Palais du Corps Législatif has been struck by a ball. The façade of the Cercle Agricole at the entrance to the Boulevard St.-

Germain is more seriously injured. You may at a glance count some ten places where the shells thrown from the Trocadéro have ploughed their way along the sculptured surface. I pass onwards along the Quai d'Orsay almost in solitude. The only persons in sight are some firemen near the Pont de Solferino, and some soldiers in the distance on the Quai Voltaire. From the bridge onward to the rue du Bac the whole quay is nothing but a huge furnace. The Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, that of the Conseil d'État, the Cavalry barracks, the Caisse des Dépôts—all are on fire. The barracks, it is true, are only burning partially, but the three other buildings are like great ovens. Only the front walls are standing. All the inside portions are falling in and completely gutted. It even appears to me as if the conflagration extended in depth beyond the buildings themselves. To make sure I venture into the rue de Poitiers notwithstanding the constant crumblings of masonry. Sure enough all the mansions in the rue de Lille which run parallel to the burning palaces are burning likewise. Many have fallen in. But it would be dangerous to linger here too long. I retrace my steps and follow my former course along the quay.

At the Pont Royal the screen of trees that masks the Tuileries comes abruptly to an end, and the ruins of the palace, of which a glimpse only could be obtained from the Champs Élysées, are fully discerned. As in the Palais du Quai d'Orsay, so here, all the interior, except a few thick walls still bearing their great sculptured chimney-stacks, has fallen in; the roofing is engulfed, and numerous columns of smoke rise on every side from the red incandescent mass of ruin heaped up high within the walls. The Pavillon de Flore, which was built recently, is not as completely destroyed as the rest of the building fronting the garden. The sculptured decorations on the outside have resisted the action of the flame, and are not even blackened. It is the same with the part which runs along the quay and corresponds to the old orangery. The traces of the successful efforts made to arrest the progress of the flames in this direction are still visible on the roof near the gates.

Turning towards the rue du Bac, I see only an immense accumulation of ruin—the wrecks of houses that have been burned and fallen in. The road is completely blocked up, and this is all that is left of the entrance to the street. Hereabouts there are more people to be seen. I follow the Quai Voltaire, which is crowded with soldiers and covered with *matériel* of artillery, and crossing the Pont du Carrousel enter the Place du Carrousel through the great gates recently erected. From this point the effects of the fire upon the wing of the Tuileries facing the rue de Rivoli become visible. The façades are little injured, but the roofing and interior have fallen in. Only the great internal dividing walls, with their high bare gable ends, are left standing. As in the other wing on the quay, the firemen have been

successful in arresting the flames at a given point; the fire has not passed beyond the Guichet de l'Échelle. I go round the square after going round the place. The old Louvre is altogether unharmed. In that portion of the new Louvre which looks out upon the rue de Rivoli, the Pavillon Richelieu, which stands opposite the Palais Royal, and contained the library, has been burned. The façades and cupola are comparatively little injured; but the interior is completely destroyed. The Arc de Triomphe is untouched. I leave the Carrousel by the gate of the Pavillon de Rohan, and cross the Place du Théâtre Français. It is also unharmed, but I soon came up with the flames again. The Palais Royal is burning. The firemen are battling zealously against their foe, and beginning to gain the mastery. Seen from the place, the central building is in ruins. The left wing has suffered more than the right, which is almost intact. I make my way into the garden. It is filled with soldiers of the line. Neither the buildings which surround the garden nor the Galerie d'Orléans are touched.

Leaving the Palais Royal by the Cour des Fontaines, I follow the rues Montesquieu, Croix des Petits Champs, Marengo, and Rivoli. At the corner of the rue de l'Oratoire there is a grave surrounded by paving stones: a wooden cross has been erected over it in piety. It contains the body of an artilleryman who has just been buried there by his comrades. The entrance to the rue de Rivoli, starting from the point where the arcades end, is in the same state as the rue Royale and the rue du Bac. The whole of the block of houses contained between the street and the Place St.-Germain l'Auxerrois in front of the great colonnade of the Louvre is on fire. In the portion of the block nearest the rue de Rivoli there is nothing left to rescue. In the portion that forms the angle of the place the flames have not yet completed their work of destruction, and the firemen are striving to arrest their progress. The Mairie, the church, and the tower that stands between the two, are not burnèd down; but the outside of the tower and the front of the Mairie especially are riddled with shot. There is no one in this open space but some soldiers and a few stragglers.

It is now close upon twelve o'clock. A near explosion strikes upon my ear. I enquire of a soldier on guard what this may be; he points to the railing in front of the church, and tells me to go and look. I find the body of a man who has just been shot. A woman had informed against him as he was entering the Mairie; he was seized and searched. A few cartridges were found about him, and he was shot forthwith. Close by, inside the railing, and also in the lower hall of the tower, lie some twenty bodies picked up from the neighbouring barricades. One of the corpses has been carefully wrapped in a winding-sheet by a mother's hands. Another is that of the delegate to the Mairie of Passy, Napias Piquet by name. He is tolerably well dressed, and wears a white

waistcoat and white socks. A third has been found in a chimney completely calcined.

I move away quickly, following a detachment of engineers who are marching towards the Seine. On reaching the river I give a last look at the Louvre, and perceive that the delicate façade of the Galerie d'Apollon, with its black marble facing, has been struck by numerous balls and seriously injured. I then follow the Quai de l'École, surrounded by a great number of soldiers, who are marching forward. I pass the Pont-neuf, lingering a space to contemplate the portion of the Palais de Justice which fronts the Quai de l'Horloge, and is at that very moment a mass of flame. The great clock tower, one of the old towers of the Conciergerie, and the building between the two, are all that remain untouched. The rest is burning and falling in. Through the Place Dauphine may be seen the columns of smoke rising from the interior of the Préfecture of Police, the whole of which has been set on fire. I then walk along the Quai des Augustins, still alone, or almost alone. Stragglers have again become very rare. A column of troops preceded by a general advances behind me cautiously, for the strife is still raging in the Faubourg St.-Maceau. They halt opposite the Pont St.-Michel. I cross the bridge, and proceeding towards the Pont au Change obtain a sight of the whole conflagration of the Palais de Justice. Not a single portion of the building save those already mentioned has been spared. But here another surprise awaits me, even greater than that which I experienced on seeing the Obélisque de Louqsor still standing. The Sainte-Chapelle rises radiant and resplendent from the midst of the smoking ruins—its glass unbroken and its gold untarnished. On nearing the bridge some soldiers warn me that it is dangerous to pass, owing to frequent bullets coming from the Isle St.-Louis. Not wishing to retrace my steps, I quickly cross the bridge, protecting myself as much as possible by the parapet. At last I reach the Place du Châtelet and the square of the Tour St.-Jacques. Here the overwhelming character of the devastation beggars all description. It is fire, fire, and fire again, whichever way you turn. The Théâtre Lyrique is in flames; so are the houses that form the opening to the Boulevard de Sébastopol; all that portion of the rue St.-Martin facing the square between the rue de Rivoli and the Avenue Victoria is ablaze; the rue de Rivoli between the square and the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville burns; the municipal buildings in the Avenue Victoria and the adjacent houses in the place, in the avenue, and on the quay are incandescent. The barracks behind the Hôtel de Ville appear to have escaped, but the Mairie of the 4th Arrondissement behind the barracks is alive with flame like the rest; and finally, as if to crown the work of ruin, the Hôtel de Ville on all its four sides and in all its parts glows like a furnace. But few firemen have yet arrived. Their efforts are perforce restricted to trying to prevent the devouring

element from extending its ravages. In the middle of the square men taken red-handed are being summarily executed. I see one fall before my eyes. No one stops me, and I pursue the Avenue Victoria up to the entrance of the place, which is still closed by an enormous barricade. Here two soldiers of the line are on guard, and prevent me from advancing. Returning towards the square, I find that several corpses are being buried. Other bodies are lying on the barricade which cuts across the rue de Rivoli. Buildings are falling in on every side with a horrid roar. At the same time we hear the strident voice of the battle which is raging not far from thence in the Quartier St.-Antoine. I contemplate this spectacle of grandeur and horror almost alone. Few people have yet ventured so far.

Worn out with fatigue and emotion, with my heart wrung by the anguish as of a nightmare, I at last determined to beat a retreat. Following the rue des Halles, I came to the church of St. Eustache, which is said to be in flames. But this is a mistake. Only the chapel behind the apse has been set on fire. The firemen have vigorously battled with the flames, and are beginning to overmaster them. Outside, the campanile with the clock has fallen down, and on the broken balustrade may be seen the fragments of a great bell. The sculptured ornament in the side front has been struck by numerous balls. On entering the rue Montmartre I am requested to join a chain which is supplying water for the firemen. This I do for about a quarter of an hour, when the fire in the chapel is entirely got under. Finally I regain the Grand Boulevard, and following the rue Lafayette, still strewn with the fragments of the battle of the preceding days, return to my home—return after a six hours' expedition such as few have ventured to undertake on that day, having seen that long series of conflagrations in almost their greatest intensity; several times witnessed the bloody reprisals of the army; pursued my way in the midst of columns of troops converging from all sides towards the east of Paris; and been accompanied by the awful growl of the battle which in that direction is still raging fiercely.

On the same day, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, an immense cloud of blackish smoke overshadowed the sky towards the north of Paris, coming apparently from the direction of the Seine. We are told that it proceeds from the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Not being able to bear the uncertainty, I determine to make my way again into the interior of Paris, and proceed by the church of St.-Vincent de Paul and the rue de Chabrol in the direction of the Boulevard Magenta. There is some danger in doing this, for the Place du Château d'Eau is just being vigorously attacked, and a great number of balls and other projectiles are falling in our neighbourhood. Still I manage to reach the Boulevard de Strasbourg without difficulty. It is thronged with artillerymen, guns, and ammunition. Opposite the rue du Château d'Eau I again witness the execution of two poor wretches. Summary executions are

the order of the day. They have been taking place for the last two days in every part of Paris; the victims are any man or woman taken bearing arms, ammunition, or petroleum, and firing at the troops or accused of so doing. It is difficult to leave one's house without becoming liable at any moment to witness these executions. This is the third I have seen to-day. I hasten onward, and reach the place des Arts et Métiers. Here I find that the buildings of the Conservatoire are quite unharmed. Evidently the great focus of the fire is not here. The people standing near say that it is the Mont de Piété which is burning. But on reaching the rue de Rambuteau it becomes evident that this is a mistake. As is always the case, the fire seems far nearer than it really is. I therefore thread my way among the soldiers who block up the Boulevard de Sébastopol and again draw near to the Hôtel de Ville. Both firemen and engines have been greatly reinforced since the morning, and the result of their efforts is already apparent. The passers-by, who are also far more numerous, are pressed into the service of working the pumps. I manage, however, to reach the quay without being stopped, and so get to the Pont Notre-Dame. From this spot we can at last perceive, though still at a great distance, the heart of the conflagration which is shedding its lurid hues over all the east of Paris. A small group of persons has assembled on the bridge. I draw near and make enquiries. The Greniers d'Abondance and the buildings belonging to the arsenal have been set on fire during the afternoon along the whole length of the Boulevard Bourdon and are burning furiously. Columns of flame, large as mountains, rise upwards to the sky; a thick black smoke mounts above the flames, and is borne away towards the north of Paris which it covers like a pall. The atmosphere is poisoned. At the same time the noise of battle, more terrible than ever, comes to us from the same direction. The cannon of Montmartre thunders unceasingly against positions which seem to be defended with increased obstinacy. Several batteries from the latter return the assailants' fire as well as they can, and hurl their projectiles in every direction. We are anything but safe where we stand. At every moment we can hear the whistling of the bombs over our heads. The ever-recurrent and unceasing roll of the musketry is still more fearful. Nevertheless, we cannot tear ourselves away from a spot when the scene is visible in all its horror.

For some minutes past the demeanour of my dog, who has accompanied me, has been very singular; bewildered by the noise, and by all the unwonted sights around, and doubtless also by the evil smell of burning, he cowers down on his belly from time to time, stretches out his legs, and lays his muzzle on the ground, steadfastly refusing to proceed. I caress him and encourage him as best I can; but the same thing happens again and again, and does not cease till he gets back to familiar ground.

Being so near to Notre-Dame, the towers of which appear to be

unharmed, I wend my way thither. With the exception of a platoon of riflemen there is no one on the open space before it. The officer in command is contemplating the west front, which shows no trace of harm; he seems to be admiring the architectural details. I express my astonishment that this great building should not have paid its tribute like the rest. 'You judge only from the outside,' he answers. 'If you were within you would change your opinion. But should you care to see it? If so come in with me.' I gladly accept his offer. Within, the church is quite dark. I have some trouble in groping my way. A few soldiers are stationed in the transept. At first no sign of fire is to be seen. The great nave is quite empty. All the chairs and benches have been taken away. But the carpets on the floor are wringing wet, and on nearing the pulpit I find traces of burning. Nearer to the choir these traces become yet more evident, and a strong smell of charred matter seizes my throat. But it is chiefly on the apse that the incendiaries concentrated their efforts, and that the marks they have left are most visible. The whole floor is covered with fragments up to the high altar of which even the steps have been injured. The woodwork round the choir is, however, untouched. In the middle a great trap-door leading to the vaults is still open. There can be no doubt that if help had not arrived in good time, the cathedral would at this moment have been like so many of the neighbouring public buildings —a heap of ruins. The inmates of the Hôtel-Dieu were the first who woke to the danger that was impending so near them. Having succeeded in effecting an entrance into the church, and with such help as they could immediately obtain, they succeeded without very great difficulty in extinguishing the flames. I thank the officer for his courtesy, and issuing from Notre-Dame, retrace my steps, thinking only, after a day of such fatigue and so crowded with emotions, of finding my way home. But it is not given me to do this without coming across yet one more scene of desolation. Wishing to avoid the throng of troops encamped on the Boulevard de Sébastopol I follow the rue St.-Martin, when coming out upon the Grand Boulevard I suddenly discover the fire of the theatre of the Porte St.-Martin and the adjacent houses. The conflagration here is doing its work as completely as in any case I have come across all day. Though the fire had been lit on the Tuesday evening it is still raging in all its intensity. The flames do not rise to any great height, but the interior is like a glowing furnace, and great masses fall in incessantly. I stand for a few moments near a group of persons sheltering beneath a doorway. A bomb from the Place du Château d'Eau or the heights of Belleville bursts noisily on the pavement and sheds its splinters round us. The group instantly disperses. That is the last episode personal to myself of this dark and fatal day.

EUGÈNE PONSARD.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

In most questions between town and gown 'Dark Blue' will not be suspected of an undue partiality for the former. Hitherto we have not been silent on sanatory and other subjects where the parsimony of the city has proved suicidal. At the risk, however, of offending the University we must be honest enough to show up one piece of dog-in-the-mangerism, which for detestable selfishness far exceeds the worst offences of the city. Everyone has heard of Keble College. It is a structure of some pretensions. Most people, too, are aware that Oxford University has spent some ninety thousand pounds in the erection of a new museum, which, although rather less than half completed, forms one of the major architectural glories of the most palatial city of the empire. These two buildings are situate on a road which runs past Wadham, Trinity, and St. John's Colleges to the end of the Parks, where it joins the great high road from Oxford to Birmingham. Now, by some extraordinary mischance a portion of this road is private. Popular superstition assigns the freehold to Wadham College. It has been asserted that St. John's and Trinity hold a moiety of proprietary rights therein. To arrive at the truth would be difficult without a plunge into archives, for in Oxford no one knows what belongs to what. E.g. New College Tower is notoriously the property of the city, who lease it to its reputed owners, and Exeter College garden is the fee simple of some six colleges. The road therefore from Broad Street to Keble *may* belong to half a hundred freeholders. Truth, however, compels us to confess that one portion of it is the property of Wadham, who by way of making things agreeable have barricaded it with posts in order to vindicate their right of paving it and of keeping it as a footway. Hence, except by a circuit of a mile or so, you cannot drive to Keble or to the museum. The inconvenience to Keble must be great, and we are unable to divine on what principle Wadham elects to act so uncourteously to its juvenile neighbour, or why a college which aids natural science by exhibitions should prevent the University from approaching its museum except afoot. We wish Wadham well. It has always been a respectable college, and should Communism or Positivism become the national creed, the future of England would be very much in the hands of Wadham men; for the arch-apostle of those strange doctrines, Mr. Congreve, was fellow and tutor of that

institution, and Professor Besley and Mr. Frederic Harrison were, and are, two of his pupils and members of his college. Surely, then, for a college which boasts such advanced liberalism to act the part of ultra-conservative in the matter of a road is a trifle inconsistent, to say nothing of its being something short of gentlemanly.

It seems a very singular circumstance that our noble University cannot find any persons of eminence on whom to confer the distinction of a gown aptly described as gaudy not neat. Every Oxford man must regret that two such master-spirits as Dickens and Thackeray descended to their graves unhonoured by this poor compliment, which has too often been conferred on illustrious nobodies. Not to speak of the lifeless character the absence of D.C.L.s gives to the Commemoration—and it should be remembered that the harvest of this one festive week is the only compensation made to trade for four months of vacuum—one is really sorry to find the chief rulers of Oxford so callous to the part which the first university ought to play in regard to literature, science, art, and merit of every description. The only excuse to be made is that many men decline an honour involving a certain headache and a probable trial of temper, so that no one does know who has declined the scarlet gown with pink sleeves, for vice-chancellors are by habit secretive. Still, making a large allowance for refusals, there remain very many celebrities whom to recognise would be graceful, and the opportunity occurs but once in twelve months.

On June 14, 1871, the screaming farce entitled 'Colney Hatch, or the Dons, the Ladies, and the Jabbering Idiots' was repeated for the thirtieth or fortieth time, with the usual disgrace, in the Sheldonian theatre. The part of head keeper was well represented by the very Rev. the Vice-Chancellor, assisted by the President of Magdalen and Rector of Exeter. Never did art more strongly resemble nature than in the playing of the idiots, who for safety's sake occupied the gallery. The noise was totally deafening and meaningless, the insults offered to the keepers and the ladies—a part kindly acted by distinguished amateurs—were admirably vamped for the occasion; the manners of the lunatic asylum represented to a nicety. The continuous reiteration of the words 'red tie' for the space of two hours might be regarded as rather a tax upon the patience of an ordinary audience, but in these days of naturalesque stage effects—to wit, real fire, water, dogs, and hansom cabs—we must not be hypercritical. The climax of art was undoubtedly attained when a sane man came forward to recite a very beautiful poem of his own elaboration, and insanity, unable to brook the fetters of rhythm and sense, actually groaned and foamed. On the whole we are not surprised that the University authorities should have suppressed burlesque acting. With the advantage of such a perfect farce, splendidly rendered by the largest acting company in the world, he indeed must be an exacting man who asks for the quips of Burnand or the cranks of Reece. There is, in short, nothing

more to be desired, unless it be the pitching of an idiot from the top gallery among the crowd below. A double or treble murder—well done, recollect; no spurious imitation—might provoke an additional roar. This scenic effect has been attempted more than once, but without success. After all, our friends in Cambridge and Harvard have yet much to learn before they can exceed or approach to the euphuism of Oxford.

Many humanitarian people have begun to enquire whether 'The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' has an agent in Oxford. If so, he must be blind and dumb. During this summer term a habit has sprung up of economy in the matter of basket carriages. Formerly for a pony about the size of a Newfoundland dog to draw two men was considered an equitable arrangement. Now the poor little brutes have to drag three—the odd man seated on his friends' knees—and generally too at a hand-gallop. Perhaps among our curiosities of civilisation a nominal return of the number of cab horses and ponies slaughtered through over work would occupy a prominent place.

What with the evil weather and the vapid programme of events the Commemoration of 1871 has proved to be the dullest in the memory of man. Nevertheless, there has been a certain, although an inadequate influx of visitors, and the balls were none the less enjoyable for not being overcrowded. Notably that given by Prince Hassan was voted incomparable, although, owing to the rain, the original idea of an *al fresco* entertainment had to be abandoned. There were many concerts; too many almost for the visitors, and the ordinary undergraduate attempt at part or solo singing has less merit than the cups and ices, which form the prominent feature in most all these vocal reunions. The Philharmonic concert in the theatre pleased, and that is something. The chorus was composed of Oxford ladies, i.e. the wives and daughters of a few dons and of many tradesmen plus an *omnium gatherum* of cits and undergraduates. The orchestra, happily, came from London, as also the soloists. Barnett's 'Ancient Mariner' was the *pièce de résistance*, and the concert as a whole was creditable, although it would not bear comparison with some of those really beautiful performances, organised mainly out of university materials, with choristers for trebles, a decade ago by Dr. Corfe—performances which drew forth from the lips of Mme. Clara Novello the very flattering encomium that there was no chorus like an Oxford chorus. Next to the Philharmonic, came the concert of the Exeter College Musical Society, which was crammed with the fair sex, who were not disappointed. The programme contained two *morceaux* of a type well suited to amateur proficients, viz. Schumann's 'Luck of Edenhall,' and Mendelssohn's 'Sons of Art,' and the audience showed their appreciation of a very painstaking society, and one well worthy of so large and important a college.

On Commemoration evening Magdalen College gave a concert in

their hall, which, artistically speaking, was very far in advance of anything else of the sort in Oxford. Till quite recently this college, which has always taken the lead in music, possessed a very excellent Madrigal Society, the trebles being the boys of the choir, and the nucleus of the chorus the choral scholars. This old society is defunct, or, let us hope, only dormant; however, it could give no concert. Under these circumstances, Dr. Stainer called in the assistance of another Magdalen association of a somewhat higher character than is attainable by the mixed multitude of a college society, the result being a musical treat for some three hundred visitors who were lucky enough to obtain tickets of admission. This association styles itself by the somewhat uneuphonious name of 'Vagabonds,' and as it has existed auspiciously for a decade or so a word about its constitution may not be inappropriate.

Magdalen choir, as every Oxonian knows, is composed mainly of gentlemen. The boys are sons of old members of the college or their relatives, and the choral scholars are undergraduates selected for musical proficiency. Hence, from this choir there are continually passing forth and mixing with the outer world musicians of skill and ability; all, too, trained in the same style or school, and therefore, to use a technical expression, *sympathetic*. Many of these gentlemen, in different parts of the country, formed themselves into a sort of musical guild, with the idea of giving concerts and choral services for charity twice in each year; devoting for this laudable purpose one week at Christmas and one week in the summer. The Vagabonds—by the way, they are mostly clergymen—have by their efforts succeeded in raising something like two thousand pounds for church and charitable purposes; and, it is not unworthy of remark, so thoroughly has their artistic singing met with public appreciation, that they have been invariably pressed to repeat their vocal visits. Whitnash Church, *par exemple*, boasts a new porch decorated with Magdalen lilies, which was sung into existence by these Vagabonds in two concerts by them given at Leamington. For the Commemoration they were unable, owing to short notice, to muster more than ten voices, but there were no dummies, and everything went with *verve* and smoothness.

There is a rumour afloat that All Souls College is to be utilised as a place of education. Now that Christ Church has set her august face against aristocracy, there is a real want of a home for 'the poor swells,' and All Souls, the very focus of the *optimè nati et vestiti*, would appear to be made for the purpose and occasion. As the royalist poet sang of Magdalen at the restoration, All Souls is now '*vacuitate plenam*' in one sense at least, for the rats are the sole tenants of those pleasant rooms. Let us hope that this beautiful college will fulfil a mission of some moment to the country, and one which the largest of our foundations has flung up in disgust. If this change is due to Dr. Leighton, he is of all Tories the most truly liberal.

# The Undergraduate in Town.

If ever our national habit of talking about the weather could be justified, this last month, like the lass of Sheridan's bacchanal chorus, would 'prove an excuse' for it. A June, that came in like January, and is going out like April, is decidedly something new and original, and is fair game for those conversational pot-shots, who let fly an 'extraordinary weather this, sir,' almost before they have taken their seat in railway carriage, tram-car, or at public dinner-table. There is this much, however, to be urged in the defence of the rain, which could not be pleaded for the cold and east winds, and that is that it benefits, beside pot-shots, peas, grass, and strawberries. The green things which had been at a standstill during the prevalence of the chill blasts, seemed positively to grow and spread under one's very eyes beneath the influence of the first warm steamy showers. Moreover, your June shower is like the 'June lightning' of one of Mr. Browning's least comprehensible poems, a decidedly strong 'insect ridder,' for which fact the suburban horticulturist has had reason to bless it, for the plague of green and black fly, blight, and gregarious caterpillars has been a consuming pestilence this spring.

The beginning of this month saw the end of the second siege of Paris, whither that gentle being the British sightseer is hurrying in crowds to feast his eyes on the ruins of the fairest city of modern times. Some specimens of the tribe, indeed, could not wait till the fighting was over, but insisted on forcing their way into the midst of the fighting, armed with no more effective weapon than the umbrella of commerce. Some of them were shot, but probably their friends will not miss them any more than the combatants did. There is this much to be said, by-the-bye, in defence of our *gobemouches*, that the Parisians have not exhibited enough of feeling and delicacy to contrast very strongly with their shameless eccentricity. The *cafés chantants*, and other places of the sort, are in full blast, and the toy-makers for the frivolous have forgotten all about the war, save as the source whence were derived splinters of shell and bullets to be converted into inkstands, paper-weights, and that style of thing! At the same time the *bourgeois* class in Paris are not at all sorry to see the early return of the British tourist, because he means money. The Albert Hall

has commenced its career of wickedness, by seducing the Sacred Harmonic Society from the paths of virtue, and the penetralia of Exeter Hall. If all it does is to close that unacoustically-constructed shed, one might be inclined to forgive it; but it is a standing menace to the Crystal Palace as well, and considering to what an extent Sydenham has been utilised, during the long-continued retreat of the Queen, for the reception of the Viceroy of Egypt, and other distinguished visitors, it really does not seem fair that any commissioners who call themselves Royal should spend public money on a building whence they can throw stones at the Crystal Palace.

*Apropos* of the Palace, be it noted that the dog show brought together some splendid specimens of the canine race. But the judging was most absurd! Of course, disappointed competitors at all shows will grumble at the awards of the judges, but in this instance, not only those who competed, but those who looked on only, found fault—and most justly—with the decisions. The recognised points of the various breeds were totally disregarded; prize-dogs of last year were passed over, and those passed over last year took prizes this. Mr. Kingdom's mastiffs, with pedigrees dating back to Agincourt, were nowhere, and the awards went to dogs whose grandmothers, to judge from their heads, had been guilty of *mésalliances* with bull-dogs. The St. Bernards are probably the greatest farce of the whole thing. Mr. Macdona's dogs are decidedly fine animals, but to call the convent breed a distinct tribe is absurd—they are, in a word, mongrels. Of these purely-bred dogs, one is like a big black-and-tan spaniel, another has a look of the colley, a third resembles a Newfoundland. The judges even seem dimly aware of this, and on the principle of the whist maxim, 'when in doubt play a trump,' invariably give the St. Bernard prizes to Mr. Macdona. However the judging may be reformed by next year, for there has been a full discussion on the question in that excellent paper 'the Field,' the only true 'country gentleman's' paper, for its so-called rival, noted for its ungrammatical writing, its slipshod Latin quotations, its learned disquisitions on three-tailed gold-fish, and its literary notices (written apparently by the office-boy in his spare time, of which he must have plenty), is beneath contempt.

The way in which the House of Commons 'makes believe a good deal' would make Roederer of orange-peel and water. We had an instance of its sham and humbug in the recent 'count-out' discussion, when Sir John Pakington, complaining of tactics revealed by his discovery of an unsigned and undirected memorandum, was told on all sides that he ought to have shut his eyes, and not open his mouth. The spectacle of Nelson putting his glass to his blind eye, and saying he could not see the admiral's signal to retreat, is on the edge of the sublime. The sight of a middle-aged M.P. closing his eyes to a bit of schoolboy trickery, is a step beyond the sublime. Pretty tomfoolery this sort of thing to be illuminated by an everlasting lime-light! To be sure the

lime light bids fair to be the only thing this session is likely to leave behind it as a memorial—except the reputation of having more talk and less work to show than any of its predecessors. The only notable thing about it is that during its few short months a minister who was once the most popular in England has lost all hold on the affection of the people, and a government which was the strongest we have had for a long time, has had to withdraw bill after bill because of the opposition the measures evoked. It seems as if a Tory ministry, tempered by a Liberal opposition, would be the best form of government; but as the Tories if in power in perpetuity might wax despotic, there should be leave reserved for the heads of government to commit 'happy despatch' at fixed intervals. The fiction that Conservatism meant financial ruin, and Liberalism a light taxation, is dissipated for ever by the Budget of 1871. Indeed I can hardly claim originality for my proposal of Ministerial Happy Despatch, on reflecting that the present government has wrung the whole taxation required for its expenditure from the very class on which it chiefly depended for support. Talk about 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face! Why this is cutting one's throat to improve one's complexion!

With all due horror of what would be the English adaptation of a continental Sunday, it is impossible to regard the persecutions of poor petty traders by the Rev. Bee Wright with any other feeling than indignation. That humble folks should be driven by poverty to abandon the most needful seventh day of rest is bad enough, but when it proves by force of circumstances that the seventh day's work brings in the biggest part of their small earnings, it makes one's blood boil to see the poor creatures fined and worried. Nobody wishes to abolish the day of rest, but it is extremely necessary that the obsolete statute of Charles II.—the moral act of a debauched monarch—should be abolished rather than be allowed to become a tool in the hands of those who 'hate each other for the love of God.'

The Court Theatre has apparently solved one problem—that you cannot on the given line, comedy, from a given point, Sloane Square, describe a full-dress circle. An adaptation of 'Great Expectations,' with all the sensation incidents, is being played on boards which Mrs. Vezin, in the address delivered at the opening of the house, declared would never be profaned by real railway trains or the other paraphernalia of the sensation dramatist. It appears that the public wants to take its pleasure in its playhouse through its eyes rather than its ears. It listens, it is true, to the brief brisk dialogue of Robertson. It does not heed the longer sentences of Sheridan or Goldsmith. But it crowds to see such plays as 'Amy Robsart' or 'Notre Dame.'

The old saw, about no one's ever seeing a dead donkey, would seem to have arisen from the improbability of certain coincidences—firstly, that a donkey should die, and, secondly, that you should be present as a disinterested person. On the strength of the coincidences of a man

falling off a steamer just as a good swimmer was walking over London Bridge, and of the good swimmer, after saving the man's life, within a few days winning a prize at the Welsh Harp, I rather doubted the heroic tale of 'Johnson's jump.' It turns out to be a planned affair; not an act of heroism, but a cleverly-conceived and well-executed advertisement. To finish the matter off, an amphibious being known as Natator, or the Man-Frog, undertook to repeat the leap in order to show that the feat was nothing to an experienced 'swimmist.' Thereupon the brilliant genius for which the British Policeman is distinguished, hit upon the happy notion of taking Natator into custody for—an attempt to commit suicide! Those who have seen his subaqueous performance will be inclined to doubt whether the Man-Frog could drown himself if he tried.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Groves, to whom we owe the halfpenny post, will not rest and be thankful just yet. If the Post Office can carry a post-card or a newspaper for a halfpenny, it can afford to carry a closed communication of the same weight as a card, at least, for the same sum. Then, again, the so-called reduction in the price of Money Orders is a mere nothing. By the alteration of the words from 'under ten shillings, one pound, or two pounds,' to 'ten shillings, one pound, or two pounds and under,' the benefit would become appreciable. We want, too, to have the sample post restored. It is said that it was surrendered to satisfy the railway carriers, who lost a great deal of small-parcel traffic, owing to the postage of samples, seeds, &c. Now, there is a plan by which the Post Office could compensate the railways for this alleged diversion of custom, and confer a benefit on the public at the same time. The issue of a railway-stamp for letters would be a great boon to many people in the suburbs, and within short distances of London. Places far distant from town frequently have better postal opportunities than those near the metropolis possess: to take an instance, in a South-London district, only eight miles from the General Post Office, the last post comes in at nine, and the last post goes out at nine, and therefore, anyone receiving, by the last post, an important letter requiring an immediate answer, must get the guard of the train at the nearest station to carry it up and post it in a pillar letter-box in London. Why should not the Post Office people let the railway companies sell railway stamps (say twopenny stamps, one penny to go to the railway), which, affixed to the letter in addition to the ordinary postage stamp, should pay for its carriage by train to the nearest pillar post in London? The advantage to the public would be great, and I do not think the profits would be contemptible. I for one would at any time rather pay the twopence in the case of an important letter, or of MSS., even in the daytime—and intrust to an intelligent and smart guard, instead of the pottering small shopkeepers, who as a rule are selected as postmasters and postmistresses in the suburban districts.

# Professor Lonsdale's Virgil and Mr. King's Ovid.[1]

1. The two excellent translations before us come from Oxford men. They will add much, we believe, to the fame achieved of late years in the field of classical translation by such Oxonians as Lord Derby, Professor Conington, Professor Plumptre, Professor Newman, Mr. Worsley, and, still more recently, by Professor Jowett. At Balliol Professor Lonsdale, the translator of Virgil, is still remembered as formerly a most able and popular tutor, working for some years along with the present Archbishop of Canterbury; and out of Balliol, at many a quiet country rectory is gratefully remembered the self-denying generosity of the man who repeatedly waived his own claims to college preferment in the interest of others whose wants he considered more pressing. At Professor Lonsdale's hands we looked for a translation of Virgil of surpassing excellence, and we are not disappointed in a work which stands not merely above but far apart from every other version in our language, for its loving fidelity to the letter and to the spirit of the original. The widespread popularity of this work in England, in America, and in our more distant colonies, has already made it a success, and may well tempt Professor Lonsdale to address his able coadjutor, Mr. Lee, in the words of their common favourite:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Few classical authors are greater favourites than the author of the 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics.' Those who know Virgil best never tire of him, but read him with an appetite which never cloys, and is only quickened by indulgence. The most gifted sons of Oxford, such as John Keble and John Conington, with others of lesser note, have done much of recent years to maintain the eminence which belongs to this favourite classic as a poet of the very highest class. Mr. Gladstone,

[1] *The Works of Virgil rendered into English Prose.* By James Lonsdale, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and Classical Professor of King's College, London, and Samuel Lee, M.A. London: Macmillan.

*The Metamorphoses of Ovid translated into English Blank Verse.* By Henry King, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

however, is a conspicuous exception, as the most unsparing and undiscriminating traducer of a poet whose words always rise to his lips, and at times inspire his happiest thoughts, in the most impassioned bursts of his splendid eloquence. He has tried to write Homer up by writing Virgil down, in a comparison which fails in its application because it ignores the fact that Homer and Virgil were minstrels performing on two very different instruments, and with two very different objects in view. The Roman epic, according to the author of the 'Homeric Studies,' is *undramatic*, and merely operatic, while Homer is 'dramatic,' and 'the poem of Virgil is toned throughout to a spirit of courtlike adulation, while Homer sang for national glory.' Now, no Virgilian scholar, we conceive, will support such a proposition as this—'to disendow and disestablish' the greatest of Roman poets. To ourselves Virgil appears more dramatic, and by far more distinctly a national poet, singing more exclusively of his country's glory, and priding himself more avowedly on his country's greatness, than the father of the Grecian 'epic.' 'The tale of Troy divine' never breathed the spirit of the drama until it was inspired, firstly, by the plastic art of the Attic tragedians, whose rhetorical and ethical treatment wrought out to the very life its most terrible or tender passions, evolved its grandest actions, and embodied its chief characters in human flesh and blood, and, secondly, by Virgil, who so often loses sight of the epic in the dramatic form in which he presents to eye and ear many of the most touching scenes in the downfall of Troy. The moving incidents depicted in the Second Æneid are far more instinct with a dramatic spirit and interest than anything in the whole range of Homeric poetry, while ancient and modern critics have concurred in regarding the episode of Dido in the Fourth Æneid as one of the most dramatic presentations of the despotism of love over the human heart presented by any poet, and as most meetly styled 'an heroic tragedy.' In the true spirit of the tragedian, Virgil puts on the stage his characters, figure after figure, group after group, cut with the clearness of statuary, as if some consummate master of the chisel had moulded them in our presence to miraculous existence, and some Prometheus had touched with the fire of heaven their lips, and breathed life into their bodies. His characters are no phantoms summoned from a far distant and shadowy world, but creatures of our own flesh and blood, animated with human passions, warm with human sympathies, and speaking a language which has been universally understood, and touched the hearts of all who have heard it, simply because it is the language of our common nature.

Nor can we believe with Mr. Gladstone that Virgil ever forgot the glory of his country in the golden smiles of Augustus. On the contrary, patriotism appears to be the keynote of the 'Æneid.' From the first book of the 'Æneid,' where Jove is made to promise the empire of the world to the Roman race, with no bounds to its territory

save the sea, no limit to its fame save the heavens, until the last book, where the founder of the Roman race wins his victorious way to an Italian throne, Virgil paints the noblest pictures and portraits of patriotism ever given. This love of fatherland was the sole actuating motive which gave existence and perfection to his 'Georgics,' written as they were to improve the agriculture of the land he loved so well, whose glories and beauties breathed inspiration into his highest strains. It was as much for his patriotism as for his poetry that Virgil was beloved and adopted as his 'maestro' by Dante, the most poetical of Italian patriots, and the most patriotic as well as the foremost of Italian poets. The great poem which Mr. Gladstone regards as a failure in celebrating the national glory of Rome, has been styled by others the 'History of Rome,' and the epic which he denounces as modulated to flatter despotism, has been lauded as the 'mirror and the glory of the great Republic.' If Virgil wrote to glorify the Cæsar whose throne was erected on the ruins of the great Republic, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to explain the loving admiration with which the poet rings forth in his stately hexameters the undying fame of the heroes of the Republic—its Catos, its Decii, its Fabii, and even its Gracchi, and the ill-omened name of 'the avenging Brutus' ('ultoris Bruti'). It is to the patriot that the poet assigns in the bowers of Elysian bliss an everlasting home, while to him 'who sells his country for gold' he allots the deepest depth in his hell of hells. Homer, true to the universality of his genius, laid all creation under tribute to grace with images of beauty the divine shield of his hero Achilles; but Virgil, true only to his passionate love of country, and seeking only to set forth its 'national glory,' ornamented the shield of Æneas not with the beauties of nature, but with trophies of Roman triumphs, with the glories of the Roman race. When Homer sings of Helen, an undertone of tenderness mingles with his strain; but the hexameters of Virgil seem to quiver with indignation as they tell of the fair fiend that was the curse of her kindred and of her country ('patriæ Erinnys'). In truth, if the muse of Virgil was retained by Augustus to consecrate the cause of Imperial despotism, it is clear from the whole tenor of the 'Æneid,' that she betrayed her retainer, and, like Hypermnestra of old—*splendidè mendax*—to her own honour proved unfaithful only to a compact of dishonour.

Quotations at the best are but a poor expedient when the translation, the whole translation, can alone enable the competent reader to form a just estimate of its merits; yet the following passage may serve to show generally Virgil's passionate pride in the glory and beauty of his country, as well as to show something of the fidelity of this translation, which is by far the best we have seen:

'But neither the groves of Media, that land of wealth, nor fair Ganges, and Hermus turbid with its slime of gold, can vie with the glories of Italy; nor Bactra, nor the Indians, and all Panchaia rich in sands

that bear the frankincense. This region, no bulls breathing fire from their nostrils have ever ploughed for the sowing of the teeth of a grisly hydra, nor has the cornfield bristled with crowded casques and spears of men; but teaming crops o'erspread it, and the juice of the Massic vine; olive-trees possess it, and goodly herds; hence comes the warrior horse that proudly bounds into the field; hence thy snowy flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull the chiefest victim, which, often bathed in thy hallowed stream, leads to the shrines of the gods the triumph of Rome.'

Much, however, as we admire and appreciate this best of Virgilian translations, we trust we are not blind to its faults. Occasionally we miss the full force of compounds, such as '*dispulit*,' here rendered 'bore,' for 'bore us in *different directions*,' and of frequentative verbs, such as 'rogitans,' here rendered 'asking,' instead of 'asking again and again' (of Dido—a fine touch of nature in depicting the ceaseless curiosity of an interested lover). 'Eoasque acies,' the troops of the dawn, might, if rendered 'the troops of the East,' be clearer to an English reader. 'Vos quibus integer ævi Sanguis' is here rendered 'Ye whose blood is in the perfect glow of youth.' May not the most literal rendering be here the best?—'Ye whose blood is *untouched by age*'—as the poet Propertius speaking of youth—'rugis integer annus.' For 'incertam securim,' here 'the ill-directed axe,' we suggest 'faltering axe;' and for 'dono divûm' we prefer 'by gift of God' to 'by the grace of God,' as here rendered.

2. Mr. King's admirable version of the 'Metamorphoses' is of more ambitious form and pretensions as a rendering in blank verse. This translator has had a difficult task, but he has brought to it a thorough knowledge of his author's peculiar graces and merits as a poet, and has succeeded almost to perfection in his attempt to render them to the eye and the ear of an English reader, by the elegance of his taste, and his mastery over the beauties of language, and the musical capacities of the metre he has adopted. Although almost a literal rendering of the original, this version of Ovid is instinct with the spirit of the original, and bathed in its beauty. Here is a sample of Mr. King's skill as a translator of Ovid, taken from the death of Orpheus:

> No bird that wings the air, no beast that roams
> The earth but mourned thee, Orpheus! Thee the rocks
> Lamented, and the woods that oft entranced
> Had followed on thy song:—with heavy boughs
> Depressed the weeping trees their foliage shed;
> With their own tears the flooded rivers swelled;
> And sad, with tresses loose and sable stole,
> Went mourning all the nymphs of stream and grove.

In 'the weeping trees' of this passage we are reminded of Byron's forest of Ardennes, 'dewy with nature's teardrops.' From the many passages in Byron borrowed consciously or unconsciously from Ovid,

it is clear that the great Roman minstrel of love had been much read by his English rival. As we have written elsewhere, 'no two writers could well be more alike in character and sympathy than the author of "The Art of Love" and the author of "Don Juan."' Both were men of good blood, of easy circumstances, and alike abandoned to the fascinations of the flesh. Both were under a ban as the most licentious of libertines, and branded with the stigma of vices unspeakably revolting. Both went into exile for their fatherlands, each accompanied by the most faithful of followers, and doomed to live and die in a distant clime, the idol of its inhabitants—the one amidst the solitudes of Scythia, the other amidst the fallen glories of Greece. Both were unfaithful husbands, yet tender-hearted fathers, passionately devoted to their daughters. Both loved to wail over their own self-made woes, and to lament the condemnation of a world they professed to despise. Both were the veriest slaves of superstition, yet the most habitual scoffers of religion, and both excelled in rhetoric, satire, and in dramatic genius.

In a future edition we think Mr. King may somewhat improve his very beautiful translation by the correction of some of its inaccuracies and faults. To quote his own words, in reference to his own work, we have felt as we read it, with great pleasure, how

> rarely comes a joy to man
> So pure that not a bitter mars a sweet.

In many of Mr. King's departures from the original, as in his 'weeping he spoke, she heard' (dixerat, et flebant), we not only lose the significant force of the distinct tenses of the verbs, but the verb itself is inadequately rendered and misapplied. Ovid tells us that both Deucalion and Pyrrha *were weeping*. Mr. King has made the man alone *weep*, which is as unnatural here as it is unpoetic. Occasionally we meet with such expansions of the original as

> Once more the brow of heaven was *gemmed* with stars,

where Ovid is very silent about *gems*. Occasionally, too, Mr. King's language might be made a little clearer, as in such terms as 'Go, *moralise* thy daughter.' At times he is a little too literal for the English reader, as in 'dexter hand,' '*proper* hand,' and in his literal version of 'gratus' and 'impius,' as 'grateful' and 'impious,' where their force would be better rendered 'welcome' and 'unnatural.'

We cannot part from these translations without again commending them to classical and non-classical readers as the best of their kind, although they are naturally far removed in excellence from their great originals. The strains of Virgil and Ovid cannot be rendered in their full beauty and sweetness in any language or by any skill; for, like the Lesbian roses, they lose their natural scent of honey when they are transplanted to another soil and breathe an alien air.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

# TYRRELL'S BACCHAE.[1]

THOUGH the 'Bacchae' was not among the nine plays of Euripides chosen for use in the schools of the middle ages, at least the later appreciation of Europe has found in it that peculiar charm which it possessed for classical antiquity. This charm is due alike to its form and to its subject. As regards form, it has a picturesqueness and an ever-rising animation which bring it nearer than perhaps any other Greek tragedy to the genius of the romantic drama. The choral odes are neither digressions, as in so many plays of Euripides, nor, as usually in Aeschylus and Sophokles, reflective pauses: they are the lyrical expression of that Dionysiac feeling which is the soul of the entire play; and thus they are not merely coherent with the action—they interpret and elevate its passion. The dialogue, again, is singularly brilliant. Few descriptive passages in Greek poetry surpass the narrative of the death of Pentheus; nowhere, certainly, in Greek drama is that irony which gave point for the spectators to a plot which they knew beforehand more thrilling than in the great scene between Dionysus and Pentheus; that scene in which Goethe recognised the pagan image of an outraged and patient Godhead, and which to Meyer suggested further the contrast between the pagan and the Christian ideal—between repressed menace and gentle firmness—between defiance and reliance. These are some of the merits of the 'Bacchae' in respect to form: in respect to subject its interest is unique. Of extant Greek dramas this alone unfolds and glorifies the original and central idea of all; this alone embodies in a complete and vivid poetical shape the spirit of the Dionysiac worship. There is, indeed, one other ancient poem of kindred genius—one other which, like this, is hurried along by the rapture, the frenzy of an orgiastic cult; but, to say nothing of other differences, the inspiration of the 'Atys' is Asiatic; the 'Bacchae' has upon it not only the passion, but also the clearness and the brightness, of the Hellenic god of joy.

[1] The *Bacchae of Euripides*; with a revision of the text and a Commentary. By ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer, 1871.

Mr. R. Y. Tyrrell, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, is already known to classical scholars as a brilliant composer. To the honours won in *Kottabos* and in *Hesperidum Sussurri* he may now claim to add those of a successful editor. His edition of the 'Bacchae,' able and scholarlike, is worthy alike of his own reputation and of the University whose old and various renown was never, perhaps, better assured of continuance, or more likely to gain fresh lustre, than it is at the present time. Mr. Tyrrell's criticism of the 'Bacchae' may be considered under three heads—as introductory, textual, illustrative. It would be impossible within our limits to discuss fully any one of these three departments. We propose, taking them in order, to notice in each those points which have struck us.

First, then, as to the Introduction. This, from beginning to end, is thoroughly good. It is cast into five divisions—I. External Form of the Play; II. Evidences for the Text; III. Religious and Moral Import of the 'Bacchae'; IV. Dramatis Personae; V. Popularity of the 'Bacchae.' It is on division III., which deals with the largest question, that we wish to say a word here. We are very glad to see that Mr. Tyrrell does not believe in the old notion that the 'Bacchae' was a sort of palinode, meant to atone by its fervour for an earlier scepticism. As Mr. Tyrrell very justly remarks, the scepticism of Euripides was always, as far as we know, limited to a certain uneasiness about the part which Τύχη seemed to play in the moral government of the world; as for the popular theology, he had always accepted it; he only sought, by applying an ingenious and cautious rationalism to some of its more grotesque details, to enhance its dignity by eliminating absurdities. If the 'Bacchae,' the work of his old age, teaches that it is wrong to resist Dionysus, the 'Hippolytus,' the work of his early manhood, teaches that it is wrong to resist Aphrodite. Hippolytus, like Pentheus, suffers for ὕβρις. The difference between the 'Bacchae' and the 'Hippolytus' is not a difference of view, it is a difference of mood; the author of the 'Hippolytus,' though orthodox, was restless; the author of the 'Bacchae' is orthodox and calm; he can at last condemn unhesitatingly τὸ σοφόν—the instinct which carries dialectic subtlety out of its proper sphere into the region of things divine. The palinodic theory is sufficiently refuted by these considerations. But it merits something more than refutation. Mr. Tyrrell has pointed out that, though the personal opinions of Euripides may sometimes be inferred from the utterances of his Chorus, it is usually unsafe to infer them from the utterances of his *dramatis personae*. This is most true; and we only wish that he had gone on to observe how unreal, how profoundly inartistic, is any criticism which assumes that a work of art is necessarily the expression of the artist's own convictions about theology or anything else—except art. Euripides was living at the court of Archelaus, and wished to write a play to be acted there. He felt that half-Hellenised barbarians would enjoy a

violently exciting story, turning upon mystic orgia, more than a story of which the interest depended on a fine psychology. Then it struck him that the story of Pentheus would be just the thing. So he wrote his play; and, as he was bound to do, made Dionysus to prevail. Does anything more need to be said? Some months ago it was announced in a literary journal that Mr. Swinburne was engaged upon a poem in which the mediaeval Catholic sentiment was to be contrasted with a free human instinct. Suppose that this poem were to appear, in a dramatic form, next year, and that, for artistic reasons, Mr. Swinburne had thought proper to give the Catholic sentiment a dramatic triumph. Would his critic, writing a few centuries hence, trace the influence of the Vatican Definition on the author of the chorus in 'Atalanta'?

Secondly, as to the criticism of the text. Following the example of Mr. Shilleto in his edition of the 'Parapresbeia,' Mr. Tyrrell has written his commentary in English, but his critical notes in Latin. This, we believe, is the right plan; not merely because Latin is terser and offers a ready-made critical dialect, but also because textual criticism, being that which is of most universal moment to scholars, ought to be couched so far as possible in a common language. We could wish that in two places Mr. Tyrrell had avoided the conventional asperities of the Brunckian age (v. 25, 'foedis Stephani mendaciis illusi'; v. 1060, 'mendacissimus iste Stephanus'); but, as a rule, we admire both his method and his style. From his conclusions we are often obliged to differ. Our space will barely allow us to notice one or two instances.

V. 22. Mr. Allen's conjecture, adopted by Mr. Tyrrell, that v. 54 ought to stand between v. 22 and v. 23, seems to us ingenious, but improbable. We believe, with Hermann, that κἀκεῖ means 'there *also*' (not '*and* there'). Then no principal verb is wanted between ἦλθον (v. 20) and ἀνωλόλυξα (v. 24). Verses 21, 22 are a sort of afterthought: in enumerating just before the places in Asia which Dionysus had visited, Euripides had omitted to say that he had established his worship in them.

V. 25. Κίσσινον μέλος. No doubt βέλος is a mere conjecture; but, to our mind, it is a certain conjecture. Mr. Tyrrell understands Θήβας . . . ἀνωλόλυξα . . . Κίσσινον μέλος, 'I raised over Thebes a triumphant Kissian song.' To this we have two objections: (1) the awkward delay of the last two words after the rest; (2) the fact that the Κίσσιοι were associated in the Greek mind chiefly, if not solely, with θρῆνοι. *It may be, as* Mr. Tyrrell says, that 'they sang all kinds of orgiastic strains;' but surely the mention of Κίσσινον μέλος, undefined except *by* ἀνωλόλυξα, in connection with Dionysus, would have seemed to a Greek ear terribly δύσφημον? Rather read κίσσινον Βέλος, in apposition with θύρσον. Mr. Tyrrell objects that in vv. 761, 762 the thyrsus is 'distinctly opposed to a dart.' No: it is there opposed, as the spear

*used by the Maenads*, to λογχωτὸν βέλος, a *regular* spear. In each case the general term βέλος is defined by the qualifying epithet.

V. 209. δι' ἀριθμῶν δ' οὐδὲν αὔξεσθαι θέλει. Mr. Tyrrell has rejected δι' ἀριθμῶν, as yielding no intelligible sense, and substitutes Mr. Brady's very clever διαιρῶν. Mr. Tyrrell is (we think) quite right in saying that Tro. 476, Herakl. 227, Theokr. xvi. 87, do not really help to explain δι' ἀριθμῶν. Still we venture to express our conviction that δι' ἀριθμῶν is thoroughly, exquisitely Greek, and most undoubtedly genuine. Dionysus claims the universal homage of mankind in one great, consentient throng, narrowed by no barriers of sex, age, or rank: he asks not to be honoured δι' ἀριθμῶν, 'in the way of ἀριθμοί;' that is, *by* ἀριθμοί, definite, limited *numbers* or sections of worshippers, separated from the rest of the world by special differences. The words δι' ἀριθμῶν δ' οὐδὲν αὔξεσθαι θέλει might, perhaps, be fairly rendered—

Not group-wise would he range his votaries.

V. 260. ὅπου βότρυος ἐν δαιτὶ γίγνεται γάνος. This verse is bracketed by Mr. Tyrrell, who thinks that it was taken from v. 380. But surely it is absolutely necessary to the sense. The ἔτι in the next line shows this. There are *some* ὄργια (e.g. the Orphic, Theophr. 'Char.' xxviii.; the Cabeirian, Plut. 'Alex.' 2) in which women can bear part without reproach; but when wine comes in (v. 260), *then no longer* (v. 261) is this the case.

Vv. 286–306. These verses are bracketed by Mr. Tyrrell. He regards vv. 286–297 as almost certainly, vv. 295–305 as probably, spurious. Dindorf had already rejected vv. 284–297. We owe some thanks to Mr. Tyrrell for saving at least vv. 284–285. But we totally and emphatically dissent from his suspicion of the remaining verses. After weighing what has been urged against them, we feel confident that if anything in Aeschylus, Sophokles, or Euripides is genuine, these verses are genuine. It would take an essay, not a few lines in a short review, to defend this passage adequately. But the main points are these: (1) The speech of Teiresias, vv. 266–327, replies—rather δικανικῶς, in the manner of Euripides—to the speech of Pentheus, vv. 215–262. Now, Pentheus had made a great point of the absurdity of the story of Dionysus having been sown up in the thigh of Zeus: this Dionysus, he hinted, was simply the son of a mortal paramour of Semele (vv. 243–245). And here we must express our amazement that Mr. Tyrrell has actually bracketed the important verse 243, ἐκεῖνος ἐν μηρῷ ποτ' ἐρράφη [Herm. rightly ἐρράφθαι] Διός, with absolutely no comment except 'Eiecit Dind.' Teiresias, in his defence of Dionysus, was bound, like a good Euripidean advocate, to answer this point. Accordingly in vv. 286–297 he *does* answer it. The form of the popular story is, he allows, absurd. But the story itself is essentially true. Dionysus *is* the son of Zeus; Zeus *did* save him from Here: a jumble of μηρός and ὄμηρος was the source of the grotesque popular

legend. Now, this is not an impious rationalism; it is not incongruous with the character of Teiresias: it is a rationalism which, holding to the substance of faith, seeks to purge it of gross accidents; it is in perfect harmony with the office of the prophet, the ἐξηγητής, at need, of esoteric truth. So much for vv. 286–297. (2) Vv. 298–305 are also in place. Pentheus has scorned Dionysus as an impostor trading upon lust. Teiresias, in answer, puts forth his *various* claims to reverence. Dionysus is not merely the giver of joy (274–281) and rest (282–283); not merely the procurer, in libation, of blessings from the other gods (284–285): he is also the inspirer of prophecy (298–301), the sharer of the powers of Ares (302–305). The ἔτι with which v. 306 begins comes more fitly after a *full* enumeration of the prerogatives of Dionysus than it would come if 306 v. immediately followed v. 285.

V. 506. Οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτι ζῇς οὐδ' ὁρᾷς οὔθ' ὅστις εἶ; So the two best MSS. Mr. Tyrrell gives on his own conjecture, ἆρ' εἰσέτι ζῇς, οὐδ' ὁρᾷς ἔθ' ὅστις εἶ; 'Have you lived so long without yet knowing who you are?' (a weak mortal in the grasp of a god). Now, for this sense, we should have expected: (1) ἦ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ ζῇς, rather than ἆρ' εἰσέτι ζῇς; (2) πω, not ἔτι, after ὁρᾷς. But it appears to us certain that Reiske's ὃ δρᾷς for ὁρᾷς is right. The triple phrase—ζῇς, ὁρᾷς, εἶ—gives an intensity and a climax, precisely as in Soph. 'O. T.' 371, the rising bitterness of Oedipus against Teiresias reaches its summit in the line, τυφλὸς τά τ' ὦτα τόν τε νοῦν τά τ' ὄμματ' εἶ. The words οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅ τι ζῇς are right, if only ὅ τι is read as the neuter of ὅστις. It is the nominative, not the accusative; ὅ τι expresses the scorn of the immortal for the animal.

V. 1156. νάρθηκά τε πιστὸν Ἄιδαν. Of course, as Mr. Tyrrell says, πιστὸν Ἄιδαν cannot mean 'certain death.' The confusion of ideas involved in such a version is evident. Sure, certain help might be called πιστὴ ἀλκή, help on which one relies. But when a man unconsciously embraces a mischief which is sure to destroy him, this mischief cannot be called πιστὸς Ἄιδης, a death on which he relies. Mr. Tyrrell's ἐπακτὸν Ἄιδαν is perfectly good Greek. But we must say that it seems to us strained and feeble. We believe that Professor Ingram's brilliant conjecture is true: he suggests νάρθηξ κισσοχαίταν. Has Mr. Tyrrell noticed that νάρθηξ κισσοχαίτης is the precise lyrical equivalent of θύρσος κισσῷ κομήτης in the dialogue shortly before (v. 1055)?

It only remains to notice briefly two other points: (1) In v. 636 we believe that Mr. Tyrrell might quite safely have taken Bothe's ἥσυχος δ' ἐκβὰς ἐγώ. We cannot agree with him in suspecting ἥσυχος. Surely the picture suggested resembles the great Vatican fresco of St. Peter's deliverance from prison: despite of confining bars and chains, Dionysus moves *calmly* forth. (2) In v. 1060 we think that Mr. Tyrrell is in the main right. He reads οὐκ ἐξικνοῦμαι μαινάδων ὅσσοιν νόθων. Only why (in spite of Porson) ὄσσοιν and not ὅσσοις? Surely it is as easy

to suppose that the final ς of ὅσσοις was lost as to suppose that it was assimilated to the initial ν of νόθων.

Thirdly, as to the Commentary. A commentary, in our view, ought to do two things: it ought to explain thoroughly and compactly special difficulties; and it ought also to follow the whole tenor of the text, smoothing or illustrating abrupt or obscure transitions, and bringing out, where necessary, some dominant thought in the writer's mind which is needful for the appreciation of a touch that might have otherwise been lost. It is the second of these duties for the discharge of which Professor Conington is chiefly admirable. His commentary upon Vergil is, in regard to that poet, a mirror of his mind. The precise manner in which each passage, each phrase, affected him is conscientiously conveyed to his reader. Now, Mr. Tyrrell usually fulfils, as it appears to us, the first of the two duties which we have assigned to a commentator. He generally explains special difficulties. The only important exception that we have noticed is at vv. 293-4, a hard passage, certainly needing discussion: for our own part, we should prefer (with Mr. Paley) to place a comma after Διόνυσον, and to join ὄμηρον Ἥρας νεικέων. In the second duty of a commentator, Mr. Tyrrell is, as we conceive, deficient. He interprets the riddles, but not always the less obvious difficulties, of his author's thought. A closer commentary, consisting of notes more compact and more numerous, would, we believe, have been more useful.

To sum up: (1) Mr. Tyrrell's Introduction is admirable; (2) his textual criticism shows finished scholarship, but not always, in our opinion, sure judgment; (3) his commentary, excellent in its way, presents, as a rule, too much discussion and too little exposition.

Before leaving the book, we should like to say one thing which in these days will probably seem an outrageous heresy. Never did a classical edition bear clearer testimony to the worth, for classical learning, of that practice in Greek and Latin composition upon which the classical scholars of Germany are disposed to place so small a value. The first volume of Madvig's 'Adversaria Critica' has lately appeared. In Aesch. 'Agam.' 1196 that scholar proposes—ἐκμαρτύρησον προὐμοσάσῃ μὴ εἰδέναι. It would be a poor compliment to Mr. Tyrrell to say that *he* could not have done this. No English scholar could have done it.

R. C. Jebb.

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CONTENTS.


I. 'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, *Exeter College, Oxford*, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by D. T. White . 529

II. PANSLAVISM AND PANTEUTONISM. By F. H. O'Donnell . 549

III. THREE DAYS AT SEDAN. By John O'Connor, *Savage Club* . 556

IV. SIMEON SOLOMON: Notes on his 'Vision of Love, and other Studies.' By Algernon Swinburne, *Balliol College, Oxford* . 568

V. SATIS. By John Whitcher, *London University* . . . . 577

VI. KIT CARSON'S RIDE. By Joaquin Miller, Author of 'Songs of the Sierras' . . . . . 578

VII. EYE AND EAR IMPRESSIONS. By the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, *Christ Church, Oxford* . . . . . 582

VIII. A MIRACLE PLAY IN THE 19TH CENTURY. By Karl Blind . 587

IX. THE STORY OF EUROPA. By Professor Sylvester, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 595

X. 'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.' By Compton Reade, *Magdalen College, Oxford*. Illustrated by M. W. Ridley . 597

XI. THE LASS O' LOGIE LEA. By the late John Lyall . . 610

XII. PAINTING AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. By Sidney Colvin, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 611

XIII. SUPERNATURAL ODDITIES. By Gilbert Venables, *Wadham College, Oxford* . . . . . 620

XIV. THE TATLER IN CAMBRIDGE. By W. D. Rawlins, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 628

XV. AMOUR QUI SOURIT CACHÉ. By W. H. Pollock, *Trinity College, Cambridge* . . . . . 629

XVI. THE 25TH OF MAY, 1871. By Eugène Ponsard . . . 630

XVII. OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 638

XVIII. THE UNDERGRADUATE IN TOWN . . . . . 642

XIX. REVIEWS:—Professor Lonsdale's Virgil, and Mr. King's Ovid. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L., *Brasenose College, Oxford* . 646

„ Tyrrell's Bacchae. By R. C. Jebb, Public Orator of the *University of Cambridge* . . . . 651

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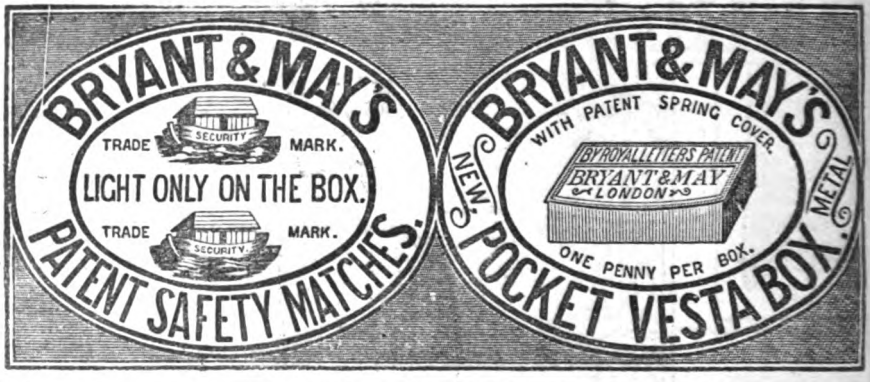


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THE

# DARK BLUE.

## AUGUST, 1871.

## CONTENTS.


PAGE

I. 'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by D. T. White . . . . . 657
CHAPTER XXI.—The Accuser and the Accused.
,, XXII.—Eros and Psyche.
,, XXIII.—The Right Hon. F. R. Damer buys a Bouquet.
,, XXIV.—A Soul's Wreck.

II. A FEW THOUGHTS ON REPUBLICANISM AND MONARCHY. By the Rev. Henry Wace . . . . . 677

III. ON THE ADVANTAGES OF DYING IN A DITCH. By B. Montgomerie Ranking . . . . . 685

IV. THE VISION OF THE ISLES OF IMMORTALITY AND DEATH. By G. F. Armstrong. Illustrated by E. F. Clarke . . . 688

V. MRS. COATES' BATH. By the Rev. J. G. Wood . . . 693

VI. PONDICHERRY; OR, THE FRENCH IN INDIA. By Colonel Laurie 703

VII. ONE SWALLOW MAKETH NOT A SUMMER. By W. J. Stewart . 710

VIII. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY. By E. S. Nadal . . . 711

IX. WITH A WEDDING PRESENT. By W. H. Simcox . . 717

X. 'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.' By Compton Reade. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessey . . . . . 718
CHAPTER XVI.—Simple Simony.
,, XVII.—On the Hip.
,, XVIII.—Farewell to Home.

XI. IRISH CHARACTERISTICS. By Nicholas Flood Davin . . 732

XII. THE SONG OF THE WILLI: a Ballad. By Mathilde Blind . 741

XIII. THE THEATRE IN ENGLAND: ITS SHORTCOMINGS AND POSSIBILITIES. By Tom Taylor . . . . . 746

XIV. ATHANASE COQUEREL AND ART-PROTESTANTISM. By the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt . . . . . 755

XV. IN AUGUST. By Aureolus Paracelsus . . . . . 763

XVI. MY SKETCH-BOOK IN CHINA AND JAPAN. By E. Hepple Hall. With an Illustration . . . . . 765

XVII. THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF ENGLAND. By E. D. J. Wilson . 770

XVIII. DAWN. By Alfred P. Graves . . . . . 780

XIX. THE UNDERGRADUATE IN TOWN . . . . . 781

XX. OXFORD CHIT-CHAT . . . . . 786

XXI. PADDY ON PARNASSUS: a Review of Irish Classical Verse. By T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L. . . . . 791

DRAWN BY D. T. WHITE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

'LOST.

THE

# DARK BLUE.

AUGUST 1871.

## 'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

### CHAPTER XXI.

*THE ACCUSER AND THE ACCUSED.*

MARY and the Major never knew how they got home again to Dover Street. The carriage had been found somehow, and the Major, trembling in every limb—literally trembling from head to foot—sat opposite Mary, whose stunned senses were unable to harbour one clear idea. It was terrible to see this old soldier swaying hither and thither with some uncontrollable inward terror; every vesicle of his brain was in motion, and this nervous irritation communicated itself to every part of his body.

Arrived home, they found Holmann and Christian just returned from Chelsea.

'How soon you have come home, Major,' said Holmann; 'we were just coming to fetch you.'

'Mary, go to bed,' said the Major gruffly.

Mary went, without saying good-night to any one. Her senses were still stunned, and had not yet recovered.

'Holmann, I have seen that man; that lord who robbed us of her seventeen years ago. I fell upon him, and nearly throttled him, and to-morrow I'll have him out.'

'How is it possible? You never knew him.'

'Yes I did. I saw him on that night, and had his face graven on my mind for all time.'

'Go to bed, Major, and get quiet. Let us talk about it to-morrow.'

'I cannot talk about it; I must act!'

'Major, you know I am not strong yet. Remember, I was put under your charge. Will you kill *me*?'

The Major looked at Holmann's pale face, murmured something, and started off to bed.

'I'll have him out to-morrow,' were his last words. 'Christian, I want you early.'

The Professor and Christian retired together, to consult and cogitate on those new complications.

Mary had taken her night-lamp and gone to her room. She did not ring for the chambermaid, but knelt down by the bed, stretching her arms on the coverlet as if she were seeking beyond her for help. For she knew, she felt, that the solution of this dread mystery in her life was coming, that its burden was falling upon her—and she quivered at the dread of its crushing, certain, presence. Her consciousness went beyond her, carried her into a trance, where she lost her hold of the actual and was drawn into the infinite, into the knowledge of another's existence, her mind groping on the brink of sanity for something lost to her material sense. Some form stood there; some figure appeared before her in the dim distance of the room; a woman's outlines were shadowed forth. Mary sprang up; she thought the form pointed to the flowers in her hair; she tore them out of her locks. 'Here they are, mother,' she called out. She thought the form pointed to her pearls; she snatched them from her neck. 'Here, I give them you, mother,' she cried. She fancied the form opened its arms, and springing towards it with an unearthly scream, 'Here I come, mother,' she fell back into the Professor's and Christian's arms, just as they rushed in, on having heard that despairing sound. Stiff and cold in satin and lace they laid her on her bed; they loosened her dress, and brought restoratives from her dressing-table. 'Call no one,' whispered the Professor, 'I see she will revive. Nobody seems to have heard.' The eyelids began to tremble, the hands to unfasten; and, worn out with an extraordinary emotion, Mary's faintness passed into sleep.

Then the two men sat by the side of that uneasy sleeper, once more the consciousness of heavy trouble between them. After a while Christian persuaded the Professor to seek some rest himself; *he* would sit up till Mary woke. The Professor went, and Christian was alone.

Even then, his orderly military ways did not leave him. He picked up the forget-me-nots and the costly pearls, and placed them on the table. He took his place again by the bed, lifted one of those soft little hands, stroked it gently, and held it quietly in his own brawny one. The light began to flicker, and in dying let in the faint shimmer of the early morning, Christian began to doze, but an arm was placed round his shoulder. Mary was sitting up, and whispered: 'Christian, dear Christian, where is she? where is she? Who came?'

'Beg to report, Fräulein, you are wandering.'

'Christian, I saw her; there before me, I saw her; I know *that* trouble is coming upon me. Oh, Christian, tell me, tell me something of my mother!'

The young beautiful girl clung to the old faithful servant, her hair dishevelled, some sprigs of forget-me-nots still in it, her maidenly bosom half uncovered, the evening-dress in sad keeping with her surroundings, and her sobs coming in gusts of choking misery, while her cheek pressed despairingly against Christian's face. Quietly he wept as he said:

Befiehl du deine Wege
Und was dein Herze kränkt,
Der allertreusten Pflege
Des, der den Himmel lenkt.[1]

'Beg to report, Fräulein, that's all.'

Mary understood. The magnificent old hymn had its effect; she leant back on her pillow, leaving her hand in Christian's, and her tears flowed gentler.

'Now, Christian,' she said after a while, 'I see you have been watching by me all night; do go and get some sleep yourself.'

'Beg to report, Fräulein, am strong. I shall go to the Professor; he will want me.'

With his stiff soldier's walk out went Christian, carrying with him his sympathetic soul.

'You are early,' said the Professor, as he entered the room of Major Zollwitz, who was putting on his uniform and sword with Christian's assistance.

'I am going to call on that man. Christian, drive to Count d'Alvensleben, and ask for his address. No seconds, or such paraphernalia. I'll put my sword into that villain's heart without remorse.'

The Professor expected a struggle, and had taken his measures. There was no playing with the Major's anger.

'No you will not; you will not stir from this room. Remember, I

[1] Commend thou thy paths
And all that grieves thy heart
To the most faithful care
Of Him who sways the heavens.

have to answer for the unravelling of this mystery, and remember also *her* children. Think of them!'

'Of Hermann, perhaps? look at him.'

'I am not afraid of Hermann. He will redeem the curse himself; but I begin to be afraid of poor sweet Mary, if we do not deal very carefully with her.'

'Professor Holmann,' said the Major, placing himself directly before him; 'I do *not* care for you. That man has poisoned our lives, and I'll be revenged. I knock him down who balks me of my revenge! Come, Christian, I'll go with you to D'Alvensleben.'

'Before you do so I'll shoot *you* down. Major Zollwitz, I'll have no greater trouble upon us. If you do not remember the oath you swore over your brother's dead body on that night—an oath that you would redeem the curse which rests on the children of those who commit crime—then I do, and I am determined to keep mine.' The Professor coolly drew out a revolver, and pointed it at Major Zollwitz. Christian knew that matters might come to a crisis, but he did not expect this. He became anxious; an unforseen accident might prove dangerous. Between the two he placed himself.

'Through my body it must go.'

The Major's rage knew no bounds. He drew his sword in the fury of excited passion. Christian snatched at it; it glanced off, and struck the Major's left arm above the wrist, causing a slight wound. He staggered a little, and was caught up by Christian and Holmann, who made him sit down on the sofa.

'Now you see that fate is against you. You are wounded and unable to fight. Major, trust to a surer hand than yours.'

The Major said nothing. Holmann went, and Christian tied up the wound skillfully, and respectfully saluted the Major, standing right before him.

'Beg to report Major von Zollwitz must rest, must obey orders—invalided now.'

The Major regarded the man before him with swimming eyes, and obeyed.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the same morning Professor Holmann knocked at Lord Wharnton's door in Hertford Street, Mayfair. The servant who opened the door stared a little at the unknown visitor.

'Really, sir, I do not know if you can see his lordship. He never receives anyone so early.'

'Give him my card; he will receive me.'

In the background appeared another official in undress, to whom the card was handed. One glance at Holmann was sufficient for those discriminating eyes.

'Will you walk in here, sir, I will see his Lordship at once.'

After a few minutes the German Professor was ushered into an English nobleman's sanctum. There he sat, the elegant, worldly Lord Wharnton; his breakfast—served in true Sybarite style—still before him, the signs of Sybaritism clinging in undefined traces to the room, and the devotee of Sybaritism and Lucullism gracefully leaning back in his chair. From remote classical times the thread of tradition had woven an enticing web round this man's nature, shutting it out by its voluptuous desires from the realities of present life.

Deep had his lordship dipped into the Lucullan cup, drained it almost. So said those trembling lids, that fleshless hand, those scanty locks, and verified the words of our English Pindar, Cowley:

> All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
> Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
> Remain for later years to drink.

The sourness and lees could not be hidden by the arts of a Truefitt or the bearing of an aristocratic beau.

'Professor Holmann, I believe,' began his lordship, as he pointed politely to the chair handed by the discreet official. 'To what may I ascribe the honour of such an early visit? I think I had the pleasure of meeting you years ago in Berlin.'

'Your memory is good, my lord. I come this morning for some one else, for that Prussian officer who attacked you last night at Lady Julia Crofton's ball.'

'For that madman! And what of him? What have I to do with him? I mean to call D'Alvensleben to account for it. I have no wish to become the scapegoat of another man's passions. I say with Molière:

> Aller en l'autre monde est très-grande sottise,
> Tant que dans celui-ci l'on peut être de mise.'

'My lord, that officer was the brother-in-law of the man with whose wife you eloped seventeen years ago.'

Up sprang Lord Wharnton, his Sybaritism falling off like the scales from blind eyes. 'What do you mean, sir? Are you also mad?'

'No, my lord. I am here merely to tell you that you eloped with Frau von Zollwitz.'

'I? I elope with Frau von Zollwitz? the only woman I really loved, the woman whose image pursued me for years, who kept me a wanderer for years! I did not elope with her. Yes; I loved her, this woman, like whom I never saw another—this living, breathing, Aphrodite—this woman who drove men mad with passion—I loved her to distraction. I would have killed her husband to obtain her—but I was refused. I heard that a Prussian prince was before me, and I hurried away from Berlin after that last interview, hurried away, dipped into the excesses of a southern life for years under another name, and returned to England again.' His lordship sank back into his chair.

Holmann bent forward, bent over him. 'My Lord, is that true? Did you not take Frau von Zollwitz from her home and country? Ah, we sought your track for years; we found it not. We gave it up at last on account of the children, and now we thought we had found it. My lord, tell me again that you were not the sinner? Who was it then? Good God, this is maddening!'

Lord Wharnton rose, every inch an English nobleman. 'Do you doubt me, sir? Ah, now I see why the remembrance of her came across me last night. Was that her daughter?'

'It was. I do not doubt an English gentleman's solemn word. Well, my lord, that woman whom you loved I have found after some seventeen years' search. That Mathilda von Zollwitz you can see in a miserable forlorn street in Chelsea, living over an old rag-shop, and mad with grief, misery, and remorse.'

'Good heavens! this is dreadful!' Lord Wharnton covered his face.

'Come with me to-morrow night, come with me, my lord, and you will see the human wreck, once the adored beauty of Berlin.'

'I will. Come for me, and I will try to bear such a sight. But go now; tell Major Zollwitz that I will give him an explanation—but go, go now—this tale is unbearable.' Lord Wharnton nearly pushed the Professor from the room, and when he was gone there remained a man whose Sybaritism and Lucullism had left him unprepared to face life's realities, and who stared this ugly fact for the first time in the face.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *EROS AND PSYCHE.*

Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart.

EROS went out to find his Psyche—love went out to find its soul—not Cupid, shilly-shallying Cupid, 'the love-god' of later Anacreontic Greek literature, but Eros the noble-grown youth, the representative of nascent manly love, the ideal of old grand, deep-passioned Greece. And Eros found his Psyche; he sought her at Venus's command; he loved and won her; and Eros's theme has been played in variations ever since. Since the earth was formed, since man and woman inhabited it, has Eros sought his Psyche, maybe in vulgar guise, maybe in noble accents, maybe the old passion has become deteriorated—passion it is still; Eros seeks his Psyche still.

The grandest of all books gives us the grandest pictures of this grand theme—how Isaac wooed and won, how Jacob wooed and won.

'And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming.

'And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel.'

Young Isaac meditating at eventide, seeing the camels, under the glow of the eastern sun, the camels that bore that precious burden—his Rebekah;—and 'she lifted up her eyes,' that beauteous eastern maid.

Another picture: 'And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept.'

Fourteen years did this eastern youth wait for his Psyche when he had found her; and loved and won her at last. Grand and simple pictures; no rhetoric there, no explanations, no hypercritical sentiment; fine true humanity mirroring its noble image in the pure well of youthful love.

Sum them up, those written types of Eros seeking Psyche — sum them up from Homer to Tennyson and Swinburne; sum them up, those old Greek bursts of passion; bring them down to the swelling images of our modern ideas—in all ages, in all climes, in all tongues. There is not a sweeter strain sung, not a truer sonnet composed to the mighty theme, than that of William Shakespeare:

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date;
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from falling ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

It is Eros seeking Psyche, giving his soul and taking her heart!

Some evenings after that scene by the Thames, Zollwitz stood in his room and looked around. His books were arranged for packing, his trunks already filled. The walls looked mournfully on the despoiling process, knowing that they would soon lose that inmate whose musings, many sorrows, and few joys, they had shared. Zollwitz stood there, having just freed himself from the signs of his dusty occupation—fresh and gladsome, like a warrior ready for life's battle, and eager for the fray. His figure was reflected in the glass, straight and noble—such as nature should give us more of—coming from an old stock, dating back to the union of a princely German dame and a Slavonian landholder; dating back to that early history of Germany when the kingdom of Poland lorded it high and mightily over Selisian dukes. There was a bright

line of Zollwitzes to be counted, but brighter than all shone the light of that one who fell by the side of Duke Henry II. the Pious, on April 9, 1241—on that day when Germany and the whole west of Europe were freed from the fear of the Mongolian invader, who had come rushing across Russia, pressing forward into Selisia—on that day when, with their leader and duke, fell every German knight, when none were taken prisoners, and none went home—all lying together on that bloody battle-field, having seen no actual military victory, but the moral one that drove back the Mongolian hordes, telling them that behind those Selisian warriors were people not easily to be conquered. And had Zollwitzes not suffered in those struggles for spiritual freedom during the wars of the Hussites, and had the Zollwitzes not early acknowledged the sovereignty of that high-couraged Prussian king who found the sympathies of those oppressed Protestant Selisians with him, ready to take revenge on blind religious bigotry? The Zollwitzes had staked their all when Germany rose against the overbearing genius of the great Corsican, and on that same battle-field of Mongolian renown, on Wahlstatt, had Blucher earned his rank of prince, against Macdonald, August 26, 1813. The Mongolian battle has its memorial-feast celebrated every year even now—the other holds its memorial in German freedom and unity. May the German remember that freedom and unity are great names, to be maintained in purity and without greediness, that they may bestow strength in maintaining such battle-fields against invasions from the west and east; but that, above all, the moral results of strong and active peace are worth all the military ones—moral results embodying heavy obligations towards a conquered nation.

Zollwitz stood there, in the glow of the eventide. In his veins coursed the daring and hot blood of the ancestral father, in his soul lived the gentler influence of the ancestral mother. Would he belie their name, or conquer that evil demon, and crush the curse that his own parents had left on him? Zollwitz lifted up his eyes, one deep sigh escaped him, one light pressure of the hand to the heart; and then, with manly courage, Eros went to find his Psyche.

Ethel, in white muslin dress, looked generally at that time after her favourite plants in the conservatory, trimming them and nursing them daintily. The Damers were not fond of rushing about every evening, and many a one was spent at home in home occupations. Zollwitz went down, his heart beating. The conservatory was in a nook built out sideways from the drawing-room—a nook of its own, having a charming reading-cabinet attached to it. There was Psyche in white, fluttering—like her typical Greek sister—with butterfly wings over her flowers. A shadow fell, and Eros stood by her side. They both knew each other's presence; they spoke not,—did they breathe. So they stood, Eros and Psyche, for some minutes. Then Zollwitz began :

tremulous but manly accents, his mother tongue known sufficiently to Ethel, giving forth the words of those heart-pulsations:

'Ich liebe dich, dich hab' ich mir erkoren, für dich will ich ringen. Oh, warte mein!'[1]

Stillness reigned in that conservatory, and clearly came back the words 'I will!'

There stood two souls united for ever; and—who would believe it?—not an endearment passed. From Ethel's hand did Zollwitz take the fluttering blossom. Once more he whispered, 'Oh, warte mein!' and was gone.

Harry found Ethel there on that same spot a quarter of an hour later.

'Are you a statue, Ethel? How beautiful you look to-night! how large and glorious your eyes shine. Ethel, there is a tear-drop in one of them! Ethel, what is the matter?'

Ethel felt she must give some vent to those new feelings, some active demonstration, or her heart would burst. She kissed Harry on his forehead—and fled to her room!

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

*THE RIGHT HONOURABLE F. R. DAMER BUYS A BOUQUET.*

SOMEWHAT later in the evening, Zollwitz asked the man-servant whether Mrs. Damer was in the drawing-room. He was told that she was, and just entered the room as Mrs. Damer rose from the piano.

'I am so glad to see you, Mr. Zollwitz. Have you heard anything more about the inquest on that poor French girl?'

'Positively nothing has been ascertained about that poor, poor young lady; not a scrap of paper, or a name, about her. She had evidently put aside all means of recognition on purpose; but I have given your name at Scotland-yard in case anything is found out. Dear madam, I shall not be here myself; I am going away in the morning. I have brought you the essay you asked of me, and I place it in your own hands. May I say something else?' Zollwitz took both Mrs. Damer's hands; he pressed them, and kissed them respectfully. 'My dear Mrs. Damer, many many thanks for your great kindness to me. I have left an explanatory letter to Mr. Damer. He gave me a cheque a week ago, a generous cheque. Pray do not tell Harry till I am gone, for him also I have left a letter. And to your charge I commit somebody else; oh, keep Miss Ethel for me!' Again he hastily kissed those gentle soft hands, and went quickly.

[1] *I love thee—thou art my heart's choice; for thee I will strive. Oh, wait thou for me!'*

Mrs. Damer stood still in the middle of the room. The great confidence that young man placed in her woman's nature for a moment overwhelmed her. The little selfish pleasure in so evidently having enjoyed the ardent admiration of a young man of such superior culture died out spontaneously, died of itself; her right-minded instinct rose to the occasion at once, and his leave-taking left nothing in her heart but the regret at losing her child's valuable friend. Harry entered, complaining loudly of Ethel's ungraciousness; and Mrs. Damer wound her arm round her boy, telling him to come with her into the Square-garden for an hour.

Aurora was sending her refreshing breath over the earth's eastern hemisphere, before she daintily lifted the veil of night with her roseate finger, wafting light zephyr-clouds over London's stifled atmosphere, just as the House of Commons broke up near three o'clock the next morning in that month of May. Members hurried out *pêle-mêle;* cabs were called for; reporters rushed forth, and policemen hustled busily about. A towering figure stalked majestically through the throng.

'There goes Damer,' said Tenterton to Howden; 'there is no talking to him now; his feathers are ruffled.'

'You will see,' replied Howden, 'he'll never stand it. There will be a place vacant in the Cabinet soon.'

'Nonsense; I should be sorry.'

'Gentlemen, let me pass quickly,' cried a junior lord. 'The lion is coming, and must be avoided. There he goes, the impersonation of British pluck. Who would have dared to say what he did? It was enough to have raised the shade of old Chatham, the unscrupulous, himself. I *am* glad I am not going that man's way to-night, or rather this morning. Birdcage Walk always was a lonely place.'

The junior lord (not a very young man either) skipped off, and Damer, made room for on every side, went his way. The lion *was* roused; there was no mistake about it; and when he had got into the Walk, from George Street, the lion roared out in a true British grumble.

'Thrown out in the second reading—too advanced legislation—peculiar ideas—Prime Minister shouldn't allow such measures to be introduced—hang 'em; what do *they* know about it? Have *they* ever thought of it as I have? Have *they* ever tried to go a step in advance? Won't introduce a measure till they are bothered into it by the country clamouring for it? Why don't they take matters into their own hands, and bring forward something that will do for the coming generation; not always hankering after precedent and such old-fashioned foolery. Too advanced legislation, indeed? I'll make it stronger. Wait a couple of years, my good men, I'll astonish you all; and by that time I'll get the power to do it. Even Tenterton wasn't up to the mark; very good hits, very good, but not sufficient facts. Tenterton is lazy and must learn; he must work; positively it is no use to be a fine smart talker and have nothing to talk about. This kind of speechifying

won't do much longer. By the bye, I'll go, and learn I *will*; I shall give up and resign; it is no use my staying in the Cabinet. I couldn't say a civil word to any of them, leaving me in such a hole. I'll go abroad and thoroughly make myself acquainted with other peoples' systems. I'll go to America; there must be something to be learnt from other people—yes; but, I can't speak a word of any other tongue, not even of French; never could pronounce '*Mossiou*;' never could learn those horrid French verbs—believe I never was taught rightly—bah! to turn a fellow out like that in the world—what was the use of all the impositions I ever got for *not* doing my classical work; what was the use of them? Training the mind, bosh! Better train it by sound good reasoning and information what the world is made of. Such a constitution as mine wants room to work in, not rules and feet in ancient poetry. Heavens, I ought to thank the stars that I married early, and such a woman as Jane, or I might have turned out a—God knows what—with my superfluous energy. Whoever thought of that in my education? No one; and Jane—I should like to have a chat with Jane about it, but then she and the Prime Minister have been in the sulks for a long time. I don't know where to turn. Edward shan't learn another line of Latin or Greek. I see my mistake now to insist on it. Harry shall do as he likes, and I'll make Zollwitz my private secretary, and take him with me abroad. If Mehemet Ali could learn reading at forty, I can French and German—I'll go to the University of Halle, to that man Holmann—he must be a grand mind. I'll go and see Bismarck—he is a bold fellow—must know something about government; believe he speaks English—never mind his despotism—don't wonder at it; to get together the German nation, as he is trying, is no joke. Then I'll see Beust, clever man; and I'll go to Russia, I'll go to France and Italy, even to Spain, that I will; I'll make the grand tour now, the living tour; don't believe that a man in our times is fit to legislate largely for his own country till he has comprehended what is going on in those others that are, with his own, forming the great world-governing family of European States. And when I come home I'll advance legislation indeed.'

The Right Hon. Mr. Damer had got to his journey's end, and opened his door with a latch-key; no sitting up in his house. 'Servants should be treated like Christians, not like Cabinet Ministers,' was his maxim. He threw himself on the couch in his study; 'wouldn't go to bed then; felt done up altogether.'

Hours were early and punctual in Eaton Square. Mrs. Damer occupied the breakfast-room first; asked in astonishment what had become of Mr. Damer, and was told that he had just gone to his dressing-room, having only lain for a few hours on the study sofa. She became anxious. At that moment Ethel entered, radiant in a blue morning dress, the softest blush mantling her cheeks. She went up to Mrs. Damer

for the usual morning salutation, and laid her head on her aunt's shoulder in a winning way.

'Trust me, Ethel,' whispered Mrs. Damer; 'I know something from Zollwitz. Did he ask you to remember him?'

'He did, and I said yes.'

'Dear Ethel, let this feeling not go further yet, but hope and trust.'

Ethel in answer kissed her aunt fervently.

In came boisterous Harry and Mr. Damer, looking tired, but fresh as a Britisher from his cold bath. He vouched no explanation, nor did he notice Zollwitz's absence. After breakfast papers were taken up. Mrs. Damer had not yet spoken to her lord.

'I was thrown out last night at second reading, Jane.'

'Oh, Robert, I am so sorry; and you had set your heart on that measure.'

'Don't pity me, for Heaven's sake, Jane; they did not even venture to do that last night; they were afraid. Don't read the leader in the 'Times;' I know there must be a leader. I believe the rascals knew I should be thrown out—they guessed it—if they *pity* me I call them out, editor, sub-editor and all!'

'May I read your speech, Robert?'

'That you may, dear, and I shall enjoy to listen to my own words from your lips.'

What was the matter? Mr. Damer had not paid his wife a compliment for a long time. Mrs. Damer read. She warmed to the subject of her husband's broad English sentences; his vast brain-capability of taking in the great sides of a question; his far-seeing arguments for its feasibility; but before she had ended, she felt that that measure would not be carried. She had forgotten everything, till she stopped breathlessly, and a large cool hand was laid on hers.

'Jane,' said Mr. Damer, '*you* understand me; why, the woman has got more sense than the nation.'

Mr. Damer did not yet kiss his wife, but he walked to the window. An old German saying then came home to him: 'And when thy mind is sad, then speak some words to those thou lovest, and the living word will alone bring again light into thy soul.'

The living word to one he loved, after all sincerely, had brought light into Mr. Damer's soul.

'Harry, tell the Secretary, with my compliments, that I shall not read a single letter this morning; I am going out.'

Every one stared; but Mr. Damer was gone as soon as said. He walked off at a round pace, and calling a cab, told the man to drive to one of the largest horticulturists beyond the western suburbs. Arrived there, Mr. Damer asked for the proprietor, and was introduced to a young man. He seemed surprised.

'I knew your father, sir, and he knew me. I want a bouquet, but I have a peculiar idea about buying a bouquet. I must cut it myself,

from any plants I choose, and how I like. I pay any price you ask. Your father knew all about it; is he dead?'

'Yes, sir; he has been dead these three years.'

'Dear me; three years I have bought no bouquet; he was a very worthy and a clever man. I hope we shall understand each other as well.'

'But, sir, here are plants of which I do not wish to cut the blossoms off as yet, and others you would not know how to handle.'

'Never mind; then I'll pay for the whole plants, and you may keep them all the same.'

'But, sir, that will be a very expensive process for a bouquet.'

'That is my affair. Do not be afraid. I shall not grumble at anything. Your father knew all about it. Give me the scissors.'

Mr. Damer began to cut, cut. The tears entered the young man's eyes, while he lifted up his hands in dismay behind the Cabinet Minister's back. The work was done.

'Why, sir,' said the horticulturalist, doubtfully, 'twenty pounds would not pay that damage.'

'Very well, you shall have twenty-five; but I have got no money with me. Come along in the cab, and I'll give you a cheque at home. My name is Damer.'

'Now I know,' replied the young man with a broad smile. 'I remember my father once reckoning up your bouquets; it was a heavy sum. I should be afraid to mention it.'

'Don't mind—something like a thousand pounds, eh?'

The young man nodded.

'That is my way. I never gave another present in my life.'

'Shall I tie them up?'

'No, a bouquet *I* give never goes through any other hands. It comes to me from nature's precious gifts, and goes from me to her to whom I present it.'

Arrived in Eaton Square, Mr. Damer first gave the cheque, and then went into his wife's boudoir. She was not there, and he went into the drawing-room and found Harry and Ethel.

'Oh, papa, what a beautiful bouquet! Do let me look at it.'

'Leave it alone, sir; it is not for you. Where is your mamma?'

'For mamma!—this is a surprise. Why it's years since you bought one?'

'That's not your business.'

Mrs. Damer entered the room.

'Jane, my dear, I have got something for you. Will you accept it? and my resignation shall this hour go into the hands of the Prime Minister. We'll go into Suffolk.'

'Hurrah, hurrah! Papa has got disgusted with the country and the nation, and is going to throw them up!'

'Be quiet, sir.'

Mrs. Damer answered not a word. She took the precious bouquet and looked up into her husband's eyes with a long earnest glance, that went to his very soul. He bent down, and pressed one loving kiss on her smooth womanly forehead.

'But where can Zollwitz be?' said Harry, regarding his father and mother with fond excitement; 'he has not yet been seen.'

A servant entered and brought two letters; it was young William, Zollwitz's favourite; he went up to Mr. Damer. 'If you please, sir, Mr. Zollwitz left this morning at six o'clock, and gave me this letter for you with his compliments, and he was sorry he could not see you last night. He waited up all night, but never heard you come in. He also gave me this letter for Mr. Harry.'

Mr. Damer turned pale, scowled, and took the letter. Harry tore his from William's hands.

'To go without seeing me; I could kill him,' gnashed Harry.

When Mr. Damer had read the letter, he turned to his wife: 'Jane, did you know this?'

'I did, Robert. I saw Mr. Zollwitz last night.' Ethel had fled from the room.

What a look from the husband's eyes—an angry, suspicious, ugly look!

The wife went to a cabinet in the corner, she opened it, and from it took a white-paper box; she placed it before her husband, and said gently, but firmly: 'Robert, the bouquet you brought this morning is like this one, your first to me; look at the date.'

Mr. Damer took up the box, turned it round, glanced at the withered bouquet and read the date of seventeen years ago on a paper slip. Mr. Damer meditated. Meanwhile Harry had slipped by to the secret cabinet, which his mother always kept carefully locked.

'Oh, papa, come here! the funniest array of white boxes with labels that you ever saw; I do believe they are all your bouquets.'

Mr. Damer rose and stood before the cabinet. He took up each box and read the labels; every one bore a date. There were the days before marriage, the wedding-day, the honeymoon—the great days of a married life—the birthdays of father and mother, the birthdays of the boys, and the anniversaries of the wedding-day; there were the 1000*l.* There were no bouquets and no labels for the last three years. Then Mr. Damer's soul was flooded with one great, vast belief in his wife's loving true nature; and the tall, big man turned round and looked a great look of strong, staunch human love; he opened wide his arms, and called 'Jane;' in those big arms nestled Jane Harrowby, the beauty of the county, once more.

Harry, tears swelling up into his eyes, turned round at a slight noise near the door. There stood Aunt Sarah, from Suffolk, having just arrived by the early train. Harry pulled his father's coat-sleeve and pointed to the door. Both husband and wife went up to Aunt Sarah and each took a hand: 'Welcome, welcome.'

'Welcome, indeed,' replied she; 'it makes me choke; I might as well have stopped at home, when that's the case; no use leaving the farm to make peace, when people have for once been wise and made it themselves.'

But Harry for a moment forgot the sorrow about Zollwitz, and hugged aunt Sarah right royally.

A card was brought to Mr. Damer. 'What is this, Jane? Who do you think has come? Professor Holmann, Zollwitz's friend and professor. That man's arrival is a blessing. Forgive me, aunt, I must go down. John, show the gentleman into my study.'

Mr. Damer descended and met Holmann at his study door. The German Professor was received with a sturdy English greeting.

'It gives me the most unfeigned pleasure to see you in England, sir. I believe you speak English. It is like speaking to an old acquaintance, so much has Mr. Zollwitz told us about you.'

'Many thanks for your affable words. And he is here with you, I believe, my pupil?'

'He left this morning.'

'Left! and for what destination?'

'No one knows; his plans remained a secret.'

'Good God, sir, you do not say so? It grieves me excessively to hear it.'

'Had Mr. Zollwitz an idea that you were in England?'

'None whatever.'

'Then you cannot blame him; you must be patient. He has evidently some idea of furthering his interests elsewhere.'

'What will he do now? His is a restless mind.'

'No, I should say an aspiring one; but rest assured that whatever information he gives us shall be communicated to you. Tell me, however, where you are staying. Will you not take up your abode with us?'

'I am astonished at so much kindly warmth in my reception by an Englishman of your high standing; it is really undeserved.'

'By no means. Come now, you shall learn to know us better; move here this very day.'

'I cannot; Hermann's uncle and sister are with me.'

'What? Major Zollwitz and Mademoiselle Mary? My dear sir, we shall be delighted to see them all.'

Holmann was strongly affected. He took Mr. Damer's hand. 'My most sincere thanks, my dear sir. We have affairs to attend to which will not enable us to use your hospitality; but we hope to be friends all the same, my dear sir. Let me again thank you, and very heartily, for your reception assures me beyond doubt that our boy Hermann, my own dear pupil, has given you no bad idea of us.'

'Bad idea? Professor Holmann, had you not come, it was my intention to come to you. I want to take lessons from you.'

'From me? You, an English Cabinet Minister?'

'Yes, I am going into training again. I have had too much practice and too little theory, and I wish to supply the want. Here they would laugh at me; you will not, will you?'

'Above all let us honour the tendency of that mind that can acknowledge a deficiency, and that can with such strong determination expand sufficiently to wish to supply it. But in what am I to be your teacher? Surely not in politics, in which English statesmen are so pre-eminent.'

'In politics—that is in the politics of thought. I have become aware that in politics we often rush to action on the presumption of evident facts, without having made exercise of those thinking powers which would make the action more valuable to ourselves and to posterity.'

'Come, sir, I shall have a delightful and a teachable pupil; but I must tell you that my order of men generally think with our learned Johannes Muller, "that all political work is vain and useless in comparison with learned work; that the latter affects centuries and nations that are not yet; that it is the pure free fruit of the mind, from which you can deduce a man's worth: the effect of the former passes away like steam, as soon as a fool or a villain misuses his power, or neglects his part." That is, however, not my idea; to me the political is the highest, for it represents humanity in its working dress. But I have a proviso: it *must* be guided by the thought and reflection that has been acquired by the mind and which has learnt to combine and compare the relations of mankind from sound deduction.'

'Bravo, Professor! I'll come to you to school. May we call upon the Major to-day?'

'Not to-day, pardon me, my dear sir; he has had a slight accident. Let us have that honour to-morrow. And now, good morning.'

'Then to-morrow I shall introduce you to my wife and family; you will be like an old welcome friend among us!'

Holmann gave his card, and departed with an idea that England had true warm hearts and intelligent heads.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *A SOUL'S WRECK.*

On the morning on which Professor Holmann paid his visit to Mr. Damer's house in search of Zollwitz, Christian's landlord was wending his way to Dover Street, neatly made up for the occasion by his Missis, and carrying a parcel for his lodger. Arrived at the hotel, George stared at the precise looking servant: 'I want a party here, a big party.'

'A what?'

'A party, as is tall and somethin' like a party.'

'What do you want with him?'

'Now that's my business, Mr. Flunkey.' Don't be so cinsequential. You is talking to a British householder, no more no less—and that means taxes and rates. You isn't responsible, I is.'

Up came another sedate, precise servant. 'I tell you, James, he'll want the military factotum.'

'The military fac-factum, you means. *I* know, *I* know—they had it at the Discussion. I know what you says, Mr. Flunkey and Co., you means the factum, that's the bottle-washer, or the servant of all work. Come on, I'll show you how you dare call my party such willanous names; and he *is* a party.'

The two tittered—out broke George.

'Don't sneer and don't laugh. I'd fight you both, I would; and what is you—nothin—here you wears fine clothes, better than mine on Sundays; here you looks grand, what is you out of it? Let me be a followin you, you'd disappear in the alley. Look at me; I is responsible; I belongs to the British public, that pays taxes and maintains the State. You's got to look to me, because I makes the laws, not you. What are you, nothin, not even paupers—for *them* the State *do* own. There's only two kinds the State knows: them as maintains it, that's taxes; and them as it has to maintain, that's paupers. The rest is nothin, that's you; the rest is a breath—fugh! So says the Discussion, and the Discussion is right. Now, come on Mr. Flunkey and Co.; don't sneer at your betters; let's have it out.'

George put down his parcel on the hall bench, put up his sleeves, and squared for action. Christian appeared on the scene, saw in amazement his landlord threatening the two laughing servants, took up the parcel, and bore it and George off out of harm's way. George, however, once more turned round and threatened Flunkey and Co. with his fists. George was deposited in the sitting-room, where Mary sat pale and *distraite*, turning over some cards of invitation that had arrived from the Embassy. She rose, and being told who George was, received him with the kindliest smile possible. George could not sufficiently acknowledge the kindness of the reception, and began: 'These are your shirts, Mr. Christian; beg pardon, Miss. The Missis says she couldn't darn or mend like them German ladies, so you must take it in the rough; but the Missis is the Missis, and she means well.'

Christian's eyes twinkled with pure human love; and he cast about how he could testify to his gratitude. Major Zollwitz, his arm in a sling, entered, renewed the welcome, and George began to feel that he was in good company. The port wine was fetched, Christian served George in no niggardly manner, and Mary had a long chat with him, patiently listening to the home affairs, the Discussion Society, and

lastly, to the glowing laudatory terms of Christian's good qualities. Mary went to her room and brought back a charming worsted shawl, knitted by herself, presenting it to George for the Missis, and promising one day to come with Christian to see her. Christian brought forth a bottle of port, and sent it in acknowledgment of the shirts; and Major Zollwitz beckoned to Christian, and by much gesticulation made George understand that the five hard sovereigns were for a new gown for the Missis. 'Won't she be pleased,' thought George; 'that'll just pay them horrid poor rates, as we's behind.'

Professor Holmann returned from his visit, looking weary and sorrow-laden; but he brightened up on George being presented to him. He recognised at once the justice of the Missis's remark, 'that George was a k'racter.' A short consultation outside the room made Professor Holmann determine to engage George's services for that evening's visit to Chelsea, as he had accompanied Christian there before; the latter having to mount guard over the major's bad temper, which might at any moment cause fresh embroilments.

The flunkeys stared, to George's great delight, when they saw him depart in a cab—paid for in advance—with the shawl, the port wine, and the five sovereigns in his pocket, looking a very hero of romance, Christian seeing him off, as if he were a nobleman. On nearing home, George stopped the cab at the entrance of the paved court, and who should witness his arrival but Miss Jemima?

'Oh my—won't the Missis go on about your coming home in a cab! You're a stunner, ain't you, and the expense—and Missis hard up for the rates.'

'I've got 'em, I have Jemimar—come, quick—and half-a-crown for you from Mr. Christian.'

'Oh, you duck—well, you's a bright'un!'

A few minutes later the Missis was kissing George, and shedding tears of genuine delight over the goodness of mankind in general and those gentlefolks and Mr. Christian in particular. That evening, the threatening collector had his rates, and was told, 'Her Majesty might trust honest folk, if she didn't the t'other ones.'

Hush! Those hours of work and toil, of calculation and combination, of bright hopeful action and miserable endurance, of progressive foresight and mad senselessness, of gay spending and squalid want, of truth and falsehood, of love and hate, of pity and envy—those twelve hours given to man for the ever-returning round of life and occupation—those twelve hours were drawing to an end, and supposed quiescence was to cover in *its* returning round that heaving mass called the population of London. Bah! that quiescence did not come where it was wanted. It held aloof from hundreds and thousands, painting its failures in the grotesque forms of life's weariness and inexplicable complications; down-pillows and rag-bolsters defied its influence; and Morpheus, the god of dreams, wanted a deal of coaxing and a great deal of narcotic appliance

before he would embrace certain specimens of mankind. For above the ordered time of quiescence, above Morpheus, above all, rode rampant and triumphant the red angel of real raging, smouldering humanity, in its morally naked state, and wafted high above the heads of millions the actual flag of human wants and desires—their excelsior and their fall. That red flag put aside cant and hypocrisy, false appearance and apparent virtue, probable security and evident well-doing, and its flutter scoured the skies, proclaiming to the nightly clouds the theme of 'reality' as it lies there below in the throes of the day to come!

Professor Holmann, joined by George at the corner of Dover Street, drove to Hertford Street, Mayfair, just as that angel began to ascend. Here the stately figure of Lord Wharnton entered their cab. They approached Chelsea—George seated with the driver—and halted not far from the forlorn street. George went in advance; the two followed Not a word escaped either; they entered that low and miserable street, just as you might have seen the flutter of that red flag of 'reality' high above. They groped along the broken ground and miserable tenements, dodging here and there a tipsy man and a drunken woman, putting aside a squalid child, whose parental care was faulty and not up to respectable standard, and nearing that part of the street which led to the Thames.

Hark! Waning and soft there came on the wind, that song of the Loreley—waning like old love, gone long ago, gone to the grave of hopeless loss. George stood still and trembled, it sounded so weird and ghost-like. Holmann bent his head and folded his hands in agony, and Lord Wharnton, the stately man—follower of Sybaritism and Lucullism—Lord Wharton quivered in every nerve, as those unearthly sounds touched his ear. There they stood all three, glancing up to that room above, where a light began to flicker in uncertain evolutions, throwing pitiful gleams on a figure near the open window—a tall woman with a desponding look, long yellow hair hanging in masses around her, and a little girl kneeling at her feet. Again there came, that sound of an unremembered past; and, stung beyond endurance by its supernatural ecstacy, Lord Wharnton clutched at Holmann and called out, 'Mathilda, Mathilda, what have you done to deserve this?' The sound ceased. The words must have been heard. The figure in the room came forward; it drew from its bosom something, held it in wild alarm with both hands high above its head, and then, sending forth a wail up to that recording angel above—a wail of the fiery red reality of human suffering—it swayed backward and forward twice, and fell with a heavy, crushing movement, to the ground. Lord Wharnton, utterly unmanned, clung to Holmann. George ran up the street for the cab, and returned just as a cowering, wretched man, rushed into the dark depths of the odds-and-ends shop, calling out: 'Do go up, go up—she's fainted, she's dead—oh, have mercy, or I'll run up myself.'

The woman came out. 'She's always a botherin, she and her tantrums. Wish she wos gone—if it warn't for the cash that's been sent by no one knows who. Get along, I don't want you.'

Holmann and George had gently lifted Lord Wharnton into the cab; George was left in charge, and Holmann stood by the side of the woman.

'I'll go up with you; *I* have sent the money.' The word had its spell—the shabby man had been turned out, the money'd man was taken in. Up the tottering stairs they went. The child was hanging over the still and prostrate form. Holmann approached that form for the first time since his arrival in London. He scanned those beloved features, he touched those masses of hair; he lifted up the hand, which held a medallion as in a vice, and he felt whether some pulse still fluttered in that worn-out frame. The woman poured water on her head, and held vinegar to her nose, and loosened her dress. Her breath came at last. Holmann looked once more; he saw she revived, and he whispered quickly, 'Do not mention my having been here, I'll come in a day or two. Here is money; get a doctor for her at once, and every comfort.'

Professor Holmann was just in time to prevent Lord Wharnton, whom the cabman and George had roused, from entering the house by telling him that *she* was safe, and that it might kill her to be recognised now.

As that cab drove away, a crushed, shabby man looked after it, and tore his hair in the wild frenzy of despair.

# A FEW THOUGHTS ON REPUBLICANISM AND MONARCHY.

THERE are, and always have been, two kinds of politics in the world. The one is mechanical, the other human; the one legal, the other personal. The mechanical politician views a State as composed of a number of forces, consisting of interests which may be measured and indefinitely regulated by artificial adjustments. Every political system, from this point of view, is a more or less successful contrivance for maintaining a balance between conflicting classes, and upholding certain material rights. A number of individuals, forced by circumstances to live together, must adopt rules for their mutual conduct, and statesmanship consists in making satisfactory rules. To such men every political question is a constitutional problem. The other type of mind is occupied with the inborn and permanent peculiarities of the component elements of society. It is conscious of dealing, not with mere individuals, but with human beings. It thinks less of their intellectual and material wants than of their hearts and affections, their personal feelings and natural relations. It begins and ends with these; and a political order appears to it good and healthy so far as it has grown up naturally from the free play of such personal relations, or so far as it reflects them and corresponds to them. Such minds are apt to become conservative, because old things are identified with life and feeling and personal action which they understand, whereas new things involve consideration of rules and systems which they do not appreciate. The two points of view are rarely combined; and yet systems are sure to be broken up, either slowly or rapidly, if they are in opposition to the personal interests of human nature; and a growing society must fall into anarchy unless its system be modified from time to time in response to its needs or in anticipation of them.

The long-standing dispute between Republicanism and Monarchy has, perhaps, at most times, but especially in our own day, been too exclusively regarded from the mechanical point of view. Philosophers, whether of Greece, Rome, France or England, have amply disputed under which system the machine of government is likely to be the

better worked. They have discussed the problem in much the same manner as the British Constitution has been discussed by Whig writers. The relative fitness of the two systems for giving effect to the popular will, for preserving a due balance between wealth, intelligence, numbers and authority, for ensuring stability and escaping the danger of obstructions, the justice towards the rest of the community of maintaining privileged classes—these are instances of the kind of considerations with which, until recently, political thought has been chiefly engaged. But there are now indications that the advocates of Republicanism, at all events, are dissociating their cause from these artificial bearings, and are identifying it with personal and moral principles. The characteristic cry of the extreme French Republicans is significant of this altered point of view. It is not the Republic, but the Social and Democratic Republic, for which they contend. This Social Democracy implies something far more than a bare destruction of privileges, or even than an equalisation of property. The extremes to which it is pushed, however absurd they may seem to us, are but the exaggeration of the ideas which, with more or less consciousness, animate the whole system and its adherents, and they show that the new principles are operating upon social and family life as much as upon political arrangements. We are impelled by such facts to look beneath the outward form of the constitutional questions of the day, to their inward spirit and personal meaning. A State is, after all, like a large crystal which is composed of smaller crystals precisely similar to itself. Is it possible to alter the general configuration of the whole without altering in proportion the form of the component parts? The enquiry thus suggested with respect to the ultimate significance and influence of Monarchical and Republican institutions might lead to some profound and unfamiliar speculations. By some of the great men of Elizabethan times it was seen to involve religious as well as moral questions, and the singular manner in which all mediæval thought was based upon certain theological dogmas had in their eyes nothing of the artificial appearance which is often attributed to it in the present day. This aspect of the subject cannot well be pursued here. But it may be suggested for reflection whether any Monarchy or Despotism, unless it were the temporary product of violence, has ever existed without the support of some powerful religious sentiment. Without the presence of such a sentiment, has the instinct of subordination ever prevailed in sufficient strength to sustain either an Eastern, or an Egyptian, or a Roman, or an European Empire? Philosophers are now searching for the causes of the ultimate development of natural forms in their most minute and intimate constituents. It may be that those religious and moral feelings, which it is now the tendency to disparage as purely private and personal, are the real creative forces of the ultimate forms of human civilisation.

But there are simpler considerations which fall under the same method of enquiry. Monarchy, for instance, by its mere form, offers a standing protest against that legal and abstract view of life just referred to. Its essence is to give a personal character to every function of State life. By means of it, all laws, deeds, wars, treaties, punishments, pardons, honours, even the most formal public actions, become identified with an individual will, and acquire a personal life. Mr. Bagehot, in his recent work, has forcibly dwelt on this fact, as forming one of the elements of strength in the English Constitution, but he has taken a too cynical view of its influence. Monarchy, he says, is a strong government, because it is more intelligible than Republicanism to the weak imaginations and feeble understandings which form the majority of minds. 'So long as the human heart is strong, and human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to understanding.' This disparagement of broad popular sentiments is always very questionable. There are subjects, no doubt, on which no popular verdict can be allowed to weigh against skilled opinion. But in some of the highest developments of human genius popular judgment is the most trustworthy test, and the opinion of skilled critics is the most uncertain. The claims of great orators, great artists, and above all of great poets, to the highest rank in their arts, has been determined by the feelings of the great mass of mankind, and not by the criticism of connoisseurs; while the verdict of that criticism has frequently been overthrown by the permanent dictates of popular instinct. It may be observed, moreover, that the very qualities in great works of art which are always deemed their highest merit correspond exactly to that characteristic which Mr. Bagehot observes in a Monarchy. The greatest poems are the simplest, and the highest art consists in so concealing art as to appeal direct to the natural impulses of the soul. Similarly a great Constitution is a great work of art; it involves numberless adjustments and balances, and requires the labour of centuries to perfect it; but its degree of perfection will depend on the degree in which these adjustments are concealed, and on the extent to which simplicity of form is preserved. To become cultivated, without ceasing to be natural, is the highest attainment in every branch of human work. The preference of the mass of mankind for a Monarchy is not to be treated as a vulgar delusion, but as the utterance of an ultimate instinct.

In truth, the vitality of every part of human life consists in its personality. Men are not animated machines, most perfect when most rigidly regulated. They are beings whose essence consists in a personal will, moved by feelings as well as guided by reason, and they are maimed if they are placed in any relation in which a portion of these elements finds no room for exercise. Whether it be a household, or a business or a State, any attempt to make a system do the work

of a person results in imperfection and decay. Human nature has for the most part been too strong for the philosophers who have dreamt of women who should not be wives, of parents who should not be fathers and mothers, and of offspring who should not be children; but there is an analogy, of which, as has been observed, we are now practically reminded, between these attempts to render the simple relations of life impersonal, and attempts to render its more complex relations impersonal. We have been, on a small scale, forced to put these dreams to the test of experience in the case of children, and it has been invariably found that to dissociate the young from the influences of home life is to deteriorate their character. Numberless commonplaces are current to the same effect as to other relations in life. It is possible to oppose exceptions to any general observations on human conduct. There are natures which seem most at home when disembarrassed of personal ties, and there is certainly a type of character which finds its peculiar perfection in relation to impersonal laws and purely intellectual systems. But, as a rule, all human excellencies require for their full development a relation between persons. Our noblest virtues—faith, loyalty, obedience, self-sacrifice—find their proper definition and their sphere in this relation only. It has been observed of late that the Socratic researches into the nature of virtue seem to end in tentative and indistinct conclusions, and it might be an interesting enquiry whether this be not one of the most conspicuous instances of Plato's profundity. The facts were not within his cognizance which would have enabled him to identify goodness, truth and beauty with personal relations, and, without these facts, he discerned that his materials were incomplete. As Swift says, his defect lay in being ignorant of certain events which did not happen until after his time. However this may be, it is remarkable that, up to the present day, our models of human excellence are all sought in periods and in states of society in which the personal relations were in their strongest and most unmixed vitality. The heroic ages, whether of Pagan or Christian virtues, are the ages in which king and subject, knight and lord, father and son, husband and wife, man and woman, God and man, stood face to face, without the systematic regulations which have since clothed and obscured their direct communion. That chivalry, the departure of which Burke laments, remains among us just so far as this original simplicity of life has been preserved. You cannot, without injury, transplant men and women from their native soil. Human life began, and begins still, in the personal relations of the family. Its earliest development was but an enlargement of the family; and the closer the analogy can be maintained between civilised and patriarchal life, the healthier, the stronger and the purer are all the functions of society.

It might be hastily objected that Republican institutions do not necessarily run counter to this truth. Are not, for instance, the functions of government placed in the hands of a single person in the

United States as much as in the United Kingdom? The fact is, it is impossible, under any form of government, entirely to obscure the personal elements of life. They assert themselves in one direction or another, and sometimes they take a dangerous revenge for the attempt to supersede them. Republics are always in danger of being broken up by personal influence, just because that influence, instead of being utilized and regulated, as in a good Monarchy, is excluded or repressed. But the appointment by election of a President, or an Executive Officer, is very far from meeting the instinctive demand in question. The circumstance of his being elected by those whom he serves deprives him in great measure of an independent personal standing. He is but the embodied expression of a majority, and his relation to the people is but a circuitous form of their relation to themselves. He is either a mere part of a machine, or, if he asserts a strong personal influence, he becomes a disturbing force in the system. Republics have been, and always must be, jealous of strong characters; because, so soon as such men make their influence felt, they bring into play those instinctive attractions by which society tends to resume its primary form. The elective Monarchy is open to similar objection; and just in proportion as the objection becomes weakened by the establishment of a true personal relation between the elected Monarch and his subjects, in that same proportion is the principle of election threatened. A Monarchy, in order fully to answer to the conception now before us, must be an hereditary institution among hereditary institutions. Without this condition, society is perpetually being made and remade, and personal relations are weak because they cannot be permanent. But, in an order like our own, everyone finds himself in a definite place with definite duties and feelings towards known persons. From the first moment of conscious action, the impulses of his various relationships may come into full play, unimpeded by private views. It is a common observation that there is a greater variety of character, capacity and attainments, in a country with hereditary inequalities, than in a country like America, where all are on a level. One reason may be that in a country of equality no one is sufficiently sure of his relative position to give the freest play to any particular development. But in a country where, as a rule, relations are determined beforehand, each is developed to its highest possible point. The fact that all men are on an equality in an American Republic renders everyone uncertain, and thus restrained, in his career. In a country like our own, the substantial equality of human capacities renders it a matter of unimportance to the community that most men find their relations in life pre-arranged for them. Whatever a man's position it may be developed to the utmost.

If Monarchy be thus natural and healthy in its tendency to maintain the influence of personality in human life, it is not less natural and healthy in the particular relationship which it vitalises. It exhibits

that order under which a number of individuals are compacted into one body by means of their personal relations to a superior. It is the relationship of governor and governed, of protector and protected, of mutual service rendered by subordinates to a master, and by a master to subordinates. This again, is the primary form of society, and, unless under exceptional circumstances, a community can only maintain order and stability by building up its whole organisation on this analogy. Where, as in America, almost any man may find, if he pleases, an independent position for himself, and there is thus room for indefinite horizontal expansion, questions of organisation become comparatively unimportant. Such a community, as Aristotle says, is not a State; it is a mere aggregation of families and individuals. But in an old country, or in any State confined within restricted limits, the only stable, if not the only possible, organisation is vertical. As has been observed above of other human capacities, a model of the highest social organisation may be discerned in days when personal relations were most free to find their natural adjustment. The Feudal System, in its idea, represents the most perfect development of political and social order. Society was then arranged in a kind of pyramidal pile of pyramids. Every landowner and every master had a certain number of dependants, bound to him by strong mutual ties of personal obligation. They owed him service and he owed them protection. The smaller lords were in turn combined under superiors, and the superiors in turn under one supreme governor, who claimed, on the one hand, the homage of all below him, and on the other hand owed his protection to them all. This conception of Monarchical relations, extending and multiplying themselves throughout all ranks of men, was, to our infinite advantage, firmly worked out in this country by the mutual action of a line of vigorous Monarchs, and a race of vigorous nobles and subjects. The power of the great Tudors consisted in the firmness with which they grasped and asserted this national order; and the splendour of Elizabeth's reign was due in great part to the opportunity afforded under the influence of this conception for gathering up and reanimating the thoughts and relations of the past. In the noble recital to Henry VIII's Act of Supremacy, it is described how this Realm of England is an Empire, governed by one supreme Head and King, 'unto whom a body politic, compact of all sorts and degrees of people, been bounden and aven to bear, next to GOD, a natural and humble obedience.' That word 'compact' embodies the idea now in question. The various sorts and degrees of people were to be compacted together by their relation to one Head; and that Head was not a mere superior in dignity, nor, like Louis XIV., did he absorb all the rest. It was his function to be a bond of union between the subordinate parts of the nation, and to compel them to discharge their duties towards each other. In proportion as Englishmen have kept that conception in view, has this Nation been united and strong.

The apparent exceptions which might be urged against regarding

this principle as the essential condition of public stability do but confirm its necessity. There have been strong and stable Republics, but they have all been decidedly aristocratic Republics. In other words, they have been Republics in which the principles of republicanism have been allowed the least possible development. Rome, the strongest of all, was built up on an intensely monarchical organisation from the family upwards; and even in America, though the experience of that country is but brief and limited, the foundation of society was laid in a deeply religious and an almost patriarchal family life. In proportion as a State, while admitting the principle of Republicanism in its highest ranks, can maintain the sentiments of monarchical order in its subordinate ranks, will it retain the necessary elements of stability. But in the absence of a Monarchical head, the principle of equality tends to spread lower and lower; and in the present day such conceptions run through all ranks of a community with a rapidity never before possible. So far as this sentiment of personal subordination has been weakened, whether here or in France, we see the same results. In proportion as what have just been called the vertical relations have been weakened, society has been thrown into vast horizontal masses, destitute of cohesion, and surging against one another. We are in the age of classes instead of the age of families. Even women show a tendency to escape from the order of subordination, and to form a class of their own. Modern powers of locomotion have rendered possible this aggregation of classes in a degree hitherto inconceivable. Members of the same horizontal Order are enabled to flow together and coalesce like drops of mercury on a table. The new conditions of social stability, indeed, in comparison with those of the old order of things, may well be likened to those of a fluid as contrasted with those of a solid. In a fluid every particle is on an equality with all other particles. There are no vertical bonds of union, and one horizontal layer rests loosely upon another. The consequence is that it is perpetually in unrest, and is easily lashed into uncontrollable storms. But the component elements of a solid are united by strong vertical as well as horizontal cohesion; and it stands as unshaken amidst the tempests of the ocean as the rock of German unity amidst the sea of French democracy. Here, again, we discern the incomparable superiority of hereditary institutions. The force of subordination and consequent cohesion cannot be created in a day. It is the product of natural relations gradually accumulating their personal attractions. If organisation has to be found by each generation for itself, society must be in a perpetual flux; but when each generation takes up the relations left it by its predecessors, and adds to them, subject to necessary modifications, by its own work, the great tree of society fixes its roots in the past and stretches its branches to the future.

A reader who follows these speculations with sympathy may discern in them some suggestions for the guidance of our own age

and people. It is impossible to look around us in England without observing dangerous tendencies towards the oblivion of both those vital elements of healthy life here touched on. In towns, we see a widening separation between classes; we see masters withdrawing from personal relations with their workpeople, and attempting to regulate their dealings by mere commercial laws of supply and demand. In the country, a similar disposition to subordinate personal to formal relations is as yet counteracted by powerful interests, but is making way even there. The nation has outgrown the organisation once supplied in great measure by its old aristocratic families, while unfortunate circumstances have caused a temporary abeyance of the personal influence inherent in the Sovereign. Unless this tendency can be stayed, we also must run into a fluid political state, and cease to face the world with that strong imperial unity which has hitherto been our boast. It is vain, of course, to attempt the resuscitation of the precise forms of internal organisation which we have outgrown. It is possible that the intense mobility of all the circumstances of modern life will render it difficult for the future to rely as much as hitherto on fixed and hereditary relations. But our hope must be in a growing appreciation of the importance of maintaining principles of subordination, under the constant action of personal influence. If masters dread the combination of workmen in vast masses against capital, it is vain to attempt to encounter the danger by a similar class organisation. When class thus becomes arrayed against class, the only means of securing order is ultimately the creation of a new class—the military class—which may hold society together by sheer force. But if masters, landlords and peers, aided (as they can be) by the influence of the Church, would seize the time still before them, it might be in their power to weaken class interests by dividing them into sections. If an employer can attach a large body of workmen to himself by personal duties and services, he has, as it were, established a breakwater which will check the surging of the social tide. He has fixed a cross-beam in the edifice of the State. Every instance of personal obedience on the one side and personal protection on the other tends to build up this coherent strength among us. For this purpose an hereditary Sovereign and an hereditary Aristocracy offer us an invaluable vantage-ground. They maintain before the popular eye the true ideas of organisation, while they furnish instruments still powerful for achieving it. Only be it remembered that the time has come when these relations, like all others, must be maintained by moral influences and voluntary exertions. No institutions will save us in these days, and yet they may help us to save ourselves. It is to be hoped a statesman may, before long, be granted us who, sympathising with the mighty impulses of the age, without being overmastered by them, will discern the vital connection of the various elements of human life, and will have the eloquence to enforce them; who will know both how to guide men by institutions, and how to animate institutions by men.

HENRY WACE.

# On the Advantages of Dying in a Ditch.

'And you will die in a ditch!' With this withering peroration closes the Ernulphus-like curse which practical people are in the habit of launching at those whom they reprobate; the doomed wretches being, for the most part, divisible into two classes. Your 'thorough man of business,' being incapable of, and having no taste for, bodily exercise other than the turning over of his gold, or mental exertion above the counting it when turned, looks with abhorrence, not unmixed with fear, on such as think that the pursuit of pleasure is pleasanter than the pursuit of wealth, that money is after all only one of the good things of this life, and that it may be well to use and enjoy the other benefits pertaining thereto, even though this one good thing be lost in the general attainment of delight; in short, those heterodox folk who, dwelling in the plain of Shinar, yet refuse to admit the omnipotency of the idol erected therein.

But it is not for this class, but for another, that the choicest vials of wrath are reserved—for a small minority who, believing themselves beckoned by a firm hand, believing also that she whose hand so beckons them is a true-descended daughter of heaven, would earnestly and humbly follow their mistress, Art, whither she may lead them, not greatly caring that their way be through mud and briars, but only lest they lose sight, even for a moment, of the compelling finger. With such the vulgar man has no sympathy, for them no pity; how should he have? At first sight, indeed, they seem to be at one with him, inasmuch as both alike hold Work to be the end of existence. But this apparent agreement only tends to the more utter discomfiture of all his ideas, to the fuller condemnation of all his practice. To him work is the heaping up of much riches; to them it is the furtherance of truth. They will only admit gain as a secondary and minor benefit, even when they allow it to be a good at all, which they by no means regard as a postulate. They say it is to a certain extent necessary, and even, within limits, desirable; but, to them at least, only for the promotion of their beloved object, and they tell him it is more often an incumbrance than

a help. Where is then Sir Balaam's creed, if this be true? It must not be true; so he arises and curses the whole 'transcendental' company with an exceeding bitter curse. Of course, the only thing to be done is to sit down and shudderingly expect our fate, for as Mammon is omnipotent, shall not his priests claim omniscience? Therefore we are 'in a parlous state.'

But there is one thought that comes to alleviate our agony; it is this —what if the denouncer have unwittingly delivered a blessing for an anathema? Are there not possibly some advantages in dying in a ditch?

At last there would be for the dead man that sympathy for which he has, all his life long, hungered in vain. The world, in mass, cannot feel with the few nobler souls who are the leaven and postpone putrefaction. Having, in all things, a low standard, it is impossible that she should understand those whose standards are high, and, in her own charming way, she determines that, since she cannot make them out, they are not worth making out, and are loathly and contemptible. But when news comes that he who battled so long and so bravely against the storm has been found dead where he sank overpowered by the roadside, even Mrs. Grundy, having still the tradition of a heart, will pity; being awe-stricken a little, wondering also a little what that was for which he fell. And the prosperous man, telling by his fireside how the wayfarer might have done so well if he would only have taken advice, will still preface his diatribe with a compassionate 'poor fellow!'

Again, to one who, in all life, has for object only promotion of the good and undoing of the evil, it will not seem a light thing, that by his death thus following on his life so spent he may immeasurably advance his best desire. By fear of a like fate no true man will be kept from doing the right, while many waverers will be strengthened, and loiterers spurred, and toilers cheered by the record of patient endurance, of loving service, of faithful death. It is better for a man, being faithful to his belief, to die in a ditch, than, being false, to live in one. For what is it, the course by which our counsellors propose to us an escape from the impending fate, but a deliberate and sordid lie?

Who are they who thus judge others and more enlightened? Have not they, missing, or wilfully leaving, the right way, stumbled into the ditch, dragging many with them in their downfall, blind and leading the blind? There they grovel, thinking to find precious ore in the mire black with reeking of the bottomless pit, and there they die, they and their victims.

There is one thing which even the world will admit to be an advantage; you will meet the best society. In no place you can imagine shall you find such excellent company; for nearly all the best and greatest have died there, if not in a ditch digged into the earth, yet in the ditch of this world's neglect. Camoens, Blake, Keats—are we too good for a like ending with such as these?

It is, perhaps, from a false conception of the nature of ditches that these damnatory prophets derive their ideas of doom. They, knowing nothing outside the city walls wherein lies their wealth, think of the foul gutters and pest-laden sewers, and to a bed in such dismal shelter they consign their opponents; but let them go out into the high-roads, and look for a moment at the watercourses and the dry places by the wayside, and then let them say whether it were not better to couch there at last than on their own thorn-riddled pillows. What is it that Dives has in his rich death-room and Lazarus lacks by the road-side? Is not the balance rather in the outcast's favour? For it shall be summer-time, and this lies on his down bed with curtains closely drawn, hushed voices, more irritating than a blare of trumpets to his sick ear, around him, and in all the chamber that faint, sickly smell of deadly sickness which too many of us know so well; and so he goes on his way. But the vagabond, stretched out on that earth which still looks kindly on her poor children, has for couch, short grass and wild parsley and flowers, and for curtain and canopy, broad, cool dock leaves and a bush of hawthorn; the whole air is rich with summer, and he has no foreboding whispers to trouble him, but the twittering in the hedgerow to soothe, and high up the skylark is calling him; and so he passes. Even if it be winter, there are worse evils than cold, worse sounds than the wind, worse coverlets than the snow that gives such quiet slumber, as they say. The Babes in the Wood were happier than their uncle; they died in a ditch, but it was a ditch robin-haunted.

For my own part, one ditch I know from which, methinks, the soul might pass more sweetly into the arms of the waiting angel than from any other spot of earth. On a hillside that slopes to the western sea; beneath an old stone-dyke, stone first, but now hardly to be known for such at any time, the mosses, green, and yellow, and purple, and the scented bracken, and the blaeberries with their tender sprigs, have so covered it, and in the summer time, when it is gay with tall foxglove and tufted meadow-sweet, and the low plants blush with fairy plums, more like a hedge of flowers—under the shadow of this lies my ditch, growing full of heather, and lying there you may look far away to the islands on the horizon, and hear nothing, at noisiest mid-day or at quietest sunset, but the sea, and the cry of the mountain birds, and the faint sough of the wind in the flowers above. Lying there at twilight, I have seen in the western clouds such things as nowhere else may be seen—the vales of Avalon, the towers of the New Jerusalem—and I think it would be an easy death, stretched out on the ling, with the same sea-breezes that rocked me in my cradle to rock me to my grave, and that sea-whispered song to be my last, as it was my first, lullaby.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

# The Vision of the Isles of Immortality and Death.

Yonder it heaves at even and sunrise,
The silent snowy Isle amid the blue
Lone waters, ever in the day's warm hue
Dwindling, and when it withers from our eyes
The white clouds mark the region where it lies.

But now, as o'er the myrtled promontory
I wandered, lo! in splendour of the noon,
Above the waves its hundred peaks, outhewn
From mellow skies, rose clear and silently—
The silver-shining crownet of the sea!

O silent Isle of Death, deep slumber's mine,
White wilderness of peace, low in the fern
And odorous herbs gazing, I grow to yearn
For thy cold quiet dells, and inly pine—
There is no form, no loveliness like thine.

Like thine: and *here* is beauty without end,
Here quenchless Life, here laughter-loving throngs,
Here music of sweet strings, and subtlest songs
Of woven harmony, here friend with friend
Abides and parts not, never pain doth rend

The tortured body, never sickness mar
Blue eye or rosy cheek, or tempest stain
Light flower with moistened dust, or sudden rain
Chill roosted bird a-nights, or cloudlet bar
The path of moonbeam or of flickering star—

DRAWN BY E. F. CLARKE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

VISION OF THE ISLES OF IMMORTALITY AND DEATH.

A wide-illumined land, with never a cloud
  Save when the mountain, golden-garlanded,
  Flings out a streamer for the sunset's red,
Or many-tinted droves to westward crowd,
To make the eye a gorgeous pageant proud;

But all day long the flashing fiery king
  Leans eager from his throne with eye awake,
  And the strong seas beneath him, laughing, shake
Their myriad-mirroring waves, that shout and sing,
Or start to life from sudden slumbering.

Far curve the mountains, like a bended bow
  Drawn to an arrow's tip with lusty arm—
  Another, touching end to end, might form
A perfect circle—and they stand in row,
A thousand bristling spears in purple glow,

A thousand craggy clusters, rough and round,
  Like black cloud struggling up the heavens; and lower,
  Betwixt the mountains and the silver shore,
Fair vales with streams of clear delicious sound,
Pine-waving vales, green hollows olive-crowned,

Piled tracery of clustering lemon leaves
  Starred golden with fair fruit, and bowery roof
  Of perfume-wafting orange boughs in woof,
Pink peach and almond trees in flowery sheaves,
Which to and fro the wind in languor heaves;

Balm-breathing gardens cool with jets of spray
  From fountains flung in many a rainbow bright;
  Broad statued terraces in lustrous light;
Flowers of all hues and odours; fawns at play;
And wildering birds that trill the livelong day;

Then by the sea's marge rise in lordly pride
  Palm-leaf and cypress-shaft; and then the wave
  In lulling music rolls by sand and cave—
The blue untroubled Sea outstretching wide,
The Infinite Void Sea that hath no tide.

Beyond the mountains, where they break and cease,
  Begins the plain to spread, with forest deep,
  Far-wandering meadowlands that seem to sleep
In the hot day, broad pasture white with fleece
Of sheep, and red with deer that browse at peace;

And then the vineyards, then the corn, the maize,
The orchard-lands, the rivers winding clear,
The dreamy lawn, the lake, the slumbering mere,
Vast prairies where the countless buffalo graze,
The belts of grove, the winding silvery ways:

And then again, upon the further side,
The gray bright shore, the palms, the cypresses,
The lulling music of the waves at ease,
The blue, untroubled Sea, outstretching wide,
The Infinite Void Sea that hath no tide.

And never doubt perplexes; never care
Furrows the brow; to seek is straight to find . . .
No task for toiling hand or eager mind;
No fear of lurking sickness in its lair;
No danger in darkness; for the foot no snare.

Here is no mystery for the mind to pierce,
For all is open as the vault of day;
Here are no bended knees or lips that pray,
Or any temple that the hand uprears,
Or sound of sigh, or track of any tears.

Slow roll the languid ages, hour on hour,
Night on sweet day, sweet day on dreamless night,
Season fair season following, with no blight
Of frost or fly delaying; year with dower
For new-year, moving up with ancient power—

Time limitless, a blank Eternity!
O giddy depth of ages, gazing down,
Sick grows the heart, all hope is overthrown!
Remorseless tyrant, who shall strive with thee,
Who wrestle with thy countless hours to be?

How many an age of years since first I woke
On this soft shore has slowly drifted by!
And then was the beginning. Where doth lie
The end of all? When cometh the keen stroke
Like that which loosed the soul from fleshly yoke?

There is no end: there lies the white, blank page:
There is no end, there is no pause, no end:
Into the trackless void my eyes I bend,
I peer around, above—long age on age,
The quenchless spirit's awful heritage!

And then the thought becomes a tyrant dream
  Weighing upon the senses: yea, I cry
  For the swift years of lost Mortality,
The little life of eld, with flickering beam,
When still a bourne before the eyes did gleam;

The sweet pathetic life close hedged about
  With barriers dark hiding the far Unknown,
  Of which we vision made, with many a groan,
When sudden a loved face was blotted out;
The tender life of love, and hope, and doubt,

The venturous changeful life that felt its bound,
  Sole refuge for the weary vacant soul—
  Not this long road of days with never a goal,
Far-stretching, endless, circling round and round,
Through which the slow foot journeys with no sound.

And round me are the faces changeless, fair;
  A thousand years have robbed them of no tint,
  A thousand years no wrinkle shall imprint,
A thousand cycles shall not youth impair,
Or draw one streak of gray through raven hair.

Though myriad ages roll, to these no face
  Will added be, none ever ta'en away;
  Shall never from our midst companion stray;
Shall never new eyes dawn with tender grace,
To draw new love from the heart's holiest place.

There is no end, there is no pause, no end:
  No change that hath not been and yet will be;
  No birth of man, or bird, or beast, or tree;
No coming or going of lover or of friend;
Through the long Void one weary way we wend . . .

Silent, O silent Isle, afar, afar
  Flashing upon my sight, O dearer seem
  Thy cold clear mountains in the livid gleam
Of winter, keenly white as ray of star,
Than all the joys that in this region are.

There comes no dream of years unquenchable,
  There hovers not wide time with awful wing,
  There treads not any foot of living thing,
There for the pulseless spirit all is well,
There comes no thought, there death for aye doth dwell.

O that across the waters drifting free
From the dread future, awful, infinite,
The weary dream of days that haunts my sight,
To thy far shores I might set sail, to thee
Journey along the silent tideless sea,

That, touching on thy sands, the throbbing breast
Stiller and stiller in its breath might grow,
Back to the heart the blood in languor flow,
Deep sleep upon the eyes be softly prest,
And the life drift to thine Eternal Rest.

GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG.

# Mrs. Coates's Bath.

Mrs. Coates's Bath is, I am happy to say, a bath no longer, but subserves a better purpose. What it was in the old days and what it is now, I proceed to explain. The reader may perhaps remember an article in a recent number of the 'Dark Blue,' entitled 'Under the Bark,' in which were described some of the insects which live under the bark of trees. In the same grounds that were then mentioned, is a small pond situated at the bottom of a rather steep dell close to the house. Somewhere about the beginning of the present century, a certain Mrs. Coates inhabited the house, and very judiciously converted a piece of swampy ground into a convenient bathing-place, by having a pond dug and paved, and the spring which saturated the ground led into it at one end, and out of it at the other, and so conveyed into a brook which just skirts the grounds. For many years, however, the place has been disused as a bath, and merely serves as a pretty object to the eye. A week or two ago, the idea struck me that the pond was likely to be rich in animal life, inasmuch as it is completely sheltered from the north-east wind, which is so hated by insects, and only open towards the south, so that the meridian rays of the sun fall daily upon it. So I fished in it for an hour or two, with a little net, and found that my impression was true. It is absolutely impossible, in so limited a space, to describe, or even to mention, all the creatures which I found in that little pond, but the following are some of the most characteristic inhabitants of 'Mrs. Coates's Bath.'

There were plenty of newts. Now, these are really very pretty creatures, especially in the breeding season, when the males put on their nuptial splendours. Like many birds, they only assume their best dress for a short period, and when that brief period is over, they can scarcely be distinguished from their more sombre mates. The chief and most conspicuous portion of the nuptial dress of the male newt is a sort of fin which runs along the back, and looks something like a cock's comb. It is deeply notched and toothed at the upper edge, and, as it is extremely delicate, it waves about in the water in graceful accordance with the movements of the animal. My little boy took some of these newts home, and, in the innocence of his heart, showed them

to the gardener. The man was horribly frightened. He jumped back and absolutely yelled with terror. He, keeping at a safe distance from the dread beasts, told the boy that 'the effet was the most pizenous thing as is,' and that he had known lots of people lie down in the grass at haymaking time, when they were bitten by effets, and then they swelled up and went on swelling till they died. Fortunately, the boy was too well taught to believe the man, and his terrors and warnings only afforded the keenest amusement.

The newt is an interesting animal to keep. In the first place, it is very graceful as it swims, and its pretty colours and brilliant eyes show out much better in the water than on land. Then it has a very curious manner of depositing its eggs, doubling them up in the leaf of some plant, sometimes, though not always, a plant which is growing in the water. There is now before me a blade of grass which I found in the pond. It is neatly doubled in two, and in the fold is one of the little translucent eggs of the newt. When these eggs are hatched, little tadpoles issue from them, almost exactly resembling those of the frog, having similarly large heads, and long tapering bodies. They do not show their individuality until their legs begin to appear, when the distinction is at once evident. In the frog-tadpole, the hind legs are the first to appear, but the reverse is the case with the newt. As they increase in size, the distinction becomes more apparent, for the tail of the frog-tadpole is gradually absorbed into the body, while that of the newt increases in length. The newt, in fact, differs but little in structure from the frog, except that it retains its tail throughout its life. I find that in captivity the newt changes its skin oftener than it would do if left at liberty, and that if the water in the vessel in which it is left be changed, the newt generally casts its skin within a short time. This skin is drawn from the body in an almost perfect state. It is exceedingly fine, like goldbeater's skin, and, if a card be slipped beneath it as it floats in the water, the skin can be spread out on it, and so removed, dried, and preserved as a specimen. Two such skins are now before me, and very pretty objects they are, every toe of each foot being quite perfect, and looking like fairy gloves.

As to aquatic insects, the water swarms with them, and the number of water-beetles alone that I found there is prodigious. This not being an entomological magazine, I do not intend to give a list of the insects found in this little pond, but will only mention some of the principal species.

There was the great water-beetle (*Dyticus marginalis*) in plenty. This, in common with all of its kind, is not an eligible inhabitant of an aquarium. If two or three be placed in a vessel with other inhabitants of the water, they immediately begin eating their fellow prisoners, and, having finished all the smaller creatures, attack each other, the strongest killing and eating the weakest. I have before me a very fine male Dyticus in a pickle-bottle, where I was compelled to banish him

in consequence of his voracity. I feed him mostly on blue-bottles, which he seizes between his powerful fore-legs, and devours in a very short time. At first he was rather puzzled with the flies, they not being his usual prey, but he now knows how to manage them, and a fly scarcely touches the surface of the water, when it is seized and borne below, held firmly in the jaws of its captor.

It is an insect full of wonders, and contains in itself the elements of more than one mechanical invention. In the first place, it is a living diving-bell. Like all insects, it breathes atmospheric air by means of tubes, which permeate the whole of the body. The apertures by which these tubes communicate with the air lie on the upper part of each side, under the wing-cases. Now, these wing-cases, or elytra, are convex, while the upper part of the body is flat, so that there is a space between the wing-cases and the body. Every now and then, the beetle comes to the surface of the water, protrudes the end of the body, draws in a supply of air into the space between the elytra and the body, and dives again, the elytra fitting so closely to each other and to the sides that the air cannot escape. Sometimes, if the beetle be not alarmed, it will remain at the surface, with its head downwards, and its body balanced by its extended swimming-legs, and on a calm day, quite a number of water-beetles may be seen thus suspended. The swimming-legs which have just been mentioned are themselves very wonderful examples of structure. They are so made that the only movements which they can perform are those of swimming, and they are fringed with stiff hairs so set that when the leg is struck against the water, the hairs stand out and act like the blade of an oar; while, when the limb is drawn back for the next stroke, they are drawn through the water from the root to point, and so offer the least possible resistance.

The first pair of legs of a male Dyticus are worthy the closest possible examination. On the feet of each of them is a round disc, which, when magnified, is seen to be made of three joints, flattened and dilated. Their under surface is covered with a vast array of suckers, one of which is very large, two of moderate size, and all the rest very small, and set on foot-stalks. With these suckers they can hold so tightly that they can crawl up a pane of glass by their aid, and hold so firmly that a rather sharp pull is required before they can be detached. A few days ago, I noticed that one of these water-beetles had remained at the bottom of the vessel for a long time, and, on closer examination, found that it was dead. I took hold of it to remove it, when, to my astonishment, the body came away in my hand, the two fore-legs still clinging to the glass. The beetle had evidently been dead for some time, and was semi-putrid, but yet the suckers held on as firmly as during life.

Owing to the great length and peculiar jointing of the swimming-legs, the beetle is a bad walker, though it is a good flyer and a better

swimmer. If placed upon the ground, it crawls awkwardly about, and seems to have little power of directing its course. Should it fall on its back on a smooth surface it gives a series of wild kicks with its long hind legs, the action being precisely the same as in swimming, and both legs being used simultaneously. If the surface be perfectly smooth, such as a plate or a piece of glass, the insect only spins round and round, and after a short time seems to be seized with despair, and lies perfectly motionless. Though the beetle can do no harm, and may be taken in the hand without fear, I do not recommend indiscriminate handling, and this for two reasons. In the first place, it is wonderfully strong, and has a way of forcing itself backwards through the hands, so that a double-headed spike at the base of the swimming-legs is apt to prick the fingers rather smartly. In the next place, when held, it ejects a whitish fluid, which issues from the junctions of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen, and which has a strong and very unpleasant odour.

The larva or grub of this beetle is quite as formidable and ferocious as the perfect insect—which it does not in the least resemble. It is long-bodied, the body swelling out in the middle, and tapering gradually to the tail, at the end of which are a couple of diverging fringed leaflets, which are attached to the respiratory organs. The head is large and broad, and armed with a pair of exceedingly long and sharp jaws, curved like a reaper's sickle, and having a very sickle-like aspect. The legs are long and slender, and the colour is a pale brown. It moves by two modes of progression. It can use its legs for walking, and does so when it is trying to crawl leisurely, but when it desires to move with any swiftness, it causes its body to undulate like the movement of an eel or a serpent, and so gets along at a good pace, its legs being used merely as balancers to its body. Its character is best seen when it is at rest. It bends its body nearly at right angles, and ascends to the surface of the water, upon which the fringed leaflets of the tail are spread so as to enable the creature to breathe at ease. It thus hangs, as it were, suspended by these leaflets, with its head downwards, its monstrous jaws wide open, and its long legs spread, so that it forms a perfect living trap, ready to close on any unfortunate creature that may come in its way. Being rather a wary creature, it escapes the net, unless proper precautions be taken. I have always found that the best plan is to stir up the mud of the pond, and then to sweep the net rapidly through the turbid water, thus catching the Dyticus larva before it sees its danger. In 'Mrs. Coates's Bath' are many of this beetle's kinsfolk, but the manners and customs of all are so similar that one will suffice as an example of them all.

Perhaps the reader may think that there is not much to be seen in the common whirlwig, or whirligig beetle (*Gyrinus*), which may be seen in vast numbers on the surface of the water, performing its mazy dance in any sheltered spot. Summer or winter seem to be the same

to the whirlwig, and even in the cold days of winter a gleam of sunshine will bring out the whirlwig beetles in any spot wherever the ice is not formed, and they will dart about as merrily as if the July sun were pouring its hot beams on them. I need not say that there are plenty of these beetles, because there is scarcely a piece of water larger than a puddle in which they may not be found. A depression in the ground which has been dry for months, and suddenly filled with water by a rain-storm, will have whirlwigs in it before many hours have passed. The fact is, that these beetles, like those which I have just described, have large and powerful wings, and can use them with great ease. They can take a flight from the surface of the water—a fact which I believe has not hitherto been noticed, or at all events not published. I found it out only a few weeks ago.

While stooping over the water, and admiring the rapid movements of the whirlwig beetles, one of them suddenly darted up, struck me on the nose, and fell back again into the water. If the beetle were half as much astonished as I was, it must have been very much surprised indeed. Wishing to see how this feat was achieved, I took a number of the beetles, and put them into an aquarium, thinking—and, the result proved, rightly—that they would soon be tired of their limited space and would take to wing. After whirling about for a little time, some of them crawled up the glass sides of the aquarium, while others darted into the air and took to flight. They did it by striking the water violently with both swimming-feet at the same moment, and thus jerking themselves several inches into the air. Almost simultaneously with the spring, they spread their wide wings, and flew off with incredible speed.

There is an old fairy tale about three sisters, who had respectively one, two, and three eyes, the elder and the youngest treating their sister very contemptuously because she had two eyes like people in general. Now, a whirlwig beetle goes one step more singular, for it has four eyes, two above and two below—two to see below the water and two to see above it. Of course, the beetle has in reality a vast number of eyes, like most insects, but those eyes are divided into four masses instead of two. The reason is this. The insect is continually scurrying about on the surface of the water, watching for prey, and if its eyes were constructed in the ordinary fashion it would only be able to see either above or below the surface, according as its eyes happened to be placed. In order to be able to see distinctly any object below the surface of the water, its eyes must be submerged; and in the eyes of this little beetle we find the principle of that well-known instrument, the water telescope. This is used for the purpose of looking into the water, and is simply a tube with a plain glass fixed water-tight into one end. When the glass is pushed under the surface of the water, and the eye applied to the upper part of the instrument, objects can

be seen with great plainness, the vision not being obstructed by any ripples on the surface of the water.

In the larval state this is a very peculiar creature. It is long-bodied, with a blackish head, and along the sides of the body are delicate white filaments, which are the 'branchiæ,' or gills, by which the creature breathes. Respiration is effected by a continual passage of water over the gills, and in still water this object is achieved by a very constant undulation of the body, so that the gills necessarily are brought in contact with fresh particles of water. By means of the same undulations, the larva urges itself through the water, just as has been mentioned of the Dyticus larva, and so, by the mere act of progression, increased power of respiration is obtained. In perfectly still water, the creature is never quiet for a moment, but keeps up a perpetual undulation of the body, during which the little gills have a most graceful appearance, as they float like silver threads on either side of the body. Sometimes the larva obtains its supply of oxygen by ascending a few inches by forcible undulations, and then allowing itself to sink slowly to the bottom, the delicate branchiæ being spread out on either side, and acting as floats to prevent it from sinking too fast.

In 'Mrs. Coates's Bath' are numberless water-boatmen (*Notonecta*) of various species and in all stages of existence. We will, however, content ourselves with the commonest and largest species. The insect derives the popular name of water-boatman from the fact that it lies on its back, the sharp edge of which makes a very good imitation of a boat-keel, and rows itself by its long swimming-legs, which are nearly straight, and, with their bristle-fringed ends, look exceedingly like oars. In fact, we have no oars that can in any respect approach in efficiency the swimming-legs of the water-boatman, with their invariably correct action, and their self-feathering blades. The name of Notonecta or back-swimmer is given to the insect in consequence of the habit of turning on its back when it swims.

These insects are not beetles, though they are often thought to be so. They belong to another order of insects altogether, and will give very tangible proofs of this fact if carelessly handled. Anyone who has caught one of the predacious beetles may expect a sharp nip with the jaws if he does not take care of himself. But the water-boatman, in common with the rest of its kin, is furnished with a sharp and strong proboscis, which it will drive deeply into the fingers of its captor if it gets a chance. Like the whirlwig, the water-boatman is able to take flight directly from the surface of the water, and does so in a very similar manner, leaping out of the water by a violent stroke of its swimming-legs, and then spreading its wings before it falls back again. When on the wing, it flies with a deep humming sound, very like that which is produced by the humble-bee.

Its respiration is carried on much in the same way as that of the water-beetle already described. On a calm day, if 'Mrs. Coates's Bath'

be approached cautiously, so that a heavy step does not communicate itself through the land to the water, and that no shadow be thrown upon the insects, whole fleets of water-boatmen of all sizes may be seen floating with their heads downwards, the swimming-legs spread wide by way of balancers, and the tips of their bodies just protruding from the surface. A hasty step, however, a sudden movement, or a shadow, even of a passing bird, thrown on the water, will alarm the insects, and they will scurry off in all directions.

By watching these insects very carefully in a bottle, and keeping that bottle constantly before my eyes on my desk, I have been enabled to observe the course which the air takes in respiration, the partly translucent wing-cases enabling the bubbles to be traced as they pass like globules of quicksilver under the wing-cases and finally into the water. The air is taken in at the end of the tail, and introduced into the space between the wing-covers and the body. It is then gradually drawn forward until it reaches the base of the wing-covers, and is then forced out just where the wing-covers fit against the breast. When the insect is perfectly quiet, the process may be seen going on with perfect regularity, the air being taken in near the tail, working its way under the wing-covers, and at last squeezed out near the breast, when it ascends in bubbles to the surface. In this position, the water-boatmen are accustomed to wash themselves. They are as cleanly as cats, and perform the operation of washing in a very similar manner, leaving not a limb nor a part of the body untouched. Sometimes they will rest *on* the surface of the water, but this time with their backs upwards, their wing-cases half opened, and their wings partly unfurled. I never saw them assume this attitude except when the sun was shining directly on them, but I have in that case seen thirty or forty at a time sunning themselves in this curious attitude, which has all the effect of a disguise, and makes them look quite different insects.

I am sorry to say that water-boatmen are very predatory characters, and that they have a great fancy for preying upon the water-gnats, as they are called, those slight, dark-coloured, long-legged insects that run about on the surface of the water as if they were on land. They seize on the unfortunate insect, clasp it tightly to them with their fore-legs, drive their beaks deeply into its body, and suck out all its juices, afterwards rejecting the body, which to the eye seems to have undergone no change at all, and only to have been killed by the wound. The water-boatman takes from five minutes to a quarter of an hour to suck a single water-gnat, and carries it about most pertinaciously, not even loosening its hold if alarmed and forced to dive.

Few facts have struck me more forcibly than the peculiar life which is led by this and other aquatic creatures. As a rule, they are essentially predacious. Taking merely those which have been mentioned, we have the newt, which eats all kinds of water inhabitants, provided they are not too large, and is in its turn often subject to a fierce attack by the Great

Dyticus, and has a bite or two taken out of its stomach, where it cannot brush away its adversary. Then, the water-beetles are quite ready to eat each other should no better prey offer itself, while they ordinarily feed upon water-boatmen, water-gnats, and various larvæ. Yet, with all this mutual destruction, the creatures are not in the least afraid of each other, and a whirlwig larva will, for example, swim deliberately in front of a newt or a water-beetle, though its destruction is almost certain. I cannot but think that they do not look upon such a death as we do, and that the larger predacious creatures are to the smaller somewhat as disease and accidents are to ourselves—something which cannot be foreseen or avoided, and which has no terror until it actually comes to pass.

One more predacious insect, and we will conclude with two which are vegetarians, and which, though they find no food in their comrades of the pond, sometimes furnish it. I felt sure that in 'Mrs. Coates's Bath' the larva of at least one species of dragon-fly was likely to be found, and a part of a cast skin of a dragon-fly larva which I found in my net confirmed the theory. There were some rather large patches of duck-weed floating in the pond, which I thought were likely haunts for the creatures. Accordingly, I put the net quietly under the duck-weed, drew it smartly with its edge against the floating plant, and at the very first dip secured three dragon-fly larvæ, all belonging to the genus Æshna, and being, indeed, the larvæ of *Æshna grandis*, one of our largest dragon-flies. I afterwards took more specimens, not only of that but of other species, including the Demoiselle, but the present creature is enough to act as a sample of the rest.

To my mind, this is one of the most extraordinary beings that the world produces. There is no need of travelling to tropical countries for Nature's marvels. They are lavishly poured out at our feet, and we only have to recognise them. Its mode of progression is one that has lately been taken up as a new method of propelling steam-vessels, and its mode of seizing its prey displays a power of modification which very few structures attain. I took a number of these larvæ home, and watched their proceedings very attentively. They were well worth watching.

In the first place, we will see how the creature propels itself. The body of the larva is long and tapering, rather larger in the middle, and ending in five horny spikes, which can be made to diverge from each other or can be pressed closely together, when they look like a single point. At the junction of these spikes is a circular aperture, large enough to receive an ordinary pin, and this aperture leads to a hollow space within the body. In this hollow are the gills, and respiration is carried on by means of the water which is drawn in and ejected through the orifice at the root of the horny spikes. When the creature is at rest, the water is drawn in and out very quietly, and producing a gentle current that extends for several inches behind the

larva. But when it desires to propel itself quickly, the larva expels the water violently, and so, on the principle of the 'direct-action' machine, drives itself forcibly in the opposite direction. Thus, the progress of the dragon-fly larva is necessarily a series of jerks, as some appreciable space of time is required in which the hollow can be filled with water. The nautilus, the common cuttle-fish and their kin, propel themselves in the same manner, which is exactly identical in principle with the flight of the rocket.

If the larva be placed in a shallow and flat vessel, in which some very fine dark sand has been scattered, the whole process is rendered plainly visible. When the larva remains quietly in one place, the sand is gradually washed away in a direct line with the insect, leaving a track about a quarter of an inch wide, and some three inches in length. This track is very clear and well-defined near the insect, but becomes vague and broad in proportion to the distance from the larva. Now, if the larva be touched, a very different appearance is shown. The larva darts suddenly through the water, and, instead of the simple narrow track, a broad fan-shaped track is left, the water having been expelled with such force as to drive away the sand on both sides.

Its mode of eating is as strange as its progression. The lower lip, instead of being, as it mostly is, a mere appendage to the mouth, is developed into a powerful instrument of apprehension. It is greatly elongated, being fully one-fourth as long as the entire insect. It increases gradually in width from its junction with the head to the end, which is armed with two short but sharp jaws, curved and toothed in their interior edges. It is furnished with two hinges, one at the junction of the 'mask,' as it is called, and the other about half of its length, so that it can lie flat against the breast, the hinge descending as far as the base of the first pair of legs, and the jaws lying exactly over the lower jaws of the mouth. It is called the mask because its broad end lies over the mouth and face of the insect so as to conceal them. When the larva sees some creature which it wishes to eat, it propels itself quietly beneath its unsuspecting prey, turns over on its back, and, with a sharp darting movement, seizes the unfortunate insect, and holds it against the true jaws, by which it is soon devoured.

The voracity of this larva is extraordinary, and it seems capable of continually eating. As for my own specimens, they were so voracious that at last I took them out of the aquarium and put them into a vessel of their own, supplying them with flies and other insects. I found that, although they would eat blue-bottles in lack of other food, they never seemed to like them, although they would readily eat as many house-flies as could be supplied to them. One day, thinking that the formidable larva of the water-beetle was quite able to hold its own, I put one of them in the same vessel. Next morning it was gone, and nothing was left of it but the two sickle-shaped jaws, which were

lying at the bottom of the vessel. At last, they took to eating each other, and I have now but one survivor, which, as may be expected, is a very large and fine specimen. It changed to the pupal state while in my possession, but is just as ravenous as it was when a larva, and as it will be when it becomes a dragon-fly.

Within this little pond are many species of caddis and several of May-flies—at least, of these insects in their preparatory condition. A really good collection of caddis-tubes can be procured from this spot, and I was rather surprised to find in it the curved and conical tubes of the Sericostoma, which are made of sand and tiny fragments of stone. May-fly larvæ also I found in tolerable plenty, and obtained them by the simple process of beating up the mud of the bank, and catching them as they issued from their dwelling tunnels. These burrows are made in the soft muddy bank, and are shaped like the letter ⊂ laid horizontally, so that the inhabitants can pass in at one entrance and out at the other. As for larvæ of gnats and other flies, they simply swarm, and are present in such numbers that to give even a cursory description would take ten times the space that can be spared. The aquatic crustacea are in great numbers, and within the compass of that tiny pond may be procured enough specimens to give a laborious naturalist work for a year or two. Leeches, too, abound, and I was specially pleased to find several specimens of the Planaria, that curious flat-bodied annelid which is worthy of much examination.

In these two papers I have endeavoured to show the wonderful amount of interest which lies hidden in every object around us. Those who take up any branch of natural history pass straightway into a new world, and the more thoroughly do they enter into it the less do they complain of the narrowness of their field. I have intentionally taken two very narrow fields, namely, the living beings that are found 'Under the Bark,' and the creatures that live beneath the waters of a tiny pond measuring only three yards by four. And, so far from exhausting either the bark or the pond, I have given but the slightest and most sketchy account of both, choosing a few of the most conspicuous objects as examples of the rest, and leaving undescribed and even unmentioned hundreds of others every whit as interesting, but for which our limited space is insufficient.

J. G. Wood.

# PONDICHERRY;

## OR, THE FRENCH IN INDIA.

By Colonel Laurie.

EARLY last February, Pondicherry was prominently brought forward as included in a German claim for territorial cession; then the little Paris of the East was to be given up to us for Heligoland, which set our minds at rest on the critical point of German dominion being established in India; and then the subject seemed to die away altogether. At present, however, when such great events are taking place, and the present or future Government at Versailles or Paris may not offer 'sufficient guarantees for payment of the war indemnity,' it seems quite on the cards that the question of Germany's colonial power *in esse* may be thought of by Prince Bismarck; and if M. Thiers—*l'homme de la situation*—does not bring about a lasting triumph, the French possessions in India may yet be sought for by the 'fiery Hun,' who may, or may not, give them up for something else to the powerful possessors of 'the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.' It is proper, therefore, for the British public to know something about them; and it is with this view that 'The Dark Blue' now comes forward to give some information on the subject.

Not to weary with historical detail, we shall endeavour to state the main facts as briefly as possible—the facts which led to the anomaly of what has been justly styled 'the most splendid dominion under the sun,' having near its chief seats of power possessions, however small, belonging to a people among whom the revolutionary element, in some shape or other, would appear to be immortal. After various unsuccessful attempts at settlement on the part of the French in India, François Martin, in 1683, purchased Pondicherry (then a small village) and a certain portion of the adjacent territory. We have read that the land was bought from the King of Bejapore by the French in 1672, but have not been able to find good authority for this statement. In 1678, the French had established themselves at Alemparva, about twenty-five miles from Pondicherry; but nothing important was done till M. Martin, a French officer and agent of the Company, purchased the little Paris of the East, where he built European houses,

and laid the foundation of its future civilised appearance. Here he also assembled the remains of other settlements—which had previously been formed at Trincomalee and St. Thomé—from which stations the French had been driven by those sturdy early Indian adventurers, the Dutch.

Martin fortified his new possession to the best of his ability; but that was insufficient to resist a serious attack from the desperate Hollanders, who, after a determined resistance from the French, took possession on September 5, 1693. In 1697, at the peace of Ryswick, Pondicherry was restored to the French, and, in 1699, became the capital of the French settlements in India. Such is the origin of the seat of their supreme government, situated eighty-six miles S.S.W. of Madras. From 1735 to 1742, under M. Dumas, the French possessions became rapidly and widely extended; and the Mogul granted the right of coining money at Pondicherry, which, at that early period, gave the Company a benefit of two lakhs of rupees (20,000*l.*) per annum. The far-famed 'Sieur Dupleix' was governor of Chandernagore from 1730 to 1742; and under his excellent administration, from his great trading abilities, that settlement became the seat of a very considerable traffic. While Dupleix was at the head of the Chandernagore factory (in the Hooghly district, twenty miles above Calcutta), Labourdonnais, a sailor of fortune, the most pleasing character in the history of the French in the East—well known to the readers of 'Paul and Virginia,' and styled by Macaulay 'a man of eminent talents and virtues'—became Governor of the Mauritius; and, in 1742, Dupleix became 'Governor-General of all the French settlements in India.'

In 1758, the French possessed on the Coromandel coast—Pondicherry with a territory bordering the sea in a length of thirty miles, and extending inland about the same distance, with a population of 500,000 souls, and a revenue of twenty lakhs of rupees; Karikal of nearly equal extent and value; Masulipatam, and provinces, including Ellore, Rajamundry, and Chicacole, forming a territory of nearly four hundred miles in length, and varying in breadth from forty-five to seventy-five, with a revenue of about half a million sterling. They also possessed the far-famed island of Seringham, formed by two branches of the river Cauvery. Passing on to 1762, we find that the French had lost nearly all their possessions. About the same time as the fall of the French, the Dutch power in India began to totter. To secure the English in Bengal, Clive had besieged Chinsurah—the Great Dutch capital on the Hooghly—and forced it to surrender. Previous to Clive's severe castigation of the French and Dutch in Bengal, he had despatched Colonel Forde with part of his Bengal army to assist in the expulsion of the French from the northern provinces of the Deccan, commonly called the Northern Circars. In 1763, Pondicherry, Karikal, Yanam (in the Godavery district), Mahé, and Chandernagore, were restored to the French, but with a very limited territory. Pondicherry

partially regained its former splendour; but was retaken by the British in 1778, and again given up to the French, with their other possessions, by the treaty of peace in January 1783. These possessions fell again, after a few years, into the hands of the English; and Pondicherry, on August 20, 1793, ceased to be a French capital. At the peace of Amiens, in 1802, the French settlements were again restored; but on September 11, 1803—that memorable year in which Buonaparte was making such vast strides to universal power—Pondicherry, with a garrison of only 152 European soldiers, capitulated, and passed for the fourth time into the hands of the English. Surely it was our clear duty at this time, by some means or other, to arrange with France about ceding what she had so often lost, and which, having no real power in India, could be of little service to her. But no: such a consummation was not yet to be brought about. The treaties of 1814–15 replaced the French in possession of their East Indian establishments, which since that time have consisted (after being considerably reduced by former stipulations) of mere points, widely separated from each other, situated on the coasts of Coromandel, Orissa, Malabar, and the interior of Bengal. Their population is under 200,000, of which about 1,000 are Europeans. The whole of these widely-scattered possessions measure about 120,000 acres. France has, or had, also the right of establishing a factory at Muscat, and another at Moka.

There could not, perhaps, have been a weaker policy on our part than the frequent restoration of what are fortunately now only 'mere points' to the French in India; and the consequences might have been serious. But, during the exercise of our good nature, there was nothing to fear from Russia in the East, and no one ever supposed that a new and powerful German empire would so soon be 'lord of the ascendant.'

We are no alarmists, but think it would be a most wise proceeding in these troublous times if we could manage to aid the French treasury by purchasing their settlements in India. Pondicherry, like Paris, in 1848, had its fit of republican demonstration, in which the natives joined. We dare say the Hindus there, quick at learning the elements of discontent, are now well up in the meanings of the words *moderate*, *red*, or *communist*; but before the chance of beholding the Prussians in the Paris of the East, or occupying some other of the 'mere points' before mentioned, we shall here state, with reference to trade in the French settlements, and before giving a slight sketch of the town of Pondicherry, that it was after many wordy treaties and conventions finally decided by a convention of March 7, 1815:

1. That the French might claim yearly 300 boxes of opium at the average price of the Calcutta sales.

2. That as compensation for the privilege granted to the English East India Company's Government of purchasing at a fixed price all the

salt prepared in the French settlements, over the quantity necessary for their own consumption, the Company should pay the French yearly, at Calcutta or Madras, from October 1, 1814, the sum of four lakhs of *sicca* rupees (upwards of 40,000*l.*).

3. That the French right of exporting from Bengal yearly 18,000 maunds (the maund of salt is about eighty pounds) of saltpetre should be maintained. This convention, it seems, was not found sufficient to prevent all attempts at the contraband traffic in salt imported from the French to the English territory, so it was accordingly proposed to stop the fabrication of the article altogether; but as this proceeding was detrimental to the interests of the salt-work proprietors, who had no part in the compensation of four lakhs, an additional convention became necessary, which was passed between the Governors of Madras and Pondicherry, May 13, 1818. It stipulates: That all the salt works in the French establishments shall be stopped during the whole term of the Honourable Company's charter; that the Madras Government engages to pay to that of Pondicherry, as an indemnity to the salt-work proprietors, a sum of 4,000 star pagodas (a star pagoda is three rupees eight annas, or seven shillings) yearly, during the whole term of the Company's Charter; also that the Madras Government engages to furnish to that of Pondicherry the quantity of salt necessary for the consumption of all the French establishments. The French settlements, we were informed by a high authority at Pondicherry, do not produce a sufficient quantity of rice for their inhabitants, and the French considered that they had a right to draw this necessary article from the English territory; at least so far as regarded their own wants. This point gave rise to many complaints and difficulties. At present, rice of English produce is freely imported. Duties, we believe, are fixed by the English on wools from Cashmere, *opium*, *indigo*, *camphor*, &c., on the exportation of these articles for France, excepting what the French can furnish from their own settlements.

The revenues of the French establishments in India, exclusive of the four lakhs paid annually by the Madras to the Pondicherry Government, were, some years ago, a little more than four lakhs of rupees; the total expenditure was also four lakhs: consequently, there was a surplus revenue of the whole amount of compensation money, or say 40,000*l.* This sum was applied by the French Metropolitan Government to the necessities of some of the other French colonies whose revenues were inferior to their expenses. It may, for anything we know, during late years, have been used for various other useful purposes. The Franco-German war, doubtless, has done much to ruin trade among the French in India. 'The very small apparent importance,' Monsieur Orianne of Pondicherry wrote to us some years ago, 'of our French establishments has frequently given rise to the opinion that the Metropolitan Government would willingly give them up to the

British nation, as the Danes have done with their settlements of Tranquebar and Serampore. I believe the impression to be an erroneous one, as without Pondicherry we should not have the means of carrying on the very important exchange of India *blue* cloth with the *gum* produced by the forests of the interior of Africa, the only real prosperous trade we can boast of at present, the monopoly of which we now possess, but which would undoubtedly fall into the hands of the English, if we could no longer offer the only article of exchange the Arabs will accept.' Since the French judge's communication, however, matters have changed a good deal; and, were we to meet our kind and intelligent friend again, he might be inclined to change his opinion. For, argue as we may, the French never were, and never will be, good or *useful* colonists. The Frenchman, as a general rule, is better at home than abroad; of course he is frivolous everywhere; but we insist on the point that, notwithstanding his many excellences, it is better for himself, and safer for the world, when he enjoys his life of revolution, and reaction, and mystery in *la belle France*. Let us by all means, then, for obvious political and other reasons, do something towards removing the anomaly of French possessions in India.

We shall conclude this brief paper with a few recollections of Pondicherry, which may be styled a 'fine regularly built town,' with a population of 30,000 natives and about 700 Europeans and East Indians. It is divided into white town and black town. The French certainly have benefitted India in the matter of good taste in building. If you go to Chandernagore you will find a fine quay and well-built streets. And now to quote from the note-book of a traveller in India: 'On placing foot in the French territory (distant about eight miles from the English cantonment of Cuddalore, the old fort St. David's) and proceeding onward through the environs of Pondicherry, we feel by the excellent quality of the roads and the armony of the landscape through which they run, that, though in India, we shall soon be fairly among the French. Everything about us possesses that varied but delectable tint so peculiar to "la belle patrie." We can imagine the very air to be French. Sauntering along, whistling to himself a tune—a mixture of Malabar and French —we may perceive the unmartial-like sepoy, who, clad in blue coat and red trousers, and having been on a visit to his friends in the country, is wending his solitary way homeward to his idle duty. Or we may see the small neat palankeen (it will be a bullock-coach now) of some speculating Frenchman who is proceeding to his sugar manufactory at Cuddalore, or to Karikal, one of Pondicherry's remaining children.'

On entering the town you are presented with a striking scene of regularity and beauty, forming a pleasing contrast with the rude aspect of native towns and villages. The houses are handsome, lofty, and roomy, and consequently well adapted to a warm climate. The

principal streets cross at right angles. We proceed to a ride or walk on the road by the beach, on which a row of houses is built with excellent taste, and the chief point to attract our attention is the light-house. Out at sea it can be seen at a distance of twenty miles. It is eighty-five feet from the base to the light—a handsome column—and cost only 5,000 rupees (500*l.*). Should you take the trouble to ascend, a view of considerable beauty is presented. Facing a large esplanade, with back to the sea, we behold Government House on the right, a large, handsome, square edifice, which would do honour to the capital of a much larger and a much richer territory: extending to the distance in front is a thick haze of foliage, with country houses interspersed; to the right and left of the esplanade, dividing Pondicherry into two portions, we see the little town to the greatest advantage; and with its striking dwelling-houses, and the dark blue 'mysterious main,' the whole scene forms a really beautiful panorama. Near the lighthouse, waves [used to wave!] the tri-colour flag of France, hoisted at sunrise, and hauled down at sunset. We *used* to look upon it there fluttering with the same pride as in Europe. And this led us to remark: The French are really a strange nation; their national pride always turns loss into gain, defeat into victory, as through their natural liveliness, gloom rarely darkens the countenance, though there may be sufficient cause for the shadow. Cowper has painted the seeming happy nature of the Frenchman in the following lines:

> Born in a climate softer far than ours,
> Not formed like us, with such Herculean powers,
> The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
> Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
> Is always happy, reign whoever may,
> And laughs the sense of misery far away.

The truthful poet little thought how applicable his lines would be to the present time, or while a revolution is rampant in Paris; for, according to a popular daily journal, in spite of the Communists, 'the tide of life runs fast and even brightly along the imperturbable boulevards; and the road to the Arc de l'Étoile, and the deliciously dangerous corners beyond it, are every day crowded with sightseers.' How Burke would have enjoyed such a comment on French character! Were he now among us, while contemplating with emotion the terrible results of the present Red Revolution, the great Irish orator might have thought fit, while pondering over the elevation and fall of the Emperor Napoleon, to point out what kind of government would satisfy or give peace and prosperity to the French. We can imagine him standing among them, shouting forth with one of those vehement gestures he used in debate, in Coriolanus' fashion, 'What will ye have? Is it possible to furnish you with the elements of security and order?' Even now it is confidently asserted that some great French

merchants and manufacturers are giving up business in France, with a view to settling in Spain, Belgium, and England. America and India have not yet been mentioned as shelters for the trading exodus; but they may be at any moment. And now it is with the anomaly of the French in India we have to do—not as residing, but having possessions there. If not now, they must all come into our hands eventually. *Sic transit*, &c., must be with the French as it has been with the Portuguese, Dutch, and Danish powers in the East. And of all the interesting spots 'the charmed and arrested traveller' will halt at in India, none will please him more, or give more room for reflection, than Pondicherry. He may even enter in his note-book some lines from Campbell to commemorate his visit to the once Paris of the East:

> Yet wandering I found on my ruinous walk
>
> . . . . . .
>
> One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where a garden had been.

## Postscript.

Since writing the foregoing sketch of Pondicherry (Pont-déchiré, like our Pontefract?—and styled by the natives of Southern India Puducheri) and the French in India, public attention has been drawn to a fair little isle, though hardly 'the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven,' one of the British possessions in Europe, which Campbell has made immortal in his wild but beautiful poem of 'The Death-Boat of Heligoland' (Holy Land). Were the bard of hope now living among us, a strange parallel might have occurred to him in his 'band of cadaverous smile' with the Communist authors of the greatest crime on record, the firing and destroying of Paris; and his lines seem almost prophetic when he sings of men who were such lovers of rebellion, murder, and disorder, as

> Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
> If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their mask.

By the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Denmark, Heligoland is ours 'in perpetuity.' It is a small island in the German Ocean, opposite to the mouth of the Elbe, about nine miles in circumference. 'Heligo's isle,' then, has been attracting attention of late; and the first week in June the rumoured cession of Heligoland to Germany brought forth some remarks from Sir J. Hay in the House of Commons: 'It would be in the recollection of the House that at the time the treaty of peace between France and Germany was in progress a statement appeared in the newspapers that Pondicherry was about to be ceded by France to Germany, and within the last few weeks statements had been made in some of the German papers that Heligoland was to be added to Germany.' Viscount Enfield informed the gallant member that 'no proposal had been made for the cession of Heligoland

to Germany.' But, although no correspondence had yet passed on the subject, it is quite possible that the occupation of this island has for some time been an important subject with the acute and far-seeing Bismarck—before, on account of Prussia's triumph over Denmark, and now, more than ever, since the Emperor and his Chancellor have become lords of the ascendant. Of Pondicherry it was said in February last that it was to have been exchanged for Heligoland. Although it would seem to be politically necessary for us to retain the island, yet, for the sake of our gaining Pondicherry, and, of course, all the French settlements in India, the bargain might have been struck. But now, since it has been officially stated that Germany does not intend to acquire through peace with France any possessions in India, Asia, or any Transatlantic country whatever, in such a French crisis as the present (and such an opportunity will not speedily occur again) it would seem to be our bounden duty to negotiate at once for the French posessions in India. If German unity is ever to be advanced by the possession of Heligoland, why not British in the East by Pondicherry? We must avoid even the shadow of the possibility of revolution and disorder through the agency of any European power in Hindustan. And no European power should have any influence there save our own.

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## One Swallow maketh not a Summer.

Did she give a tender glance
When thy tongue refused to speak?
Let it not thy bliss enhance,
Nor for further glances seek;
One such look from maiden's eye
Is no pledge of constancy.

Did she call thee fond or dear,
Sitting dreamily alone?
Drive the echo from thine ear,
Be not tricked by one sweet tone;
One such whisper does not prove
That she yields thee all her love.

Did she heave a deep-drawn sigh
When thou bad'st a sad farewell?
Did a tear-drop dim her eye?
Yield not to the potent spell;
One such tear or ling'ring sigh
Prove not she will love for aye.

W. J. Stewart.

# Matthew Arnold's Poetry.

It is the fault of Mr. Arnold's critical essays that he hardly allows himself enough scope for the heart and the fancy. He eschews sentiment in prose; from one by profession a metrical dealer, he considers that to be talking business out of business hours. Moreover, he is very averse to even the most indirect sort of confession, or to anything that resembles the poet's craving for sympathetic alms. Phidias, it will be remembered, cut his own face in the frieze of the Parthenon, and thereby got himself and his friends into trouble. Mr. Arnold, knowing how liable are all critics, artists, and builders of other people's monuments to this temptation, has endeavoured to avoid it; and though here and there you see traces of the artist's curious impulse to exhibit even the most trivial states of mind, in the main his effort at self-repression is successful. In criticism he has attempted pure perception, and has attained it. There is a condition of still and liquid transparency which comes upon the mind after the gaze has been long fixed upon a single object. The sediment of thought has settled, and ideas assume a certain indolent clearness of outline, almost wearisome. It is this region which Mr. Arnold's critical faculty prefers to inhabit. When again he leaves criticism and tries philosophy, confession is of course unavoidable, but here it happens there is nothing to confess. His belief is galvanised; his enthusiasm exaggerated; it is the will that moves the lips and not the heart; his faith is the blind memory of a resolve rather than the immediate intuition of the spirit. He is like boys who whistle to keep up their courage in the dark; he is like children who plant in the garden the cut flowers the maid has emptied from the vases. Almost any symbol, indeed, expressive of painstaking inanity and self-deception, might characterise him. But all these things are only the author's outworks. Poetry is his citadel, into which his soul retires apart, as Scipio did of old into the capitol to hold communion with the gods.

The essential quality of poetry is music, and this is not an external accident or talent, such as an opera singer possesses, and which goes no deeper than the larynx; the poet *feels* musically. No matter what the nature of his emotion may be—love, anger, or buoyancy—if it be

strong or deep enough, he is conscious of a certain turbulent rhythm or cadence within him. To express this clearly and accurately is the highest poetical success. Burns was perhaps the greatest instance of the power I speak of; in such poems as 'Highland Mary' and 'Mary in Heaven,' the thoughts themselves are hardly deeper than the words; the tones seem to wander upward from some far inner depths of the human soul, clear as bubbles from the bottom of a stream. No other talent of expression is to be compared to it: of many valuable qualities, such as definite delineation and the vivid insight into states of mind, it is safe to say that none is so rare, that is to say none is so capable of moving men to the depths of their hearts, as the gift of music. Now I should call this one of Mr. Arnold's strongest qualities as an artist, the expression fitting perfectly the music of feeling—the clearness with which the heart-melody reaches the verse. The feeling of nature in him is profound; but when he comes to the verbal interpretation of it, we frequently notice a certain difficulty of articulation. His eyes perceive, his lips are fixed to speak, but utterance fails him. We see it in such expressions as 'the rustling night air,' 'the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,' and in the frequent use of such adjectives as 'cool' and 'clear' in descriptions of water. The true, the definite expression, may be said to lie somewhere inside of these, as the hull of the walnut contains the kernel. And even where Mr. Arnold is most successful—and he is often nobly successful in his interpretation of nature—the effect is due quite as much to the music as to the words. Here is a passage which illustrates how much words, even the most perfect, owe to the spiritual cadence with which they are imbued. It is from *Sorhab and Rustum*, a poem full of those noble scenes which so far transcend the common life, that we come to them out of our shallowness and forgetfulness as we might visit other planets. What exultation there is in the line I italicise! I should call it a march, neither rapid or slow, but exultant, and with a sense of irresistibleness:—

> But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
> Into the frosty starlight, and then moved,
> *Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,*
> Under the solitary moon; he flowed,
> Right for the polar star, past Orgungé,
> Burning and bright and large.

Music is so pervading an essence, that it is sometimes quite difficult to tell where its province ceases and other virtues begin. Here is a deeper and a sweeter strain:

> A while let me with thought have done,
> And as this brimm'd unwrinkled Rhine,
> And that far purple mountain line,
> Lie sweetly in the look divine,
> Of the slow sinking sun.
>
> . . . .

Ah! Quiet, all things feel thy balm
These blue hills too, this river's flow,
Were restless once but long ago;
Tamed is their turbulent youthful glow,
Their joy is in their calm.

In the first of these verses we have the exulting fullness of emotion. The last contains a crotchet or a subtlety we do not appreciate, and yet do you not perceive the presence of some sweet lingering twilight of feeling? For emotions have their twilights, and when Nature steals away our vision or meditation, she leaves them with us, and they fill us with a pure and misty coolness, subduing slowly every fibre of the spirit; and we come back to life renewed, feeling love and virtue to be lovelier, and wondering by what strange insanity we had ever left them. It is some such hour as this that these verses describe. The verbal interpretation is exquisite, but even here it is not so much 'the brimm'd unwrinkled Rhine,' nor 'the purple mountain line'; it is rather the suffusion of his melody about our hearts. He does not present the flowers to our eyes, but the fragrance to our senses, and then the exalted vision perceives with a clearness no word-painting, however accurate, can accomplish.

Those poems which contain the epoch of Mr. Arnold's youth are by far his most vital and vigorous.

*To die, be given us, or attain;*
*Fierce work it were to do again:*
So pilgrims, bound for Mecca, pray'd
At burning noon: so warriors said,
Scarfed with the cross, who watch'd the miles
Of dust that wreath'd their struggling files,
Down Lydian mountains: so, when snows
Round Alpine summits eddying rose,
The Goth bound Rome-wards: so the Hun,
Crouch'd on his saddle, when the sun
Went lurid down o'er flooded plains,
Through which the groaning Danube strains
To the drear Euxine.

These lines express the tone of vitality that pervades all his earlier writings. Though they contain no goal, no ground on which to rest, yet they breathe all through a spirit of energetic discontent, the will never to rest until the goal is gained. He even bemoans his apathy with a vigour he cannot at all throw into his later aggressive theories. He has, of course, a vast number of things to complain of, which plain people care but little about: that he was born in an apathetic age, or again that his lot has fallen on a day of doubts and distractions. With one breath he cries for 'calm,' with the next, he asks, 'the glow, the thrill of life, where, where do these abound?' He takes it ill that Nature has shown him how sweet or how joyous might be the hours spent in her communion, and then has vouchsafed him so few of them.

Forced fancies, these, the martyrs would say 'moods of fantastic sadness, nothing worth;' yet they are perfectly real and heartfelt; the lament of no exile or dungeon captive was ever more genuine. The truth is, that men can get very little idea of proportion in the ills they are liable to. For instance, in any ordinary gradation of calamities, the list would be usually headed by loss of life, or loss of friends, or loss of fortune. Loss of hair would be quite low on the list; yet to a man who is in danger of nothing worse, baldness is a terrible thing. Poets who know the hostile gods, the cruel stars, and the tragedy of existence, fear it. To Cranmer and John Huss, the first warning of the barber or the looking-glass, we may believe, was no light matter. It is the nature of human apprehension to converge its whole energy upon the particular object which happens to occupy the focus, whether that be martyrdom or the tooth-ache, or a Spring without apple-blossoms, or a foreign invasion. And this is particularly true of the poet, who frets over some inherent difficulty of his nature or accident of his outward condition that bars him from the sources of inspiration, as though there were no such things as famine and pestilence, as though nobody had ever been strangled, or burnt, or torn in pieces.

Mr. Arnold prefaces his 'New Poems' with the following confession, the truth of which the subsequent contents of the volume amply bear out:

> Though the Muse be gone away,
> Though she move not earth to-day,
> Souls erewhile who caught her word
> Ah! now harp on what they heard.

From the pale and attenuated look of many of these pages, it would seem that his Muse had just emerged from a species of typhoid, and like some wan convalescent sits gazing out of its window with eyes observant, yet half absent and dreamily vacuous. Undoubtedly you have an impression of diminished vitality. The musical emotion somehow trickles feebly, or, to select that image which will perhaps express the truth most accurately, it has become a sort of widow's cruse, something to be conscious of, to watch and to hoard. Yet he has gained in attractiveness and human interest. In his earlier volumes there is too much of peculiarity for attractiveness; he is too individual, too busy with himself, but in all the literature of the time there is nothing with a truer human pathos than can be found in such poems as 'Thyreis' and 'A Southern Night.' His power of interpretation of Nature seems likewise to have undergone a kind of refinement. Yet there is not in these poems, nor indeed in any other, very great range or variety of cadence. He has but few of those myriad moods in poetry which might be described, or rather indicated, as *genialities*—like Emerson's:

> To the gentian in the Spring,
> Blue-eyed pet of blue-eyed lover,

which are strong and happy; intensely smiling, intensely communicative; delicate as the yellow fuzz of the humble bee or the dangerous honey-sharp smell of the wild rose. Of these he seems quite destitute. Beside the sweeter melodies of which I have spoken, he has only one other strain—the more vigorous music in such poems as 'Heine's Grave' and 'The Future.' 'Rugby Chapel,' which belongs to this class, is at once a poem, a criticism, and a rhapsody; it is full of noble feeling, rapt and intense, rising and falling like the strain of a Delphic priestess. There is in it a certain swift oratorical feeling, and Arnold has that peculiar characteristic of the orator, a rapid invocation, a sudden, impulsive rush of the spirit. Here is a passage somewhat similarly imbued, from one of his earlier poems, 'Balder Dead.' As some extracts used above have served to indicate what was meant by the music of the suffusive sort, this will explain the music of the impulsive sort:

> But not to me so grievous, as, I know,
> To other Gods it were; is my enforced
> Absence from fields where I could nothing aid:
> For I am long since weary of your storm
> Of carnage, and find, Hermod, in your life,
> *Something too much of war and broils, which make*
> *Life one perpetual fight, a bath of blood.*
> *Mine eyes are dizzy with the arrowy hail,*
> *Mine ears are stunn'd with blows and sick for calm.*
> Inactive therefore let me lie, in gloom,
> Unarm'd, inglorious: I attend the course
> Of ages, and my late return to light
> In times less alien to a spirit mild,
> In new recover'd seats, the happier day.

In qualification of what was said at the beginning of this paper, I would explain that I do not regard Mr. Arnold's exaggeration of his own enthusiasm as very culpable. From youth he has been an admirer of all sorts of creeds, and a possessor of none. Greek, barbarian, and Christian, have been the objects of his appreciative regard. With profound sadness he has watched the heathen ecclesiastic tearing the entrails from the bowels of the writhing victim; a vulgar humanitarian's sympathies would have been with the calf, his were with the worshipper. Among mediæval cloisters and Eastern pagodas he is an interested observer. He throws his penny in the basket at a Dissenting meeting; at Delphi he would have gone to church with the Pythoness, and carried her hymn-book. It is no wonder, then, that one who has been so long a prisoner in the limbo of impartial appreciation, should rather revel in such prophetic energy and fury as he is able to inspire himself with. Moreover, what the mind has once accepted, that it is one's duty to proclaim, until it shall have been definitively recanted, even though the motions of the lips be the mechanical obedience of a perverse will and an unintelligent memory.

And if this exaggerated confidence is not to be censured, we should

certainly not blame that paralysis of faith, that syncope of belief, which makes such confidence impossible. Mr. Arnold does not make his rejection of Christianity a matter of Reason, for Reason was always the friend of faith and the friend of man; his doubt is rather a spirit, a thing of feeling. He simply cannot believe, and, like all men who have once seen clearly, is powerless to accept formulas which the theorist's poverty of intuition makes easy enough for him. He has found that faith of the head is but of the mouth, and that years of investigation conduct him only to a barren lip-service, utterly insipid and useless. The ship of Belief we build of oak and iron; every nail is driven in with precision, and from the laying of her keel we watch each moment with solicitude, and then when all is done we walk her decks doubtingly, and again and again test every rivet from prow to helm, and still linger timidly by the shore. Not so the men of other days. A few air lines were hastily put together; a few rapid hammers rang on her weather-boarding; her sails were thinner than shadows, her rigging lighter than gossamer, yet to the eyes of those bold mariners the craft was perfectly seaworthy; with blithe greetings to the shore and happy singing voices they weighed anchor; away they swept into the storm. It is because Mr. Arnold knows this thought so familiarly, and has expressed it so often and so well, that he is to-day perhaps as much of a living speaker to living men as any of his contemporaries. And he owes this, too, not so much to his absorbing personality and great artistic gifts as to his unerring truthfulness, his haughty hatred of sensationalism, his sensitive appreciation of what is passing in the minds of men, his definite expression of ennui and vapidity, his courageous facing of his own limitations, and his strong understanding of so many other natures in that great democracy of spirits we call literature. As an interesting personality we accept him; but as a teacher (though he may be approximating to that condition, as parallel lines tend to converge at infinity) we cannot, as yet, conscientiously receive him. At present the men are very few indeed who seem able to teach. The most of those who attempt it make us think of cricketers who are not very strong at bat and ball, but are great in shirts and white shoes and an elaborate make-up. So these gentlemen assume the proper stoic tone of authority; they are properly bearded and properly barefooted; they have a porch to walk under, and all other philosopher conveniences. But when at length they have opened their mouths and have spoken, then it is we begin to perceive how unlike they are to the stern models of the past. With all their facial seriousness, try as hard as they may, poor men, they cannot be teachers. Indeed, we think they often go to teaching as a means of inducing in themselves a condition of faith and hope that by saying things over and over they will, after a while, come to believe themselves.

E. S. NADAL, Madison, New Jersey.

# With a Wedding Present.

Sweetest maid in all the earth,
Though my love be little worth,
Yet I cast it at thy feet:
To be spurned by thee is sweet.

Heed it not, nor stoop to take
What I lavish for thy sake:
Scarcely cast on it thine eye:
Go thy way, and let it lie.

Oh that in a living line
Were ten thousand loves like mine
Prostrate laid, that on them all
Thine unheeding foot might fall!

Go thy way, most sweet, most fair!
Tread us down, and do not spare!
Trample on our heads, for we
Only live to honour thee!

All along the love-paved road,
Lady, pass to thine abode.
Queen of loves, ascend thy throne,
Where thou wilt not sit alone.

Sweetest maid in all the earth,
Is my love too little worth
Even to be trampled on
As thou passest to thy throne?

W. H. Simcox.

# TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*SIMPLE SIMONY.*

When Theodore Lovett returned home, his face bore an unwonted expression of gloom.

He had resigned his benefice.

Two days after a letter came from the Bishop's private secretary, to the effect that his lordship had been graciously pleased to accept Mr. Lovett's resignation. He was no longer Vicar of Mudflat.

It is not possible to say why, but a very uneasy feeling came over Mr. Lovett as he perused this official communication. He found himself suddenly without means of livelihood, and his good friend Horace Blackley somehow was ominously silent. What did it all mean?

At last a letter arrived bearing the Lingeville post-mark, and in the handwriting of his successor elect. It had become necessary, he said, for St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel to be sold at once. He had therefore, entered into arrangements on behalf of Mr. Lovett with the local bank to advance a portion of the purchase-money on deposit of the title-deeds, and with the owner of the chapel, a certain Mr. Bulps, to surrender his deeds, in return for such advance as part payment, in order to facilitate the negotiation. The entire sum would of course be forthcoming out of the sale of Coldhole advowson, to complete which matter of business would take about a month. He begged Mr. Lovett to come to Lingeville at once, and without delay.

Of course such a request demanded instant obedience. Adine packed her husband's portmanteau, and with a bright face brimming over with smiles—she had no misgivings—started him off by the next train for Lingeville.

Arrived at that fashionable watering-place, Mr. Lovett stumbled upon Mr. Blackley disguised in a black tie, and a most unclerical coat; in his mouth was a cigar, in his pockets either hand. From his manner one might judge that he was desperately out of temper, and inclined to be sullen.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

'Cuss the parsons!' he cried, 'what an amount of trouble they do give! The infernal bother I've had with this fellow Bulps, now! I hope, Lovett, you mean to be more reasonable?'

'Why?'

'Why? Because I've done my fair share of work in this confounded negotiation, and now I shall trouble other people to do theirs.'

Each regarded each with a stare, the one of amazement, the other of cool impudence.

'Is there any hitch?' enquired Mr. Lovett.

His friend laughed satirically. Then he took his cigar out of his mouth, and spoke slowly.

'Look here, Lovett. In affairs of this sort it is every man for himself, and ——; the rest I leave to your imagination. *Bien*, I mean to take care of myself. I have put Mudflat and this St. Mary's chapel at much-of-a-muchness in respect of value. That, however, isn't my point exactly. If Coldhole wasn't in Essex it would be worth a clear nine thousand pounds. Being in the marshes, we must make a reduction. It is, however, worth every penny of seven thousand. Mudflat I value as a presentation, hum—to be liberal—we will *say* at sixteen hundred. By accepting Mudflat therefore I am paid that amount out of seven thousand, leaving a balance to come to me of five thousand four hundred, to which I must add in round numbers four hundred, your old debt with the interest. That makes five thousand eight hundred in all, a sum which must be paid to our trustees, as my present intention is to settle it on Mrs. Blackley.'

'I don't understand you quite about this seven thousand pounds,' replied Mr. Lovett. 'I thought that you had definitely arranged with some one to buy Coldhole?'

'I suppose you mean Gubbins?'

'You know best what the man's name is,' rejoined the other in a testy tone.

To this Mr. Blackley vouchsafed no remark; but, his cigar being out, took refuge in a tune, which he hummed—flatly too.

'Did this man Gubbins, or whatever his name is—did he, or did he not, agree to give seven thousand pounds?' cried Mr. Lovett angrily.

'Of course he *did*. What did I write to you?'

'Then, if it is all settled, why reopen the question?'

'Because, my good sir,' rejoined Mr. Blackley, his features approximating to a grin; 'because the past is not the present tense. Gubbins has altered his mind; not that it matters; there are many others who will give a better figure. Belshazzar, the London agent, told me that Coldhole ought to fetch eight thousand if properly advertised.'

'Decidedly; had I had even a suspicion of the real state of affairs, I should never have resigned Mudflat.' Mr. Lovett felt justly incensed at his friend's duplicity.

'There is no reason for regrets,' remarked Mr. Blackley. 'I only

ask you to take care of your own interest. Indeed, I am sick of doing other people's business; one gets no thanks. However, this conversation will not forward matters. Had we not better meet Bulps, who is now waiting for us at Mr. Petifer's, the Lingeville lawyer? The necessary documents are all prepared, and ready for signature.'

The unlucky fish entangled in the meshes of a net soon discovers the folly of struggling to escape. As he thought of the dear ones at home, Theodore Lovett could only pray that all might end well. Yet his heart sank within him. He turned sick with apprehension; still there was no middle course left, so he followed Horace Blackley with forced calmness to the lawyer's office.

They found Mr. Petifer a most magnificent piece of condescension, whose time was exceedingly precious—so precious that he declined on principle to answer any questions, however graciously put. He was country agent of a live duke, and the importance this distinction gave him cannot be either exaggerated or appreciated.

The business did not occupy many minutes. Mr. Bulps, a harmless, and not very forcible sort of clergyman, signed away his proprietary chapel, in consideration of a cheque for one thousand, and promissory notes for six hundred pounds. Mr. Lovett became in one moment owner of a property, and debtor to the Lingeville Bank, from whom he borrowed the aforesaid cheque, he engaging to repay the same within thirty-one days.

From Mr. Petifer's office they marched to St. Mary's Chapel, a very unecclesiastical structure, of which Mr. Lovett received formal possession. This ceremony over, Mr. Blackley took out his watch, observing that he had only five minutes to catch his train.

'I wanted a little further conversation with you,' urged Mr. Lovett.

'Quite so. All in good time. You have, however, to settle a variety of details with Mr. Bulps as regards the fixtures of the chapel. Our business must therefore stand over for a day or two. I will either write to you, or call at Mudflat; probably the latter. Of course Coldhole must be sold forthwith, for you to meet the bill due at the bank. I shall tell my lawyers in town to press matters forward. Good-bye.'

And in a trice Horace Blackley had disappeared.

Mr. Bulps then metaphorically took Mr. Lovett by the button-hole, and, after dilating on the scandalous vice of free and open churches, which were simply ruining the vested interests of pews, regretted much that, owing to important and nameless engagements, he could not offer him the hospitality he desired. He further added a piece of information, which somewhat surprised his hearer, to the effect that Mr. Blackley had arranged for him to continue ministrations in, and to receive the emoluments of St. Mary's, until the time when the odd 600*l.* became due and was paid.

Poor Mr. Lovett. He had imagined that his career as a popular preacher was to begin at once, instead of being deferred. Worse still,

he found himself suddenly destitute of income. What was to be done?

He strolled dismally enough to his hotel, and sitting down wrote a *resumé* of his position to Canon Grabbe, asking the Chapter to reinstate him to his living, and at the same time avowing himself most dissatisfied with Mr. Blackley's arrangements.

Then he took out his purse. Twenty-five pounds only stood between him and starvation. Perhaps, if he did not send that letter, Horace Blackley might lend him some little money. But no. He already felt his confidence shaken in his ugly friend. Let the letter go—and yet, something must be done.

Accordingly, as a forlorn hope, he wended his way back to Mr. Petifer's office. Finding the lawyer just about to leave for an aldermanic feast, he nevertheless contrived to obtain a brief audience, which was cut short by the comfortable assurance that the bank, desiring Mr. Lovett's patronage and support, would gladly advance him another hundred pounds on the title-deeds of St. Mary's Chapel.

'Call on me, sir, to-morrow,' mouthed the grandiose Petifer, hungering and thirsting after proximate turtle and venison. 'No. There will be no legal charge. In these affairs I act for the bank. Perhaps, however, it will be as well for you to settle my account for the transfer of St. Mary's.'

'Mr. Bulps ought to pay that,' rejoined Mr. Lovett.

'Quite so. But Mr. Blackley arranged otherwise. In fact, if Mr. Bulps had not been humoured, he would have refused to part with his title-deeds—a most unbusiness-like action, in my opinion. Good evening Mr.—ah—ah—I forget your name. Good evening.' And the stately form of Petifer bounded off, having vouchsafed the tips of two fingers, and a ramrod sort of bow.

As for Mr. Lovett, he was rather cheered than inebriated by the lawyer's complaisance. Perhaps there was a tinge of gloom in the epistle he straightway indited to Adine, who, poor little soul, was packing up all their household goods hard and fast in the imagination that they were going to be suddenly rich and happy.

Alas! what a heaven money makes of this world! what a jail, too, is existence without it!

Thirty pounds did conscientious Petifer deduct from that all-precious hundred. Still the balance was adequate for present necessities. It would settle them quite cosily in Lingeville, and keep bodies and souls together till, Coldhole being sold, and the debts on St. Mary's paid off, the ex-vicar of Mudflat would ascend the pulpit to enlighten a fashionable audience—and pocket their pew-rents.

The day following was spent by Mr. Lovett in a hunt after suitable apartments, which secured, he returned to his old vicarage to wish his flock farewell. He had requested Canon Grabbe to reply to his letter at Mudflat. Great, then, was his pain and discomfiture to find that the

Canon's letter had preceded him; and having been opened, and read by his wife, had caused that lady no small suffering and alarm.

She met him, however, like a true wife, with an attempt to suppress tears, which obtruded through artificial smiles, the dignitary's epistle in her hand.

It ran as follows:

'Canon Grabbe has to inform Mr. Lovett that the Dean and Chapter of Blankton, having already presented Mr. Blackley to the Vicarage of Mudflat, can take no further action in the matter. Canon Grabbe further is of opinion that clergy who enter into simoniacal dealings in regard to their preferment are justly entitled to any loss they may suffer.'

A very black look came over Mr. Lovett's face, as he perused this effusion. 'What shameless impudence!' he exclaimed.

But poor Adine was sobbing on his breast. 'What have you done, dearest Doré? What dreadful crime have you committed? Oh! do tell me!'

'My dear,' said her husband solemnly, 'no crime, no sin. So far from committing an act of simony, I have resigned my living unconditionally. I have, indeed, trusted everything to Blackley's honour. Too much so, indeed, for I fear I have been deceived.'

Little enough did his oft-repeated assurances avail. Adine, with a woman's quick perception, realised too much, and was simply stunned by the weight of the blow. Ruin and disgrace were staring them in the face, according to her notions, and she listened with no small impatience to his recital of the occurrences in Lingeville.

'Did I not always warn you that Horace Blackley is a villain?'

For once her words seemed to be pregnant with a mighty meaning.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### *ON THE HIP.*

When two good men hate one another, they meet with broad brow and square shoulder, as in the old brave days of duel. When two men of the baser sort hate, they face each other with the ignoble weapons of scowl and acrimony. But woman, the deepest hater of all, meets the woman she would comfortably consign to perennial perdition, with—a kiss!

Let us watch two women embrace. Adine Lovett and Louise Blackley. The one really indifferent, the other spitefully malicious. You would certainly suppose that they were the warmest of friends. Voluble are their little tongues in enquiring after each other's olive-branch, and how each likes being married, and all that sort of thing.

This demonstrative sympathy would seem to be appropriate, for it was their first meeting since they respectively entered the holy estate. Nevertheless, an acute observer might have discovered symptoms in Mrs. Blackley of a very unamiable character, in spite of all this *empressement* of manner; whilst Adine, being hostess, had to affect a warmth she could not feel for the wife of one whom she regarded as an incarnation of evil.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackley had been driven over by the rural dean in his wagonette. The august functionary proposed to induct the Reverend Horace to Mudflat, for it at once transpired that that individual had not let the grass grow under his feet. From Lingeville he had gone straight to the Bishop for institution, and there remained now only the ceremonies of induction and reading in.

Whilst the clergy were gone to the old church to indulge in the vain ceremonies as by law established, the two ladies were left to caress or to quarrel as tempers might determine.

'You're coming to a wretched place, my dear,' said Adine.

'Oh! its quite good enough for us, I assure you,' snorted Mrs. Blackley, gazing, however, uneasily at the dull walls.

'I hope it may prove so. This is such a dark room.'

'Yes, it is dark *now*; but *we* shall throw out a bow-window, and enlarge the garden; and then you see, dear, it will be quite an altered place.' And Mrs. Blackley smiled sweetly.

'But at the best how wretched for you, after the luxury of Coldhole!'

'No. On the contrary, we quite think it will be a very pleasant summer residence. We shall of course always winter abroad.'

'But the bishop?' mildly suggested Adine.

Mrs. Blackley laughed a low laugh of satire. 'My dear,' she replied, 'bishops don't interfere with people who enjoy an income over and above their preferment. They are much too polite to Mammon for that.'

Adine shook her head. She believed in bishops.

'Nonsense,' was the somewhat curt response to this gesture. 'Of course with Mr. Lovett it is different. *He* is dependent on the church, and so he must be good, and all that sort of thing. But what does this or any other living matter to Horace? Why, we should be better off without a living at all!'

Adine thought that Mudflat would be much better without Mrs. Blackley, but she did not say so. Her reflection was that the quondam mild Louise Hart had developed into a somewhat self-asserting member of society. The consciousness of a full purse gives a strength to meaner natures, which exhibits itself in trampling on their less fortunate neighbours.

There was a pause, the subject not admitting of further discussion.

'Do you think Horace altered?' enquired Mrs. Blackley, abruptly.

'I—I don't know. I thought him—well, rather more clerical-looking. Is that due to your influence, dear?' Adine somehow blushed a little—a fact which did not escape her interrogatrix, who, quite prepared to accept offence, reared her head into an attitude of social belligerence.

'I'm sure Horace always looked a clergyman, if he didn't *always* act one,' she observed with a sly laugh.

Adine blushed deeper and deeper still. So this woman had wormed her secret out of her husband. As this suspicion crossed her mind, she battled with her blushes, and nerved even complexion into coolness.

'I really never studied Mr. Blackley's appearance, my dear,' she said, with an effort at indifference.

'Indeed, dearest Adine! And yet you know that he admired you very much.'

'No, dearest Louey, indeed I don't know anything of the kind,' retorted Adine.

These terms of excessive endearment, from fair lips, prove that bitter animosity is latent—near the surface.

'But he *did*,' urged Mrs. Blackley. 'The Blocks were aware of it, and so was Mrs. Chowner, and everybody.'

'I really don't understand why,' rejoined Adine.

'For the matter of that, I never could comprehend how any man ever admired, still less loved, a woman. Why, we're nothing better than a parcel of dressed-up dolls.' And she gazed pensively on some very expensive real lace, which, for the nonce, acted as her outer integument.

'Nor I either,' replied Adine, not to be out-done. 'Besides, Mr. Blackley is such a practical, sensible man.'

The words had scarcely escaped her lips when Horace Blackley entered, smiling. Mr. Lovett and the rural dean were settling some missionary accounts in the vestry, so he had strolled to his new home alone.

'Mrs. Lovett is lauding your practical common sense,' cried his wife.

'Very much flattered, I assure you,' he said, with an air of surprise; '*apropos* of what?'

Adine was on her mettle, and resolved if she could, to discover whether that man, with his ugly secretive face, had, or had not, made a confidante of his wife. 'Louise asserts that years ago you cherished a secret admiration for my unworthy self, and I say I don't believe it, because you are much too sensible.' And she looked him full in the face.

Perhaps it was an angry glance that he cast Mrs. Blackley, who, however, received it complaisantly enough; he appreciated the situation thoroughly, for the simple reason that the easiest weapon for a domestic difference in his wife's grasp was this same accusation,

which she had learnt to suspect from dark hints dropped in mischief by Miss Block. His words, however, were smoother than oil, whatever may have been the state of his heart.

'Mrs. Lovett will ever command admiration from everyone,' he responded, with a rectangular bow.

The entrance of Apollo in the shape of the pompous little rural dean, followed by the ex-vicar, saved the trio from no small awkwardness, whilst it left Adine no wiser than she was before. Mr. Blackley promptly changed the conversation.

'I shall read myself in on Sunday, Lovett,' he remarked.

'I had arranged to preach my farewell sermon,' replied Mr. Lovett, biting his lip at this unveiled rudeness.

'Very sorry to put you out, but this affair of mine is business, not pleasure. The plan will be to have three services. I take morning and afternoon. You the evening. Send round a notice to that effect.'

Mr. Lovett was powerless. He was now curate in his own place. In vain did he look across appealingly to the rural dean, a buckram specimen of clerical servility, who, having heard that Mr. Blackley was seised of much money, felt it alike a duty and a privilege to give him every encouragement.

'A word with you in private before we go,' said Mr. Blackley, and accordingly Mr. Lovett took him into his study, remarking by the way that he was exceedingly anxious about the sale of the Coldhole advowson.

'Bother that!' exclaimed the other. 'You had better advertise it, and so forth.'

'But,' said Mr. Lovett' I imagined, as Coldhole is your property, you would do all that.'

'I don't know why. You are more interested in the sale than I am. Besides, remember I have had already many expenses in connection with this negotation.'

'I do remember everything; but I must beg *you* also to bear in mind that our very subsistence is staked on this wretched sale.'

'There, there. I hate fidgets, Lovett. Take care of yourself. That's my motto. I didn't want, however, to talk about this sale. What I must ask is, what do you propose as regards dilapidations?'

'Dilapidations!'

'Yes, my good man, you owe me dilapidations, don't you?'

Mr. Lovett gasped for breath. He had forgotten this item.

'Well,' continued Horace Blackley, 'what do you propose? Shall we fix it at a certain sum—say—two hundred pounds; or shall I send down a valuer from town?'

'But I can't pay,' urged Mr. Lovett.

'You will have to pay at the least four hundred pounds if the house and glebe are assessed by a professional man. I've been over the place, and I feel satisfied as to the amount I could claim.'

Mr. Lovett's face turned ashly pale. 'Blackley,' he cried, 'I am hopelessly in your power. Your advowson will sell at most but for seven thousand pounds, out of which I am already pledged to assign you five thousand eight hundred. This fresh claim—which, I own, I did not anticipate—reduces my share to one thousand pounds; and as I have had to borrow a hundred pounds, it will not even meet the claim of the bank, let alone Mr. Bulp's promissory notes. Private debts ought not to come into this negotiation. Surely you are rich enough to give me a year or two to liquidate them.'

'I have waited,' retorted Mr. Blackley, 'and long enough too. One of the inducements for Mudflat was to recover my capital sunk. That I tell you flatly.'

'Blackley,' cried the poor man in a tone of agony that would have melted a stone; 'Blackley, for Heaven's sake be merciful. Think of my poor wife and child.'

'As usual,' sneered Mr. Blackley, 'as usual. Nothing but whining and whimpering. It's always the same with parsons. By the way, here's a morsel of comfort for you. Gubbins makes a distinct offer of six thousand five hundred pounds for my living. Evidently he likes the place, and with judicious pressure will spring. That is,' he added with cruel sarcasm, 'unless Mr. Lovett elects to forego five hundred pounds, and close with this offer at once.'

'Of course that is out of the question,' rejoined the other angrily; and so they joined the ladies and their brother ecclesiastic, who had been improving the shining quarter of an hour by discoursing sweetly on the habits and instincts of the Fiji Islanders, as revealed to him in confidence by an imaginative missionary.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *FAREWELL TO HOME.*

SUNDAY morning dawned brightly, and as the clock struck ten the Rev. Horace Blackley stood, sermon-case in hand, on the door-step of the ruri-decanal mansion, awaiting impatiently the arrival of the carriage, and his wife.

Of course the carriage, a clarence, came before the lady, and equally of course the husband was disposed to be irascible; although, in order to be up to time, the poor woman had been sadly flustered by convulsive struggles both with her maid, and certain pins, which art had planted at various depths in her own sweet brown flesh.

'I can't think what the deuce made you want to come,' growled Horace Blackley, as soon as they were seated, and well along the road. 'You'll have to lunch with those cursed Lovetts, and you know I hate accepting favours.'

'Considering you were their guest for days——' began Mrs. Blackley.

'Exactly. We were on different terms then. Now Lovett thinks himself injured, and is disposed to be awkward. You know that.'

'I know,' retorted his wife angrily, 'that you wanted to go alone, in order to get up a flirtation with that yellow-haired creature. Pah! you can't deceive me.'

'I hate the sight of both of them,' cried he; adding between his teeth, 'especially of her false face.'

'I don't believe a syllable you say,' she replied.

Whereupon the new vicar indulged in an expletive, which, as it had better not have been spoken, shall not be written; the immediate result of which was the drawing of woman's most lethal weapon—tears.

'It's a cruel shame for a man to speak such words to his wife—on Sunday, too,' she whimpered.

'Don't make a fool of yourself, Louey,' he rejoined, feeling no small alarm lest the coachman should guess what was occurring inside.

But this semblance of kindness only made her worse, and the tears magnified into sobs, necessitating much marital affection ere ever she could be lulled to rest.

'I wish you wouldn't be so touchy,' remarked Mr. Blackley, by way of vindicating himself.

'It's all that b-beastly Adine,' ejaculated Mrs. Blackley, breaking out afresh, and in naturalesque diction.

'There, there, I've told you once for all I hate and detest her.'

'It's only pique,' she replied; 'you can't deny it's pique.'

'Never mind causes,' said he, 'you shall have effects before long to prove my words. But stay; here is Mudflat. I told the man to drive straight to the church. Just a quarter to eleven. Good. The service is long, and I want to get it over, so I'll stop the bells, and make a start at once.'

Mrs. Blackley pulled down her veil, and the pair entered Mudflat church in an extremely devotional frame of mind.

The villagers, as is their wont, had assembled in the churchyard. Gossip could not decide whether the new 'Passon' was to read hisself in, or the old 'un to give a farewell discoorse. Hope pointed to the latter alternative, which, however, was dispelled by the arrival of the rural-decanal clarence, the charioteer of which vehicle, by his canary-coloured inexpressibles, caused a far greater sensation than the new clergyman.

Horace Blackley handed his wife into the first open pew, which happened to be farmer Roper's, and was dancing rapidly into the vestry, when his eye lighted on a very bold-faced female arrayed in much cherry-coloured ribbon, which contrasted startingly with a green skirt and blue bonnet; whereupon, strange to say, a smile of recognition passed between the two.

Next to this person sat an old man of a villainous and jail-bird type,

whose raiment seemed to be composed mainly of skins. As the vicar passed, she gave the old man a nudge, sufficient to bruise ordinary ribs, whispering at the same time hoarsely, 'That's 'im.'

The old fellow winked knowingly; staring, however, all over the church, as if it were a Great Exhibition, or the Taj-Mahal.

'There used to be a gallery,' he muttered, 'under that there arch somewheres. I axed your mother there, I did, in the middle o' the old passon's sermon, and we was axed ourselves by the old passon arterwards.'

But these delightful memories were interrupted by divine service, which Mr. Blackley commenced before the bell stopped, with a rapidity which augured well for his lungs.

Somewhere about the Psalms the congregation had contrived to be seated; and a little later, with a blank face of surprise and vexation, Mr. Lovett entered, followed by Adine, who, on passing the cherry-coloured woman, gave a curious little start and turned pale.

Again the woman nudged her old man, whispering in his ear, 'That's 'er.'

'Ay, ay, I know,' he rejoined, so loud as to attract attention.

The service, with the hideous addition of the Thirty-nine Articles, was wearisome enough; the sermon, however, had the merit of brevity. Horace Blackley regarded the present as a fitting opportunity for arriving at a plain understanding with his people, so he gave them, in a few words, his own programme, and the gospel according to his ideas. The sermon was on the subject of 'self-help,' and it inculcated a hard doctrine, to the effect that if people did'nt look after their own interests they deserved starvation. He informed his new parish, at starting, that on principle he never put his hand in his pocket to relieve suffering. Men had no business to want. In fact want was sin; and, as a Christian minister, he begged to decline aiding sin.

'Us hopes his deeds baint as bad as his words,' grunted a poor cripple to Mr. Lovett at the church porch after service; and the outgoing vicar had no reply to render to the lame man's logic.

'You will join us at luncheon?' said Adine, as she shook hands with Mrs. Blackley, who preceded her spouse out of church.

'I shall be very happy,' was the reply; 'but as we dine with the rural dean at five, I think my husband will decline luncheon. In fact, he wishes a word with the farmer.'

After the cavalier behaviour Mr. Blackley had adopted, neither Adine nor her husband felt inclined to press luncheon on him. Indeed, he seemed deep in a discussion with the clerk—a local curiosity, who with every disposition to act servile, could not conceal his bucolic detestation of a new face, and was about as stupid in answering questions as if his brains were addled.

Thus it came to pass that the Lovetts and Mrs. Blackley walked on to the vicarage, and the vicar, when once they were out of sight

marched off in an opposite direction, with the notion of a quiet cigar.

After inhaling a sufficient quantum of nicotine, the good man bethought him that he should like to have a peep at his glebe. Tramping vigorously over field and furrow he was discovered—as he indeed expected and desired—by farmer Roper, who touched his hat respectfully, hoping that he would like Mudflat.

Horacle Blackley's sole rejoinder to this civility was to ask the worthy farmer what he valued his stock at.

Roper turned pale; but perceiving how the land lay, avoided a direct reply, observing that his family had held the glebe farm for a century, and that he himself was quite prepared to pay a fair, or even a fancy rental.

Horace Blackley looked the farmer up and down, coolly asserting that the land was not the property of Mr. Roper, but of the vicar, and that he, being vicar, intended to farm it himself.

The farmer scratched his head, trusting that Mr. Blackley would reconsider his determination. Mr. Blackley, however, notified sharply that his mind was made up, but that he shouldn't mind buying the stock, if he could get it at a bargain.

'The stock, sir, I or any man can sell,' cried poor Roper. 'But what compensation shall I obtain for the moneys I've spent on the land?'

Mr. Blackley knocked about the earth with his boot. 'I don't see any moneys!' he sneered.

'God knows,' exclaimed Roper, 'that I speaks the truth. I imagined that Master Lovick was a-going to stop with us, and I putt five 'underd pounds into these 'ere fields, only last 'ear. Only *last* 'ear, sir.'

'That's not business,' remarked the other laconically.

'No. Nor profit neither. Moor like unto rewing,' groaned the ill-starred farmer.

'My man,' said Mr. Blackley, 'God helps those who help themselves.'

'Sir,' rejoined Roper, 'I wun't believe as the A'mighty blesses them as 'elps 'emselves to hother's rights.'

At which speech the vicar laughed consumedly. The interference of a providence in the affairs of men to his mind appeared a ridiculous superstition. He did not, however, care to risk an answer to the farmer's rhetoric. That would hardly have been politic. So he contented himself with an enquiry as to his immediate destination, suggesting blandly, for the bells were chiming, church. And thus a pair of knees were added to a very thin congregation, for it had got wind that Mr. Lovett was to take the evening service, and the people preferred to reserve themselves. The canary-clad Jehu soon whisked the Blackleys away from Mudflat, after a very chilly farewell from their predecessors; and poor farmer Roper, fairly bowed down to earth

by this sudden stroke of evil fortune, ventured to call—although it was Sunday—on his friend Mr. Lovett, to pray for his interposition.

A very painful interview it was. In vain did Mr. Lovett assure his old tenant, in self-defence, that this action of his successor was an abominable breach of faith, for that he had made an express stipulation in writing that the tenancy of the glebe was not to be changed. Roper, overcome by the logic of fact, appeared dull of comprehension. Nor was he reassured by Mr. Lovett's earnest assertion of his determination to put the strongest moral pressure on Mr. Blackley. Neither man could believe for a second that any amount of moral pressure would have weight with a man of Mr. Blackley's calibre. Mr. Lovett's very voice betrayed his hopelessness of moving so hard-hearted and unscrupulous a specimen of selfishness.

'It tain't even business, sir,' almost shouted indignant Roper, 'least of all the gospil!'

Alas! alas! Mr. Lovett had to reflect not merely that his own future in such treacherous hands was one of terrible risk, but that by his ill-advised act of resignation he had in all likelihood brought ruin on his faithful tenant. It was with such bitter thoughts crossing his brain that he entered Mudflat church for the last time, to wish the souls God-speed for whom till then he had been responsible. His people were all there. Not till that moment had he guessed his popularity. It was indeed deep-seated. The English like a plain straightforward gentleman, and this one had inherited the blood and breeding of many centuries, which gave to his manner the charm of a frankness very pleasing. As for Adine, the whole village loved her. Her generosity equalled her beauty. Too much a lady to interfere, she never neglected a sorrow, or forgot a need. In short the people were genuinely grieved at losing two such good friends; and Mr. Lovett read their feelings in their faces ere ever he opened his lips to utter halting words, which but ill expressed his emotions. The empty pew of farmer Roper was indeed in itself a silent reproach, which marred the hearty eloquence he could—but for that—have spoken; for the good farmer, having, after reflection, blundered on the ugly truth that Mr. Lovett was blameworthy, could not bring himself to attend this farewell service, whilst Mrs. Roper burnt with an anger which at least was righteous. As for the people, they came sadly and left dissatisfied. Never had they heard their pastor to so great a disadvantage.

Husband and wife sat down on that Sunday evening to their last repast in Mudflat vicarage; they had to leave very early on the following morning for Lingeville. The ornaments were all packed, and nothing left but the bare furniture, which, for the nonce, was to be stored away at Blankton. Altogether the house looked a picture of dreariness, and their hearts longed to break from this prison, and to live a glorious new life. Yet somehow thought would linger on the

scene they were quitting, and conversation involuntarily turned on Mudflat people and Mudflat ways.

'For one reason, at all events,' said Mr. Lovett, 'I am sincerely glad to leave the parish. Poacher Nevis has got out of jail, and they tell me that he is a power of evil with the people. Blackley will find that man no small thorn in his side, if all stories are true.

'Poacher Nevis?' enquired Adine. 'Have I ever seen the man?'

'He was in church to-day, my dear.'

'What! Not the man with the curious clothes, who would talk aloud to that—that bold-faced creature in all sorts of colours?'

'Yes, dear pet, that was the man, and the "creature" is his daughter, a very bad character, who has just come down from London, they tell me.'

'And who is Poacher Nevis?'

'A clever simpleton of the lowest class, capable of any wickedness; whilst as for his shameless daughter——'

'I think I have seen someone like her somewhere or other,' soliloquised Adine, a deep flush rising to her cheek.

In this daughter of the poacher she recognised the low creature who had tortured her at 'The Langham.' How thankful she felt to be leaving Mudflat; with such a mischief-maker about, it would have become intolerable.

'Strange,' remarked her husband; 'I, too, seem to remember that face. After all, one is very easily deceived about physiognomies. Certain bad types keep on recurring, till at last they become familiar.'

'And then they haunt you,' added she.

A bad night's rest, a struggle with boxes, many loving prayers and wishes, and so away from poor despised Mudflat, with its malarious climate, its kindly hearts, and a home, which, with all its many drawbacks possessed one transcendant merit—it was a home.

[*To be continued.*]

# IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

## I.

THE great Irish novelist who has now been the delight of two generations has often been accused—especially by Irish critics—of indulging in caricature. His pen had a turn for distortion; his ink-pot was surcharged with exaggeration. No such beings existed in prosaic Ireland as were met in his broadly humoristic page. The genial hand that drew Harry Lorrequer indicted libels against his own countrymen. On 'the first flower of the earth' were no eccentric insects as were seen through his microscope; 'the first gem of the sea' was like any other emerald; and Irishmen, instead of being the gay, careless, witty, loveable, shandyish creatures represented by our author, were in reality as respectably dull as if they had good balances at their bankers, and could not tell the smell of a writ.

Such was the tone of criticism found in not a few quarters which ought to have been well informed. The truth is, there never was a writer who drew less on his imagination than Lever. On observation he has depended only too much. Here we touch the grand fault of his method as a novelist. He did not idealise enough. He gave a faithful picture of the men he saw. And this explains why it is that his characters do not take the same hold on us as those of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. Men are never fully self-revealing, and whether the poet or dramatist or novelist, wishes to generalise from many individuals or take any one individual as the base of his creation, he must, as the very word implies, create, if he wants to convey the impression which men and women make on us in ordinary life in the course of a protracted period of time. How long will it take to read 'Hamlet' or 'Othello'? Yet, brief as are the moments necessary for the perusal of these works how colossal the impression they leave. But even in the longest three volume novel there is not time to show the curious and hidden recesses of a man's character, if the writer contents himself with being merely a reporter or a copyist, instead of a maker —ποιητής. The province of genius is to irradiate the human soul; to betray every secret passage, to light up each recondite cranny as though it was a drawing-room and the author was about to receive

company, to concentrate into the representation of moments the observation of years; or, changing the figure, to strip the covering from the statue, and let it stand before us, not half revealed and half concealed by a conventional shroud, but in its naked loveliness or in all its completeness of deformity.

The author of 'Charles O'Malley' had great opportunities. He knew many characters whose fame, apart from his writings, still lives in Ireland. He introduced them to the world in their proper garb, and one is almost tempted to say that if Dickens had only known the men Lever knew, and could have comprehended the charming complexities of Irish character, Samuel Weller would not sit enthroned as the first of his creations, and a Murphy or an O'Flaherty would have pushed Mr. Pickwick aside. 'All things,' says Sterne, 'are big with jest.' But Irish things are enormous, and it must in justice be confessed that Lever confined himself too exclusively to the oddities of Ireland. He forgot that the real humorist sees game in almost any mortal: that every one of us might be made food for infinite mirth, though Heaven knows the laughter often gurgles from the fountain of tears itself. To have failed, however, to paint an exhaustive picture is not to caricature. So far as Lever went he was only too faithful. Had he been less faithful he had been more true.

In a novel now appearing in 'Cornhill,' which we have grounds for believing is from Lever's pen, there is abundant evidence of the fact that a man's best work is not always to be looked for amongst his earliest. Long residence abroad, a judgment matured by varied and long experience, have developed a more catholic treatment of Irish character on the part of the man who must be known in literature as the great novelist of Ireland. With all the sympathy which Lever showered upon his puppets, he was unable to crush or conceal a feeling which may be described as Castle light. Causes already referred to, combined with recent legislation, have not been without their effect; they have led him to look more intently at the other side of the medal, to do full justice to classes too often painted by him and others with the warts and wrinkles, but without the glow of expression full of tenderness and moral beauty; and we shall indeed be surprised if the glory of the setting sun is not in varied and picturesque splendour capable of challenging comparison with a dawn which made the star of Warren glimmer pale and ineffectually, and disputed the spell which ancient hostelries and eccentric old gentlemen had begun in the magic light of Boz to exercise over the hearts of English-speaking men.

## II.

Our remarks thus far have been suggested by what we ourselves observed during a visit to a portion of the South of Ireland—where we met several of the originals of Lever's sketches—and many whom Lever never saw who were as *bizarres* as a connoisseur in oddities could wish. We were on a visit to a gentleman residing in a part of the County Cork—through which the Lee flows. When the driver of a jaunting car was whipping a willing steed along the road to Kilcolman threatening little clouds were scudding across a blue sky; the wind was crisping the surface of the stream and shaking the perfume from the yellow gorse, and singing in among the pines and elms which shook quivering masses of sun and shade. Our course lay to the right of the river—now close beside it, and now at some small distance, and again far away along a route cut over lofty hills. At times the capricious stream spread out lake-like in the lap of a valley in which the deep green meadow, the rich liver-coloured plough-land, the gray grass of a bad piece of ground, and evermore the golden furze mingled and contrasted. Where it ran between hills the banks were gay with saucy young fir. The salmon leaps were magnificently sombre and suggested murderous thoughts. Here and there an old castle toppled its shadow into the mirroring wave, which in its wilful moments carved out of the yielding turf a hundred antic figures, all of which the coachman was careful to explain. And so it passed on, growing in its course; meeting with so much that was beautiful, so beautiful itself, until, washing the walls of pleasant towns and cities and adding charm to a thousand suburban mansions shining out with belts and breaks of lawn from amid crowding trees, full-volumed, expansive, majestic, it drowned its passionate being in the sea.

The rain which was threatening throughout our drive began to fall as we entered Kilcolman Park. The avenue extended along the left of a large artificial lake and on the right of laurelled shrubberies, in which were walks suitable either for reflection or for love making—for sweet solitude or sweeter companionship. The lawn sloped from an old fashioned mansion to a little vale through which flowed a narrow stream, known to geographers as the Tipsey, on the other side of which was a picturesque height whereon stood to the left old Kilcolman Castle, while to the right rose a clump of fir-trees, out of whose dark bosom bounded a waterfall, that like the lake into which it leaped was due to the artistic fancy of the master of the place. Far away, shrouded in mist and looking, it must be confessed, as if it had not recovered from a too recent dissipation, was Tipsey Castle itself.

The whole family rushed to the door as we alighted, and, though perfect strangers, welcomed us in the most hearty manner. A young gentleman about eight years old seemed quite displeased at not being

allowed to take in the portmanteau. When we presented our credentials to the O'Rossory—for such is the title of the compact little man with whom we have now to deal—it was discovered that the coachman had driven to the wrong place. The right place was about ten miles farther—and the guest, it is unnecessary to say, wanted to have his portmanteau brought down stairs again and have himself and his luggage conveyed to their proper destination. Impossible! The O'Rossory looked at his revolver to see that it was in fit murderous condition; his sister added her entreaties; his sister's sister her smiles; his brother-in-law a good-humoured hospitable invitation; his nephew—the hero of eight who wanted to carry the portmanteau up stairs—a fine, manly, familiar, humorous importunity; his niece a glance that transfixed resolution; and the kitchen a savoury promise of good things to come: while outside the wind rose higher, shook the shutters as it passed on its way, made the trees moan, and sent the rain, which had begun to come down as though it meant it, with a rattling sound against the walls and roof. What with the *fortiter in re* and the *suaviter in modo*, and *argumenta ad hominem* of various kinds, the guest yielded and never left Kilcolman until he drove outside its hospitable gates on his way to England! Such is the way they do these things in Ireland.

The O'Rossory himself had never married. He said he never had time, albeit he had done most other foolish things in his life. The O'Rossory, as his name imports, was descended from one of the old Irish chieftains, and though a Protestant by religion and a Tory in politics he was prouder than of all his achievements, and they were not few, of the execution of his grandfather as an outlaw, which occurred some time before he was born. He might have been addressed as the Rev. Captain Doctor O'Rossory, Barrister-at-Law. He commenced life in the army; then went to the bar; afterwards became a doctor; and ultimately took orders. Meanwhile, he made himself perfect in the minor arts of horsemanship, cricket, card playing, and billiard playing, each of which generally requires almost life-long application as the price of perfect mastery. It is needless to say he soon gave up the Church, notwithstanding that he showed promise of being able to preach to great edification and might have looked forward to preferment. A poet in his own right; a lecturer on Materia Medica by right of appointment from the Queen; and by right of rare natural gifts a delightful companion. Such was our host. Alexander the Great wept that he had no more worlds to conquer; the O'Rossory has been known to sigh with long-drawn breaths of anguish that there were no other professions to enter. Even to be the best hunter in Peesumsvalley (another name of the county where Kilcolman stands) might satisfy no ordinary ambition. But this restless son of an Irish chieftain thought all he had done hitherto nothing, and was indeed prouder of being the grandson of an outlaw who was shot by a few scoundrelly redcoats, than of all his varied

attainments. He had 'climbed up every circle and entered at every door in the starry spiral of science in the labyrinth of lore,' only to find Disappointment at each round of the ascent, and Discontent cowering in each room he entered, while Unhappiness rose crowning and casting his shadow over all. Herein this eccentric being was not unique.

At his house during our stay we met, as we have already said, not a few of the men whom Lever painted. They were quite aware of this; nor did they deem the novelist had done them wrong, though with a kind of pride that was not unnatural they thought fit to let us know their powers were not what they had been; their humour had lost its flavour, and their wit its lustre since the time when their little rivulets enriched his Pactolus.

The view from the bed-room where the guest was placed was one that might enchant the dullest of the sons of men. When he threw open his shutters and looked out, the storm of the previous night had passed; nature was like a blushing young beauty smiling after tears; the sparkle of her eye was reflected in the dew-drops on her cheek. The sun was shining brightly, the waterfall blazed as it sprang from its lair among the pines; the lake glittered again; and beyond the ivied ruins of Kilcolman, in the distance, crowned with a glowing haze and looking quite sober now, was old Tipsey Castle. On the breadth of gravel before the door was 'mine host' speaking to his dogs. But having heard the shutters opened and the window lifted he turned and cried—

'Descend, *mon ami*. Come down until I introduce you to Jane. Come down that I may greet you. *Noli ire, fac venire.*'

There was nothing for it but to obey this injunction, and hurrying out our lips and those of a person of the opposite sex had nearly come together for the first time. Only by great presence of mind was a collision prevented, and a collision that might have been attended with unpleasant consequences. A young girl, with brown hair and blue eyes and regular features and rounded arms bared for work, hurrying to the door with a can of hot water for shaving purposes, a guest hurrying in an opposite direction, no signals to guide either locomotive, it was a wonder the shins of one party or the little feet of the other had not been 'scalded,' in Mary's own words, 'to death.' But no harm was done, and a moment after the O'Rossory and his guest were greeting each other below.

## III.

THE sun sent shafts of light across our path, and lit up the withered glances of decaying leaves, and made vistas of light among the delicate branches, as we wended our way through a tunnel of laurel. The O'Rossory brandished a stick having a silver band on which ran the legend *Noli ire, fac venire.*

'This motto,' said he, pointing to it, 'has been that of our family for a thousand years, and we have acted on it. I act on it. I make everybody do just as I like. I'd have shot you last night rather than permit you to go—because I see we are fellows of the same kind—of the same kidney. Some people think I'm mad. *Je ne sais pas—n'importe*' (with a true French shrug). 'I was up the other day to see the Woodpeckers, of Woodpecker Grange, where you must come with me. All the Woodpeckers are touched. Miss Woodpecker, Sam Woodpecker, and myself were together; and Mary W. took hold of Sam with one hand and of me with the other, and, standing between us, said, "Here we are, a shamrock of insanity. But which is the maddest leaf?" "Mademoiselle," said I, "the ladies always bear off the palm." '

Putting this conversation with what occurred on the previous night together, we began to fear that we had got into an asylum, where at least one dangerous lunatic was allowed an alarming amount of freedom; and the determination grew to make our escape as soon as possible.

We had now arrived at a building in the midst of a well-laid out kitchen garden, a building that was something between a conservatory and a dwelling-house. The O'Rossory took a key from his pocket, and unlocked a door leading into a narrow passage, where there was another door, which having opened, we entered and found ourselves in a well-stocked library, with ancient and modern literature side by side in delightful companionship as they should ever be. On table and chairs confusion seemed, however, to reign; for surgical instruments, photographic apparatus, hunting whips, and fishing gear were strewn about in wild confusion. Swords hung on the mantelshelf; revolvers capped and ready were too numerous to be contemplated without apprehension by a man with a fit sense of responsibility due to an affectionate wife, endearing children, and an indulgent world. On sticks and swords, and whips and pistols, under the chieftain's crown was engraved, '*Noli ire, fac venire.*'

'Welcome,' said the O'Rossory, waving his hand, and then bowing at a right angle, at an obtuse angle, and at an acute angle—'welcome to my sanctum; and here' (dropping his voice into a confidential whisper) 'let me tell you who I am. I am the O'Rossory. My grandfather was shot as an outlaw. Here is his sword' (pointing to a broken and rusty weapon), 'and here' (unfolding a piece of parchment that looked at a glance like some old uncial manuscript) 'is my grandmother's keen. It is in Irish, and Irish is the only language I don't know; else I should read it to you.'

For the first time in our life we thanked God for a fellow-creature's ignorance. The O'Rossory's grandmother was determined to have a long keen when she went about it.

To the reader it may seem that it was eccentric in the O'Rossory to talk in this way about his grandmother. No greater mistake could be

made. The grandmother is an institution in Ireland. Ordinary people such as are found in this country may be content to have a father and mother; but in Ireland you are nobody unless you have a grandmother as well. Even amongst the new men this institution flourishes. Pig-jobbers' sons, whose granddams fed pigs and ploughed furrows, talk about the impression made by these venerable ladies when they appeared at the Castle; and men whose respective grandparents brought eggs to market discuss matrimonial alliances from a family point of view, as though they belonged to the royal caste: it was a way they had in their grandmothers' time. It is unnecessary to say the O'Rossory must not be considered of the same *genre* as such gentry.

'Come, Jane!' he cried, and from an adjoining room or stable in walked a beautiful mare, his invariable companion he told us when he read philosophy. She and he had lately been going through the 'Principia.'

A knock came. George, the sweet little boy of whom mention has already been made, entered, and said, handing a card at the same time, 'Uncle, there is a gentleman wants to see you.' The uncle looked at the card: 'Mr. Francis Pluvius. Another English swell, be japers! Bid him come here. *Noli ire, fac venire.*'

'Well,' said the boy, throwing his head back, and putting on a saucy smile, 'I'll be *ire* if you won't *venire*, for breakfast is ready, and the fact is, I—I won't put up with this sort of thing;' and off he galloped, proud of his bad joke and imperfect Latinity.

'I suppose we must go,' said the O'Rossory, kissing Jane, and shouting to her groom. We left, and wandered back towards the house, where we met Mr. Francis Pluvius.

At breakfast this gentleman, who had come to Peesumsvalley before ourselves, was asked what he thought of the country, and it appeared he had enjoyed himself immensely. He never saw such a place in his life. The hunting was good; any man that wished might have a laureate, so numerous were the poets; the unmarried ladies were equally widely scattered, and so there would be no difficulty in choosing a wife; he was fond of water, and this was emphatically the land of streams.

'The truth is,' he went on, 'this is a sort of land of promise; every cow yields a double quantity of milk; the gentry combine a noble simplicity with a hospitality princely in its spirit; the foxes come out of their covers as though they rather liked being hunted; if you scratch the turf it laughs into a rivulet, and if you ask a passing stranger the time he replies to you in song.'

'I should prefer they answered in prose,' said some one at the table.

'But they can't do it,' said the O'Rossory, 'poetry being the dialect of the county.'

Nobody was disposed to quarrel with this use of the word 'dialect,'

nor with the proposal that the health of the sassenachs present should be drunk in madeira bottled by his grandfather a few minutes before he was shot.

The madeira was good; but, to the astonishment of Mr. Francis Pluvius and at least one other person, the O'Rossory emptied his glass on to his head, and the wine, like the sacred oil of old, flowed down about his garments.

That, he said, was the chieftains' mode of drinking healths.

We suggested the way adopted by meaner mortals was better.

'That may be,' he said, closing his eyes solemnly, and pointing with his finger; 'but remember, only for the example of the chieftains the Irish never would have been such a wonderfully abstemious people. This extreme temperance,' he went on, 'is the last relic of a splendid time—before the fatal admixture of races—when Ireland shone star-like amid the darkness of Europe, she having, alone among the nations, preserved the light of Christian philosophy and scholarship. We were formerly an island of saints. We are still an island—but without the qualification; for in my opinion the deuce a saint can be found in the country unless I myself may be regarded in that sacred character. The saints have emigrated or have passed into the category of extinct species. I thought at one time my grandmother had been a saint—until I read, or rather heard translated, her keen, and there are lines in that keen that no saint would ever have written. No, my grandmother was a woman—a woman,' he repeated, as though there had been some doubt about the sex of the defunct lady, 'and you may take the word of an Irish gentleman for it—a woman is often an angel, but never a saint.'

## IV.

WHILE staying in this extraordinary household, it is unnecessary to say we saw much that was amusing, space unfortunately compelling us to devote ourselves entirely to the O'Rossory for the present. We were introduced to a Marie Antoinette, who sat before her charge like Circe with the companions of Ulysses; to 'Hector Cross of the hundred fights,' as his title runs, whose servants were all managed on feudal principles; and to his dark-eyed beautiful daughter, known as '*la belle Croix.*' We have seen the O'Rossory come to grief while riding one of the grunters—tall lean animal that it was—of Marie Antoinette; and poor Pluvius, having mounted the favourite mare of the chieftain, whose principal amusement was leaping over obstructing donkey-carts with their customary loads of humanity and bacon, get a frightful spill, break the fibia and tibia, and dislocate the knee-joint, because he did not know the habits of that animal. We have seen also a courtship spring out of the accident, and Pluvius and *la belle Croix* stand at the hymeneal altar, the latter leaning gracefully on a crutch.

'I knew I'd win,' said Pluvius at the wedding to one who had become a confidential friend. 'Women all the world over like lame men, blind men, and clergymen.'

'And officers,' we suggested, 'especially in Peesumsvalley, where the women spend their lives flirting with officers, and finish by marrying a draper's assistant.'

Pluvius thought I might add officers to the catalogue.

The O'Rossory, though a chieftain, got very queer at the wedding breakfast, and came and buttonholed one young gentleman who has a peculiar abhorrence of anything of that kind. 'You must,' said he, 'get married too. I've a gal for you—sweet creature—only about thirty-five—*avec quinze mille livres—avec quinze mille pun*,' dropping his head and closing his eyes in solemn ebriety.

He was thanked. *Quinze mille livres* were not to be laughed at.

Half an hour after he renewed the subject, having taken some brandy and soda in the meantime.

'I have a sweet gal for you—must come and see her—just seventeen—*avec quinze mille livres*.'

The young gentleman to whom these proposals were made thought it was rather ominous for the 'bawbees' that the age should fall in half an hour from thirty-five to seventeen.

That day was the last we spent in Ireland, and was not the least among those which in an experience of three months convinced us that to this hour there is much to be seen in that country which, while on the one hand vindicating Lever from the charge of being a caricaturist, shows that there is ample material for the new Lever whenever he shall arise.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

# The Song of the Willi.

## A BALLAD.

I.

The wild wind is whistling o'er moorland and heather,
Heigho, heigho!
I rise from my bed, and my bed has no feather,
Heigho, heigho!
My bed is deep down in the brown sullen mould,
My head is laid low on the clod;
So wormy the sheets, and the pillow so cold
Of clammy and moist clinging sod.

[II.]

The lone livid moon rideth high up in heaven,
Heigho, heigho!
The stars' cutting glitter their dull shrouds hath riven,
Heigho, heigho!
I rise and I glide out far into the night,
A shadow so swift and so still;
Bleak, bleak is the moonshine all ghastly and white,
The dank morass drinketh its fill.

III.

And down in yon valley, in wan vapour shrinking,
Heigho, heigho!
The bare moated town cowers fitfully blinking,
Heigho, heigho!
There warm under shelter, the fire burning bright,
My lover sleeps sound in his bed;
But I flit alone in the pitiless night,
Unpitied, unloved, and unwed

IV.

And couldst thou forget then the deep troth we plighted ?
No, no, no, no !
Too warm was thy love by cold death to be blighted,
Oh, oh ; oh, oh !
My sweetheart ! and mind'st thou that this is the night,
The night that we should have been wed ;
And while I flit restless, a low-wailing sprite,
Ah, say canst thou sleep in thy bed ?

V.

A week, but a week, and a wreath of gay flowers,
Heigho, heigho !
I wore as I vied with the fleet-footed hours,
Heigho, heigho !
As I vied with the hours in dancing them down,
Till the stars reeled low in the sky,
And sweet came thy whispers, as rose-leaves when blown
About on the breeze of July :

VI.

' Thou'rt light, oh my chosen ; a bird is not lighter,
My dove, my doe !
I'd dance into death with thee ; death would be brighter,
My own swift roe ! '
And they struck up a wild and a wonderful measure ;
Quick, quick beat our hearts to the tune ;
Quick, quick the feet tingled and passioned with pleasure
To the sound of the fife and bassoon.

VII.

On, on whirled the pairs on the swift music driven,
Hurrah, hurrah !
Like gleaming loose vapours blown wildly o'er heaven,
Hurrah, hurrah !
Like loose gleaming vapours in silence they fled,
But a flicker I saw through the haze ;
For fleeter than all the fleet dancers we sped
In the rush of the rapturous race.

VIII.

How often turned Wanda, the slim, lily-throated,
Hah hah, hah hah !
And gazed at us wistful as onward we floated
Hah hah, hah hah !

And Bilba, the swarthy, whose eyes are as big
As a stag's, with a glitter of steel,
She lifts up her lashes, so long and so thick,
To stare at my true love and leal.

IX.

But he, he saw none o' them, brown-faced or rosy,
Hah hah, huzzah!
Tho' maidens bloomed bright like a fresh-gathered posy,
Hah hah, huzzah!
For his eyes, that shone black as the sloes of the hedges,
They shone like two stars over me;
And his breath, thrilling o'er me as breeze over sedges,
Brushed my hair till it crinkled with glee.

X.

Now slow as two down-bosomed swans, we were sliding,
Sah, sah; sah, sah!
O'er the low heaving swell of the silver sounds gliding,
Sah, sah; sah, sah!
Now hollowly booming drums rumbled apace,
Flashed sharp clatt'ring cymbals around,
And swung like loose leaves in a stormy embrace,
We whirled in a tumult of sound.

XI.

But pallid the cheeks grew erst flushing with pleasure,
Alas, oh woe!
As slowly away swooned the languishing measure;
Oh woe, oh woe!
For shrill crew the cock as the sun 'gan to rise,
And it rang from afar like a knell;
Our kisses grew bitter and sweet grew our sighs,
As sadly we murmured 'Farewell.'

XII.

High up in the chambers the maidens together,
Ah me, ah me!
Were piling bleached linen as pure as swan's feather,
Ah me, ah me!
Were weaving and spinning and singing aloud,
Were broidering my bride-veil of lace,
But the lowering three sisters they wove me my shroud
As death kissed me cold on the face.

XIII.

The wild wind is whistling o'er moorland and heather,
Heigho, heigho!
I rise from my bed, and my bed has no feather—
Heigho, heigho!
The snow flocketh grisly and ghostly, and gleams
In the glare of the moon as it swirls;
What pale flurried phantoms move drear in her beams,
And circle in shadowy whirls?

XIV.

Mayhap ye were maidens death plucked in your flower—
Woe, woe; woe, woe!
As clust'ring you glowed in love's murmuring bower—
Woe, woe; woe, woe!
Who delirious for life from the gloom of your graves
Are driven to wander with me,
And ye rise from your tombs like the white-crested waves
From the depths of the dolorous sea.

XV.

Hah, maidens, pale maidens, o'er moorland and heather,
Hail, hail, hurrah!
The bridegroom see! comes through the wintry bleak weather!
Hurrah, hurrah!
Full shines the fair moon on his beautiful face;
He walketh like one in a trance;
His arms are wide open, far yearning his gaze,
With his bride, with his dead bride to dance.

XVI.

At the sound of thy foot-fall my frozen heart bursting,
Hah, hah; huzzah!
Through the bonds of its cerements now leaps like a thirsting,
Hah, hah; huzzah!
Leaps like a stag that is borne as on wings,
To the brooks thawing thick through the noon,
Like a lark from the glebe, like a lily that springs
From its bier to the bosom of June.

XVII.

'I hold thee, I hold thee, I drink thy caresses,
Oh love, my love!'
Round thy face, round thy throat, I roll my dank tresses,
Oh love, my love!

'I hold thee, I hold thee; eight nights wan and weeping
Have I wandered loud sobbing thy name,
Thy lips are as cold as the snow-drift a-sweeping!
My breath soon shall fan them to flame!'

XVIII.

Blow up for the dance, now chill whirlwind of winter!
Hurrah, hurrah!
Till the welkin's floor shaken be shattered and splinter—
Hurrah, hurrah!
Till the wheeling clouds whirl in their dizzying races,
Hunted on by the moon's lashing light,
In the silvery rear of whose fugitive traces
Reel the stars through the revelling night!

XIX.

'Cocks crow, and the breath on thy sweet lips is failing,
Oh love, my love!'
Stars swoon, and the flame in thy dark eye is quailing,
Oh love, my love!
'Oh, brighter the night than the fires of the day,'
When thine eyes shine as stars over me;
'Oh, sweeter thy grave than the soft breath of May—'
Down to death then, my love, but with thee.

MATHILDE BLIND.

# THE THEATRE IN ENGLAND:

## ITS SHORTCOMINGS AND POSSIBILITIES.

WHATEVER the reason, there has lately been an unusual stir of opinion on the subject of the English stage. Perhaps the temporary installation of the Comédie Française in London has brought the latent discontent with our own theatre to a focus. The contrast of the performances at the Opéra Comique with those to be seen at most English theatres, and their superiority over those of even the best; the thorough discipline, the perfect *ensemble*, the filling of small parts by distinguished actors; the grace and distinction of the high comedy, the genuine humour, taste, and nature of the low; the absence of exaggeration, the ease and good-breeding which marked the style of these performances from the highest to the lowest engaged in them —may well have impressed English theatre-goers, and converted for the time into theatre-goers those who seldom or never visit an English theatre.

The compliments so gracefully put into words by Lord Dufferin and Lord Granville at the breakfast given to the *sociétaires* of the Comédie on their departure from London were paid at once to the individual actors and to the institution to which they belong. It is, in fact, impossible to separate the two. Without the Comédie Française—fostered by the State; deriving distinction and stability from its antiquity, its traditions, its assured means; its organisation divided between representatives of the theatre and the government; the ambitions it inspires and rewards, the settled positions it offers, the instruction as well as examples it gives—we could not have such artists; or, if the artists were possible, they would not be willing to work in this fashion, subordinating individual display to general effect, and maintaining the ark of their art above the ever-beating floods of vanity and greed.

No wonder if some Englishmen, lovers of the theatre, or workers for it either as authors or actors, following these performances of the Comédie Française, have been led to ask themselves whether something more like this than we now see is not possible on our own stage. They are not satisfied with the signs of prosperity to which

Mr. Buckstone appealed the other day at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner; the swarm of London theatres, still growing, and the crowded audiences they seem to attract. Without classing themselves under Mr. Buckstone's categories of 'fault-finding or disappointed authors,' many who love and have worked for the theatre refuse altogether to admit that multiplication of theatres implies even the material prosperity of the dramatic art, much more its excellence. We know, as a matter of fact, that the number of really successful theatres is almost as small as the number of well-conducted ones. Strange to say, and so far encouraging, the most prosperous are, as a rule, I believe, the best conducted; perhaps because steady business qualities are least compatible with low tastes, loose habits, and debauched associations. But the prosperous theatres, like the well-managed ones, are, I fear, a small minority. The appeal to a steadily falling standard of taste and intelligence in audiences high or low is certain to be accompanied by a proportionate fall in the level of ability in actors and completeness in performances, at least as respects all that depends on thought. The arts that minister to splendour and costliness of presentation may indeed grow; and it is only when dissociated from intellectual aims and right artistic intentions that the skill and knowledge of the scene-painter and the costumier are open to the least depreciation. So the accomplishments of the dancer and singer may continue in high request; but only for their unworthier purposes of buffoonery and burlesque: so may those of the actor which can be best displayed in these ignoble lines. But what is to be said of the actor who looks upon his art as an intellectual one; who desires to walk in the tracks of nature; who believes in the obligations of imaginative conception, the charm of poetry, and the power of passion; who, respecting himself, claims to be respected, and wishes to make his calling more than respectable—honoured? I do not hesitate to say that his prospects are poorer and more precarious than ever. It is true that a successful actor may make larger gains by 'starring' now than ever actor made before. Australia and America are laid into his harvest-field, and bring in a richer crop than the United Kingdom. But the theatrical star is a comet, not part of a stellar or solar system. He flames in the forehead of the stage sky periodically—but always alone, or with but a satellite or two, and his success involves a complete sacrifice of his art. The mere hurry of the starring tour, the constant change of companies, the miserable incompleteness of most of them, and the inevitable imperfectness of rehearsals, are all incompatible with anything like finished art; the audience who are drawn by the star, the star himself, the actors in the scratch companies which play with him, all suffer in their conception and estimate of the dramatic presentation; all really lose respect for the art, and with good reason; for art on this system is entirely subordinated to money-making. Besides the star system requires 'one part' pieces, and the art of the author is maimed to feed the

exigencies of the actor. It is, indeed, quite possible that large salaries may be paid to good actors not stars, 'for the run of a piece.' In fact the best engagements are now made for runs of pieces. Actors are rarely engaged for the season, or if they are, the season usually resolves itself into the run of the piece on which the calculations and hopes of the season are based.

It is worth while to examine a little the many consequences, all injurious to the art of the stage, of those long runs to which authors and managers now look almost solely for their profits, and actors for their engagements.

In the first place, the long run usually rests most on trust in mere costliness of production. The manager determines to invest a large amount in scenery, the mechanism of startling effects, sets, groupings, and dresses—the materials of what are called 'pictures'—having before him conspicuous instances in which these appliances, employed in a piece cleverly contrived to display them, have, at a comparatively light outlay for actors, carried a theatre successfully through the season, and left a large profit. One conspicuously successful author of such pieces in our own time does not hesitate to boast that his aim is 'to suppress actors'—to reduce his *dramatis personæ* as nearly as possible to animated puppets, who will submit to have their strings pulled for the effects of the scene-painter, mechanist, and stage carpenter, working under his lead. By thus getting a piece that will run through a season, and requires little in the way of acting, the manager lightens the charges for his company, while he escapes all the bore of frequent rehearsal and getting up of new pieces. His *cheval de bataille* once started, head and hands are clear to provide the 'sensation' for next season. The authorship that is most likely to be laid under requisition for this sort of work implies at least as much of mechanical as of intellectual invention. The actors during the run of the piece spend undisciplined and idle days, to take up night after night parts which they must play *usque ad nauseam*; till their faces, voices, minds, get worn into their respective grooves, and all energy of impersonation or imagination, all freshness, spring, and delight in the creative process, are dead and gone. I have seen good actors permanently injured by the effect of these long runs, taking certain moulds of manner and voice which they could never after get rid of; while they confirm all actors in the most stagy and mechanical tricks of their calling, and tend to give these a pernicious value. Besides, no man will, if he can possibly help it, agree to play a small part for a long run. It may be a little thing to carry a banner to-night, if to-morrow you are to wield a truncheon. But for this a frequent change of bill is necessary. We should not so often have seen Delaunay and Bressant playing walking gentlemen—nay, even wearing liveries and bringing on letters—if the bills of the Comédie Française had stood for more than a night or two. But when once the actor's part is taken for a run, his gauge is

struck for the public of a season. And, in our theatrical system, a man's salary soon comes to depend on the style of parts he plays. The consequence is that it is impossible to get small parts decently filled; every actor is always fighting for parts above his means, and it becomes impossible to work a theatre in which a sounder system is attempted without constant quarrels, heart-burnings, and secessions.

If the long run be, by any chance, of a piece containing elaborate and trying parts for actor or actress, the case is still worse, inasmuch as the deterioration by nightly wear and tear is of a more precious metal. It is impossible that any performer, however strong or willing, can play a part involving severe and long-continued excitement and exertion more than four nights a week without serious detriment either to health or art. But the run is inexorable. Night after night comes the regularly recurring demand on the strength, the same dead up-hill pull against the collar of the imagination, the same pumping of the low-drawn reservoirs of energy and emotion, the same draft on the failing nerve-force. The only refuge of the actor is in the mechanism of his art. He must get into a groove, or he could not go on. He must become a mere mask and mouthpiece to minimize the tax on brain and nerves. In a word, long runs of merely spectacular or sensational pieces debase and demoralise actors and audiences alike; long runs of good pieces, by over-taxing, deteriorate actors. They seem to profit managers, but in the end what is bad for actors and audiences is bad also for them.

When Regnier, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, for so many years one of its greatest ornaments, and recently retired, was last in England, I had often spoke with him on the differences in the position and profession of the actor in France and here. I then found that his professional income had never exceeded 700*l.* a year. 'I could have doubled or trebled it by acting in my *congés*,' he said, 'but I always felt that my art suffered in these starring performances. I preferred my modest income from the Comédie, with the position it gave me. On the nights I was not acting I had the enjoyments of refined society or the happiness of my own quiet fireside; when I did act, the pleasure and advantage of acting with my comrades, artists and lovers and respecters of their art like myself, and so doing justice to the authors whose conceptions we were called upon to embody.' I could not help inwardly contrasting this life, and these satisfactions, with what I knew of the lives and efforts of even the most highly esteemed actors in England. Where among our stage celebrities shall we find material ambitions so modest, united with artistic ambition so high and ennobling?

At the end of an honoured career of some forty years thus spent in embodying the best creations of the old and modern *répertoire* of the French theatre, Regnier retires to an honoured age, not of idleness, but of instruction. He becomes a professor in the Conservatoire, and teaches

actors by precept, as he has long taught them by example. His pension of some 400*l.* a year from the Comédie supplies the modest needs of the evening of his days. It is this element of permanence, this provision for the future, which, above all things, distinguishes the position of the French actor in its highest rank from anything the English actor can attain to. His calling is one of the most precarious, and on the whole poorly paid, in a country where respectability is popularly measured by money, and where everyone is striving to get money. It is much for most actors to be able to make even a modest livelihood, and to bring up their families decently, and without debt. To be able to make a pension for age out of professional earnings is given only to a few. No wonder, when one considers the precariousness of theatrical employment, and the exclusive eagerness for gain that governs most theatrical speculation, that we should find actors anxious to get the highest price for their services; grasping in their demands for 'business,' which for them means salary, and altogether a difficult and exacting race to deal with, so soon as they attain a position which admits of their dictating terms in any way. No wonder that the relations of manager and actor should be uneasy and unwholesome, governed by the *maximum* of demand and the *minimum* of concession on both sides. No wonder that the English actor who respects and loves his art finds it harder and harder to assert that respect in act and to keep that love unprofaned amidst the influences that tend to undermine the one and degrade the other.

I propose to say nothing in this paper of a whole class of influences, other than those connected with the pursuit of profit, which beset and befoul the theatre: I mean those connected with the trade in sensual attractions, whether of managers or misses, plying their foul craft independently, or, as is more common, in concert.

It is quite enough to grapple with the causes of degradation that spring from the subordination of art to gain in the theatre. It may be said that this subordination has always existed; that management has always been carried on in this country, like other businesses, for profit. True; but circumstances have always, till of late times, operated to diminish the pull against art in the competition with money-making.

Till the present generation the theatre was pre-eminent among amusements, and commanded attention and interest from all classes, the most instructed and cultivated as well as the most high-bred. Their tone of thought, taste, and manners was reflected on the stage, both in its acting and literature. The theatre of our great grandfathers and grandfathers, and in a less degree that of our fathers, had, it is true, its bad side, both of morals and manners, in Comedy, and its weak places, pomposity and *pumposity*, in Tragedy; but still in its comic vein it gave us the quintessence of wit and humour, in its serious a full-fed stream of poetry and passion, as compared with the average of what passes for stage sport and stage seriousness now.

The theatre was unquestionably a place of more solid and satisfactory intellectual resort and relaxation in the days between Betterton and Macready than it has been for the last twenty years. The pitch of the amusement was higher. A better style of men engaged in management; and their search for profit was governed by a higher conception of the roads to it. In the long run, the taste of a manager will be found to answer to, as well as influence, the taste of his public. I say *his* public, for every management in a great measure creates, or calls out, a public of its own. In this London alone, with its population of three millions and a half, to say nothing of the hundred thousand nightly visitors from the country, most of them amusement seekers for the moment, we may be sure that all classes and kinds of taste are represented in numbers sufficient to support a theatre. We know that, among theatre-goers as others, the proportion of good taste to bad, of culture to the want of it, of refinement to vulgarity, will be comparatively small. But the instincts of the general public, both æsthetic and moral, are better in many ways than their conscious tastes or theories. And the ground of the stage is so wide, its representation of humour or passion necessarily so condensed, its pictures so artificially composed, that many of the nicer shades of intention must be sacrificed to broad effects, and there is a great deal in all good dramatic work which can be appreciated by a public including a very wide range of culture and intelligence.

Besides, culture apart, the *morale* of the English public proper, the public of the pit and gallery, is still sound. Its sympathy with the good and right is still strong and instinctive: it has no relish for the sophistication that puts a face on sin and confuses vice with virtue. Improve its taste in points of style and humour, familiarise it with good writing and good acting, and I believe you would in a comparatively short time enable it to relish the best writing and acting most. It is not this part of your public that needs uplifting half so much as your half-educated young debauchees, whether of the lower or upper strata of fast life, who have supplied the chief support to contemporary burlesque, at least to the coarseness, indecencies, and pruriencies which have gradually eaten out all its salt. It is to be feared that even the upper ten thousand have never been chary of their patronage to the 'sensation' of the day, whether it was an actor, or an acrobat, a queen of acting or song, or a *reine des halles*, with little but her impudence and her *chic* to account for her diamonds and her reputation. But there are many, of all classes, who have ceased to frequent the theatre, because they have ceased to find what they want there—comedy which will amuse without disgusting by excess or offending by indecency; tragedy which will move and elevate without repelling by imperfectness and bad taste of impersonation; drama which will stir and enthral without condescending to vulgar claptrap, crawling realism, or the mere physical excitement, now christened sensation. It is to

this public that those who want to reform the English theatre must appeal. It is believed that such a public exists in London in numbers amply sufficient for the support of a theatre of moderate size, managed with business-like exactness, activity, intelligence, and good taste, and worked by a fuller, better, and more permanent company than is now usually thought necessary.[1] A management appealing to such a public would naturally become the rallying-point for artists of higher aims and ambitions than the herd; would aim at gradually gathering round it the best educated, steadiest, and most accomplished actors and actresses; for from it they would be certain of treatment grateful to their feelings as artists and in accordance with their habits as ladies and gentlemen.

The engagements should be more permanent than it is now the rule to make them; there would be inducements to accept lower salaries than are asked for short and precarious service, in the shape not only of yearly contracts but of bonuses, ultimate association in profits, and, if possible, provision for old age. The adequate filling of inferior parts should be encouraged by payments for each performance, like the French *feux*, and by giving all the principal members of the company their turn of distinction and display. It should be a condition of such a reformed theatre that two bills at least should be running *pari passu*, so as to ensure a change of performance on alternate nights; and the company should be strong enough to allow of this interchange.

In short, what should be aimed at is a theatre resembling, *longo intervallo* though it might be, the Théâtre Français, with a subsidy or guarantee fund from private, not public sources, to lift it during its minority above the necessity of providing from the nightly receipts for the nightly expenses; a body of actors of position and experience, looking forward to becoming partners in the prospects of the enterprise, and corresponding to the *sociétaires* of the Comédie, elected in the first instance by a council of subscribers, but subsequently by a committee including representatives of the *sociétaires* themselves, as well as of the subscribers; and besides these, actors of less standing answering to the *pensionnaires* of the Comédie, engaged for fixed terms, and having no interest in profits. It will be infinitely harder to find the manager of such a theatre than the money. Even when he is found, practical questions of great difficulty must arise and be answered before such a theatre could be set going. I will merely suggest some of them. Should your manager be an autocrat, or be associated with a council? If there

[1] In all I say I must be understood with due exceptions. There are in London companies possessing all the needful conditions of permanence, theatres where may be seen good work in many ways very well done. The only fault in all even of these theatres is that the companies are too small, so that the same actors are overworked, seen too constantly, and in parts too obviously cut to measure.

is to be a council, is it to be consultative only or executive also? What are to be the limits of the manager's authority? How far is your council to have a voice in choosing pieces and actors? Upon the judgment shown in the practical answering of these questions must depend the success of the enterprise.

It is evident to me that neither as manager nor as councillor in your reformed theatre should you have an actor who acts, or an author who writes. He who undertakes either duty must postpone the pleasure of casting himself the best parts—usually so valued a prerogative of management—or of putting his own pieces on the stage. This, in itself, narrows the field of choice. Then you want in your manager the rarest combination of rare qualities—literary taste and stage experience; practical knowledge of the working of a theatre, and power of feeling the public pulse, with superiority to popular prejudice; perfect temper in dealing with his company and his council, supposing him to have one; the weight of opinion which commands respect in and out of the theatre; the readiness of resource which can supply the thousand and one demands a theatre makes on all sorts of knowledge and ingenuity, and, when you have found such a phœnix, you are to ask him to work as the paid agent of an association of subscribers, perhaps as the executive of a council! It must be confessed that here, on the threshold, is a difficulty so great that, if you can vanquish that, all the others that lie beyond seem light in comparison.

I will pause here; having sketched, if only in outline, the manner in which alone, as it seems to me, you can in this country hope to establish a theatre having some of the best points of organisation belonging to the Comédie Française, and taking account of the radical differences between the two countries. I have not even suggested the possibility of a public subsidy. If such a thing be conceivable, it is only after an association of voluntary subsidisers shall have proved the possibility of restoring what the English theatre has so long lost and sorely needs, higher aims in art and better conditions of comfort and social position for actors, and shall have crowned this restoration by practical success.

For unless such a management within a very few years proved commercially as well as artistically successful, I, for one, should not be for prolonging the attempt. But if it succeeded, all the profits of the enterprise should go to the benefit of the enterprise; to form a reserve fund first, and ultimately to help a provision for the *sociétaires* when past work, corresponding to the funds of Covent Garden and Drury Lane—two theatres which, while they existed under the conditions of the royal 'patent,' did a great deal to supply the want we are now so sensible of, and so anxious to fill up. It would be well also, and ought to be possible, to attach to this theatre a school of declamation, elocution, and stage accomplishments, as dancing, fencing, &c.

It may be that the abrogation five-and-twenty years ago of the old

theatrical patents[1] was inevitable, that they were not the right means to a good end; but most certainly, since they were abolished, the elements of stability, permanence, aspiration and advance in art have been gradually dying out in the theatrical profession, and those who were foremost in advocating the change have been compelled to admit that almost every evil consequence of abolition prophesied by the defenders of the patents has come to pass.[2] Without intending it, the *soi-distant* reformers destroyed the only thing which maintained a distinction in the theatrical world. They hoped to raise all theatres to the level of the patent ones. They brought down the patent houses to the level of the lowest. Free trade in the drama was no sound philosophy. The demand was not educated enough to influence the supply in the best way. The bulk of the purchasers had no power of judging the wares offered. Those who preferred gaudy and glittering catchpenny, or unwholesome sweetmeats, were the most numerous and the most easily caught. In time it has come to be their taste that rules the market.

But I firmly believe, as there are worthier wares, so there are wiser customers. The need now is to display the better work, and tempt the sounder taste. The only way, I believe, by which this can be done is by a private subsidy, subscription or guarantee fund, to back up a theatre under management of the subscribers' choosing, till the better public has learnt to trust its promises, and rally to its support. Let those who make the attempt take their motto from 'Macbeth':

> If we fail—we fail;
> But screw your courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll *not* fail.

TOM TAYLOR.

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[1] By which the higher classes of dramatic composition were confined to four houses in London.

[2] See Mr. A. H. Horne's letter in the *Echo* of Wednesday, June 21.

# Athanase Coquerel and Art-Protestantism.[1]

M. Athanase Coquerel is one of our best modern instances of a literary or unskilled critic in art. As he says, he is almost physically unable to attempt any practical study of the processes by which ideas are put on canvass. But when the ideas are there, his observations on them are always worth having; and if works of art are to take rank as intellectual productions, as of course they ought, they must come within range of intellectual criticism. Besides, the energetic interest of a man of first-rate ability is a cheering encouragement and overture from author-craft to artist-craft. That one of the first preachers in France should understand and explain the preaching of Michael Angelo in form and colour (and of Rembrandt, if he will have it so) is a tribute from eloquence and literary power to the silent language of form and colour. Some remarks of my own, parallel to M. Coquerel's, but not so good, were made long ago on Michael Angelo in vol. vi. p. 373–4 of the 'Contemporary Review,' and any earnest seeker who likes to go back to that work will secure my respectful admiration, if he gets no other good by his trouble.

M. Coquerel's form of Protestantism is that of the Reformed and Evangelic Church of France, and his feelings and views are tinged by the many over-true traditions of suffering and oppression to which his co-religionists were exposed, in and after the days of the Dragonnades. Those who admire the eloquence of the Eagle of Meaux will do well to consider its logical and actual results. They will listen to his persecuting pæans over the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and reflect on the birth of the young Arouet, eight years after that event, to observe and draw his inferences from its working, and bring on France and Europe his own new and terrible Protestantism. Things and men are set over against each other: and no man who studies Bossuet

[1] *Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art.* Par Ath. Coquerel, Fils. Paris: J. Cherbuliez.

*Michel-Ange, Penseur et Poète.* Libres Études par Ath. Coquerel, Fils. Paris: Baillière.

*Ménage du Ménuisier.*

can wonder at Voltaire. But M. Coquerel writes on this matter in a grandly Catholic spirit, and we reserve for a future paper one of the noblest passages in modern French, at least within the bounds of our reading, in which he deals with the Protestantism of the Revolution. For, as Carlyle said long ago, and as we have good reason to observe now, Protestantism is twofold: that of the Reformation and that of the Revolution; in one word, it is religious or negative.

There is negation of false doctrines when one cannot hold them; there is also a religion of negation of all doctrine whatever: and both call themselves Protestantism. In the former sense alone will the word be used here, and it is used almost exactly thus by M. Coquerel, who is, as he says, 'individualiste avant tout,' in his own faith and character, and his view of other men's. Accordingly, in his sketches of Michael Angelo and Rembrandt he aims with Carlylesque earnestness at leading features and key-notes of character, and his success is often so great, that although his short, sharp essays have a slight and oratorical appearance at first, one finds them bear strongly on thought by pure freshness and originality, and sheer tale and weight of just observations.

This individualism makes his view of art almost the exact converse of M. Taine's, who seems in every way to extenuate the personality of seers, singers, and craftsmen. There is, in fact, an incalculable difference between allowance for the bearing of circumstance on the man, and accounting for the whole man by circumstance. The environment or 'cadre naturel' of life, as M. Coquerel aptly calls it, may modify the development of genius but cannot create it. The fact is, that if you make due allowance for the personality and the freewill of the artist you have the solution of the vexed questions of Art and Morality. The principles on which technical skill in Beauty rests may be unconnected with morality or character, like the principles of geometry and perspective, and the recipes of the oil and colour manufacture. But the picture has a character, and reflects the spirit of the painter as well as his skill. We think, for instance, we are justified in inferring that the author of an elaborate cabinet picture of boys stoning a kitten to death, which we saw in Paris in 1867, had no particular kindness for kittens or boys: it may be conjectured that another gentleman who exhibited a careful study of a Roman slaughter-house (dwelling with great skill on the browns and reds of various tints of blood) would have displayed enthusiasm and attained eminence as a knacker.

At all events, it is true, in an important sense, that the Genius of Protestantism and the Protestantism of Genius alike produce the quality of character called Individualism. As the Protestant, like Luther, can do no other than assert his own responsibility before God, and therefore, ultimately, his own independence of man, since he is

himself and no other, and no other man can be he, or answer for him; so the genius who is possessed with thoughts of his own feels that he can but assert his own thought and no other. He will be silent if he must, and turn his power to other work, as Dürer, Leonardo, and M. Angelo wasted much of their time in engineering, when it was required of them; but his art can only come forth from him as it has been put in him. It pleases God to bring out or call attention to new forms of truth by such men, and half consciously or consciously they do their commission.

With all their differences of character and circumstance, Michael Angelo and Rembrandt have this element of originality in common—an element in their character it may well be called, since it defies resolution or analysis. Their works are accordingly hard to appreciate at first, and afterwards almost overpowering to the student who has advanced within their range. Both may be called Protestants in ignoring established rule and conventionality, though we are unable to find much evidence in Rembrandt of the deep personal religion of Buonarotti. It may be that, as M. Coquerel thinks, the Carpenter's shop of the Louvre is really a Dutch devotional treatment of the Holy Family of Nazareth. It may be maintained that the seasick disciple in the storm of Tiberius, or the disgusting detail in the baptism in Jordan, do not deprive the pictures of religious character—that is to say, do not show that the mind of the painter was destitute of religious feeling when he painted them: we must think they do. But some stomachs are stronger than others, and M. Coquerel's study of Dutch art must have given his a quite athletic training. We cannot think that Rembrandt's spiritual gifts were used with much spiritual feeling; his power of mind, vast as it is, is rather gnome-like than angelic in its humour; and not seldom he debases the 'grotesque laughter of the Goth' into unclean jesting. Yet some of the very greatest efforts of his mind and art have been devoted to sacred subject, and some of his coarseness may be traced to an overstrained Realism. We are uncharitable enough to deny the proverb that to the pure all things are pure; but we may admit that to seventeenth-century Dutchmen most things were necessarily gross.

Generalisations about the effect of circumstance and surroundings on the work of a painter are easy and interesting to make; but they seldom lead to decisive conclusions. Their chief use is to account for frailty: a man's errors always form too great part of his history, and his fellow-men will generally understand his errors best as warpings and cracks, better or worse resisted by the fibres of his soul. To take up M. Coquerel's metaphor, a man may be ill-stretched and all askew in the 'cadre naturel' of his life: all men are so more or less. But a well-drawn figure framed askew is better than an ill-drawn one, for all that; and a pure and high heart will hold its upward growth like a fir-tree. There is great beauty and truth in M.

Coquerel's descriptions of the effects of the heavy atmosphere and flat gray horizon of Holland on the eye and mind of the painter; as in his reflections on the stubborn vigour of the Dutch character, the temper of a race who had first created, as it were, the soil they lived on, and then made it and freedom doubly their own by wasting war and bitter suffering. Hood compared Rotterdam to 'a sort of vulgar Venice.' What a curious succession of parallels he might have added, with what play of contrast and likeness, between the Lagune and Dutch polders, between Rembrandt and Titian, Attila and Alva, the fugitives from Altinum to Torcello and Rio Alto, and the landless ones, the Gueux de Mer! No doubt it seems probable, *à priori*, that any man in Rembrandt's country and climate would be likely to paint on his system of economising light and gaining effect by darkness on darkness. Yet Leonardo's is the same, with greater economy and subtlety of shade. Rembrandt and his school were essentially stay-at-home painters; but modern facilities of travel, or some other causes, have fairly reversed this cause and effect in our own time. Instead of our dwellers in mist and rain delighting in darkness, they all go in for colour; or they were doing so till quite lately. Titian, Veronese, and Turner are still the masters of English painting. Within the last few years our schools have felt their deficiences in drawing, and many of the best of our younger workmen have adopted French or Flemish tones of subdued colour, and imitated their favourite, though methodical oppositions of deep purple-gray with harvest or sand-yellow; or again with green and sparingly-admitted rose-colour; or white, rose, and green. This is for a time, we hope, and for purposes of study. But even in Paris, three years back, to walk out of the French galleries into the English one was like exchanging shade for sunshine. In fact, there is no reasoning absolutely from atmospheric conditions to genius, conception, and execution. A colourist will stay at home, and paint all the hues of heaven, and turn clouds into glory of steep form and sunset light. Turner would have been a colourist in Amsterdam: only look at the 'Wreck of the Dutch East Indiaman,' and see the brightness obtained by contrast of the floating oranges with the green sea, and that, again, with the great light of the breaking gale. It was not want of colour in heaven or earth which made Dutchmen paint in dull grays; it was long sitting amid clouds of smoke in their accustomed pothouses. White and yellow will paint a bright picture in any climate if they are properly handled, and all the Dutch school might have used them if they would. There was no want of skill, but of feeling. Cuyp in power of light is really a kind of fuddled Phœbus; but his light seemeth always not only after-noon, but after-dinner light. Colour depends, in fact, on individual fineness of perceptions and delicacy of sensation; and fineness of perception depends on God's making of a man, and how far the man has done himself justice. A

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

'THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.'

man's work is doubtless affected by climate; but it is through the medium of his character.

Rembrandt was certainly a Protestant against all conventional rule, as well as in the creed he professed. Whether his Protestantism was like that of Michael Angelo—deep individual belief in Christ the Lord, permitting no human mediator with the Mediator—we cannot and will not judge. About Buonarotti there can be no question; and M. Coquerel should be read by all students of him. These essays point out admirably how he was both a child of the Renaissance and a precursor of the Reformation; full of the classical or Hellenic spirit, but trained in the Gothic schools, and faithful to Masaccio; passionate beyond all men, not impure; human in thought always, never heathen; filled with all the inspirations of revived learning, but turning, as one whose life was hid in Christ, from the paganism of Politian and Marsilio Ficino. He has no idea of taking Plato for his master instead of the Redeemer; yet the Platonic thought of Beauty, as a remembrance or *ἀνάμνησις* of the soul, is dear to him; so great a thing must be born in man as a sign of God to him. And thus he gives himself to a religious quest of beauty; not as a religious thing, specially connected with ecclesiastical service of God; but as a great and wonderful work of God—a chief evidence of His hand in the world. Sometimes he seems to lose it in sublimity, in works of transcendent spiritual power, where common eyes see no beauty to their taste; sometimes he is daring to grossness, as in the Leda, or to convulsion, as here and there in the Sistine. He is said to have introduced for the first time nude figures into sacred subject, because of the honour due to our mortal body since the Redeemer assumed it. His athleticism may be defended, I think, if it be considered as symbolism of power and majesty. It is a kind of protest against the ascetic or feminine ideal of Divinity or saintliness. All mankind, and Michael Angelo among the first, felt new powers at the time of the Renaissance, and new sense of beauty; he could not represent the Divine representative of humanity as unadorned with human strength and grandeur. As Francia and Perugino adorn the stable of the Nativity with Lombardic architecture and verdurous landscape, partly in reverence and partly for pleasure in their art, so Buonarotti adorns the presence of the Lord with his splendid drawing of sinew and muscle.

Besides the degeneracy and failure of asceticism as an object of life was in his day patent to the eyes of all Christian men and to other eyes also. Every man saw, whether with religious or irreligious temper, that poverty, maceration, and death in life would no longer avail, even to keep man or woman in ordinary purity and righteousness. The world was seen, by bad and good, to be a place not to starve in, but to learn and labour in. The great Renaissance, of which the Reformation was a consequence or corollary, taught all men that thought and know-

ledge, even mere learning, were things of power, to be dealt with and used as effectually as sword and lance. Good men and bad, Christian and heathen, and certainly the greatest man in Italy, felt that new worlds were before them to conquer; and that religion, in the strict sense of the term—i.e. Monasticism—meant prohibition to the fresh and glorious activities of man's spirit. And Michael Angelo protested with others in favour of them: knowledge and the exercise of imagination, he felt, were God's gifts to man, though man might take them thanklessly and use them godlessly. Dante had protested against the temporal power, Savonarola against intolerable sins, as pious citizen and true priest. The majority of the scholars of the Renaissance protested in favour of learning and against religion, as objects of life. In Michael Angelo, the Renaissance possessed, and disregarded, a man in whom scientific advancement and creative power were coloured and ruled by the Christian faith. As M. Coquerel says, quoting the last sonnet and the dying words (referred to in 'Contemporary Review,' vol. vi. p. 373–4), 'L'unique ressource de Michel Ange, c'est Jesus Christ.'

But the great master was under another influence, which rules court, camp, and grove, and mingles powerfully in art, so as to raise a main question in what is called artistic Protestantism. It is impossible to say what influence the love of Vittoria Colonna ('adepte de la Réforme,' as M. Coquerel calls her[1]) may have had on the mind of Angelo. The parallel or analogy between their affection and that of Dante and Beatrice is very close. Beatrice was dead; so was the Colonna to him who loved her; but the mighty and unearthly affection of which such spirits are made capable bears no relation to death and the grave. The course of these men's love has flowed very silently, considering the expression they might have given it had they been so minded. But what we call their Protestantism is connected beyond doubt with their avowed love and desire each man of one who might have been his. However it may be in these days,[2] at that time honourable love seems to have been dishonoured and denied on both extremes, both by those who clung to the wrecks of the old ascetic religious life, and the Platonic eruditi on the other. It was not as if one party protested in favour of marriage and love and honour and the joining of souls and bodies; and the other renounced it as carnal: for both sides denied and scorned wedded honour alike. To the monk it was still licensed concubinage. We remember seeing that refined epithet applied to marriage by some Malthusian Essene. To the men of the Renaissance marriage was not only a civil contract, but a contract which need not be observed. The remembrance of Dante's ideal devotion all through life, or of Angelo's steadfast

[1] She was a pupil of Occhino, the reforming Venetian Capucin, also of Contarini. See Grimm's *Michael Angelo*, ii. 235.

[2] Lecky's *Hist. Civ.*

affection, and the austere honour which could give heart and soul to a woman yet never kiss her hand, would be about as well understood by a monk as by a Medici, or by a lansquenet of the Black Bands, or by a modern man on town. The right relation of the sexes, and its degradation or denial, affected Art [and Protestantism at the same time and in the same way: and it always will be so. It may be said that as love and honourable wedlock and the double life are the crown and perfection of life, if it be only for their store of varied experience and extended knowledge of joy and pain—so right dealing with the beauty of women in Art is the flower-crown of Art: it may not be the greatest thing to be done in or by Art, yet it is the most purely artistic thing. At all events, women and their beauty are to Art what they are to Life, a fact which may be dealt with right or wrong, but cannot be passed by or ignored. The ascetic system tried to ignore them: and it may be said that the immorality of social life which prevailed at the Renaissance was caused in great measure by the fact that all the purest minds and tenderest hearts of men and women were continually being withdrawn from family and social life, where they could give example of purity in the world, and assembled in convents, where they could only emulate each other in the conventual virtues, perhaps sometimes only try each other's powers of mutual endurance. For a time the ascetic establishments bore witness for the Faith to the world, as men could then receive the Faith and understand the Christian life. For centuries they were refuges from violence, centres of labour and learning, standards of protest set up, as it seemed, for ever, against the all-prevailing rule of brute force. The Benedictines preserved and replanted the seeds of all arts and sciences, from agriculture to Church music and manuscript illumination. The Franciscans, in after days, by their third order of minors, as well as by their preaching, showed knights and barons that devout life was possible for them also, and thus brought an adaptation of the convent virtues within reach of the people. Then the time came when ascetic practice was set against and preferred to righteousness, and withered accordingly: till men came to look on it as inhuman technicality, and not virtue, and convents seemed not centres of toil and holiness, but of vice and idleness. Then it was felt that the ascetic principle had deprived the Christian world of a Christian liberty, and directed the eyes of all men and women to a celibate ideal which was in fact not a true one, unless exceptionally asserted. For times of utter distress, for the darkest ages of Italy and the world, the celibate life had St. Paul's moderate counsel in its favour. That advice had been made an iron rule, and had broken in course of time. Hildebrand had virtually turned the whole clergy into a monastic order by enforced celibacy; and in cutting them off as ministers of Christ from the laity it was found that he had done much to cut off the laity from them and from Christ. Then came the severer Manicheism of the mendicant orders.

They represented religion to the world in the fourteenth century, and they concentrated all spiritual life and power in the Pope; and the Papacy, on the whole, was being tried and found wanting in the fifteenth and sixteenth. Then came the civil and European protest of the Renaissance—that is to say, the determination 'to escape from the unhealthy atmosphere of clerical despotism, to the rule of positive law—harsher it might be, but surely less corrupting.'

But this determination could not have prevailed in the empire or through Europe but for the deeper and sturdier religious protest of Germany against intolerable falsehood of doctrine. Dürer and Holbein give us the protest of German Art. For the former, his whole character seems to be opened before us in passages like the lament in his diary over Luther's supposed captivity and death: for which let all men seek Mr. Scott's 'Life and Works of Albert Dürer,' p. 156. Holbein's woodcuts of the 'Indulgence Shop' and 'The Light of Truth' probably had a wider range of effective assertion of personal repentance and seeking of God than any written work of the time. These men are much to be preferred to Rembrandt as examples of Teutonic Art-Protestantism—but I must ask for another paper in 'Dark Blue' to finish the comparison between the German and Italian 'Religio Pictoris' in the Renaissance.

R. St.-John Tyrwhitt.

# In August.

Summer declines and roses have grown rare,
But cottage crofts are gay with hollyhocks,
And in old garden-walks you breathe an air
Fragrant of pinks and August-smelling stocks.
The soul of the delicious mignonette
Floats on the wind and tempts the vagrant bees
From the pale purple spikes of lavender,
Waking a fond regret
For dead July, whose children the sweet-peas
Are sipped by butterflies with wings astir.

Evenings are chill, though in the glowing noon
Swelled peaches bask along a sunny wall,
And mellowing apricots turn gold—too soon
For him who loves not to be near the fall
Of the yet deathless leaves. Pale jessamine
Speaks, with her lucid stars, of shortening days
To spreading fuchsias clad in crimson bells,
Lurking beneath the twine
Of odorous clematis, whose bowery maze
Of gadding flowers the same sad story tells.

Now from the sky fall sudden gleams of light
Athwart the plain. Black poplars in the breeze
Whiten—the willows flashing silvery white
At every gust against dark rain-clouds: these
Glooming beneath their crowns of massy snow,
And soaring onward with the wind that rocks
The sprouted elms, and shadowing as they pass
Broad corn-fields ripening slow
In upland farms, where still the undrawn cocks
Stand brown amid the verdurous aftergrass.

Now scream the curlews on the wild west coast,
And sea-birds sport in the sunned ocean—blue
As the intense of heaven. The crested host
Of mighty billows endlessly pursue
Each other in their glorious lion-play,
Surging against the cliffs with thunderous roar,
Till the black rocks seethe in thick-creaming foam,
And bursts of rainbowed spray
Fly o'er the craggy barriers far inshore,
Drenching the thrift in its storm-buffeted home.

Now is the season when soft melancholy
Broods o'er the fields at solemn evenfall,
The golden-clouded sunset dying slowly
From the clear west, ere yet the starry pall
Of night is silvered by the harvest moon:
When the year's blood runs rich as luscious wine
With honied ripeness: when the robin's song
Fills the grey afternoon
With warbled hope; and memories divine
Crowd to the heart of days forgotten long.

AUREOLUS PARACELSUS.

# My Sketch-Book in China & Japan.

Undoubtedly the first and most lasting impression which China and the Chinese convey to the mind of the foreigner is that of grotesqueness. All instinctively realise the truth of this, yet few know the reason of it. To Europeans China appears grotesque simply and solely because the customs and manners of the people are so opposite to our own. Socially no less than physically they are our *antipodes*. Their habits are as opposite to ours as the direction of their bodies. In getting on a horse the Chinese mount on the right side. The left-hand seat at table is the seat of honour, and to retain your hat during a call is esteemed a mark of respect. Visiting cards are painted a bright vermilion colour, and are not unfrequently three feet long. A married woman, while young and pretty, is a slave; but when she becomes old and withered is frequently the most powerful and respected person in the family. When a Chinaman furnishes his house, instead of buying a rosewood piano or a carved cheffonier as his European brother would do, he invests in a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which he carefully keeps in the best place in his house. No wonder, with such an object perpetually reminding him of his latter end, that we find the average Chinaman a sombre and somewhat melancholy personage.

Their indoor social life, strange as it appears to us, is, if possible, less remarkable than their outdoor industrial habits. Their military customs and costume are especially peculiar. Their soldiers, instead of casing themselves in helmet, cuirass, and gamashes, wear quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carry comparatively harmless weapons, and rush to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being apparently more afraid of the dark than of the attack of the enemy. Ladies ride about in wheelbarrows, while cows are driven in carriages. On the road to the Great Wall, between Peking and the Nankow Pass, I sketched a characteristic group, which I regret for want of space I cannot reproduce here. It consisted of a stout, intelligent-looking coolie wheeling a barrow which contained a buxom young woman whose feet dangled from one side of the wheel, while a large and not over savoury-smelling pig snored composedly on the other.

Chinamen of every class and grade, as is well known, are passionately fond of fireworks, but prefer to exhibit them in the daytime. While in Europe the feet of culprits are put in the stocks, among these strange people the stocks are hung round the neck.

China has long been famous for its canals and its wonderful system of inland navigation. The means adopted for land locomotion are, however, scarcely less peculiar than those in vogue on the water; for while their boats are almost universally drawn by men, their carriages and carts are in favourable weather as invariably propelled by sails.

In China the family name comes first, and the Christian or given name afterwards. Their mourning colour is white, instead of black as with us, and they mourn their parents three years. They resemble us in one thing, however, though they differ slighly in their method of showing it. They are fond of good living and indeed are great epicures *in their way*. A Chinaman will not drink a drop of milk, but he will devour birds' nests, snails, and the fins of sharks with the keenest relish. Instead, however, of indulging in the discordant clatter of knives and forks so characteristic of an English dinner, they toss their meat into their mouths to a tune, every man keeping time with his chop-sticks. The tune, however, is not generally either musical or provocative of appetite, and a Chinese dinner is usually a very tame affair.

The Chinese from time immemorial have been accustomed to speak of all foreigners as 'barbarians,' while foreigners have retorted in the same uncomplimentary terms. As we have failed to discover any standard of civilisation which shall apply with equal justice to both, it is quite impossible to decide on which side the point of accusation lies; but certainly if the *barber* be accepted as a model, and his operations as a specimen of the prevailing habits of the people, the Chinese may justly be styled the most *barbarous* nation on earth.

They swarm over the land like the frogs of Egypt: north, south, east, and west throughout the immense empire they are everywhere met with. As well try to get out of the reach of the British tax-gatherer, or escape the metropolitan 'bobby,' as to seek to evade the ubiquitous 'shaver of scalps' in China. Mechi, with his half-guinea razors, patent razor-strops, Naples soaps, and wonderful creams and cosmetics, has well-nigh induced every Englishman to become his own barber. But it is far otherwise in the land ruled by the Brother of the Sun. No Chinaman is his own barber; indeed, as the top of his head is usually the only part which requires his attention (for the beard of the Chinese does not give him much trouble) it would be a task fraught with too much danger to hazard the attempt of shaving himself. This of course gives employment to a vast number of persons. In Canton alone the number of barbers is computed at between seven and eight thousand, or an average of one to every forty inhabitants.

Both the practice of shaving and the style of 'shop' in which the operation is performed vary in different sections of the country.

In all parts of the south of China, the barbers are 'ambulatory,' each carrying his shop on his back and performing his tonsorial art in the open street. In Peking and throughout the north, on the other hand, the barbers have shops which, as in the case with most other Chinese shops, are open to the street, but without counters and ordinarily of very rude construction. The only ornamentation which they can be said to possess is a very questionable one in the eyes of foreigners, consisting generally of gross caricatures of foreigners and their habits. They are, however, furnished with chairs and small basin-stands. If the weather be hot, the chair or stool is placed just outside the threshold, and the operation of shaving is conducted in the open street.

'Shampooing' not unfrequently accompanies shaving, but in this, as in almost everything else Chinese, the European practice is reversed, the 'shampoo' preceding instead of following the application of the razor.

I submitted to the operation in Peking as an experiment, and have to this day a lively recollection of the performance. Stretched at full length on a bamboo seat or easy chair I was pummelled all over the body, but more particularly on the chest, legs, and arms, by a stout, brawny attendant with his partially closed fists, after the style once so popular at the 'Hammam,' till I was fain to cry *Peccavi*. Sometimes the 'douche' is administered, but only rarely.

The barber's outfit is simple, consisting of a good razor, which costs about three pence, a strop which usually is nothing more than a strip of stoutish calico cloth costing a penny more.

The chief items of expense in this elaborate 'kit' are the accessories. The metal basin and the bamboo pail underneath, and the pole surmounting all, which serves as the emblem of his craft, are, however, scarcely more expensive than the razor and strop, so that on the whole it does not cost very much to furnish a barber's shop in China. The tariff of charges of those engaged in this branch of industry is correspondingly low. Three 'cash,' equal to about half a farthing of British money, is the sum ordinarily asked for simply shaving the head. If the queue is plaited and interwoven with fresh silk the scale of charge correspondingly rises. Shaving and braiding the queue, re-tailing a worn-out stump, and shampooing constitute all the arts required of the barber. False moustaches and beards of a rude kind, such as are worn by actors in the public shows, are not made by his hands, and of making perukes and wigs, so much in vogue among the civilised nations of Europe, he is altogether ignorant. In fact, the Chinese gentleman is far from being so particular about his head as the English gentleman is about his beard: where the latter shaves at all he usually shaves daily; if he dines out he will often

repeat the operation during the twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the majority of even the better classes in China shave but twice a week and the labouring classes but once.

In the case of mourning the law—or rather recognised custom, more powerful than law—is to permit the head to go unshaven for months, the precise time being regulated by the measure of relationship to the deceased. But as the thirteen months' exemption from shaving prescribed for the loss of either of one's parents if rigidly enforced would produce a crop of hair too exuberant for even Chinese society to endure, where strict regard for etiquette forbids the clean polish of the razor-blade, other expedients are brought into requisition to keep the stumps of the hair within due bounds.

Since the incoming of the Mantchou power barbers' shops, primitive and simple as they are now, must have undergone a more marked change than those we are accustomed to see nearer home, for the native Chinese, till they received this badge of a foreign yoke, did not allow either knife or scissors to pass upon their head, but were the 'long-haired race' which the Taeping insurgents are wishing to become. Previous to their subjection by the Tartars, the fashion was to bind the long hair in a knot on the top of the head, and there to fasten it with a wooden or metal pin, as is often represented in the old pictures of the Ming dynasty. The art of hair-cutting as practised in the west is as yet unknown to the Chinese barber. It is but rarely therefore that a foreigner calls in the aid of native skill. Only indeed when he assumes the garb of the country and goes into the interior does he find it necessary. This indeed forms the *coup de grâce* to the foreigner's metamorphosis. The 'tail' fastened on to the back hair deceives even the practised eye of the native, and, as Mr. Fortune has drily observed, 'even the dogs cease to notice him.'

In China no tonsorial art is required for the women's hair. They are invariably their own hairdressers, and with their own nimble fingers give shape and substance to the 'butterfly wings' and 'tea-pot' embellishments which form to European eyes so striking a feature of the female *coiffure* in China.

My sketch of the barber and the peculiarities of his professional career would hardly be complete without some mention of his humble co-worker, 'the collector of refuse hair,' who represents a very numerous class in China, who occupy about the same round of the social ladder as the *chiffonniers* of Paris and the rag and bone pickers of Paddington, only much more numerous, and if the truth could be ascertained, much more miserable than they. Yet even the poor abject picker up of refuse hair is not without interest to his fellow-mortals. Indeed to many he is possessed of a very considerable interest. He, too, 'has his friend at court,' though dressed in uncouth garb as befits his rank and station as court head-dresser.

Even he may aspire to the dignity of hair collector to the chie barber and tail maker extraordinary to his Effulgent Majesty Ho-Ki-Po-Ki-Win-Ki-Wum, Emperor of all the Chinas. Through the instrumentality of the hair-worker and the maker of moustaches the contents of the ample wicker basket which he carries so gracefully at his back—the product of many a weary round and of many a long and painful search in remote and unsavoury corners—have been introduced to better society, and after undergoing the combings, pickings, and sortings, and various manipulations only possible at the hands of the painstaking and plodding Chinese, and after being exhibited in various shop windows for the admiration of the whole populace, will doubtless at last hang picturesquely from some Celestial's head.

Following the barber—in strange juxtaposition as it will doubtless seem to some readers—comes the doctor feeling the pulse of his patient. But why so strange? for if we are to believe Holbein's quaint picture of Bluff King Hal and the Barber-surgeons, it is not so long since both professions were practised by the same individual here in England. In Japan the physician, though as a general rule lamentably deficient in knowledge of the healing art, enjoys a good social position, and holds his head as high as any in the land. He is entitled to wear two swords —the universal standard of rank throughout the empire—the simple fact of his practising medicine entitling him to this distinction without the possession of any diploma. The scanty knowledge of Materia Medica enjoyed by the Japanese 'faculty' seems to have for the most part been borrowed from the Chinese, and more recently from translations of Dutch works. They make formidable display of medicines, which, though usually simple herb and root preparations, are nevertheless done up and labelled with pretentious care. The square box in the right-hand corner of our sketch represents the medicine chest, the open drawer of which exposes to view an assortment of grotesquely labelled and ornamented packages. Another drawer similarly stocked rests immediately in the foreground of the picture, and within easy reach of the doctor. With the contents of the last-named packages—to judge by her pouting lip and the evident 'cast' of her eye in that direction—there seems to exist in the mind of the fair patient a strong suspicion of an early acquaintance.

E. Hepple Hall.

[*To be continued.*]

# The Colonial Empire of England.

A Canadian 'Team' of Rifle Volunteers, who came over some days ago to compete at Wimbledon, were treated in a manner which aptly illustrates the position of the colonies in what we are accustomed to call our Empire. They have been received hospitably enough as fellow-subjects arming themselves for the same purpose of national defence as our own citizen soldiers, but they have been refused permission to enter into competition with the English, Scotch, and Irish Eights for the International Challenge Shield. The authorities at Wimbledon seem to have arrived at a clearer perception of the actual position of the colonies as component parts of an imperial system than the well-meaning persons who periodically set about hatching schemes of imperial federation in the Council chambers of the Cannon Street and Westminster Palace Hotels. The Wimbledon committee have had the sense to see—what Mr. Froude, we are afraid, will never learn—that the North American and Australian colonies are not constituent elements of British nationality politically regarded, but independent communities loosely linked on to the mother country by what has ceased to be anything more than an imaginary tie. Whether the committee of the National Rifle Association meant to convey this lesson or not, they have called attention to the anomalous relations actually subsisting between England and her colonies. No time can be more opportune for the enquiry, What is the real meaning of this word 'Empire,' with which it is so easy to dazzle national vanity and excuse the most profligate squandering of the public revenue?

For at this moment we hear on all sides that we must abandon for ever our pleasant dream of reducing indefinitely our military and naval estimates, entering upon a fiscal paradise of recurrent surpluses and diminishing taxation. We are told, and we do not dispute it, that the overthrow of France, and the foundation of the Prussianised German *Reich*, has not only revealed the perils of our own military weakness, but has imposed upon us the duty of providing an effective system of defence for the Empire. It may be freely admitted that this duty is one not to be evaded or postponed; that it is a part of the civil obligation of every man to secure the liberties, the prosperity, and the national independence of his country against foreign aggres-

sion. But let us remember that a heavy burden is thus imposed on a people who are with difficulty able to sustain it. The wealth of England has doubtless increased enormously since the political horizon was last darkened with the clouds of a revolutionary movement. The rich are richer now than they were in 1848, and the increase of our population at the net rate (allowing for emigrants) of 705 a day, promises to give those who control production an increasing power of money-making. But are there fewer poor now than there were when the middle class stamped out Chartism? Are these poor less wretched, less helpless in their wretchedness, less hopeless of any amelioration of their lot? Whether we provide for our reorganised army by imposing additional taxation, or adopt the more fashionable Prussian doctrine of compulsory personal service, we must look the danger hidden under the crust of our civilisation fairly in the face. The 'dim common populations,' the silent sullen 'inarticulate' masses, are the stuff of which revolutions, such as that which laid Paris in ruins, are made. Tax them or arm them—these are the alternatives of national defence which the European *culbute générale* seems to have left us. If we cannot avoid the danger, let us at all events confine it within the narrowest limits. It is enough for us to undertake the defence of our country; but we are told that we must provide in addition for the protection of our Empire.

Mr. Disraeli, in the ornate peroration of one of his speeches on foreign policy, told the House of Commons that 'if England were attacked, or *her Empire endangered*, she would arise again in the magnificence of her might, and battle triumphantly against a world in arms.' It is against this equalising of the two perils that we are bound to protest. The safety of England is of supreme concern to all of us, and poor as well as rich would freely spend their lives and livelihood in such a cause. But what is this Empire for which we are to be equally prepared to fight to the last man and the last shilling? Is it a thing for which a Lancashire factory hand, or a Spitalfields weaver, ought to be asked to fight? The question is at least pertinent, and the answer is not, in our judgment, far to seek.

An Empire may mean one of many different things, and the word in any case carries an imposing sound and a wealth of inspiring traditions. But the name is not the thing. An Empire means power vigorously wielded, strength disciplined and concentrated, a sustained and broadly-based policy. Above all it includes the notion of some distinct advantages, secured by the imperial race, either a tribute or an accession of military strength, or a monopoly of commercial privileges. The Empire of Rome secured all these magnificent gains. The provinces contributed to the wealth of the imperial city, provided places for her rapacious nobles and successful demagogues, recruited her armies, made her the centre of the commerce of the ancient world. The Empire of the Spaniards in the New World, blood-stained and ruthless

as it was, enriched Spain, enabled Charles and Philip to domineer in the Councils of Europe, and raised the Peninsular monarchy to the pinnacle of power. Louis XIV. and Napoleon, in their dreams of imperial victory, fixed their hopes on the revival of the political ascendancy, the commercial monopoly, the vast military power of the Spanish monarchy. 'The stake I play for is immense,' said the Emperor, in 1807; 'I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.' This is the boast which Schiller puts into the mouth of the King in *Don Karlos*:

> Ich heisse
> Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;
> Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

It has often been repeated of our own Empire, with pre-eminently picturesque vigour in Daniel Webster's famous apostrophe—'A Power to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared—a Power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.'

Does our Empire, 'on which the sun never sets,' resemble that of Rome or of Spain, of the imperial dream of Napoleon? It does not; and we are proud of the distinction. We drag no tribute from unwilling subjects, we recruit our armies in no far-away possessions, we leave the commerce of our colonies completely unfettered. But why, then, do we keep up an appearance of imperial sway of which we have for good reasons parted with the reality. The answers that are most commonly given are, that we maintain our prestige by means of our widely extended Empire, that we exclude other nations from occupying countries where they might seriously interfere with our trade, that we secure the best customers for our exports, and the most valuable markets for our imports of raw material, by keeping the colonists under the British flag. It is added that we harm nobody by retaining the tie which binds us to the self-governing colonies; for we grant them on their side the full privilege of choosing their own institutions, and of raising their own revenue even to the extent of allowing them to tax our manufactures, while we on our side are receding from the costly self-imposed duty we so long discharged of providing military force for the protection and maintenance of peace in those colonies. The argument assumes that therefore this imperial union, which means so little and costs so little, while it terrifies the world into the belief that we are a great Empire, ought therefore to be maintained until the colonists discover its inconvenience and desire to cast it aside.

The reasons adduced have considerable weight as applied to a great part of our dependencies; and with respect to many of our possessions there are principles of national morality which forbid our retiring hastily from the position we have taken up, and the responsibilities we have adopted. India, for example, is really an Empire subjected to an unselfish and beneficial despotism. All the fabric of an ancient and elaborate civilisation—which subsisted in Hindustan before our victorious advent—our arms swept away, and we have allowed nothing of native growth to rise in its place. If we were to abandon India, we should give over the people to all the miseries of anarchy and to the prospect of foreign spoliation. Apart, therefore, from political and commercial advantages—which, on duly striking a balance of loss and gain, we might discover to be shadowy enough—we are bound not to abandon our sovereignty over India. Again, there are several small settlements, some retained as military posts, some as commercial stations, some as political points of observation, to which it would be absurd to offer the privilege of independence. Heligoland, Gibraltar, and Malta, in Europe; the Straits Settlements, Hongkong and Labuan, in Asia; the West African stations, St. Helena, Bermuda, and the Falkland Islands, are perhaps individually worth the high price we pay for holding them. If they are not worth it, we had better get quit of them as soon as we can, and quietly allow the next claimant, who thinks it worth his while, to take them. They cannot stand alone.

But beside these anomalous possessions of ours, the remainder of our Empire, which is the really colonial portion, is made up of two distinct parts. The first division consists of those settlements or colonies which, although in various degrees approaching adolescence, are still recognised to be unfit for representative government, much less for the large responsibilities of independence. In this class we include the West Indies, where representative government has been tried, hitherto with little success; the Bermudas, Mauritius, and Ceylon. In all these countries the problems of administration and constitutional establishment are painfully complicated by the presence of inferior coloured races side by side with the European settlers. Until education and the prolonged enjoyment of freedom have developed among these mixed communities a spirit of kindly toleration and respect on the one side, and on the other self-reliance and sound political judgment, we cannot contemplate a disruption of their union with England. As in the case of India, we should be inflicting a wrong upon the communities we have thus held in tutelage, were we to cast them adrift before they have learned how to walk alone.

But there remain a group of nominal dependencies, in truth independent communities, of which England, 'the august mother of free nations,' has most reason to be proud. The colonies in North America, recently confederated under the title of the Canadian Dominion, have a population of more than 4,000,000, a territory of rich and varied

fertility extending across the entire continent, a seaboard on the Atlantic with several magnificent harbours, and a great navigable river stretching to the centre of the country. In Australia we have a population of more than 2,000,000, divided among six governments, which ought to be united, and cannot, in fact, long resist the tendency towards union. New Zealand has a population of nearly 300,000. The South African colonies, the Cape and Natal, have close upon 800,000 inhabitants. All these settlements possess representative institutions, and all, with the exception of the Cape and Natal, have responsible governments. The imperial Parliament is still nominally supreme over the local legislatures, but in reality its control is as dead for all practical purposes as the veto of the Sovereign at home, which no English monarch has ventured to exercise since the days of Queen Anne. They enjoy, and freely exercise, all the powers of independent nations towards the mother country; and for many years our overtaxed workmen were laden with the burden of providing for costly wars against Kafirs, on behalf of our well-to-do 'fellow-subjects' in South Africa, and against Maoris on behalf of our aggressive brethren in New Zealand. At last an end has been put to this costly and unjust devolution of responsibility upon the mother country. The colonies have been plainly told that they must provide for their own defence; and since this fiat has gone forth from the Colonial Office, the Canadian Dominion and the Australian settlements have made active and praiseworthy efforts to organise a proper force for their own protection.

'Plantations,' says Bacon, in one of his shrewdest essays, 'are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works,' and England in her time has done her duty nobly as a colonising power. But it is not to be supposed that a colonising country is bound always to retain her daughter nations in dependence. Above all, she is not bound to retain them if her own population, growing every day more numerous, is sinking under the burden of Empire, while these new communities, freed from the responsibilities of independence, yet enjoying the utmost license of action, weigh upon her and imperil her difficult course. It has been admitted, on every side, that England could not undertake to defend the frontier of Canada against the United States, if American hostility to this country had involved the colony in a war with its powerful neighbour. Yet while we still had a few regiments on Canadian territory, the colonists, relying on their irresponsibility and on our protectorate, indulged in most unfortunate provocations towards the great republic. It was Teucer, light-armed and light-hearted, sending random shafts of mischief from his ambush behind the buckler of Ajax.

Our Empire is still a boast with the unthinking, but to the thoughtful it is a subject for serious reflection. Yet, until a cloud of political danger darkens our sky, we are deaf and blind to lesser warnings. There is too much truth in the grim picture of England's destiny that a poet of our own day has given us:

Yes! we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan with deaf
Ears and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Rearing on shoulders immense,
Atlanteän, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.[1]

Are there no statesmen among us with courage to face the situation, and, casting aside the hollow pride of Empire and the mask of illusory prestige, to protest that the ship must be lightened? We have said that where we have undertaken moral responsibilities we ought not lightly to abandon them, but in the case of the self-governing colonies we have parted with any such responsibilities long ago. We do not control them, and they do not aid us. They give us neither men for our armies nor money for our treasury, and if we attempt even to interfere as advisers, they quickly let us know that they will not have us meddle with their independence.

But while it is admitted that the colonies no longer pay us tribute either directly as a contribution to the imperial exchequer or indirectly by reserving to the mother country a commercial monopoly; while it is acknowledged that they impose protective duties on our manufactures as rigidly as the American protectionists themselves; while no pretence is made that they would give us material military aid or share in the unnecessary burdens of an European war; it is contended that they are 'our best customers,' the main sources for the supplies of raw material to all our industries, and the entrepôts of our trade all over the world. Ten years ago Mr. Goldwin Smith took the trouble to prove the inexactitude and irrelevancy of these statements. But sonorous phrases such as we have cited glide so easily into the place of sound economical reasoning, that it is not surprising to find them still flourishing in books written to uphold our colonial system and in the declamation of irresponsible imperialist orators.

The point in dispute may be re-stated succinctly, for the sake of clearness. The advocates of colonial emancipation affirm that all the commercial advantages, not of colonies, but of retaining self-governing colonies in a condition of dependency, have disappeared with the abolition of the monopoly of the colonial trade; that we possess no special privileges now in trading with the colonists; that they tax us precisely as foreign countries tax us; and that our commerce with them could suffer in no way by the severance of the existing fantastical bond of union. We are told in reply that colonies create customers, which no one ever doubted; no one has ever challenged the value of colonisation,

[1] *Matthew Arnold's Poems*, vol. ii. p. 206; 'Heine's Grave.'

which is surely not identical with the policy of keeping colonies dependent, feeble and obscure. But it is added that the colonies are our *best* customers—an assertion often disproved, but still constantly repeated. The statement is grotesquely at variance with the facts.

It is to be remarked, in the first place, that the notion that trade—except so far as it suffers inevitably under a protective system, such as the Canadians and Australians so thoroughly appreciate—is in any way dependent upon sentimental ideas about governments and flags, is a curious specimen of the intellectual fossil. Trade is governed by natural laws as irreversible as those which rule the motions of bodies; the tendency of commerce to seek its natural outlets is irresistible, and all that protection can do is to turn it from those natural outlets into more distant and devious channels. Measures like Napoleon's Berlin and Milan Decrees, and our retaliatory Orders in Council, failed to dam up the currents of commerce between England, Europe and America. Does anyone dream that a sentimental attachment to the Union Jack would be more potent? If we left Australia to walk alone, would her gold-fields cease to send us bullion, her sheep-walks to send us wool, her pasturages to supply our meat-markets? Would her citizens suddenly give up wearing English cottons and woollens—as the irate Bostonians determined to abandon the British-taxed custom of tea-drinking? Those who maintain that our colonies are the mainstay of our commerce, and use the assertion as an argument for the policy of dependency, assume the probability at least of the foregoing absurdities. We can bring the question, however, to a practical test. In 1761 England possessed the whole of that splendid region which now forms the territory of the American Union. By a series of crimes and follies we alienated our loyal colonists, drove them into rebellion, fought an obstinate war to maintain our Empire, were defeated, and at length sullenly acquiesced in the independence of the United States.

In 1761 the entire value of our trade, export and import, with our North American dependencies (including the West Indies) was a little over 7,000,000*l.* In 1865, the last year of the American Civil War, the trade with the United States alone was over 43,000,000*l.* In 1869 it was over 69,000,000*l.* Well may Mr. Merivale remark:[1] 'The trade with those colonies (the North American), though a thriving one, was never in a wholly satisfactory state. . . . As soon as the connection was severed, what was the consequence? Did the industrious colonists become sluggish foreigners, and cease to supply goods fast enough to meet the craving of the Liverpool and London markets? Was our profitable colonial trade turned into a losing foreign trade? All the world knows, on the contrary, that the commerce between the mother country and the colonies was but a peddling traffic compared to that vast international intercourse, the greatest the world had ever known, which

[1] *Merivale*; *Colonisation and Colonies*, pp. 229-230.

grew up between them when they had exchanged the tie of subjection for that of equality.

> ἢ φίλους ἀεὶ φίλοις,
> πόλεις τε πόλεσι συμμάχοις τε συμμάχοις
> συνδεῖ.'

Such is the judgment not only of a skilled and erudite economist, but of an administrator who has presided with distinguished ability and success over the permanent staff of the Colonial Office. Why should we doubt that the development of commerce which followed the secession of the United States from our Empire, although they parted from us in anger and bitterness, would be replaced, in the event of a peaceful and kindly separation from our self-governing colonies, by a rapid extinction or permanent decline of trade?

We pass, however from the argument that the colonies would cease to be our customers to the assertion that they are now our best customers. In reply to this statement we shall merely exhibit, in a tabular form, the totals, and the leading particulars, of our export and import trade in 1869:

| *Exports.* | | *Imports.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Total to British Possessions, including India, Military Stations, &c. | 51 millions sterling | Total from British Possessions, including India, &c. | 70 millions sterling |
| Total to Foreign Countries . . . | 185 millions sterling | Total from Foreign Countries . . . | 225 millions sterling |

It is to be observed that in speaking of colonial trade we refer to that of the self-governing colonies; those in Australasia, North America, and South Africa. From these the total exports to the mother country amounted in value to less than 22,000,000*l.*, in the year referred to; the imports from Britain in the same year were 23,000,000*l.*, not much more than one-third of the entire trade to the 'British possessions.'

Descending to a comparison of particulars, we find in 1869:

| *Our Imports from—* | | *Our Exports to—* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| The United States . . | £42,573,000 | The United States . . | £26,787,000 |
| France . . . . | 33,527,000 | France . . . . | 23,277,000 |
| North Germany . . | 18,350,000 | North Germany . . | 32,070,000 |
| Russia . . . . | 16,674,000 | Russia . . . . | 9,653,000 |
| Egypt . . . . | 16,796,000 | Egypt . . . . | 8,072,000 |
| Holland . . . . | 12,739,000 | Holland . . . . | 17,383,000 |
| Belgium . . . . | 9,391,000 | Belgium . . . . | 8,012,000 |
| Turkey . . . . | 7,584,000 | Turkey . . . . | 6,064,000 |
| India (British) . . . | 33,245,000 | India (British) . . . | 18,510,000 |
| *Self-governing Colonies—* | | *Self-governing Colonies—* | |
| In Australasia . . | £12,568,000 | In Australasia . . | £14,381,000 |
| In North America . | 7,731,000 | In North America . . | 5,910,000 |
| In South Africa . . . | 2,725,000 | In South Africa . . . | 1,642,000 |

It is a matter of marvel how, in the face of these figures, writers on colonial questions can persist in claiming for the colonial trade the honour of being the most valuable and secure branch of British commerce. It may be added that the colonial trade does not exhibit any signs of unusually rapid development. Our exports to the North American colonies, in the five years 1839–44, averaged generally 2,700,000*l.*; in the five years 1853–57, they averaged 4,400,000*l.* a year; in 1861, they were only 3,696,000*l.*; and in 1869, 5,910,000*l.* The Australian colonies show considerable and startling variations on both sides of the balance-sheet,[1] but the trade with the South African settlements has fallen off most seriously. The Australian trade, it may be safely asserted, could suffer no diminution by any political change. The export of bullion to England in exchange for English manufactures would surely go on, if Australia were a French colony, just as it does now. Our mastery is obtained by the monopoly which we possess, and are long likely to possess, over the ocean-carrying trade and the community of tastes which must always exist between Englishmen and the descendants of Englishmen settled in distant lands.

But we are told finally, by the most moderate advocates for the retention of the self-governing colonies in a condition of dependence, that, as the tie now costs neither party anything, as we have formally charged the colonies with the duty of self-defence, and as they are in the enjoyment of entire freedom to deal as they please with their political affairs, there is no reason to wish for a formal dissolution of a bond so slender, so harmless, and so unmeaning. As long as the colonists are willing to remain in nominal dependence, there is no reason, it is urged, why we should hastily abandon our nominal protectorate.

The answer is, that the connection, slight and objectless as it is, costs both the colonists and ourselves a great deal. We do not speak here simply of pecuniary expenditure, though the imperial system taxes all the parties to it severely enough. We refer rather to moral and political considerations.

Does the relation of dependence cost the colonies nothing? When the news of Prince Gortschakoff's famous despatch repudiating the Treaty of Paris reached Australia, and there was a question whether the next mail might not bring the account of a declaration of war by England, the colonists set in hot haste about preparing for their defence against a possible naval attack. The notion that Australia should be thrown into alarm and expense because two European Powers fall out respecting the state of the Turkish Empire is a *reductio*

[1] Exports to Australia (in 1863), 18,111,206*l.*; imports from 11,680,000*l.*; in 1865 exports to, 10,283,113*l.*; imports from, 13,352,000*l.*; in 1869, exports to, 14,381,000*l.*; imports from, 12,568,000*l.* The aggregate, in 1869, was about 3,000,000 less than in 1863. Between 1862 and 1869, in the same period, our trade with the United States had risen from 42,000,000*l.* to 69,000,000*l.*

*ad absurdum* of the imperial doctrine. Of course it was the relation of the colonists to England that alone gave them cause to fear war. In the same way it was the ill-feeling between England and the United States that long continued to imperil the peace of the Canadians. If the American and Australian colonies had been independent communities, they need have dreaded no interference; for there is no Power so careless of public opinion, so shamefully rapacious, as to be prepared to gratify spite or greed by an act of unprovoked aggression. But a far worse evil than this liability to be involved in the general troubles of the Empire is the dwarfing influence of a condition of dependence on the character of colonial statesmanship. There is something in the dignity of independence, in the relation of one free country to the rest of the world, that elevates and soberises politicians and Parliaments. We may shut our eyes as much as we can to foreign policy, but the fact that this country is an important unit in the European State-System is always present to our thoughts. The colonies, although absolutely self-governing, are nominally divested of responsibility towards their neighbours and towards the world at large. On the mother-country, they believe, rests the obligation of settling questions of peace and war, of providing for imperial defence. And so it happens that colonial politics sink to the parochial level, and become a mere demoralising squabble between petty parties for petty places.

The price that we pay for the maintenance of our shadowy Empire over these young and fierce democracies is not alone felt in an addition to the cost of our military system, but in a sense of weakness derived from the knowledge that we expose the honour of our flag to deadly blows in distant points where our means of defence are scanty. What is it that makes our army the most costly in Europe? In the main, the necessity of enlisting men not for home defence only, but for the defence of dependencies at the ends of the earth. What was it that made us feel unequal to a contest with the United States when we had reason to dread their anger after the close of the civil war? Was it not the vulnerability of Canada—a dependency which we do not rule, which we could not defend, and the only danger to which arose from its connection with 'the British Empire?' It is enough that we are bound materially and morally to hold our own in India. Our true strength is not in distant dependencies, but in our thirty millions of home-bred population, in our unequalled resources, our wealth, our science, the genius and devotion of our citizens. Let us concentrate these for the discharge of our proper duties as a great European Power, and we need fear no rivals. Let us scatter them, as we have done hitherto, in a vain attempt to hold together the disjointed members of a nominal Empire, and we must submit to be annulled in the councils of Europe. Let us not think that prestige will win us respect or give our words weight with Czar or Kaiser, if our real strength is frittered away all over the habitable globe. England is proud of her colonies,

but they do not constitute her strength; and strength is the only title to national greatness. Germany is great without colonies, as England was great before she planted any; and if we are to be able ever again to make our voice heard in Europe, for the protection of our own interests or the defence of the feeble against wrong, we must concentrate our forces and make England, not the Empire, the centre of strength.

E. D. J. Wilson.

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## DAWN.

'Tis scarcely four by the village clock,
The dew is heavy—the air is cool—
A mist goes up from the glassy pool—
Through the dim field ranges a phantom flock,
No sound is heard but the magpie's mock.

Very low is the sun in the sky,
It needeth no eagle now to regard him.
Is there not one lark left to reward him
With the shivering joy of his long sweet cry,
For his face shines sadly, I know not why.

Through the ivied ruins of yonder elm
Their glides and gazes a sadder face,
Spectre queen of a vanished race.
'Tis the full moon shrunk to a fleeting film,
And she lingers for love of her ancient realm.

These are but idle fancies, I know,
Framed to solace a secret grief.
Look again—scorning such false relief—
Dwarf not nature to match thy woe.
Look again—whence do these fancies flow?

What is the moon but a lamp of fire
That God shall relume in his season. The sun
Like a giant rejoices his race to run
With flaming feet that never tire
On the azure path of the starry choir.

The lark has sung ere I left my bed,
And hark! far aloft from these ladders of light
Many songs, not one only, the morn delight;
Then, Sad Heart, dream not that Nature is dead,
But seek from her strength and comfort instead.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

# IN TOWN.

BEFORE these words are in type, that mysterious musical phenomenon which is known to newspaper reporters as 'the note of preparation' will have been 'sounded,' the signal for departure will have been given, Goodwood and Cowes will be ready to receive their expected guests, and the curtain will have been 'rung down' on the season of 1871. Those who ought to know, say that such a season has not been known for years, and that there has been as much money laid out amongst the shops, hotels and lodging-houses of London during the past four months as in the corresponding period of 1862, the last date to which Cockney tradesfolk look back with anything like satisfaction. As the profits have been gathered, so they should be spread. Long before this time Southend should be crammed, and lodgings at Ramsgate impossible; by the waters of Margate the daughters of Israel shall cleanse themselves from the dust and drouth of the Minories, and regard fried fish and fresh fruit in a new light, as luxuries to be eaten rather than sold. While, further a-field, Smith, the hosier of Lamb's Conduit Street, figures in the Fremdenblatt of German journals as 'Herr Schmidt mit fam. Reutner aus England,' and helps to dissipate the notion that we islanders are a stiff-necked and aristocratic people.

In regard to social matters—for political and other great questions of the day find no place here, being better discussed in other portions of this periodical—in regard to social matters, the season, despite the frightful weather which did its worst to upset our proposed enjoyment, and, like a spiteful shrew, invariably vented its rage on those occasions when some special delights were in store, has been a great success. The proprietors of al-fresco places of amusement must have suffered heavily. The lawn at Skindles has generally been ankle-deep in slush, and the minor ruralities of Richmond and Hampton Court have been equally unattractive. What loss the cold and wet have entailed upon the river-side hostelries by driving away the usually resident boating-men and anglers and the flying day visitors, Mr. Stone of Shepperton, Mrs. Parslow of Great Marlow, and Mrs. Williams of Henley, can speak feelingly. Two or three of our most meritorious professional cricketers have had their benefits spoiled from the same cause, and though the

Eton and Harrow day produced its usual enormous gathering, the takings at Lord's and the Oval must exhibit a woeful falling off from the usual average. The meetings at Ascot, Egham and Hampton took place in the very thick of the worst weather, and at Hurlingham up to within the last month men only doffed their ulsters and dreadnoughts when called upon to shoot.

And *à propos* of Hurlingham, it has been gravely stated that the onslaught recently made by the press upon the pigeon-shooters will have the effect of considerably modifying the sport, if not of altogether breaking up the Club. That such is an utterly fallacious idea need scarcely be insisted upon. A grave argument on the alleged cruelty of pigeon-shooting would be out of place in these pages, but as one who has done not a little 'graphic reporting' within the last few years, I may take occasion to remark that my journalistic brethren have certainly not suffered their fancy to slumber while indicting any of the various articles descriptive of the scene which I have perused, while certain of the *Dii majores* who have taken the reporter's narrative as texts for their sermons have not merely exaggerated the original reports, but have moralised upon them in a manner which is neither impartial nor judicious. In several instances the pigeon-shooters have been held up to reprobation as men to whom real sport was unknown or impossible, and to whom the slaughter of harmless birds at a small distance was an outlet for their naturally blood-thirsty feeling. Than this there can be nothing more preposterous. I take it that you will scarcely find one out of the number of men habitually shooting at Hurlingham who is not a keen sportsman for sport sake, accustomed to rough it in a Highland bothy, and to wade up to his armpits in an Irish bog. Many of these Sybarites, who seem to have scarcely strength enough to drawl their—it must be confessed—very feeble remarks to the ladies on the Hurlingham lawn, are men who are almost able to rival Mr. Laurence's heroes in power and endurance, though certainly not in classical culture; men who for weeks together feed on nothing better than the contents of the preserved-meat tins, and look on nothing fairer than the old crone who 'does for them.' By nine-tenths of them the proceedings at Hurlingham are not looked upon in the light of sport; partridges cannot be shot until September, and even if they could, there are not many to be found within three miles of Hyde Park Corner; so that Hurlingham is taken merely as a stop-gap, as something to keep the hand in; as a great cricketer, whose 'swiping' prowess is known throughout the county, will in the interval of his matches be glad, for practice sake, to get a schoolboy acquaintance to bowl to him. And for the ladies present in the ground, who have been compared by the classically erudite scribes to the Roman matrons in the amphitheatre, it must be said that, so thick is the throng of attendant cavaliers, that comparatively very few of them witness the inhuman atrocity so largely

dwelt upon. There are many members of the Club to whom the pigeon-shooting is, as is the race to cockneys on the Derby-day, merely an excuse for the outing. They and their friends wander through the grounds, eat, drink, and are merry, while the subdued noise of the shooting might be caused by Lord Ranelagh's lambs at rifle-practice in the neighbouring drill-ground for all they know or care. No! Hurlingham is a pleasant place, and by no means a 'blot on civilisation,' let our newspaper friends say what they may. If the sweet voices of the ring gentlemen could be a little toned down, and if the contest between the bird and the gun were a little less noisily and considerably less heavily backed, it would be a pleasanter *verbum sap.*

But if out-door amusements have been seriously affected by the weather, society has endeavoured to avenge itself by paying serious attention to dinners, drums, and balls, which have been more numerous and more brilliant than any of late years. This season it has been impossible to apply to any of those Londoners who lay themselves out for dinner-giving the sardonic remark of the Frenchman to his English Amphitryon: '*Chez vous, monsieur, on mange, mais on ne dîne pas.*' The troubles in France had the effect of driving an immense number of culinary artists to our shores, who were glad to engage themselves for a low rate of wages, and the result was that decent dinners were to be eaten in houses where one had hitherto been accustomed to find the *sole aux cendres*, the raw joint, and the massive pastry. It was a fleeting pleasure and it has passed away, the artists have returned home, delighted to escape from a land whose principal cooking utensils are spits and gridirons, and where a *bain marie* is a rarity. That their visit will have had any result is not to be hoped. Your average British cook is, with perhaps the exception of your average British actor, the most obstinate and immovable of persons, and next May will see re-produced that noble old *menu* of soups, fish, entrées (oh, those mutton cutlets with the sliced gherkins, and that diabolically stringy sweet-bread!), the jelly that collapses, and the cream that smells and tastes as if it had been made at Truefitt's instead of Tortoni's; which has ruined so many digestions and spoiled so many excellent tempers. As to the idea which some sanguine people have entertained that the economy of French domestic cookery, typified by the simple and delicious *pot au feu*, could ever be acclimatised amongst us, it is, I fear, too good to be hoped for. English cookery, from the lowest to the highest grade, means extravagance; and you might as well ask that terror of the household, the 'good plain cook,' to prepare a dinner without a fire as to live without her 'stock.' Of balls in private houses there is of course nothing to be said, save that the pernicious and ridiculous system of late hours seems to have been systematically persevered in, but public balls have taken a start which will probably secure them a recognised place in future gaieties. The Caledonian Ball this year was better than usual, while the Waverley Ball was a distinct feature of

the season; it was a pretty sight, and it realised a large sum of money; and gratitude is therefore due to the gentlemen who sacrificed themselves by wearing fancy dresses, and feeling (and showing that they felt) supremely ridiculous. Abroad, in Paris—and more especially in Vienna—there is no shamefacedness of this kind, and men go in not merely to wear the dress but to sustain the character which they represent. With the exception of perhaps Wamba, the son of Witless, and Brian des Bois Guilbert, who was haughty, cruel, and amorous, there are not many characters in Sir Walter's novels which the average of our guilded youth could adequately sustain. Wisely, therefore, they refrained from making any attempt in that direction, and contented themselves with wearing the clothes, and discoursing each other after their usual brilliant fashion. Edgar of Ravenswood, addressed by Quinten Durward as 'old man,' was pronounced to be 'very fit,' and Ivanhoe described himself to Balfour of Birley as 'full of courage.'

Many *moyen-âge* warriors wore eye-glasses, and the rooms rang with such a perpetual chorus of 'Don't you know,' that it was impossible to forget one was in the highest society. What a pity that the Wordsworth centenary was not marked by a ball of this kind! Fancy the enormous number of men in society admirably qualified by nature to represent the gentlemen to whom a primrose by the river's brim was a yellow primrose, and nothing more!

If it be found that the French cooks have left no trace of their temporary influence behind them, I fear the same must be said of that glorious troupe from the Théâtre Français which was domiciled amongst us in the spring. One is delighted to hear that individually and collectively they were pleased with their reception and treatment, and that their pecuniary success was so great as to enable them to take back a large sum for the common fund of the Français. Whence this money came it is somewhat difficult to say, for the performances were decidedly not fashionable in the common acceptation of the word with ordinary members of society, who patronised far more largely the highly-spiced pleasantries of M. Offenbach and the *Cancan d'Enfer*,' danced in 'Les Domestiques' at the Lyceum. Plays so thoroughly well performed in every single character as those recently produced at the misnamed little Opéra Comique, have probably never been seen in London, but it may be safely wagered that not more than half-a-dozen English actors took the opportunity of witnessing them. That this half-dozen—and their names will at once occur to anyone acquainted with the subject—will have found hints in the exercise of their art which they will think over and reproduce there can be no doubt; but that the style of acting generally, or that the class of pieces produced will be improved, I fear is not to be expected. There was probably never in the annals of the stage a period when it had reached a lower depth of degradation than at present. For although there are now a few actors who in intelligence, education, and acquaintance with the

manners of polite society, are infinitely superior to their predecessors of some ten years since, there never was a time when real actresses were so scarce, or when the stage was so infested by a horde of brainless, shameless women, who, encouraged and supported by the zanies and noodles of society, degrade the profession to which they pretend to belong. There always has been a certain amount of this kind of thing; Madame Vestris, skilled manageress as she was, thought it expedient to supplement the brilliancy of Mr. Planché by the attraction of a bevy of pretty *coryphées*; and Mr. Pip, the theatrical manager in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' was advised by his noble friend the duke to give the public 'pieces with plenty of leg in them.' But in former times the *coryphées* and the leg showers were kept in their proper places; they were not thrust forward to wink and leer and grin at the occupants of the stalls; they were not permitted to utter rhymed balderdash in the accent of the charity school, or instead of following the action of the play, and the movements of their colleagues, to stand gazing with delight on the rings and the bracelets glistening on coarse hands and red arms, the natural beauties and self-evidence of which are wielding the scrubbing brush and trundling the mop.

It is the British public that is responsible for all this, that brays out its delight over the asinine jokes and the vulgar parodies, that applauds the idiotic breakdown dances, that buys the photographs of the 'Nellies,' and 'Pollies,' and 'Bessies,' which swarm in the shop windows. The actor's doom is rightly set forth in the oft-quoted line, 'That those who live to please must please to live;' the laws of theatrical supply and demand are rigorously maintained on the principles laid down by Ricardo and Mill, and what the public requires it is supposed to get. In this fearful dearth of true dramatic representation, Mr. Falconer at the Princess's must really be congratulated for having introduced quite a wealth of repartee into his new piece, and in having succeeded in producing a drama which most ably represents Irish life, and in which the acting of the supers forms a pleasing contrast to the self-sufficient and idiotic supineness of their fellows at the Queen's. One charming afternoon should not be forgotten, namely that on which Mrs. Scott-Siddons read to a delighted audience Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The subject perhaps a little ill chosen, but taken as a whole the representation cannot possibly be praised too highly. The number of actresses in England who are educated ladies at the same time is so circumscribed, that the return of Mrs. Scott-Siddons is an event for general congratulation.

# Oxford Chit-Chat.

It would seem to be somewhat more criminal than absurd that our city should be empty in July and August. As a place of residence Oxford, in the winter, later autumn, and earlier spring, is both injurious and detestable. In the summer it is one of the most enjoyable to be discovered on this side the Channel. We have water for the aquatic, cricket for the lissome, trees and flowers for everyone. Yet our cricket-grounds, laid down and kept at a fabulous cost, are surrendered to scouts. Eights manned by unemployed shopmen splash the surface of Isis, the billiard-tables are vested in brown holland, and everything sinks into dismal inaction. Of course in the *Moyen age*, when Oxford rose to importance, the student of everyday life was wanted at home to cart the hay and reap the corn. In this nineteenth century the vigorous and bibulous Irish suffice for these romantic duties, and the poor scholar ought by rights to be at his books; or rather, he ought to be imbibing instruction from qualified teachers. But no. The poor scholar is larking all over the world, and the duly qualified teacher has pitched off his obnoxious white choker and coat of formal cut, swathed his limbs in the delights of dittoes, and—retired.

Now, this fact of University idleness and neglect of responsibility is not a joke. Not only is it unjust to a country which affords its Universities all sorts of exceptional privileges, not only is it demoralising to those centres of industry within which the Universities are placed; it is worst of all for University men. Can you wonder at Colonial bishops lounging in every watering-place, at non-resident rectors, at unsuccessful barristers, if you have trained these items of society in the notion that more than half their time is given them for amusement and excitement? Regard also should be paid to the circumstances of the University towns. Cambridge is infinitely better off than Oxford in the long vacation. Here non-residence is compulsory. In our sister seat of learning it is optional. Oxford city collects all the money possible to be extracted from undergraduates, and then as soon as they disappear votes herself *en fête*. She holds a regatta, numerous flower-shows, horse-races, and two of the most

disreputable pleasure fairs in the United Kingdom. The scouts, condemned to idleness, play cricket-matches, and adopt a burlesque imitation of their masters' manners; whilst as for the tradesmen, those who do not shut shop altogether advertise 'twenty per cent. reduction on all goods supplied during the long vacation.' These are material considerations, suggesting satire, demanding reform. But surely it ought to cost a conscientious holder of academic emolument a pang of humiliation when he reflects on the 'loss' occasioned by this profligate waste of time. If the teaching of Oxford be a good—and men here believe in it—then it follows that double advantage would have accrued to society, had Oxford, during our own day, diffused that good for ten months instead of five months per annum. Our endowments would have produced a double return. Our dons would have done their whole duty. After all, it is never too late to mend. That magisterial Parliament, which hitherto has existed but for purposes of self-stultification, might with propriety devise a scheme for one more term in the lovely summer months. It would be wiser than robbing Professor Jowett, or dirt-flinging at Keble, or wrangling over Dr. Döllinger's degree.

The prominent topic of conversation during the latter portion of the summer term was the unmerciful barbarity of the examiners, and especially of those who undertook the delivery of candidates for a pass in moderations. Statistics of rejected names shall be withheld. Let it suffice that Oxford is far more given to work than of yore, nor is the standard of knowledge or intelligence lowered. The one cause of failures so numerous is to be found in the fact, that examiners now-a-days appointed are, in respect of age, but little senior to the examinees. Very devoid of charitableness are these juvenile jacks-in-office. To disappoint a poor fellow, who has worked hard and heartily, and to inflict on his impecunious relations the tax of two more terms' residence, is to them a jest. Nor are they at all particular as to method. For instance, the compendium of Aldrich is the recognised text-book of the University for logic. A Mr. Fowler recently published his notions on that science in a form about as likely to confuse as is the new public school grammar with its polysyllabic vagaries; whereupon, without one note of warning, questions were set entirely from Mr. Fowler's logic. Of course, students purchased this new unauthorised text-book, and cut old Aldrich. Straightway a paper was set partly on Fowler, partly on Aldrich. Lastly, Mr. Turril, the well-known pass-coach, brought out a very useful manual, and somehow the questions were selected from his work, whereby, of course, the ill-starred men who stuck to Fowler were floored. If this line of examining be not dodgery with malicious intention, at least it is inconsistent.

It is reported that one examiner in a certain nameless school, a veteran with grey hairs and a kindly heart, became so irate at his brother Rhadamanthus, a raw youth, who plucked everyone, that he coolly

announced his determination, by way of reprisal, of passing all his men indiscriminately. Probably this is a *canard*. Nevertheless, certain it is, that those candidates whom the fortune of the schools brought under the veteran's especial scrutiny were generally gratified—if not always with a *testamur*, at all events with the manner of the examination. No reasonable being objects to a plough when he has consciously failed; but when papers are wide of the mark, and *viva voce* reveals hostility, when you have not the poor chance of a second paper to retrieve the mistakes committed owing to headache or misunderstanding the examiner's drift, then there would appear to be fair ground for dissatisfaction. Formerly the Oxford schools boasted their unrivalled impartiality; to-day they glory in a meaningless severity. In the old times men were elected to examine, whose practice in teaching had been so long and varied as to enable them to judge of a man's merits and work. Now academic wisdom relies on the judgment of tyroes, and it is not difficult to prophecy, in consequence, that the pass will become more than ever a matter of cram, the class by degrees but a feeble test of talent.

It is a popular error to imagine, that because a man has the misfortune to be 'plucked'—or, in modern phraseology, 'ploughed'—he is a fool. On the contrary, from the days of Sir Robert Peel downwards, the best of Oxford's sons have submitted to that paltry ignominy so horrific to Mrs. Grundy. Equally is it a vulgar delusion to imagine that a human being, whose name appears in Class 1 is necessarily a genius, and that the occupants of lower classes are but little superior to the 'plucks.' The fact is, that the first class is often accepted by the outside world at very far beyond its real worth. So will it always be, for the University is not fond of originality, and inasmuch as she ignores capacity, honouring quiet and imitative ability, her firsts most frequently, after trial, occupy, in the world's esteem, the second place. Oddly enough, as a satire on our method of classifying the brains of our men, the third class stands strangely to the fore. Not to multiply instances, J. H. Newman, Charles Reade, and the present Regius Professor of Divinity, figure in this 'lower room.' When one reflects how the writings of the two first-named have been absorbed by the minds of a world, it seems ridiculous that our omniscient University should have pronounced upon them the verdict that they were inferior, at any time, to all sorts of obscure Browns and Joneses; nay more, the absurdity is increased if one comes to rake up the names of the moribund examiners who subscribed such assertion. The truth is, that there is but one class list—the roll of literature; and but two examiners—the present and the past.

The ugly church called St. Peter-le-Bailey is doomed to destruction, because it blocks up the road to the railway stations. It is to be rebuilt on a new site, generously given by its noble-hearted pastor, Mr. Linton, one of those few apostolic men, who, though blessed with

ample fortune, elect to work among the most degraded—for less than nothing. Gossips say that All Saints interferes with traffic in 'The Turl.' Nevertheless, debased and incongruous as All Saints is, we cannot afford to lose another spire; so we must request our street improvers to knock down houses if they require width, and to spare this pictorial adornment of Oxford. As it is, we have lost recently one spire, that of St. Aldate's Church (and, let Mr. Christopher say what he likes, it *is* a loss); and further, we are threatened that the Cathedral spire is dangerous, and ought to be pulled down. Without her spires Oxford would be a different and an inferior place. Indeed every act of demolition, under whatever moral pretext, must be regarded with a jealous eye. We are citizens, if you please, of no mean city.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Oxford rowing and Oxford cricket are never simultaneously in the ascendant. Our performances at Henley have been less creditable even—if it be possible—than the stern race we rowed on the Putney water in the spring; whilst at Lord's Oxford was covered with glory. To tell the truth, we have been of late years so surfeited with the honours of the river, and have suffered so many disappointments on the green sward, that a real victory with the willow is more than a consolation for our temporary failure with the oars. After all, cricket is the grand national pastime. Not every man has adequate wind and muscle for a boat-race, nor are we as yet so devoted to asceticism as to relish the hardships of training. Whereas, put a ball into the hand of a gentleman of many summers, and at once he is a schoolboy again, earnestly desirous of tipping off that bail, displaying his ancient and now feeble twist, or illustrating mathematical truth by the gyration of his 'slows.' We hope and prophecy a succession of triumphs for our colour on the Marylebone ground.

It may interest many old Oxonians to hear that, after an incumbency of an ordinary lifetime, the venerable Precentor of Christ Church has retired from the ministry of St. Paul's. For many generations, Mr. Hackman was, *facile princeps*, the popular preacher of Oxford. Twenty years ago—ay, and thirty years ago—men cut their hall-dinner on Sunday in shoals to listen to the fervid eloquence of one who has served his Church and University with equal zeal. To those who are unaware of the jugglery with which public patronage is disposed, it may seem an extraordinary circumstance that a man of such mark was left to vegetate on an Oxford district; the more so when it must be borne in mind that, of all the great Bodleian staff, he alone is competent as a linguist to carry on conversation with the numerous scholars of distinction who flock to our Library from every quarter of the globe. Of course it always must happen that many men of merit live and die unrecognised. Yet one would not suppose that a man's light could be hid under a bushel in such a clerical centre as Oxford. Nor was such the case. There are wheels within wheels, and histories

of academic pettiness yet to be written. Mr. Hackman was not merely passed over; they paid him the backhanded compliment of making his curate a bishop. He has given his reply in the shape of a costly and beautiful church—St. Barnabas—to supply the increasing needs of the poor parish wherein he laboured so lovingly and heartily; and we would humbly suggest, when Dr. Jelf departs to a bishopric or a better world, that his sinecure canonry should be added to the honorary dignity held by Mr. Hackman in the cathedral church of St. Frideswide.

As the vacation proceeds the builders will commence operations. They are already at work at Magdalen, replacing decayed stone-work in the tower—we regret to say, not with Ham Hill stone, the only type of stone able to match that selected by Wolsey in durability and tint—and also in adding very ornamental class-rooms to the College school; at All Souls in repairing the front; and of course at Christ Church. By the way, it is notable that at last the Dean and Canons have come to the end of their purse, and are asking for subscriptions. They have already done so much, and so well, that they deserve a more liberal response than as yet has been vouchsafed to their appeal. We suspect that, in spite of a great deal of exalted talk about 'The House,' there is no college which possesses so slender a hold on the affections of her alumni of the past. At all events the Dean and Chapter have put Christ Church piety to the test. We shall be glad to find that it equals that of less illustrious Exeter, or even of homely Worcester. It is one thing to swagger in a velvet cap and silk gown, and another thing to pay for those privileges by subscription twenty years after date.

# PADDY ON PARNASSUS:

## A REVIEW OF IRISH CLASSICAL VERSE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, in days now gone, was called 'the Silent Sister' of Oxford and Cambridge—a singular sobriquet for the University of Berkeley, of Burke, of Swift, of Goldsmith, of Sheridan, and of Archbishop Usher. In the one fair field, however, of classic literature, the great foundation of Queen Elizabeth on the banks of the Liffey has been until very recently conspicuous by her silence. Hitherto she has refrained from pouring upon the ear of the world any of the strains of classical poetry sung within her cloisters by those of her alumni who have courted the Muses of Greece, and the Camœnæ of Rome, with the fullest success, while the world has been charmed by the 'carmina pulcra et dulcia' of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and Shrewsbury. However, by the publication of 'Hesperidum Susurri,' a Collection of Translations from English Poets into Latin and Greek Verse, by three Graduates of Trinity College, Dublin; and more recently by the publication of 'Kottabos,'[1] a work of a like kind and of equal merits, which hold their own against the 'Anthologia' of Oxford and the 'Arundines' of Cambridge, our Silent Sister, still true to the traditions of her glorious past, reminds us of the time when Erin, whose national emblem is significantly the harp, was known to European fame as the most successful cultivator of the classical muse, and as the classical teacher of a benighted and a barbarous England. That English scholars, trained and tutored from early years in the manufacture of 'longs and shorts,' taught to obey the laws which regulate the metres of Greece and Rome, and to imitate the beauties and niceties of expression which are echoed in the finished hexameters of Virgil and the equally finished Iambics of Sophocles—that such scholars should woo the Aonian maids with success, and wed good and true words to good and true music in the Classic tongues, is a matter of no surprise. But that the University scholars on the banks of the Liffey, trained as they have been for the

[1] *Kottabos*: A Trinity College, Dublin, Periodical of Classical Poetry and Translations for the Classics. Dublin: McGhee. London: Bell and Daldy, 1870–1871.

most part in Irish schools, never remarkable for a high standard of classical learning, and still less for a thorough culture of Latin and Greek verse—that scholars so trained 'in the precious morning hours' of their pupilage, should write a collection of Greek and Latin poetry equal in every point of excellence to the very best productions of a like kind by English scholars, is a mystery which we leave to the solution of an able critic, the 'Westminster Review,' who accounts for it by the 'remarkable versatility and power of translation which is a characteristic of the Celtic brain;' without calling upon the exaggerated testimony in favour of Celtic genius, given by that prince of modern critics, Mr. Matthew Arnold.

No sympathy is ours with the shallow cry set up by Mr. Robert Lowe and other ultilitarians in education against verse composition as a portion of school training in a liberal education. Verse composition is at once the surest test and the surest teacher of scholarship in its highest type, in its highest educational advantages. It teaches, as nothing else can teach us, a perfect mastery over language; for it is in its poetry, and not in its prose, we find the genius of a language at its best, at its strongest, at its sweetest, at its subtlest. 'He who attains,' observes a graceful critic in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'to excellence in classical composition, has reached, and has proved to others that he has reached, a point of scholarship to which the study of all the philological treatises ever written never could have raised him. He has lived among the ancients so long, that he is quite at home amongst them, and moves about among them as one of themselves, with perfect ease and with perfect grace.'

So long as ease, and elegance, and grace, and sweetness of *manner*, have an influence for good on the *spoken* intercourse of man with man, just so long will the thousand tender graces and elegancies of style which poetry most fully embodies and best inspires have their influence on the *written* communication of man with his fellow man. In the literature of England we find that the greatest masters and models of style in prose are precisely the authors who have distinguished themselves in poetry. Who can read the prose of Milton, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Scott, Macaulay, Dr. Newman, and Swinburne, without tracing the subtle influence of the Muses in their happiest turns of expression? Is it not notorious that Cicero, the most consummate master of composition, who laid down the maxim that 'a poet is most akin to an orator,' made the study and the practice of poetical composition a necessity to the master of style in prose composition?

It is sometimes said that the manufacture of verse composition is not only a waste of school time, but its 'enervating tendency is to unfit men for higher pursuits.' Against this absurd charge we simply mention the fact that the men who have most distinguished themselves in a higher pursuit have also distinguished themselves as writers of classical verse, such as Bishop Barrow, Addison, Milton, George

Buchanan and Cardinal Muretus; and in our own days we may mention the late Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, George Canning, Lord Carlisle, Professor Conington, Dean Milman and Bishop Thirlwall, and the poets Tennyson and Moultrie.

The collection of poetry, light and classical, before us is marked by the following merits:

To a superficial reader of 'Kottabos' its most striking feature would be its wit, its fun, and rollicking drollery. Without such an element, however, it would be scarcely worthy of its soil. Amongst its most happy thoughts, and its best hits, we must quote the following:

The cessation of crinoline noticed by Euripides:

'Αλλ' αἵδε παῖδες ἐκ τροχῶν πεπαυμέναι
Στείχουσι.

Madam Rachel is then *painted*—

Nihil tetigit, quod non ornaverit.

The naturalisation of a celebrated Italian musician:

*Costam* subduximus Apennino.—*Persius.*

Aërated bread—

Vescimur auris.—*Virgil.*

TO MY WIFE.

Oh, wert thou placed beneath the sod
What happiness for me and thee,
For thou wouldst go to look on God,
And God would come to look on me.

A depositor on the failure of a Continental Bank:

Parum locuples *continente* ripa.—*Horace.*

Titiens—of the Opera—

Cui *opera* vita est.—*Terence.*

Pompey, a teetotaller—

Caruit publico.—*Cicero.*

The unsympathic reply of Pylades to Orestes' 'Tale of Woe':

Πάντα ταῦτ' ἐν ὄμμασιν.—Eurip. *Orest.* 788.

Amongst the longer pieces of drollery we must notice, if we cannot quote, Mr. Gabbott's lively lines, 'Pro Patria,' in which he satirizes the Repealers; and Mr. Reilly's 'Lady Clara in the South.'

The few pieces of English poetry of a more serious kind are chiefly translations from Greek and Latin, with a very few original poems. The rendering of Horace's 'Cleopatra' (Odes i.–xxxvii.) by Mr. Kirby, and the Bishop of Limerick's rendering of Horace's last ode in his First

Book, are the best translations from the Latin in the work. We quote the latter for its brevity as well as its beauty:

Their Persian finery I can't abide,
I like not, boy, their wreaths with linden tied;
Give o'er the search, through woods and sheltered closes,
For late-blown roses.

Plain myrtle does not misbecome my brow,
Nor thine; and nothing more elaborate now.
Studious to please: but 'neath the embowering vine
Serve me with wine.

The renderings from Greek poetry are all good, and much superior to the renderings of English verse into Greek verse, with the exception of Mr. Mill's marvellous version of Tennyson's 'Arthur to Guinevere' into Homeric hexameters, which is a model of surpassing grace and fidelity to the spirit and beauty of the original. The renderings from the Greek which we most admire are Mr. Mill's version of Sophocles' 'Antig.' 781, entitled 'Love;' and Mr. Meredith's version of the 'Death of Adonis,' from Bion, although the latter is a little too loosely rendered.

The two gems of original English poetry are Mr. De Burgh's 'Requiescat' and Mr. A. P. Graves's 'Grace.'

The former runs thus:

And what if no trumpet ever be sounded
To rouse thee up from this rest of thine,
If the grave be dark and never around it
The rays of eternal morning shine?

For the rest He giveth, give God the praise;
Ye know how often, ye hearts that ache,
In the restless nights of the listless days
Ye have longed to slumber, nor wished to wake.

Of Mr. Graves's poem, the following verses will best speak its quality:

Blue are her eyes, as tho' the skies
Were ever blue above them;
And dark their full fringed canopies
As though the night fays wove them.

Two roses kiss to mould her mouth;
Her ear's a lily blossom;
Her blush as sunrise in the south;
Like drifted snow her bosom.

Her voice is gay, but soft and low,
The sweetest of all trebles—
A silver brook that in its flow
Chimes over pearly pebbles.

A happy heart, a temper bright,
Her radiant smile expresses;
And like a wealth of golden light
Rain down her sunny tresses.

Life's desert clime, whose sands are Time,
Would prove a long oasis,
If 'twere your fate, my friend, to mate
With such a girl as Grace is.

Amongst the most scholarly renderings from English into Latin verse we must mention Mr. Tyrrell's exquisite version of the 'Bridge of Sighs,' Mr. Brady's elaborate version of Aytoun's 'Œnone,' and 'Anne's Tryst;' Mr. Cullinan's 'Galliambics from Thalaba,' Mr. Robert's 'Comparison from Cowper,' and Mr. Graves's translation into Horatian verse of Goldsmith's 'When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly.' From Mr. Tyrrell's version we cannot resist quoting the closing lines:

| HOOD. | TYRRELL. |
|---|---|
| Take her up tenderly; | Statis? amanter |
| Loving, not loathing, | Ferte amabilem, |
| Touch her not scornfully; | Ne fastidienter |
| Think of her mournfully, | Formam attingite, |
| Gently and humanly; | Sed flebilem flentes |
| Not of the stains of her: | Animo fingete. |
| All that remains of her | Quod fecerit malè |
| Now is pure womanly. | Donate tam belle, |
| | Nil restat ni quale |
| | Decorum puellæ. |

Nor yet should we forget the far beautiful lines:

| | |
|---|---|
| Take her up tenderly, | Tollite facilè |
| Lift her with care, | Onus tam bellum, |
| Fashioned so slenderly, | Onus tam gracile |
| Young and so fair. | Tamque tenellum. |

Of the Greek versions we are most pleased with Mr. Mill's remarkable rendering from 'Claribel' into Greek Elegiacs; Dr. Morgan's 'Love's Lament;' and Mr. Mahaffy's 'Address to the Sun,' from Manfred; and Mr. Mill's version from the Idylls, which we have already noticed, and to which we give the palm of excellence.

Will the writers of 'Kottabos' bear with us, as an old schoolmaster, if we warn them of a few slips which mar the beauty and detract from the perfection of their admirable work. In Mr. Allen's scholarly Alcais, rendering Scott's beautiful lines on the 'Death of a Poet' into worthy Latin verse, we regret to find 'poetam mors ubi *ceperit*,' when, by some means or another, *sustulerit* or *abstulerit* should have been made to fit in (compare Horace iii. iv. Fulmine *sustulerit* caduco, and Bk. ii. xvi. 12, *Abstulit* clarum cita *mors* Achillem), instead of the equivocal and objectionable *ceperit*. Then, in the spirited version of Billy Taylor into Elegiacs, we prefer *delata* to *allata* est, to express the *information* given as a piece of pure Latinity. Will Mr. Mills give a second thought to what appears to us the only blot of his exquisite version from Tennyson? Sophocles would scarcely have written, we think, in this strain:

οὐ γὰρ κατόψει θνητὸν αὖ.

Nor can we admire the term 'rivulus' (diminutive of 'rivus') as applied to such an amnis as the Nile. 'Cæsareis,' we think, is incorrectly applied to the 'unshorn locks' of trees. Nor is ψυχή δ' ἀπῆλθε an adequate rendering of 'the spirit rose,' where we conjecture there is a direct error for ἀνῆλθε. Nor do we like to accept '*capiunt* sopores' as an equivalent for the more poetical expression '*carpunt* sopores,' in the well-turned Alcais of Mr. Tyrrell. 'Nos arridebit,' we take it, is an error for '*nobis* arridebit'—in the sense of will *smile upon us*. The accusative gives us the notion of *ridicule*. In some of the Elegiac Latin verses we have too many polysyllabic endings to the pentameter, and (*horribile dictu!*) in one case such an ending as 'hæc colimus'! We are sorry to see such a line as

Immaturas honor! non tempestiva querella,

and such a hexameter ending as 'nulla mihi lux,' so alien to the practice of both Vergil and Ovid.

Young Latin writers of verse should keep in view the ending which Virgil gives in the first two and the last verses of the 'Æneid': 'primus ab oris . . . Lavina venit'; 'frigore membra . . . . indignata sub umbras'—a rule which is more than once violated in 'Kottabos.'

In the structure of the Greek verses in this collection, that of the Homeric hexameter, as it is the easiest, and with most license, appears to be the most perfect. In the Iambic we have now and then to complain of an imperfect ictuation, and occasionally of the use of the initial anapest in lines following a little too fast upon each other.

As the old players of the Sicilian games of 'Kottabos' were deemed successful, when invoking the cherished name of their lady love—the wine they threw from their drinking-cups fell full and clear, with merry ringing sound, into the basin, and was accepted as the best of omens—so we accept as the best of omens the clear ringing melody of the verses thrown by the Kottabostæ of Trinity, Dublin, from English into Greek and Latin, that they have not wooed the Muses in vain, whose smiles brighten, and whose inspiration breathes through their strains.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

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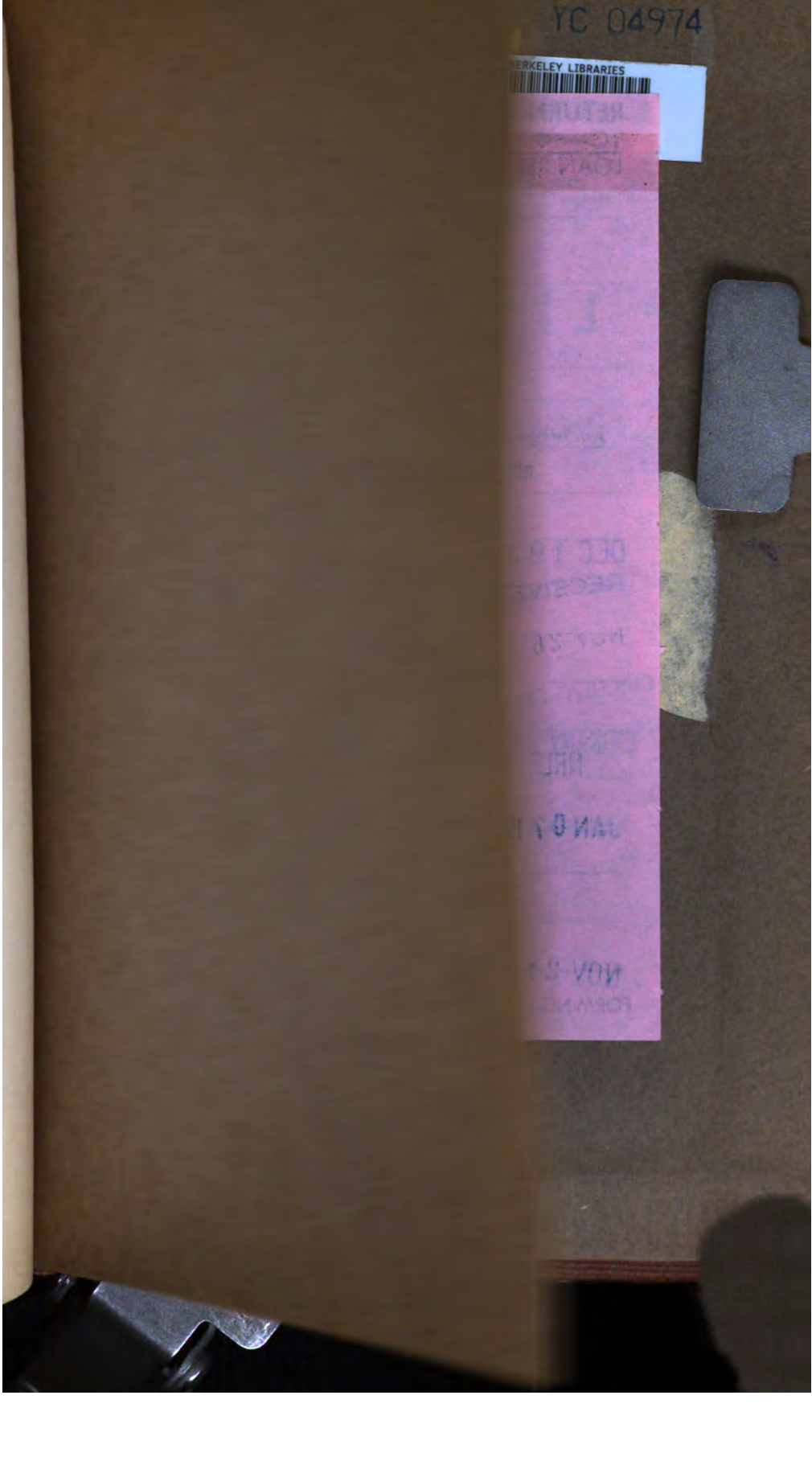
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